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MODERN Screen

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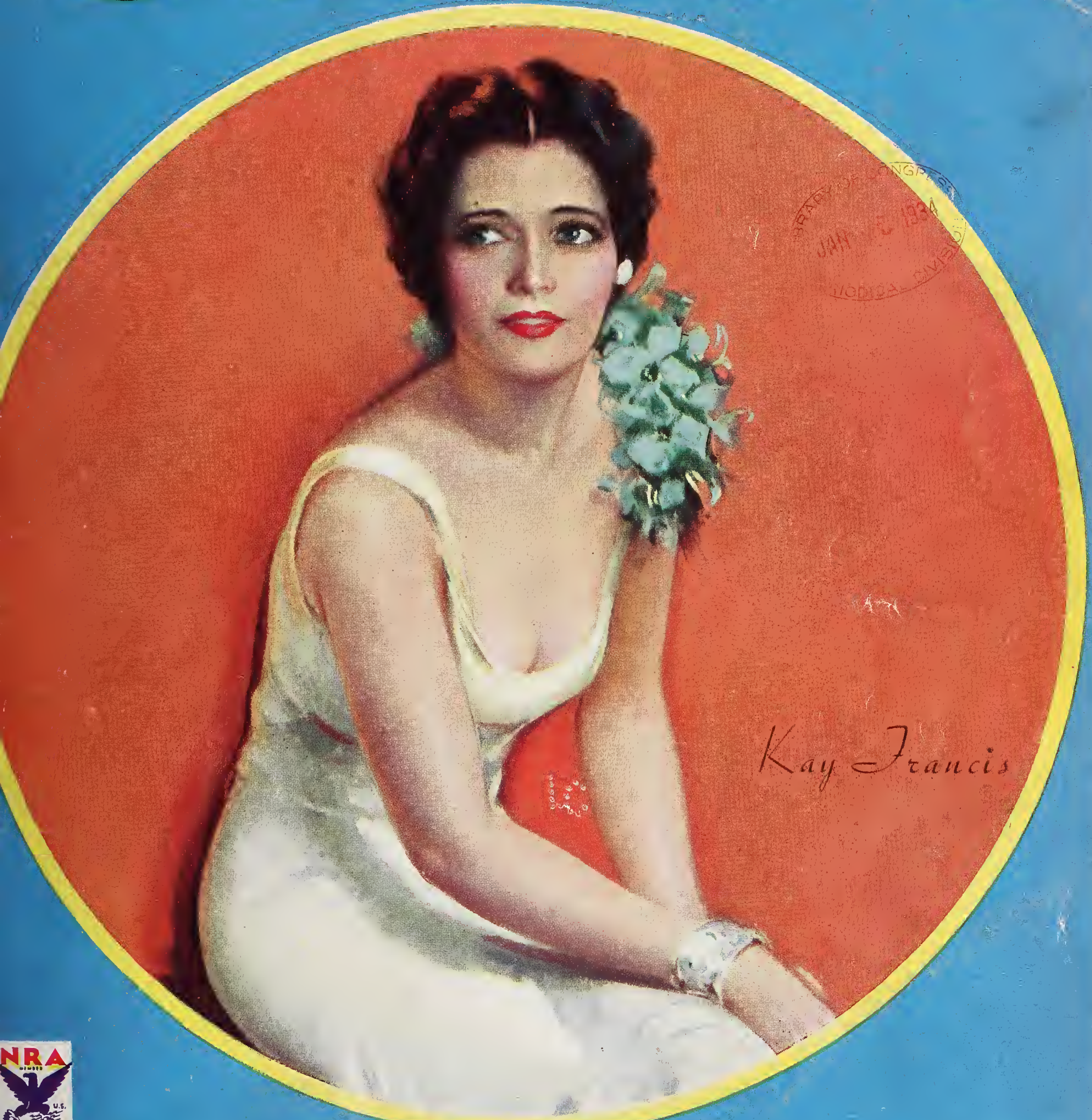


NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

JOAN CRAWFORD offers YOU a thrilling contest!

The strange case of HITLER and DIETRICH

Faded Home Decorations Made Just Like New

. . . JOHN HELD, Jr.,
the Famous Artist, tells you how to save money on Curtains, Drapes, Table-Linens, etc., etc.

"WHAT makes a movie-actress a star? Personality! Writers describe it as 'color'.

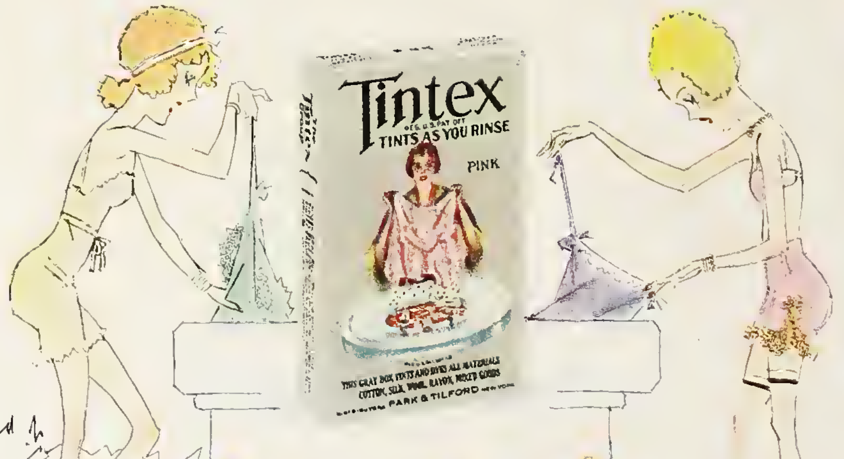
Rooms, too, can have personality. And here it is *actually* a question of color! Curtains and Drapes furnish the chief color-note for any room. If they are faded or drab, the entire room lacks charm and freshness.

Now, it isn't necessary to get extravagant and replace your faded home decorations. No indeed! Tintex will solve many of your color-problems for just a few cents—and a few minutes of your time. These famous Tints and Dyes quickly and easily restore original colors—or give different colors, if you wish—to all faded fabrics.

Start today—let Tintex make your faded curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., as color-gay, as color-bright as the day you bought them!"

Don't hesitate to trust the flimsiest material to Tintex. It positively will not injure any fabric that water alone will not harm.

John Held Jr



NRA
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Everything in your wardrobe responds to the color-magic of Tintex. Use it for faded dresses, negligees, underthings, stockings, sweaters, coats, scarfs, etc. etc. Simple as A-B-C. No muss, no fuss—and Tintex never streaks or spots.

Paris Color-Fashions . . . You can keep up-to-the-minute in color with the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors. Many of the season's newest colors will be found on the Tintex Color Card at your dealers. Others can be quickly and easily matched by combining two or more Tintex Colors. Buy Tintex — today — at drug and notion counters everywhere.

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Let the spool-end be your guide

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50
BEST SIX CORD
CLARK'S
TRADE
O.N.T.
MARK
SPOOL
50
COTTON

Spools of thread may look alike. The only way you can tell that the thread is of the quality you know so well is to find the name J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the spool-end. Never take it for granted that you are getting Clark's or Coats Best Six Cord unless the spool-end tells you so. That's the one safe guide to the thread you set out to get—the thread that you, and your mother and grandmother before you, have found always dependable. Look at the spool-end. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS · CLARK'S O. N. T.

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For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

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DEC 22 1933

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MODERN Screen

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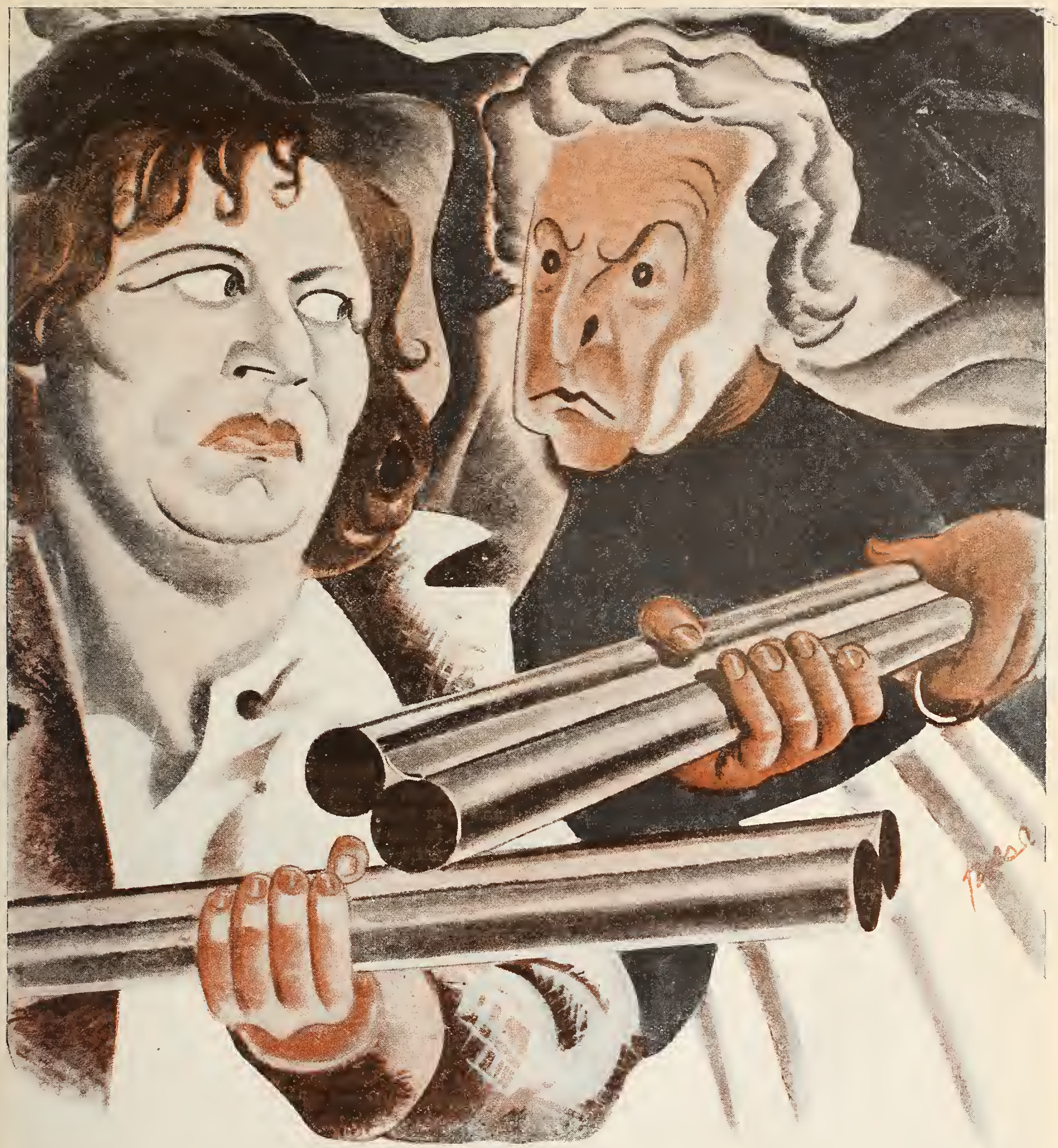


A Famous Caricaturist's Conception of

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S
New Comedy Team
May ROBSON · Polly MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner, *Director* · · · Harry Rapf, *Associate Producer*

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by Herbert F. Roese is one of a series of caricatures of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars by famous artists.

BEAUTY ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

By Mary Biddle

THERE are many new tricks to tell you about this month. In fact, I think this whole department will be devoted to blurbs about new beauty aids. So get our your notebooks.

First off, I must tell you about two new kinds of permanent waves that ought to be sweeping the country any day now. One of these waves was mentioned in our "Charm Gossip" department last month. It's peculiarly delightful feature is this: you don't have to go to a beauty parlor unless you prefer. You don't have to sit under a complicated torture machine. You have the hair wound and then you can wander around, sit in a comfortable chair, go and have a chat with the girl in the next booth—or what have you. The apparatus is as comfortable as is possible and the results are excellent.

The other permanent—which should be installed in various places round the country by now—gives the most "individual" waves I've seen in many a moon. I mean, suitable to your own individuality. It's all done—no, not with mirrors—but without the touch of human hands. Or rather, the type of wave that will be best for you is decided upon, the apparatus is set, and then all proceeds with 100% safety and mechanical efficiency. Much, much less heat is used in this type of wave than in others. Nice for fine, silky hair and for white hair.

Coming down to less expensive beautifiers, I ran across the other day a new kind of face-wash. Can be used in place of soap—or after a wash with soap and water or a cleansing with cold cream. It's a nice pinky colored semi-liquid—smells very fresh—and makes you feel as clean as anything. But this is the big point: it has a way of banishing blackheads like nobody's business! Even if you're not troubled with blackheads, I know that many girls acquire a "blackheady" look. I do myself, in this dirty city, if I'm not extra careful. Specks of dirt settle on your face, are held there by your make-up and they're darn hard to remove, sometimes. This new, invigorating wash will do the trick. Nice to keep at the office—together with a roll of cotton—to give your face a thorough cleansing before a date.

Also among the less expensive beautifiers is a shampoo soap that has recently come to my attention. The nice part about this is that—without being in any way a dye or even a rinse—there are various varieties of the same soap for blond, brown, black and red hair. This is one shampoo soap that you can quite safely rub right on the hair. Although, when I used it, I went through my regular business of melting it down. I really think it's a little better that way. Makes a grand lather and gives your topknot lovely glints you'd never suspect were there.

PEOPLE are always writing and asking me about perfumes. It's a *most* difficult subject on which to advise anyone. But, since Christmas is coming and, as everyone knows, perfume makes a delightful gift, I've gone to some effort in this direction to compile a list that will fit many needs and many pocketbooks. Give me an idea of what type you want to buy—and how much you want to spend—and I'll try to assist you.

Remember this, though, in buying perfumes: a dollar-and-a-half purse flaçon of good perfume is an acceptable gift. A dollar-and-a-half pint bottle of cheap perfume is an insult. If you can't (*Continued on page 15*)

There are so many grand new beauty aids! Keep posted on them!

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

YOUR HANDS, TOO, PLAY A LEADING ROLE!

Screen romances are enchanting ... but how much more vital is your romance! Do your hands play their role with exquisite grace and beauty? Give them a lovely complexion and they will! Keep them alluringly soft and smooth with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream** . . . after exposure, after they've been in water, and always at night. Hinds isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying "varnish" merely coating the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form, that penetrates deep into the pores, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs a song!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

In moonlight or any light, GINGER ROGERS' hands are alluringly lovely and smooth. She is shown here with Norman Foster in a scene from RKO's delightful screen play, "Rafter Romance."

New! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream... fragrant, delicate ... liquefies instantly, *floats out dirt!* . . . 40c, 65c

REVIEWS

. . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

● Recommended.
●● Specially recommended.
Brief reviews on page 84.

Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men
●● Ann Vickers
●● Bombshell
●● The Bowery
A Chance at Heaven
Ever in My Heart
Flaming Gold
Goodbye Love
● Henry the Eighth
I'm No Angel
Love, Honor and Oh Baby!
Midshipman Jack
● My Weakness
Saturday's Millions
● Solitaire Man
S. O. S. Iceberg
●● Stage Mother
Strawberry Roan
To the Last Man
Too Much Harmony
●● The Way to Love
Wild Boys of the Road
● The Woman Spy

Mae West, the dazzling and voluptuous, makes her bow as a burlesque queen in "I'm No Angel." Cary Grant is her leading man again.

ANN VICKERS (RKO)

EXCELLENT. Sinclair Lewis' story is made into very interesting film fare mostly by virtue of the presence of lovely Irene Dunne, who is rapidly becoming one of our greatest actresses. As Ann Vickers, ambitious prison reform worker, she does some really outstanding work.

We meet her first as a settlement worker. Comes Bruce Cabot, on his way to France during the World War and a few days of hectic love. She learns later she never really loved him. The baby dies and Ann goes on with her work, this time in a prison and later in charge of a reformatory. She meets and falls in love with Walter Huston, but loses him to the law when he is found guilty of accepting bribes while on the Supreme Court bench. Three years later he is freed and he, Ann and their baby start life anew.

One of the best, so don't miss it. Not particularly recommended for the kiddies, we might add.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount)

DISAPPOINTING. Not up to Mae West's last picture by any means. This is the story of a sideshow burlesque queen, who works her way up a ladder of men to Broadway and the choice spot in the world's biggest circuit.

This is distinctly a one-woman show, no one but West getting a chance. Situations are created for her and gags pointed to her. It often over-

(*Continued on page 10*)

She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one ..*The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", *A Paramount Picture* directed by Mitchell Leisen.

. . . Vanilla! They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey... with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

(Above) Walter Huston and Irene Dunne make "Ann Vickers" a tense, moving drama. (Right) Not Jackie Cooper getting sentimental—and Wallace Beery taking it! It happens in "The Bowery."

(Above) The threesome that makes "Ever in My Heart" potent with fine characterizations. Ralph Bellamy, Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Krueger. A story of love and renunciation. Rather sad.

steps taste and propriety, the general tone being less subtle than her last film, if possible. However, the picture should draw and please West fans. The supporting cast—Cary Grant, Gregory Ratoff and Ralf Harolde—prove adequate. Definitely not for juveniles.

MY WEAKNESS (Fox)

GRAND *musical*. Lilian Harvey's first American-released film is swell and Lilian herself is more than good. You'll like this little English girl who first caught your attention in the famous "Congress Dances."

"My Weakness" is a musical of the highest class. Lilian plays a sort of Cinderella type of role. We first see her as a chambermaid in the home of Lew Ayres' uncle (Henry Travers). She enters into a bet with them that any woman, given the advantage of beautiful clothes, can be a success in love. The bet is on and Lilian proves she's right, using Charles Butterworth as her target. Butterworth, incidentally, almost steals the show, he's that good. Harry Langdon also has a meaty part as "Cupid."

There are some grand novelty numbers. Especially the "You Can Be Had" number when all the toy dogs, statues, etc., in the room come to life. If the kids like music, take them.

BOMBSHELL (M-G-M)

S*WELEGANT*. This movie simply brims over with entertainment. It starts out with a bang and finishes with a double bang. Wotta show.

Jean Harlow is a wow as Lola Burns, the movie star whose name blazes from headlines of every newspaper and fan magazine, thanks to an overly-ambitious publicity agent (Lee Tracy). However, the publicity isn't always flattering, and Lola, who thinks she wants to lead a quiet, normal life with the patter of baby's feet resounding through her home, runs away. Always-on-the-job Tracy follows her and she realizes he's her man after all, and the movies are okay.

Jean and Lee are simply swell. Next comes Frank Morgan who is a riot as Lola's drunken, low-brow father. Pat O'Brien as the director, Ivan Lebedoff as the Marquis, Una Merkel as the secretary, Ted Healy as the brother and Franchot Tone in a brief but choice bit are all grand. You'd be foolish to miss this one. Better leave the youngsters at home.

THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount)

G*REAT entertainment*. Maurice Chevalier's last picture under the Paramount banner is one of his best, with the star in one of his greatest rôles as the lovable, carefree tramp of the streets of Paris, whose sole ambition is to be a guide. This is the type of rôle that Chevalier has been clamoring for, and he proves here that he knows what he's talking about. Ann Dvorak as the little waif (the rôle on which Sylvia Sidney staged a walk-out) whom Maurice meets in a knife-throwing act at a fair, was excellent. It's great having her back in pictures. Edward Everett Horton is, well, SWELL is the word.

You have entertainment plus here. The story is chuckful of laughs, a little sentiment and some knock-out musical numbers. Don't miss it. Take the children, too.

(*Continued on page 110*)

Now from Warner Bros.' glittering

star-ranks blazes...

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The *Star* Company".... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni
in
"THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MacMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK
And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

BETWEEN YOU and ME

Fans, this is your department! A corner designed especially for you, which will welcome your views on the screen and its players

Dear Friends:

Two things this month:

1. November 9 is the birthday of Marie Dressler. If you read this on or before that date, write or wire her in care of this magazine and your greeting will be forwarded to her promptly. It's everybody's chance to pay homage to this grand lady of the screen!

2. You and I probably feel alike about "The Three Little Pigs." I've seen it twice—and I intend seeing it many more times. I sincerely believe that twenty years from now, when 1953 audiences find even "Cavalcade" and "Dinner at Eight" dated, Walter Disney's little masterpiece will be looked upon as a perfect artistic gem.

Now is the time to persuade Mr. Disney to make a full-length "Symphony" in color, and if you'll send me your opinion on that subject, I'll get your vote to him. Write me today!

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Regarding Our Patent Letter-Writer

Realizing that modesty is classed high among the virtues, we are going to do a little bragging about the success of our patent-letter-writer, (a feature of the October issue) just the same.

Remember, you filled in the blanks and disclosed your favorite actor, actress and the player you considered a fitting candidate for future stardom. The coupons literally poured in by the thousands and you fans let it be known without quibbling just who stood aces in your estimation and who might be slipping a bit.

So as not to inject too much suspense, let us hasten to reveal that Joan Crawford, according to your barometer, is the reigning queen of the movies. Yes, Miss Crawford received twice and a half as many votes as her nearest runner-up for popularity honors.

Jean Harlow, another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has her legion of staunch admirers as the ballots readily testified. Then came Janet Gaynor, who longs to leave the saccharine for the sophisticated in the matter of rôles. Janet almost came in neck-and-neck with Jean, with Norma Shearer following closely on the heels of the Fox favorite.

With these four setting the popular players pretty firmly, Garbo, Hepburn, Dietrich and Loretta Young find themselves scoring honorable mention.

Now for the male stars:

Clark Gable heads the list with Robert Montgomery following, though not too closely, second. Then comes Cary Grant and after him, several men get an even break—Novarro, Leslie Howard and Ronald Colman.

As to the lesser players most fitted for stardom, two girls walked off with the honors. Just as many want to see little Jean Parker with her name in lights as voted for Frances Dee, who has been on the screen longer and accorded better parts.

And now we want to thank you for sending in your opinions, for it is through these that we are assisted in selecting material for MODERN SCREEN. We must know those players in which you are most interested in order to let you in on their latest activities.

A Break for "Bit" Players

MRS. J. H. ALLEN of Washington, D. C., writes:

Almost everyone must appreciate, but few take the trouble to commend in print, the players who appear in small rôles supporting a star who gets the billing.

It is comparatively easy to score when one is handed the material—a nice fat part in a story designed to suit the talents of a certain actor or actress. But when an unfeatured member of a cast, with a small part, almost steals the picture, the least we can do is recognize him. Ned Sparks is such an actor and, personally, I'd rather see him than Clark Gable any time. I do wish producers would put him in more pictures for he is invariably "swell."

Please Pass the Calories

JANE WRIGHT of Tampa, Fla., does a little censuring. She says:

What, oh what, must actresses weigh in real life! I understand they photograph ten pounds heavier than they actually are. So at what figure can Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck or Joan Crawford tip the scales?

Claudette, as she appeared in "I Cover the Water Front," was little short of skinny and Miss Crawford looked transparent in "Today We Live," and, in fact, all her recent pictures. I wish she would put on the weight she had in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Our Blushing Bride." She certainly would look a whole lot better. Dietrich, too, is too thin. Billy Dove had the beautiful figure! Truly, I am not an advocate of the curves possessed by la West, but pulleez, a little padding over those sharp, angular bones!

(Well, Jane should certainly cheer the Hollywood citizens who have been renouncing potatoes and pie. At that, there is much truth in what she says.)

In Defense of the Stars

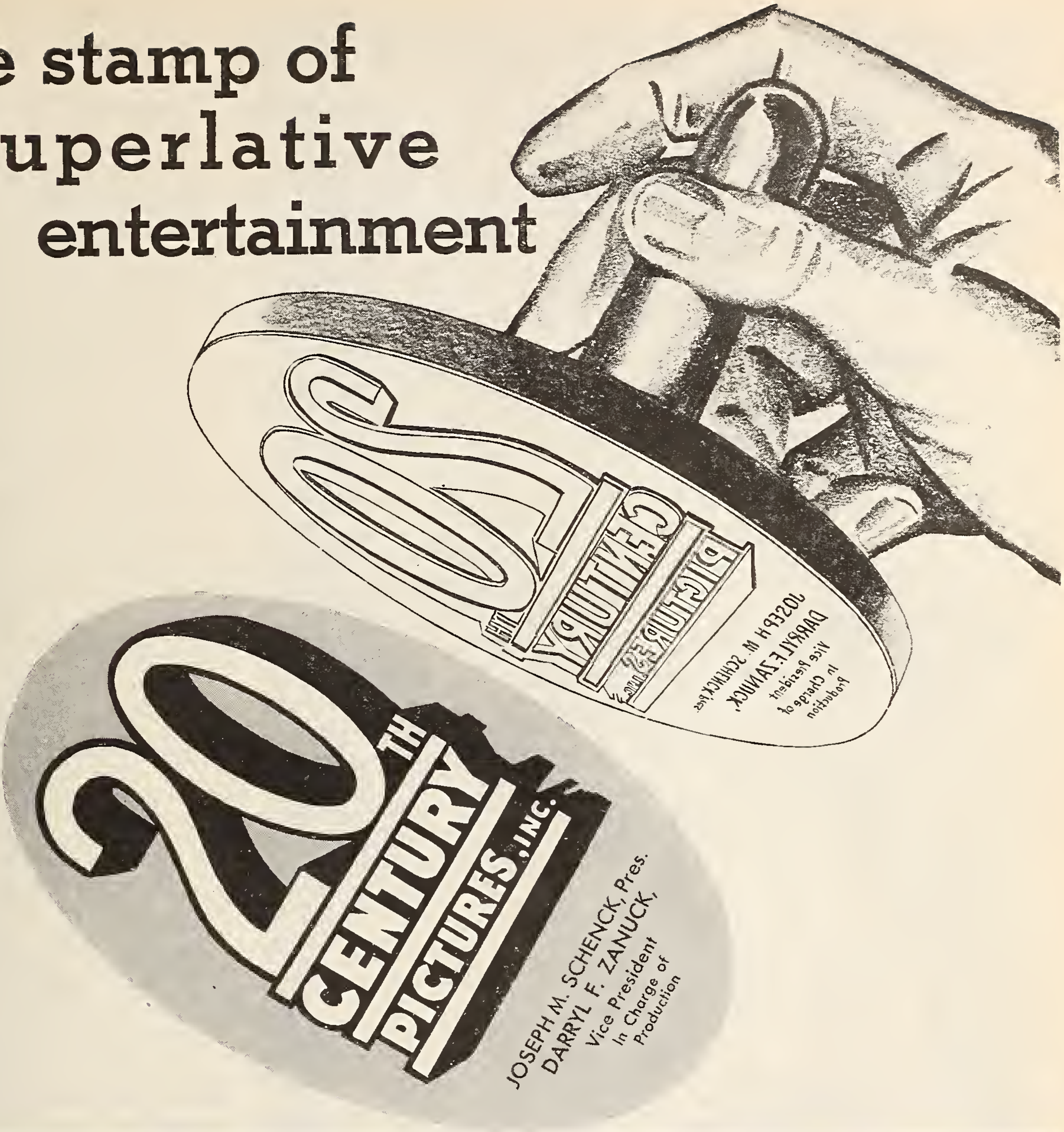
EDNA FOX of Halifax, N. S., writes:

Boy, oh boy, have the stars any real feelings or have they reel feelings? They surely must reel when they read some of the caustic criticism submitted to them through the fan columns!

Because a fan dislikes some player, or his or her acting, is it nice to indulge in downright mud-slinging? Take Joan Crawford, for example. The worst I could say about her is that she looks a little too thin, not gaunt, as described by an Ardent Fan. True, she does overstress her makeup, but she is a sincere actress with style and personality.

Many of the fans seem bent on giving Doug, Jr. all the sympathy in the divorce suit. Who cares about their private lives? "Live and let live." These unfortunate children of the public, unfortunate because every personal move is recorded and censored. Incidentally, I often wonder why the pure-minded never miss a wicked picture? It's very odd! *(Continued on page 14)*

The stamp of superlative entertainment


20TH CENTURY PICTURES, INC.
JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, Pres.
DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Vice President In Charge of Production

WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Lovely Girl?
or just ordinary?

MEN CAN TELL
by the Smartness of her Make-up!

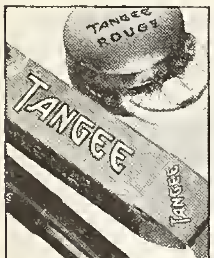
MEN compare her with other girls and find her lovelier by far! *Her* lips never shriek "paint". For she always uses a marvelous new kind of lipstick that brings smooth, *natural* color. Rich, glowing color...but not a trace of paint to make her mouth conspicuous!

A lipstick called Tangee

Other lipsticks may coat your lips with paint. But Tangee isn't paint. It's a special kind of lipstick which blends so perfectly that it looks like your own coloring! No hard lipstick line. No caking. No painted look.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on. You'll see it change color to the one shade of blush-rose best suited to you! Actually, Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your lips!

Use Tangee and see fresh, natural color in your lips! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks ... at any toilet goods counter.



Rouge matches lipstick

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.

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New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! MM12

The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name________

Address________

City________ State________

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

Unimpressed by Glamour

OLD TIMER writes from London, thus:

I cannot find the glamour in a Greta Garbo plot, though I dare say false eyelashes improve her face a lot. *(That's heresy, Old Timer! The Garbo lashes, swear those who know, are real.)* I can't suppose Tallulah's casting troubles really were the whole and total cause of her failure over there. I cannot see Clark Gable, playing gallants of today, without a silent query why he ever got that way. I wonder why Joe E. Brown and Eddie Cantor should attract. I wonder, too, why Constance Bennett thinks that she can act. How sad I am that Pola Negri keeps on keeping on! I wish these Tarzans, Draculas and Frankensteins galore could bring us back our Wood Nymph—Marie Doro, whom we worshipped so before. We've shoals of well-meant talkie stars but . . . for the screen's only goddess they're no substitute at all. In truth, the days of Marie Doro still stand as paradise to me.

Cynical Letter from a Fight Fan

CAULIFLOWER sends us this from the Bronx:

Hot dog! At last we're going to see some real fighters in a picture. I mean Carnera and Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." We've had enough of make-believe champs and phoney athletes. Don't get me wrong—I don't include Cagney or Weissmuller or Buster Crabbe. They're okay in their line—but it will be the nertz to see some real professionals. Hope they producers don't gum up the works and take all the kick out of the fight scenes.

(According to our spies, Cauliflower, the works haven't been "gummed." There'll be a grand story on Baer in our next issue.)

What's the Matter with Ruth?

ONCE A CHATTERTON FAN of Kansas City, is full of complaints:

What's the matter with Ruth Chatterton? Is she slipping? Is it poor pictures? Or is it me—am I getting tired of her? I used to adore Chatterton. Her pictures were swell. Clear up until "The Rich Are Always With Us." Since that one, I haven't enjoyed any of them. Yet I still think she's a sensitive, versatile actress—a *real* actress. I suspect that the fault lies with her pictures. Do something about it, Mr. Warner Brothers, won't you?

Not Too Many Dancing Daughters, Please

JENNIE MAY of Washington, D. C., says:

I see they're going to make Joan Crawford a Dancing Daughter again. I know I'm in the minority in disapproving of this. Mind, I will say that Joan went a little haywire in some of her dramatic parts. But on the other hand, she did some excellent work in her more serious pictures. "Possessed" and "Letty Lynton" showed Joan at her best. I'd like to see more pictures like that—with an occasional "Dancing Lady" picture for variety.

CIVIL ANSWERS TO CIVIL QUESTIONS

DOROTHY NISSEN, Rochelle Park, N. J. Davey Lee is now attending public school in Los Angeles. After appearing in Al Jolson's first talkie and making a personal appearance tour, Davey's parents decided to withdraw him from a professional life. Most players send photographs on receipt of twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost.

LLOYD GEORGE, Hunt, N. Y. Leon Janney most recently was seen in "Police Court," a Monogram picture. A letter addressed to him to Hollywood in care of that company will reach him, although Leon is now a free-lance player.

EDWARD CORCORAN, Chicago, Ill. Most cartoon pictures are made in California and while the people employed in making them are both experienced and expert, there may occasionally be a chance for promising talent. However, attempting to break into any branch of the movies is always a precarious undertaking.

JOAN LYNCH, Marblehead, Mass. You will see a lot of Alice White in the near future. Alice is working in "Kid Gloves," and all set to appear in "Counsellor-at-Law," both for Universal.

PEGGY FLEMING, Atlanta, Ga. None of the stars to whom you refer have deserted the screen permanently. They are just having their annual fling on Broadway. Yes, New York's Main Street will see Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Nancy Carroll and Claudia Morgan acting this season.

JANE THOMAS, Springfield, Mass. But William Powell *has* played with Ann Harding. In an RKO picture titled "Double Harness." They were swell in this entertaining sophisticated comedy, too.

TERESA REBALDI, Portsmouth, Va. Miss Gaynor pronounces her name Jan-et with the accent on the first syllable. She is all set to start work on "House of Connelly," having just returned to the coast after a New York holiday.

ALYCE OSBORNE, Albany, N. Y. Write Leo Carillo in care of Universal Pictures, Universal City, Calif. Did you hear him on the radio lately, acting as Master of Ceremonies for Chase & Sanborn? He was swell.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

fit your pocketbook to your wants in perfume, there's always toilet water, bath salts—in the loveliest containers—bath powders and sachets and talcs which are almost as nice to have—or give. And the perfumed lotions for setting the hair help to bring the glamor and allure that perfume brings, too.

I don't know whether you have noticed—or whether this is prevalent in all parts of the country—but I have observed that good brushes are a lot less expensive than they used to be. And a really good hairbrush is an essential aid to hair beauty. Some time ago I saw perfectly plain, wooden brushes (with, to be sure, superb bristles) as high as seven dollars. Recently, I bought a beauty for three-fifty. If you have been muddling along with an old brush with apathetic, rubbery bristles, now's your chance to get a good brush inexpensively.

HAVE you encountered yet the great big towel-sized cleansing tissues? They're simply marvelous. You can use them for removing make-up, polishing shoes, stuffing the toes of shoes, for dusting and for wrapping up an extra pair of stockings to carry in your purse for that date after work.

I'm asked a great many questions about foundation creams. Personally, I never use them. They just don't happen to suit my skin. But I *do* use skin tonics and skin lotions. And they serve me—and many other people, too—for a powder base. I've found a lotion that is a little jim-dandy. It's thin, and clear—no gummy substance in it—and perfumed with a famous odor.

There is a new line of make-up, sponsored by a house that has done theatrical make-up and everyday make-up for years, that you should find great fun to try.

First a base is applied, with water. It is blended in and doesn't show at all. Your face looks just like your usual, unmake-up face. Then, if you use rouge, you apply the color to your cheeks—again with water. Like using liquid rouge, really, and that never was a cinch to do. But once you acquire the trick, liquid rouge gives the most natural blush of all. Then, you powder, with a special kind of powder. And finally—this is the most amazing part—you dash, dab or spray cold water quickly all over your face. It gives a lovely pearly lustre to the skin.

Next month I'm going shopping myself and I know I'll come across a great many new tricks and trifles to tell you about in the next issue—dated January and on sale the first of December. There will still be some time before Christmas, if you are *not* one who does her shopping early. So—be on the lookout! Meantime, write to me if you want to know about the things mentioned in this article.

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

DOES a shiny, oily nose mar both your beauty and your romance?

You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder that really *clings*. With Pompeian you can powder once and enjoy yourself all evening, confident of a lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft new beauty, with that youthful, natural unpowdered look. Its ingredients are as high in quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC., BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.
Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., INC., New York City.

Robert Young and Leila Hyams featured in *"Saturday's Millions,"* a Universal Picture

Pompeian BEAUTY POWDER

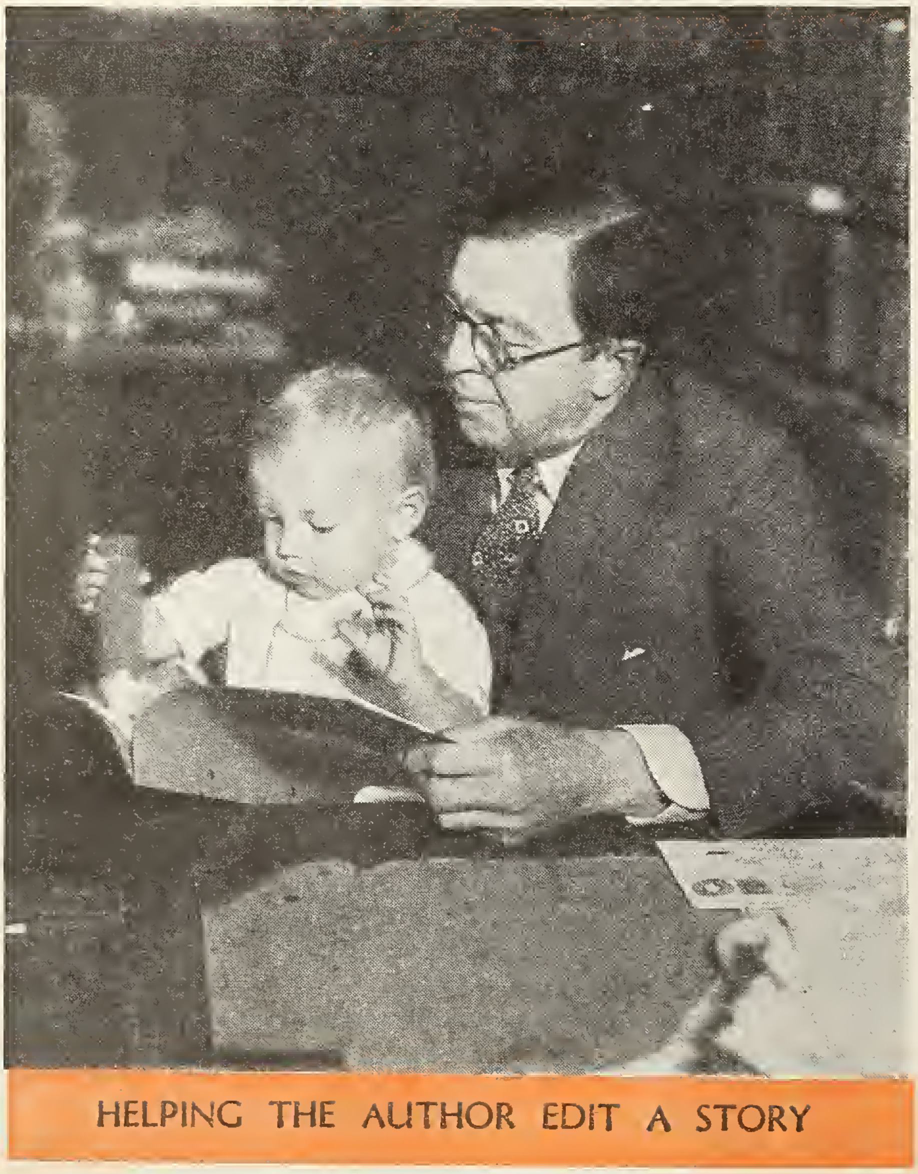
Windblown through Silk

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

BABY Le Royalty

by RUPERT HUGHES

HEY THERE, WEISSMULLER!



HELPING THE AUTHOR EDIT A STORY

A VERY FAMOUS AUTHOR

BEING somewhat human and something of a snob, I like to let everybody know about it on the rare occasions when people of distinction deign to notice me. I have bragged of having had Greta Garbo ride on the running-board of my car, and Pola Negri offer to come into my kitchen and cook me a dinner.

And now I want to let the world know that I have had Baby Le Roy sitting on my lap at my desk, even if I have to admit that when he was shown a manuscript of mine he clamored at once for a large blue pencil and began to whack at the text. How soon the studios infect even the youngest people with the movie habits!

But it only goes to show the astonishing precocity of this amazing child. He made his début on the screen at the age of about nine months—this side of oblivion—and proceeded without hesitation to steal the picture from the other star—an obscure foreigner named, I believe, Maurice Chevalier. Now when he is shown a manuscript of mine in the screen version of which he is shortly to appear, he reaches

AFTERNOON ZWEIBACH ON THE SET

MY DINNER! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

GIVES YOU THIS DEEPLY HUMAN PICTURE OF HOLLYWOOD'S LOVABLE BABY GENIUS

for a blue pencil as promptly as grown-up motion picture people do as soon as they see a story of mine.

It was a great day in our humble household when we tried to make ready for the call His Majesty—or His Paucity—graciously made on us. We muzzled the Pekingese, chained up the goldfish, established the lifeguards about the swimming pool, put cushions wherever he might sit down, hid the scissors, the pins, and the paste with which I compose my works, and brought forward all the *objets d'art* that might interest an infant of his years.

WHEN he arrived with his mother and a retinue of two ladies-in-waiting, he promptly charged on the Pekingese. This microscopic lion of a dog who chases man-eating police dogs across the horizon and treats our bull-terriers like contemptible white mice, promptly fled for cover. He did not realize that the distinguished guest was unlike the common children who had tried to gouge out his eyes, pull off his tail and splinter his ribs.

With royal geniality the Baby smiled and forgot him. His manners were exquisite, even for a kinglet, though he did insist, later, upon sitting on the sidewalk outside and, when the photographer set up a silver reflector, he could not be dissuaded from sitting on that and plucking off shreds of tinfoil with which he covered himself and me. But he felt at home there, bathed in radiance like an aureole.

What could be more astounding among all the astonishments the motion pictures have spilled about our jaded heads than the career of this little innocent, who was the talk of the world before *he* could talk? He is a cosmic figure and does not know it. While so many people, who think they are important, strut about in ignorance of the petty limits of their fames, this babe toddles through the sunshine and has his being in a blaze of arc lights and does not even know that millions are drawn together by the display of his name, millions of adults google like infants when he claps his hands or looks out, up-ended, through the arch of his fat little legs.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus!"

Having quoted Shakespeare, I might go on and cite the platitude, "A little child shall lead them!" I might contrast the Pied Piper of Hamelin decoying all the children into the mountain with this Childe Le Roy, who leads the grown-ups in multitudes into the dark moving picture auditoriums and holds them there spellbound.

The millions who see Baby Le Roy beaming on life or unconsciously forcing people to take care of him and love him, inevitably think better of babyhood and feel its heart-wringing pathos and humor.

Another thing to be remembered and set down on the good side of the ledger is the influence of the moving pictures on the little children who work (so to speak) in the studios. From a long experience with them I can say they are heaven for children. (*Continued on page 104*)

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." *(N. Y. Eve. Sun.)* "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—*N.Y. World-Telegram*

★ THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A KISS LIKE THIS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN ★

JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."
—*N. Y. American*

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."
—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

GAIETY
BERKELEY SQUARE
JESSE L. LASKY

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at $1.65 admission. *You see it at popular prices.* Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—*Daily News*

"In a class by itself."—*N. Y Times*

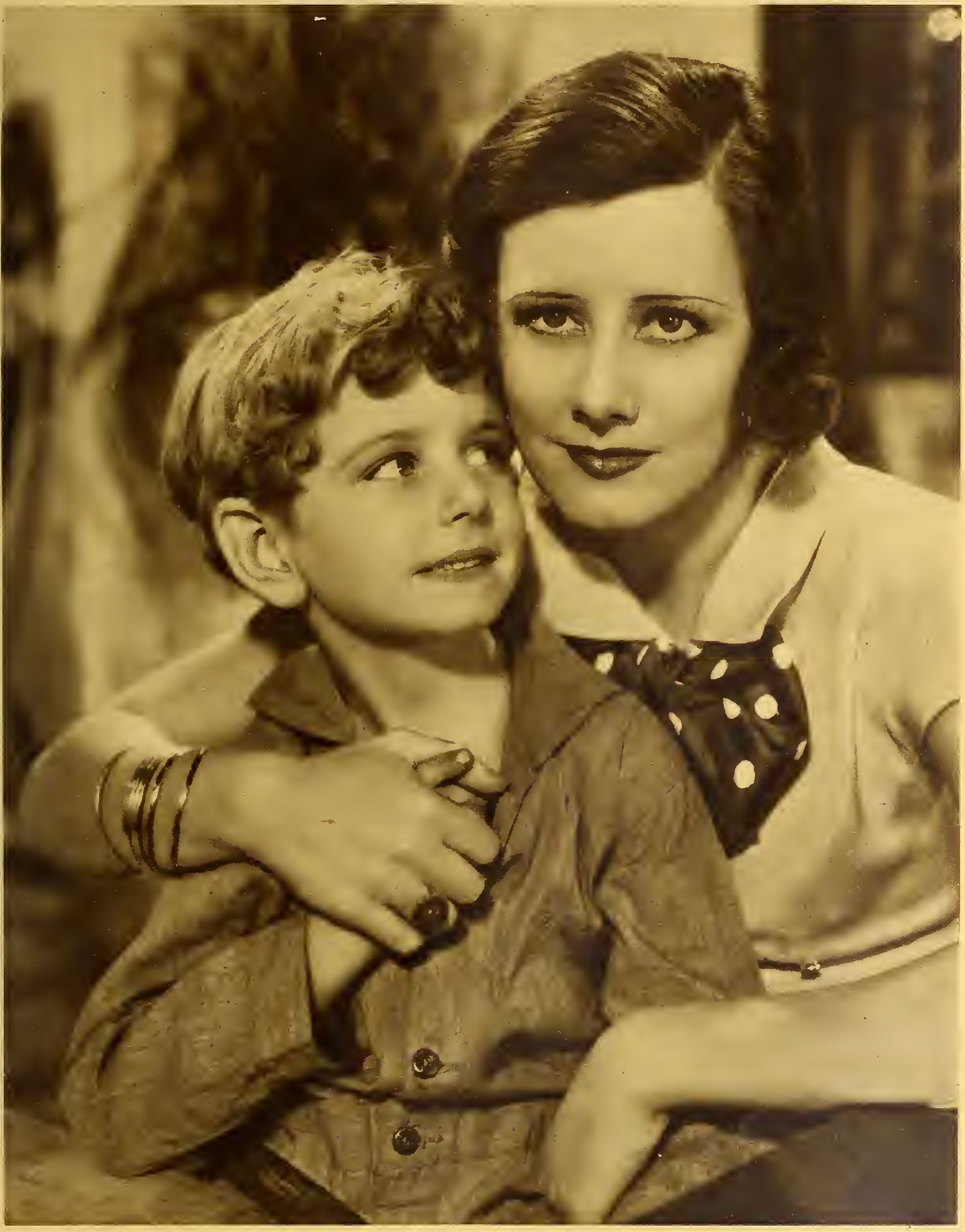
"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —*N. Y. Mirror*

Every critic, without exception, *raved! And you will too!*

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER
Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"
From the play by John L. Balderston

FOX

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Irene Dunne, shown here with small Wally Albright, for her magnificent work in "Ann Vickers."

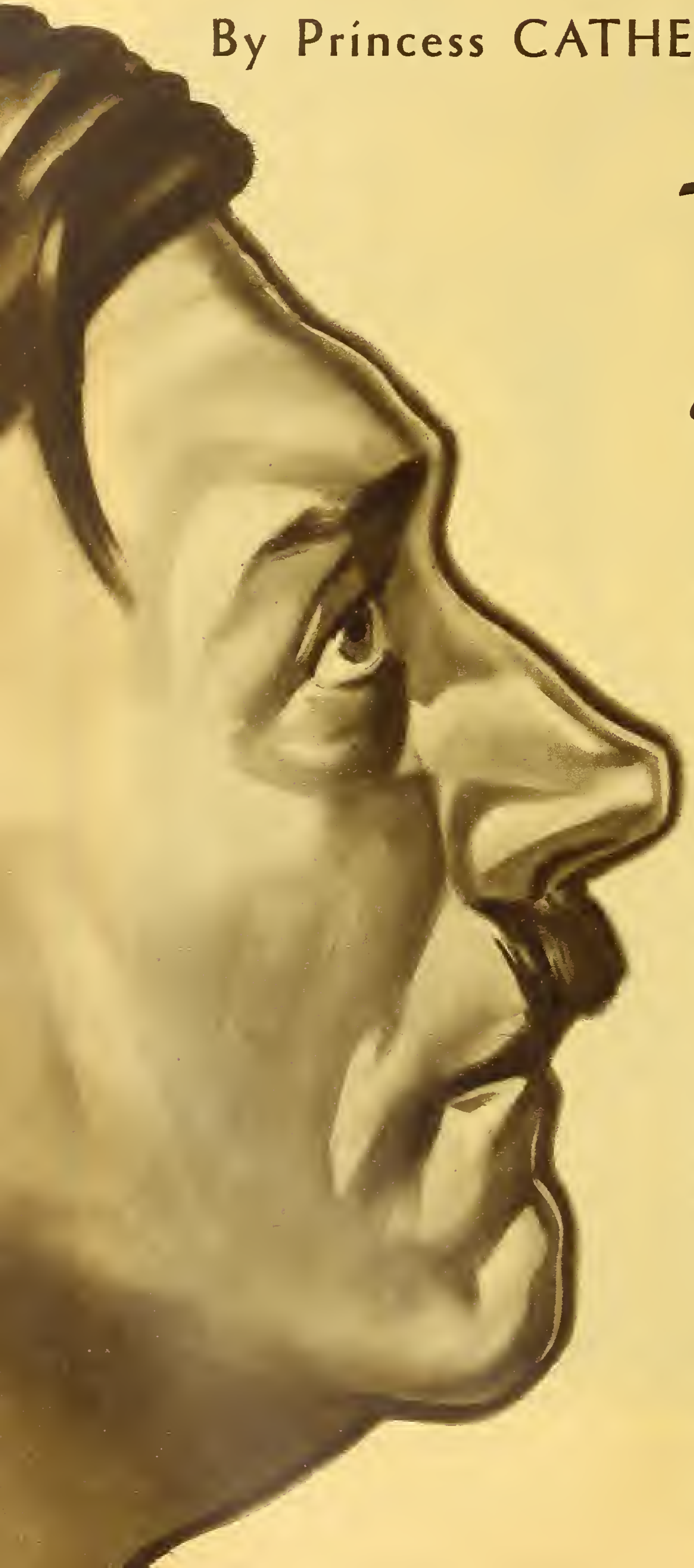
We honor Maurice Chevalier for his charm in "The Way to Love." Ann Dvorak plays opposite him.

We honor Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan for their work in "Stage Mother."

We honor Charles Laughton for his—as usual—superb performance in "The Private Life of King Henry VIII."

THE STRANGE CASE OF HITLER and DIETRICH

By Princess CATHERINE RADZIWILL



TWICE last summer, the world of the motion picture touched the realm of international diplomacy and intrigue. Twice, Marlene Dietrich was visited secretly by soft-spoken, swiftly-moving men. Each of them gave her a message from Adolph Hitler, Germany's dynamic Chancellor, a message that offered her a place as unbelievable as it was magnificent in Hitler's Reich. Each time, she vouchsafed no answer and the messenger fled from her chagrined and baffled.

Not long ago, she returned to America.

Her return brings to a pause as amazing a chain of international events as current history can offer. Positively, it represents the one test to which the mercurial Herr Hitler has set himself and failed utterly.

Herr Hitler and Dietrich, these are not names to be linked lightly. It is of Hitler's doing, not Marlene's. Here are the facts . . .

When Miss Dietrich went abroad last spring, she went to rest. With mind unclouded by worries, she took a lovely white house in sunny southern France. The town was small and cozy and Marlene was a distinguished visitor. For a while, she lived contentedly and quietly, rebuilding her health after the harsh siege of Hollywood picture-making.

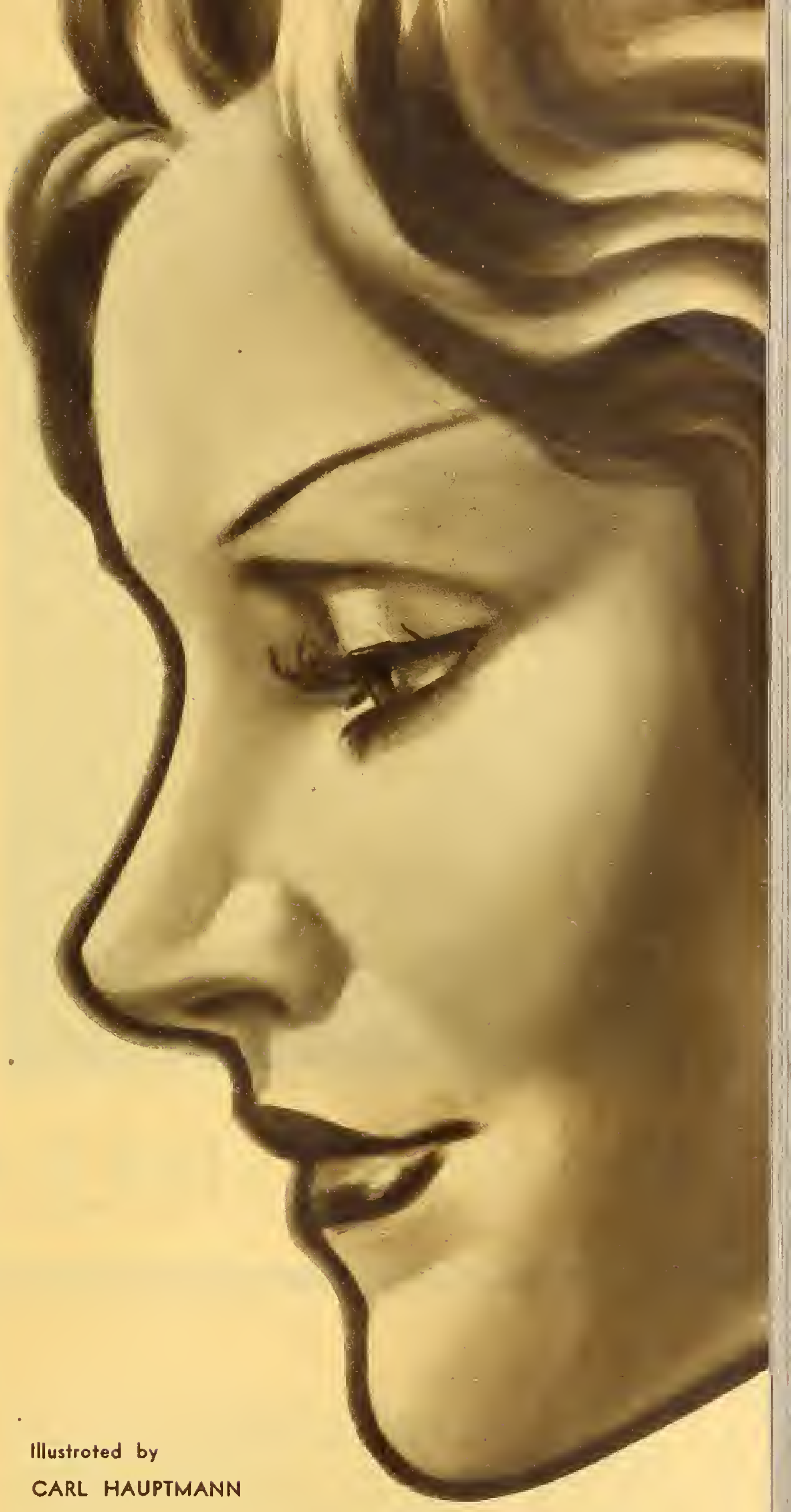
The first messenger from Hitler came like a bombshell, rousing the sleepy townsmen to garrulous gossip. He was blond with a mustache like his master's, and his square-set shoulders sloped awkwardly under a coat of obviously unfamiliar cut. He was a man made for a uniform with ribbons across its chest, and his eyes burned with a fire that Marlene did not understand.

This first emissary told her a story that stunned and thrilled her; that must have left her mind a welter of fancies and thoughts.

Before this visit, Marlene's foretaste of it all, the now-famous statement in Germany's official motion picture organ, the Film Kurier, that warned all German-Aryan actors appearing in foreign countries that the Chancellor expected them to return to the Fatherland or be forever excluded from any possibility of obtaining work in the motion picture business in Germany. There were whispered intimations of reprisals against the families and loved ones of any who dared to rebel. All these things had been brought to Marlene's attention.

SHORTLY afterwards, Hitler's first ambassador arrived with his cleverly planned message. Its first purpose was to banish any resentment Dietrich may have felt at being ordered about; its second was to summon her, not as a subject or slave, but as Napoleon might have summoned Josephine; as a Czar, almost, summoning his

. . . An amazing story which links world affairs with that far-flung industry, the movies. And which reveals the remarkable situation between the stern-lipped Chancellor of New Germany and the glamorous Marlene



Illustrated by
CARL HAUPTMANN

Czarina. That is how Hitler summoned Dietrich.

In effect, this message was: "You are not to regard the warning in the Film Kurier as pertaining to you. It was meant only for the others. Whenever you wish to return, you will be welcomed with open arms. For you, Adolph Hitler has a special regard and a special place."

Before I tell you of that regard and that place, you should know Adolph Hitler's intentions. He sees before him a triumphant Germany to the glory of which all Germans must labor. During the stay I made in Germany last Spring, when people could still talk about things they are forbidden to mention at present, I talked with many men and women connected with the German movies. They all and each one declared that the present Chancellor had the intention to suppress on the screen any production not filmed in Germany by a German concern.

In accord with this program, he had made up his mind to rally to his colors the famous German stars working abroad. Already, he was projecting measures which would compel these stars to give up their work abroad or renounce their native land.

And now—he had selected Marlene Dietrich to be the banner-bearer of Nazi Germany. It remained only to lure her back.

So, when his first ambassador appeared abruptly to throw her quiet and contented existence in that tiny French town into utter confusion, he was polite and formal, no doubt, but his offer came like a bolt from the blue. I think that offer would have turned the head of almost any woman in the world—except Marlene Dietrich.

Before his polite, insistent voice was finally quieted by her refusal to give him an answer, he had painted a glowing picture of a resurgent German movie industry, a throbbing triumphant industry carrying abroad the ideals and fame of a "purified" Germany. And at the head of this vital, vigorous business would stand slender, blue-eyed Marlene Dietrich.

The Chancellor would accord Dietrich the power to direct the destinies of German picture production according to her best lights and judgments; her decisions to go unquestioned and her job of so-called Czar, or rather Czarina, to be handled solely by her, without any outside interference. Her rights would include absolute control of production, with ability to accept or to reject everything from story idea to director, to okay or veto the choice of cast, billing, film cutting and the hundred and one other details attendant upon picture-making.

•

THAT ambassador went back to his master baffled and chagrined, I have said. Presently, such is the determination of this man Hitler, another took his place and returned to the quiet white house in France The newcomer interviewed the lovely (*Continued on page 102*)

Two significant things happened recently when Marlene Dietrich returned to America.

Questioned by reporters about Germany and Chancellor Hitler, Marlene was the epitome of diplomacy.

"I am an actress," Marlene evaded, "it is foolish to question me about political matters."

However, misquoted by one reporter as saying, "I may go back to Germany when Hitler is not there," Miss Marlene was horribly agitated.

Her mother lives in Germany, you see. It is a matter of record that where it has not been possible for the New Germany to punish those who have talked against it, their relatives have suffered.

The second significant thing occurred when Marlene was questioned about her future plans.

"After I make 'Queen Catherine,' I hope to have another holiday in France," she said. "Then I shall return to Hollywood for one more picture. After that—well, perhaps I shall work in France. Who knows—so far in advance?"

They're moviedom's musketeers—all for one and one for all—a pair of ambitious youngsters and a veteran showman, who is the husband of one and the good pal of the other

What a trio!

DICK POWELL and

YOU know those intimate little memory books that all kids keep?

Just like all of us, Dick Powell had one and on one of the pages, written in a bold boyish hand, is this notation: "Met Al Jolson today."

But at the time Dick wrote that he had no idea how great and curious a part Jolson was to play in his life.

It happened like this.

Dick was singing with a band and serving as master of ceremonies at a Pittsburgh theatre, but he was still young enough and still naive enough to be thrilled by celebrities.

A victrola company had asked Dick to make some records, and in the recording room he met Al Jolson, at that time the greatest showman of them all.

The power and vitality of the man impressed the boy. He had gripped Dick's hand and wished him success. How was young Powell to know that fate had planned that Al should contribute to his success?

Dick went home and wrote in his book. "Met Al Jolson today."

The scene shifts rapidly.

Warners gave Dick Powell a contract. He did well enough in a couple of films and was then cast as the juvenile in "Forty-Second Street." The girl who had the principal role was Al Jolson's wife, Ruby Keeler.

That night Dick did not write down, "Met Ruby Keeler today," for she seemed not at all like a celebrity, but a shy kid who was scared to death of the studio.

Her big eyes looked with increasing terror upon the bustle and activity of the set. She was sitting in a corner alone when they introduced her to Dick.

"Are you scared?" Ruby asked.

"Yes," Dick admitted, "kinda."

"But this is *my* first picture. You've been in pictures before."

"I've been in a few," Dick said. "But I'm scared anyhow."

IT is true that Dick was nervous about acting in a film as important as "Forty-Second Street," but there was something else that bothered him. Except for that one time in the victrola place, he had not met Ruby's husband. And he had heard how much Jolson adored his wife. He had also heard that Jolson was quick tempered. Another rumor had told him that Al was none too keen about Ruby's becoming a picture star.

It occured to him that Al might not like the idea of

THE JOLSONS!

Dick's making love to his pretty wife all day long. Suppose Al resented that intimate closeness that every love scene inspires. Dick got hot around the collar and wondered if he weren't in a spot.

But these thoughts were interrupted by the director who called Ruby and Dick before the camera to do a scene. When it was over, Ruby said to Dick, "But he didn't tell us what to do. And he didn't tell us whether he liked it or not."

"If he *hadn't* liked it he would have told us," Dick assured her.

"Oh, would he?" Ruby asked wide-eyed.

The next shot was a love scene.

Dick was really nervous now and he glanced hurriedly about the set wondering if Jolson were on the stage. And then something happened that made him even more worried. Ruby became suddenly tense and rigid. When he put his arms around her she stiffened.

Then it was true, Dick thought. Jolson *was* jealous. Ruby was afraid of love scenes, too. Boy, he was in a spot!

They rehearsed it once.

"Wait a minute," the director said. "You kids are supposed to be in love with each other. Ruby, you're crazy for him. Loosen up. Put your heart and soul in this. Act as if you really meant it."

But how, Dick wondered, could they loosen up when this barrier—the phantom of Ruby's husband—stood between them? Suppose Jolson were on the set. And suppose Ruby knew it!

And then, suddenly, the ridiculousness of the situation struck him. Why, it was all too funny. There was nothing to do but to laugh about it. Maybe that would relieve the tension, anyhow.

SO, during the next rehearsal, he took Ruby in his arms and shouted, "Say, who is this Al Jolson? I'd like that guy to see me now. And if he'd like to know, tell him I can't take any salary this week. Making love to Ruby is enough."

Everybody laughed, including Ruby. And suddenly the tense atmosphere cleared. This time when they finished the rehearsal, the director called out, "That's swell. We'll shoot it just like that!"

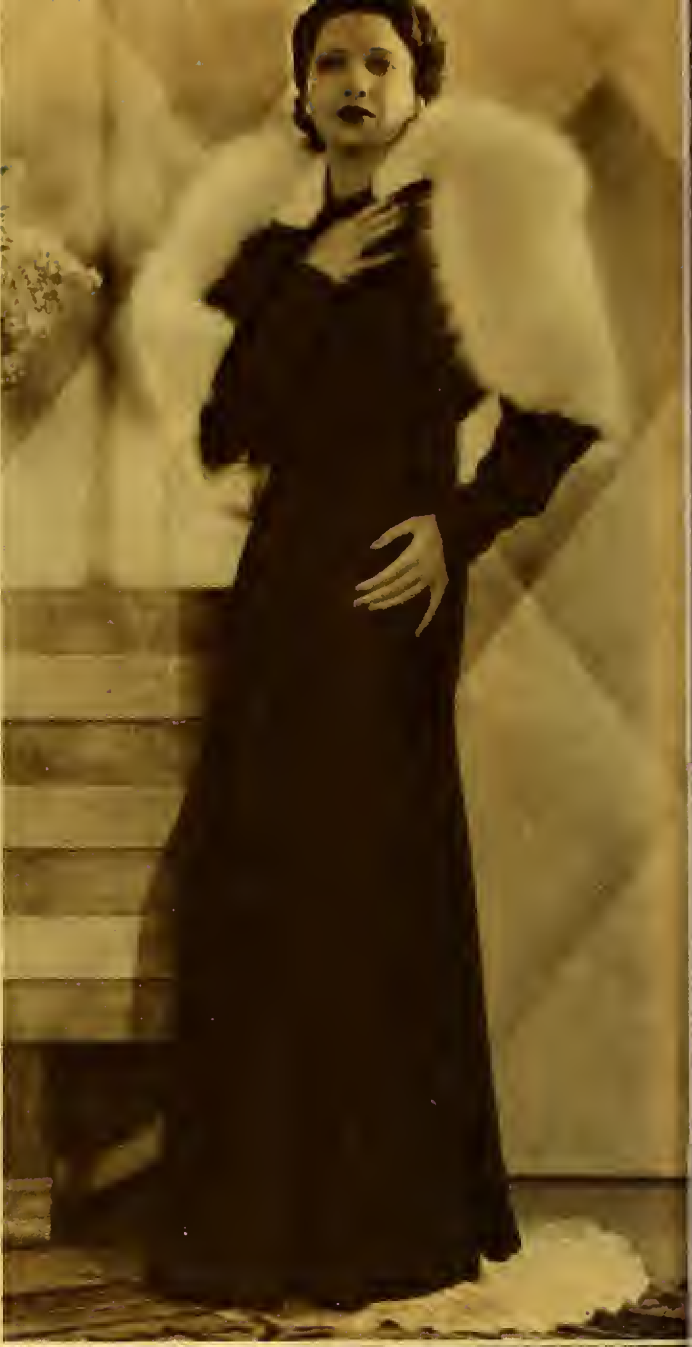
It was a perfect shot and Ruby was no longer shy. But when the scene was finished, Dick looked up and saw Jolson standing there. He *(Continued on page 80)*

By KATHERINE ALBERT

KAY FRANCIS' *Style* SECRETS

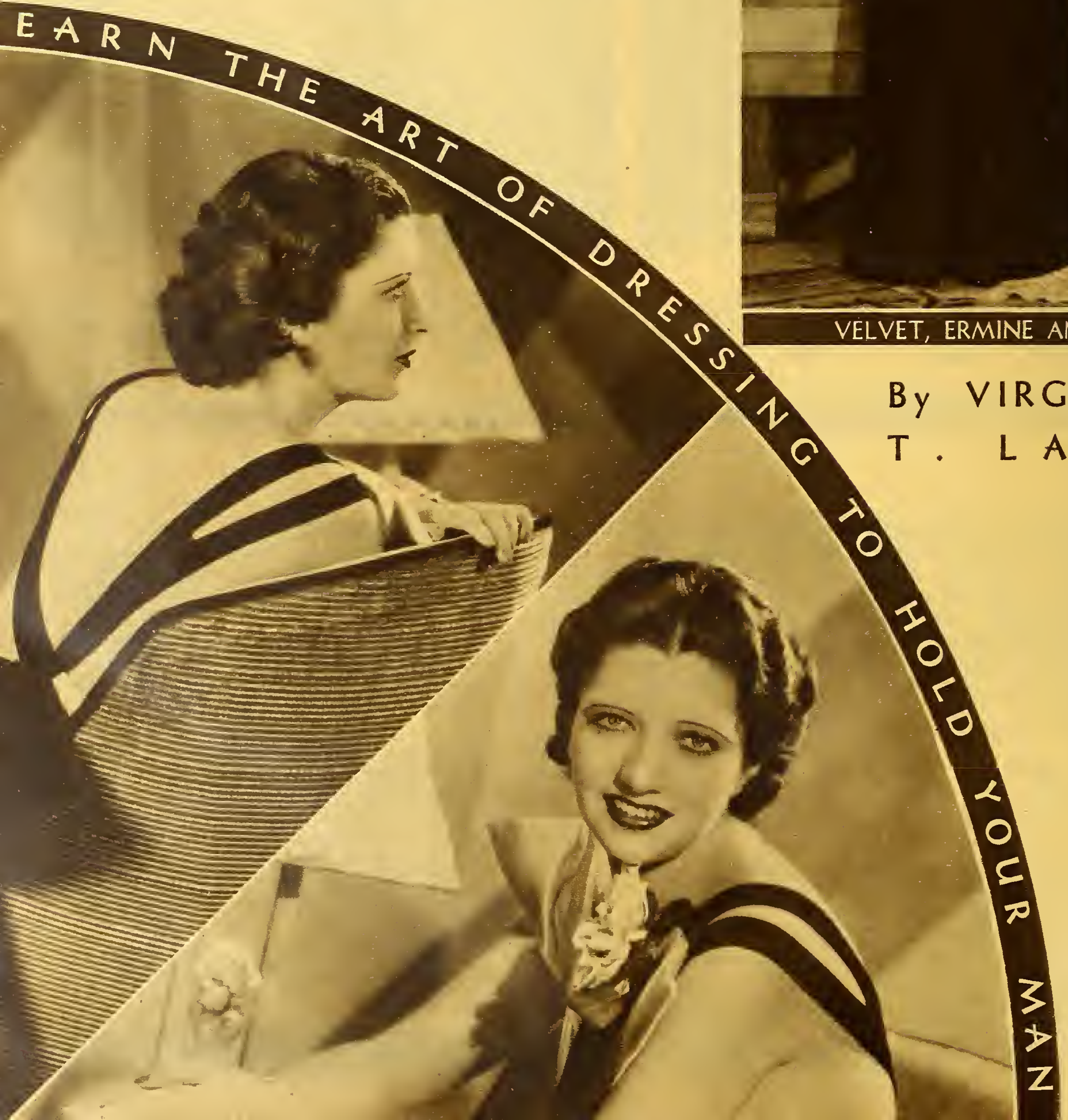
EARN THE ART OF DRESSING TO HOLD YOUR MAN

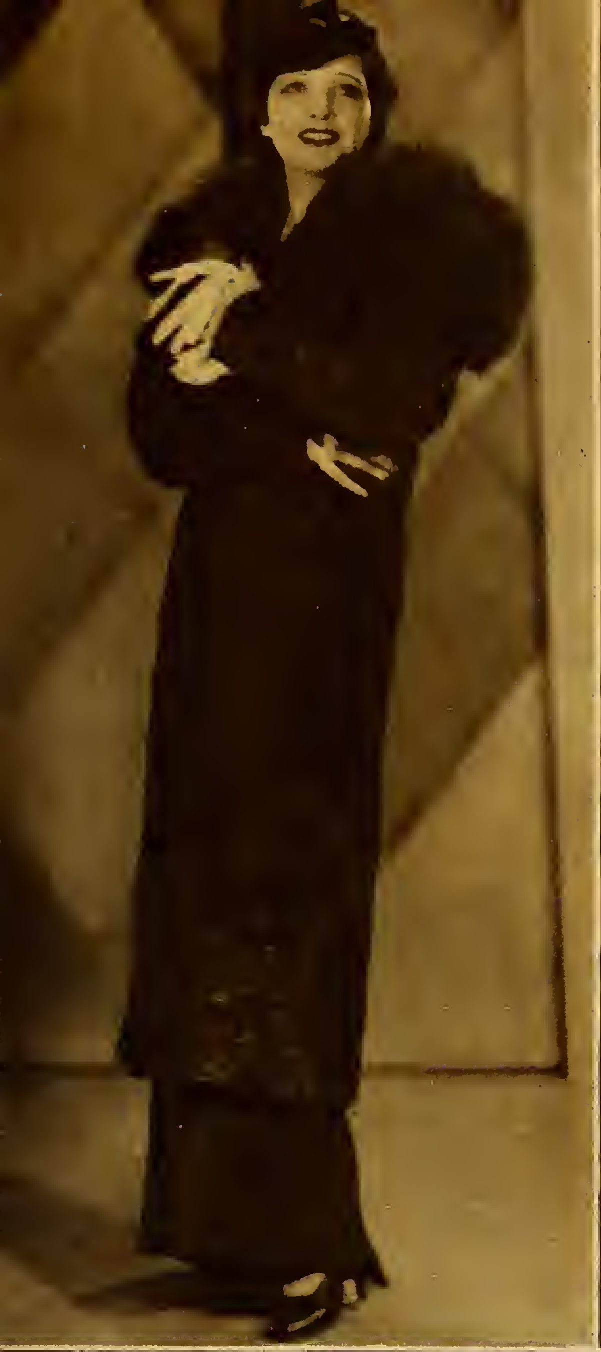
(Below) The back and front views of Kay's most glamorous evening gown. Flesh pink satin and black velvet. The rose in front is placed upon a tailored bow. (Right) A toe-length black velvet evening wrap. The ermine and fox cape is detachable and wearable alone.



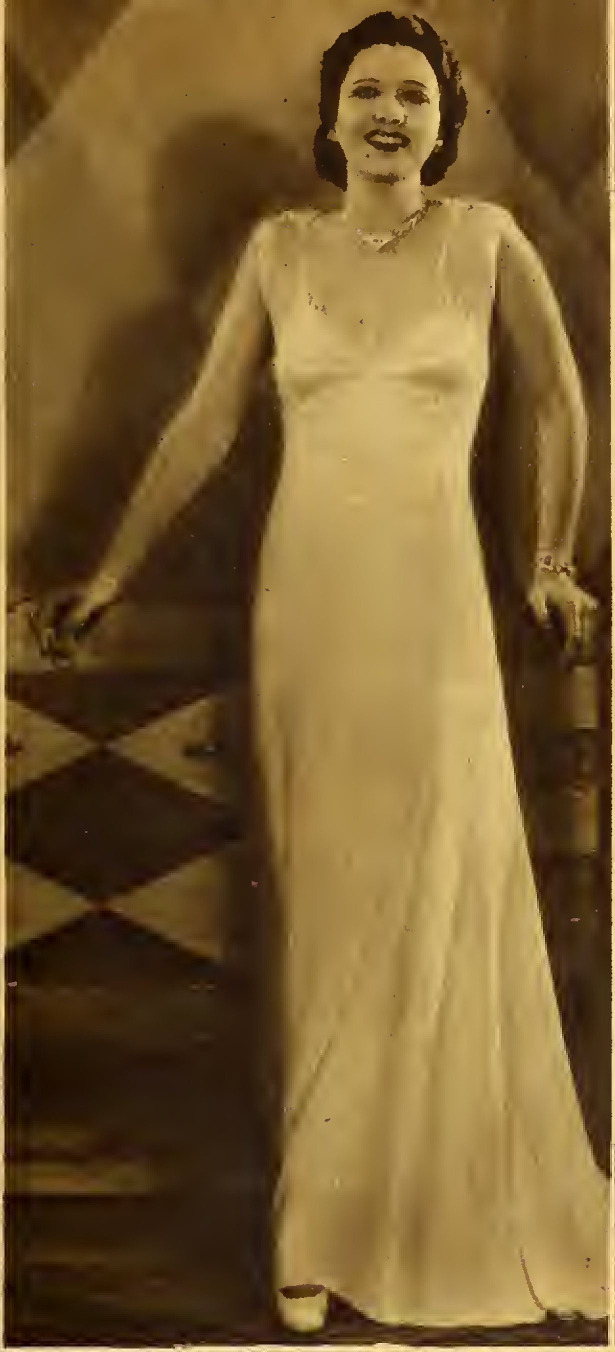
VELVET, ERMINE AND FOX

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

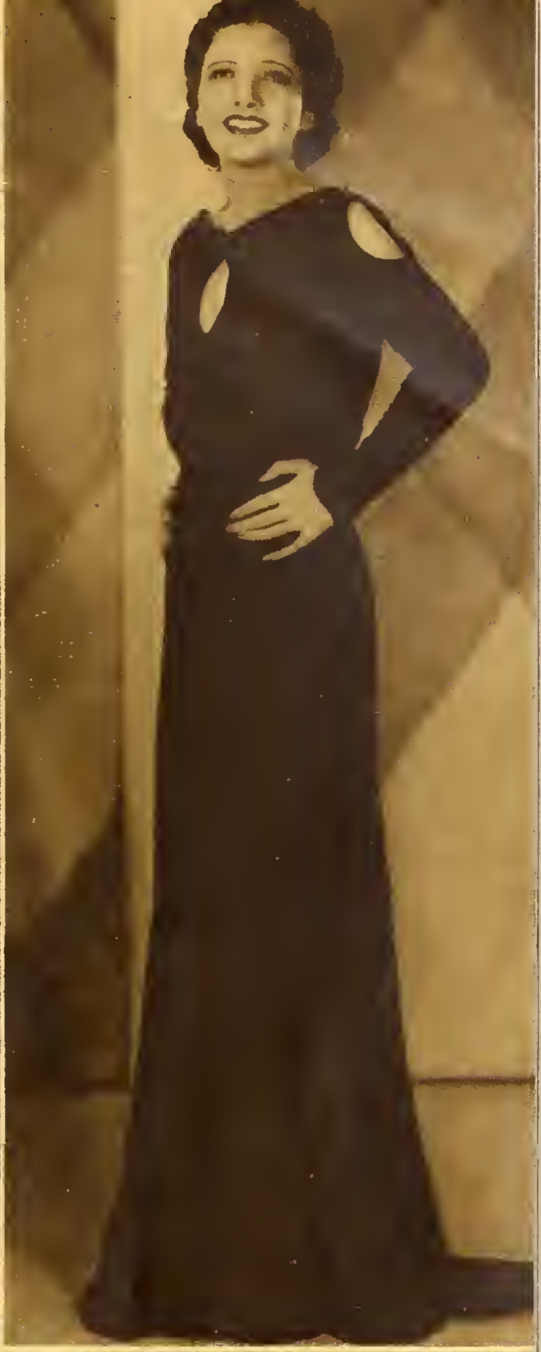




SMART PERSIAN LAMB COAT



WHITE CREPE ROMA



BLACK VELVET HOSTESS GOW

(Left) The latest fashion points in fur coats are illustrated in Kay's Persian lamb. Tubular, with straight sleeves, accented neck. (Right) White crepe roma and bugle beads, worked on a soufflé yoke that gives a startling bare effect.

If you really want to hold your man—husband or beau—or get your man, for that matter, have some sort of romantic hostess gown in your wardrobe, There's nothing more effective for winter than severe black velvet.

EIGHTY-SEVEN thousand women have written Kay Francis within the last year. And almost without exception those women have asked Kay *how to dress to hold their husbands . . .*

Revealing, pleading letters they were. She showed me a few. "What *do* you do to be so fascinating, Miss Francis? If I could look like you did in 'Mary Stevens, M.D.' I bet my husband wouldn't have left me alone tonight—as he does almost every night."

Kay looked up from reading that one—sent by a young matron from Middletown. "I wish there was some way I could help. I mean if there was something I could really do about it . . ." And that's where this article had its inception!

As one of the screen's best dressed women, Kay has had to give a great deal of thought to clothes. She seems to epitomize everything young wives want to be—terrifically smart, and charming and mysterious enough to tantalize.

"What if you were giving the seven gospels of dress to a bride—what would they be?" I queried.

She drew pencil and paper towards her, thought for a moment, then wrote down the following:

1. Don't dress up just for your big dates. You won't be able to look your loveliest *all* the time—no woman can—but strike a happy average. Manage to look your best three-fourths of the time at least. The minute you dress without thought, you're "letting down."
2. Keep that immaculately fresh look at all costs.
3. *Never* buy clothes merely because they're practical! Even your house dresses can have that delightfully romantic touch and still be very durable.
4. Watch out for the trifles of a costume—they're tremendously important. Never permit your slip to show and don't let your lingerie straps be seen. The easiest way to keep them in place is to tape them to the shoulder seams of your dress, especially if you're wearing an evening gown.
5. Exact imitation is bad; no two people are sufficiently alike to warrant it. When your clothes are in tune with you, then you are charmingly different.
6. Men are susceptible to bright colors and picturesque effects. They like to see women wear gloves.

7. It's a wise woman who doesn't blame her husband's low finances for her own lack of chic!

My eye was caught—and held—by that last of the "gospels" and all it implied. "But Kay, what would you do if *you* had to live on twenty-five dollars a week?"

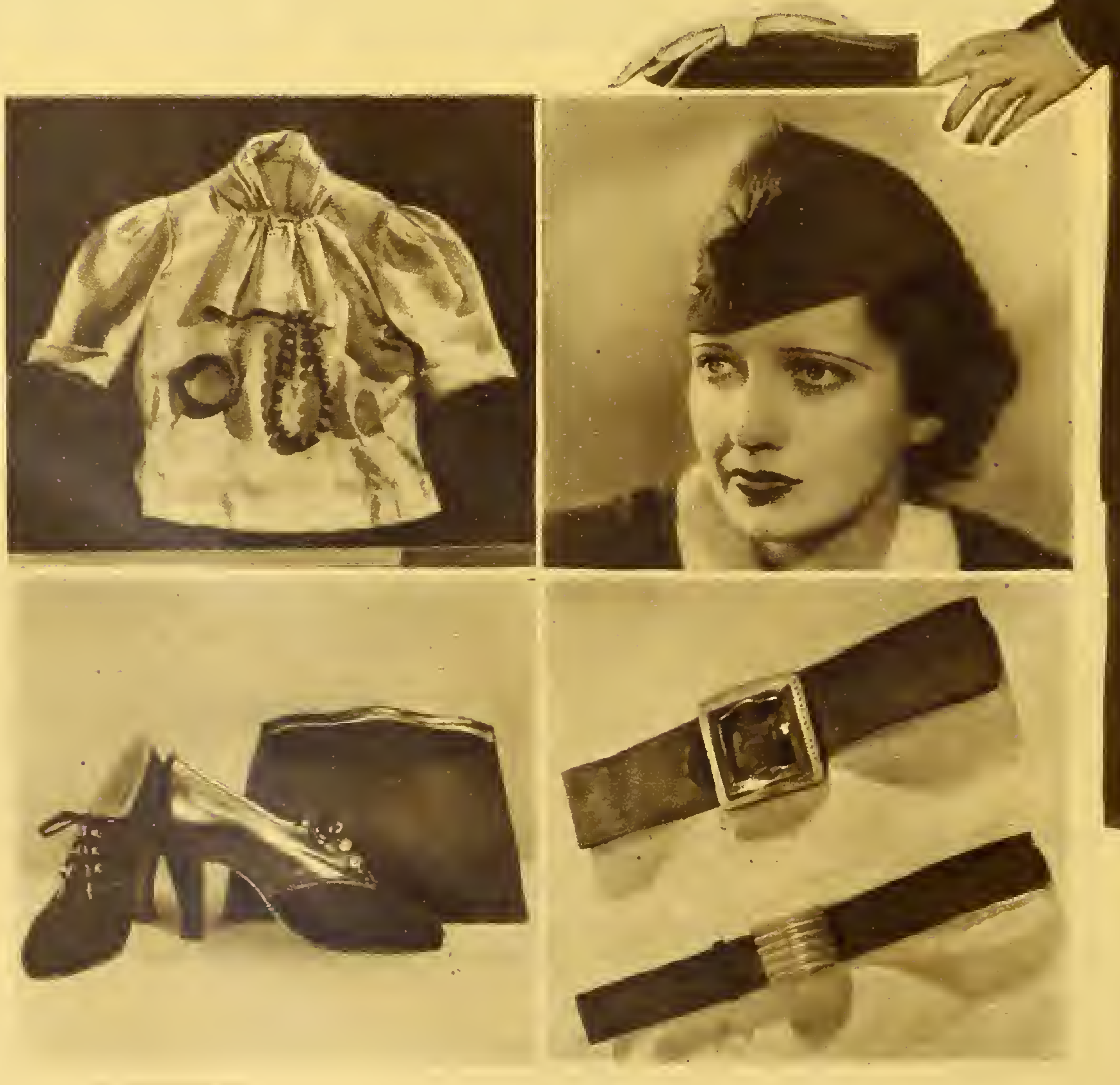
"Exactly what I did before," she retorted calmly. "When I was a secretary, you know. I schemed every which way. There was one dress, I remember, that functioned famously. It was a black taffeta with high puffed sleeves and a square neck. For afternoons and Sundays I wore it with a pleated white guimpe and black and white sandals. For dinner I wore it without the guimpe and pinned two enormous yellow tulips on the shoulder. For more formal occasions I discovered a black sequin bolero to wear over it. I made myself an evening hat of the black sequins—and I think my friends said more kind things about me in that costume than in any other I've ever had!

"There are so many things you can do—particularly when it's a 'skirt and blouse' (*Continued on page 92*)

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

We have had a pattern made for you of one of Kay's loveliest evening gowns. You will find it on our regular pattern page—page 73

(Right) A grand suit. Wide-wale blue silk-and-wool. Tunic length coat—perfect for tall girls. Détachable feminine touches included in the ascot tie and cuffs. (Below) The exquisitely made blouse is of silver gray ribbed silk, with an amusing chain and hook to close the neck. The beads and bracelet are bright blue. Then, note Kay's brown suede and brown kid oxfords. Gold buttons match the trim on the bag. To their right, are two knockout belts. Above the belts is the delightfully insane hat Kay wears with her suit.



Jean answers YOUR QUESTIONS about her marriage

By

WALTER RAMSEY

Congratulations, flowers and twenty-two newspapermen awaited the newly wed Rossons upon their arrival from Yuma. All of which might have floored less poised people than Jean and Hal, who welcomed the visitors and posed graciously for pictures.

Acme

She knows the cruel and unflattering surmises her sudden elopement brought forth and deals with them frankly in this amazing interview

YOU aren't fooling Jean Harlow. Neither is Hollywood!

In spite of the tons of flowers that flooded her home immediately following the sensational news of her airplane elopement with Hal Rosson, and the thousands of polite telegrams of "congratulations," she knows that gossip rampant is pursuing her third marriage just as it has dogged every single climax of her Hollywood life.

She knows that those who have scrutinized, questioned and explored everything she has ever done, seeking ulterior motives and "hidden" stories, are wiring Hollywood with malicious little guesses of why did she do it?

For some time now, I have been telling the world it was my opinion that Jean Harlow was one of the swellest girls ever to come down the Hollywood pike. My deep admiration for her began in the dark days of the Paul Bern tragedy, which widowed the twenty-one-year-old girl and splashed her name in headlines all over the world. But I have never felt greater respect for her than I did that day in her exquisite white Georgian living-room listening to a bride of seven days not only "take it," but actually find sympathy and understanding of the viewpoint of the other fellow.

She was sitting in an enormous white chair, wearing a white sports blouse and skirt, her white-blonde hair waved loosely about her sun-tanned face, which was the only touch of color in this living portrait of a "Lady Done In White." I told her that I was there with the Hollywood gossip angles on her sensational marriage. I have learned from past experience in dealing with Jean to "shoot from the shoulder." Stunningly frank and outspoken herself, she detests bush-beating in others. Ask her a direct question and you get a direct answer. Yet, I quailed at some of the ideas.

Jean didn't. But more surprising than that, was her entire attitude on the matter. There was nothing barbed or angry or "fighting back" in the things she told me. Her thinking process is clearly illustrated in one of the first things she said.

"AS long as I am 'the platinum blonde,' as long as I appear on the screen in décolletté gowns and sexy love scenes, as long as I am Jean Harlow I am going to be discussed. It is the price that my kind of screen character pays for her fame, for her M-G-M contract. And I, personally, do not think that the price is unreasonable. I have tried always to be truthful and frank with the public about Jean Harlow. It is the least I can do."

She lighted a cigarette, calmly waved out the match.

"I don't think there is much you can tell me of what 'they' are saying about my marriage. I think I have heard, or at least *sensed* almost everything that could be said. You mentioned a moment ago that one of the first questions you had heard was: 'Why did she elope in the middle of the night when they could have made arrangements to be sanely and conventionally married at some reasonable hour of the day just like other people?' And of course the gossip answer is: 'Oh, you know Harlow! She's a publicity hound. Has to do everything sensationally so it will be sure to land in newspaper headlines.'

"But that isn't our answer. It is really a very simple and uninvolved reason with (*Continued on page 86*)

How COLUMBO discovered AMERICA *and vice-versa!*

(Left) The Singin' Russ Columbo has proved that he has a nice talent for comedy. In Universal's "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," Russ commences his screen career. That's Paul Kelly with him.

By JERRY WALD

TWO years ago, Russ Columbo was riding the sky, one of radio's brightest stars. "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee," ran the refrain that echoed in millions of loudspeakers.

For millions of women up and down the wavelengths, his voice held a spell and gave promise of romance and glamor. Even now, though he has been off the air for months, he continues to represent Prince Charming.

Before I tell you of the amazing way in which this came about, I want you to remember his acting in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." If you missed the picture, I can tell you there was a mellowness about his mimicry that bespoke much more than his brief experience as an actor. He's incredibly young, you know, to have found stardom in two separate fields. Yet his work bears a veteran's polish.

How is this possible? To give the answer I reveal some of the topsy-turvy things through which he has gone. Believe it or not, they are just the sort of things that might happen to you or me if we were to stray into the path of that thunderbolt called Fame.

In the Hollywood of 1925, when Bebe Daniels was the saucy siren whose virtuous screen kisses set a new standard for university co-eds, and Douglas Fairbanks was a gymnastically-inclined actor instead of a globe-trotter, Russ Columbo was the eighteen-year-old violinist who played "emotion" music for Pola Negri.

When the screen gained a voice, he abandoned his violin and became a voice double. Perhaps you remember a not-quite-convincing Gary Cooper in "Dynamite" singing "How Am I to Know?" Russ did that job and many others, subbing for this or that lord of the screen.

AT night, he played at the celebrated Cocoanut Grove in Gus Arnheim's orchestra. And after a while, with his own little group in the Club Pyramid. Was he ambitious? If you know Hollywood, you already have the answer. In a city where today's stenographer is tomorrow's screen sensation, everyone dreams and plans and hopes for the new day's break. Russ had his dreams, too.

He might still have those dreams if he had not met Con Conrad.

Con Conrad is one of the best song writers in this country. You've whistled his tunes . . . "Margy," "Barney Google," "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me." But

A story of an amazing, Horatio Alger success—and bitter, sudden failure. A story of young love killed by fame's demands and a friendship wounded by one mistake. A story to which the ending has not yet been written . . .

(Above) He's undeniably handsome. His manners are charming. And his baritone voice is grand. (Right) Con Conrad. An unusual combination of hit song-writer and dynamic press agent. Remember the stories about Columbo being engaged to Garbo? Well, he's the chap who put that over!

the night he walked into the Club Pyramid in Hollywood, his fortunes were at a low ebb. Life had jostled him harshly and love had broken his heart—evil portent of what was to happen to Russ—but here in California he hoped to find new inspiration.

Russ first knew of his presence when a waiter brought him the message, "Con Conrad wants to see you. He's at that corner table."

Russ, who had been singing and leading his orchestra without attracting great local attention, attached no importance to the summons.

"Here I am, Mr. Conrad," he said. "What can I do?"

Con Conrad replied, "It's what I can do for you. Listen, kid, you've got what it takes. How soon can you leave for the East?"

That was the beginning. At four o'clock in the morning Conrad was still talking, still painting pictures of fame to the boy whose earnings to date had been $75 a week. A few minutes later, Con was saying, "Think it over, kid. Talk it over with your folks. I'm at the Ambassador." Then he changed his mind. "No, I've got a better idea. I'm going home with you now. We'll get this settled tonight. We won't wait till morning."

That is how it happened that Russ' mother and dad were awakened to face a voluble stranger who promised the moon, sun and stars to their boy.

At nine o'clock, Con, Russ and a lawyer were drawing up an agreement that Conrad would pay Columbo's expenses east and sell his talents in return for one-third of Columbo's earnings. At ten, Conrad had the contract in his pocket. So far so good, except for the fact that he had only $25 to his name.

IT is no easy job to raise $350. The fare back East was just that and Con's sole asset was a week-old Ford. Someone told him that one of the Rhythm Boys at the Cocoanut Grove wanted a car. Conrad hunted up the fellow and made a deal. The fellow was Bing Crosby. So it was his money, in a way, that started Columbo to New York, the same Columbo who was soon to be his bitterest rival in what the radio reporters called "The Battle of the Baritones."

The next day, Con Conrad and Russ Columbo embarked on a journey to the rainbow's end. It was July 4th, 1931.

The New York that Russ discovered was busy and brusk. If it hadn't been for

(*Continued on page 98*)

BACK to the FARM

KAY FRANCIS give a barn dance out to the Vendomey. And, by Jupiter, 'twas a peck o' fun. Now, if ye'll start at the top and read straight down, we'll tell ye who all the folks is. Fust, Mike Farmer and Glory Swanson. Glory kept hittin' the camera lenses with that water pistol, hehehe! Next, Jack Gilbert and his wife, Jinny Bruce as was. They left the little one ter home with the hired girl. Below them, ye'll find Ken MacKenna, the village constabule, Herbie Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, and our Kay, in a mighty purty checked sunbonnet. Husband MacKenna was right polite about lettin' uninvited folks in—jist for a short spell, though. He'd let 'em eat 'n' drink and then he'd hint that mebbe they'd better be pushin' along. Below them, Dick Barthelmess, who come togged out like a darkey, his wife Jessica Sergeant, Adolphe Menjou and Mr. and Miz Clive Brook. Ye'd have laughed yerself sick at Dolphe's real dress suit—made out of blue denim. Directly below this here writtin' is a gineral view of the layout. Bill Haines and Mrs. Richard Wallace in the foreground. And below that, Ly Barrymore and his wife, Irene Fenwick.

ENRAL STORE
HAY-GRAIN & COAL

WITH YOUR FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD STARS

WELL, if ye'll jist follow the same directions as ye did before, we'll tell ye about the folks on this page. Up top, there's a real sweet pitcher of Ruth Chatterton and her husband, George Brent. And below them, purty Joan Bennett and her husband Gene Markey. Then Mike and Glory again, in the hay wagon with some other folks. Kay didn't want us ter take pitchers of the wagon, but we snuck that one and she called us a naughty boy. And who d'ye suppose those folks are in the next pitcher? Florence Eldridge March and Fred March. 'Course, ye recognize Gloria Stuart and the chap with her is George Oppenheimer. Right below here is a good character photygraft study of Barthelmess—with the missus, again. And directly below them, a couple of desperate cowboys named Ric Cortez and Chuck Farrell, with Christine Lee and the Countess Frasso. And I guess that's all, folks. This is J. B. Scott signing off—goin' out ter git some snapshots of Donald Ogden Stewart's party.

Y' might look on page 62 for views of same.

IF HE HAD IT TO DO AGAIN, IT WOULD BE THE SAME. MARRIAGE—TO THE SAME GIRL—WITH THE SAME METHODS TO ENSNARE HAPPINESS. YET HE REALIZES HIS FAILURE

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

RICHARD DIX says that the most important day in his career—in his entire life—was the day he married Winifred Coe. That experience, brief though it has been, painful as it must have been in some of its phases, nevertheless has marked a turning point more vivid, more powerful in its effect upon the man, than anything else in his life, a life crowded with crises, with decisions to be made, problems to be met, with adventures, intensity, excitement.

Rich has not been interviewed for a whole year. He has declined to discuss his affairs or his plans with anyone. He will not be interviewed again for a long while.

He told me, the other day, "There were some things printed early in my marriage, which made things difficult. That was one of the first things I learned, after I was married—that things could matter to me which had never mattered before. I decided that the best thing for everyone concerned would be for me not to say anything at all about anything.

"The first thing I want to make clear to you is that if I had it all to do over again. I should not change anything. I should proceed to this same point at which I now find myself. I do not regret my marriage, even though we are separated now. What is more, if this marriage should end in divorce, I should want to try it again. Keep on and on trying it until I met with success!"

Three years ago, Richard first told me about Winifred. He was so in love then that he stammered and blushed like any adolescent. Dix, who was Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor. Dix, who had had ample reason to learn to be cynical about women.

"I want to marry her if she will have me," he told me. "I want it more than I have ever wanted anything in the world."

He went on to describe her and to be ecstatic about the kind of girl she was. A girl who knew nothing of pictures, a girl who had been sheltered and protected and who knew nothing of making her own way in the world. She was intensely devoted to her family, to domesticity, to a dignified mode of living. A girl who was not at all impressed because he was a motion picture actor. A girl who liked him, not for what he stood for in his profession, not for the fame which had accrued to him, but because, somehow, he happened to be the sort of *person* that she liked! She wasn't, apparently, even curious about motion pictures or the people who made them. And Rich loved that lack of curiosity, that casual attitude of looking upon the picture business as a business, like the law or the wholesale shoe business or, perhaps, the profession of medicine.

THERE was some lovers' quarrel or other shortly after he told me all this, and Rich was quite heart-broken. All, he indicated, was

(*Continued on page 90*)

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 3, NO. 3

HOLLYWOOD, NOVEMBER, 1933

NEWS SECTION

GARBO BUILDING CHATEAU NEAR STOCKHOLM

Hepburn Reported Playing Extra in "Queen Christina"

It looks as if Garbo will soon put Hollywood and movies behind her. The star has just purchased an estate in Dyvik, Sweden, near Stockholm, and has okayed blueprints for an elaborate chateau.

When Greta first appeared in Hollywood, she stated that her desire was to earn money to buy a home in Sweden.

"Queen Christina" is now in production and the latest rumor concerning it credits Katharine Hepburn with applying for an extra job. Katie is an ardent admirer of Garbo's and would like to see her work. An interesting slant on this news lies in the fact that many predict she will ultimately take Greta's place.

Jimmie and Sally Balk —Sally Cast for Western

No sooner had Sally Eilers departed from the cast of "Jimmie and Sally," than James Dunn began to draw up his walking papers. Sally claimed her role was "secondary. Jimmy just walked out.

The story's title will undoubtedly be changed, for Claire Trevor and Bruce Riley have been substituted. Incidentally, 'tis said that Sally will play in a Western opposite George O'Brien.

Cabot Flies to Adrienne Then to His Home Town

No sooner was the ink dry on Adrienne Ames' divorce certificate than Bruce Cabot appeared on the scene. He had flown to Reno to plan their forthcoming marriage.

When arrangements were agreed upon, Cabot took off for Carlsbad, New Mexico, his home, to prepare for the big event. Hollywood has interestedly watched this romance since the days when Stephen Ames—Adrienne's "ex"—was delighted that his wife found Bruce a good pal.

ELIZABETH ALLAN AND ROBERT MONTGOMERY TOOK A DAY OFF FROM THE STUDIO TO SEE THE MATCHES RECENTLY

ERIC LINDEN IS FINDING LIFE PRETTY DULL WITH FRANCES DEE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED. SEE STORY AT RIGHT

RENEE ADOREE

Though she had been ill for several years, Renee Adoree's sudden death came as a great shock to the film colony. When the end came, the celebrated star of silent picture days was at her home in Tujunga with Toni, her German companion.

Miss Adoree flashed to fame for her excellent portrayal of Melisande in "The Big Parade," although she gave many fine screen characterizations before and since that one.

CLARA BOW DENIES RIFT WITH REX

The "Brooklyn Bonfire" Explains Cause of Rumor

Clara Bow has all the answers; most of them pretty good, too. If you ask about the rumor that's been seeing the light of print recently, regarding her contemplated separation from Rex Bell, she says, "Nothing to it! Rex and I had an argument. I won; so what?"

Hollywood newspapers ran pictures of the popular pair in tight embrace the day after the meanies started the yarn about a divorce. Meanwhile, the reported "heart" is keeping very quiet.

Flashes from Here and There

Billie Dove and her husband, Bill Kenniston, are thrilled that they're "blessed-eventing."

Eleanor Boardman and Harry D'Arrast, director, will be married as soon as the actress' divorce decree from King Vidor becomes final.

Max Baer and his wife, Dorothy Dunbar, are legally free, which news will interest several sentimental ingenues.

Bill Cagney's recent marriage to Boots Mallory put him in a featured role in "Success." Nothing succeeds like it, you know.

Elissa Landi has just completed her third novel, "The Ancestor."

Dorothy Wilson is the latest leading woman to be cast in "Eight Girls in a Boat."

FRANCES AND JOEL ENGAGEMENT BLOW TO ERIC

Youthful Player Grieves Over Unrequited Love

Eric Linden was recently reported as being seen "somewhere in Europe." The youthful actor left Hollywood the day Frances Dee and Joel McCrea became engaged, declaring he would never return.

Young Linden went about his departure systematically. First, he requested a cancellation of his four-year contract with RKO; then, having just paid down $1200 on his car, returned it to the finance company; and finally, left town immediately. You see, Eric was madly in love with Frances. He is willing to toss his career in Hollywood up in the air now.

Time is a great healer and youth responds quickly, so let us hope!

Sequel for Jean Harlow; Film with Weissmuller

Jean Harlow will don a wig again and create once more that character which started her on the high road to success. "Red-Headed Woman in Paris" is the new title. The story will pick Jean up in Europe (where the first installment ended) and carry her through further adventures.

Incidentally, M-G-M is planning to star the Platinum One with Johnnie Weissmuller in a combination "Tarzan" "Red Dust."

More Wedding Bells— Cary Grant and Virginia

Their closest friends would have you believe that Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill are all set to take the matrimonial plunge.

Of course, this is not one of the newer Hollywood romances; in fact, its claim to fame lies in its consistency.

Rumor also hath it that there will be a foursome trip to Europe very soon, the vacationing parties being, besides Cary and Virginia, Vivien Gaye and Randolph Scott

THE MARQUIS IS ON HIS WAY TO LOOK OVER HIS ESTATE IN PARIS AND CONNIE BENNETT SAW HIM OFF, LIKE A DUTIFUL WIFE

. . . WHAT EVERY

Divorces take a back seat as fierce marriage epidemic sweeps Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD has been doing nothing but elope this month.

Starting off with the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson airplane jaunt to Yuma, Arizona (see the story on page 29), our fair hamlet has been bombarded with "more of the same" as fast as the planes could be scheduled. First:

Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. With the startling announcement of this airplane elopement, Hollywood was also treated to the news that Sally had obtained a Mexican divorce—secretly—from Hoot Gibson a few weeks ago. Sally met Harry Joe Brown on her recent trip to Europe. He was traveling on the same boat and during the entire stay abroad they saw each other daily. "I didn't know I was in love with him until he left me in New York and came on to Hollywood ahead of me," says Sally. "But when he met my train in Pasedena, I realized just how much he had come to mean to me and how I had missed him."

Harry Joe Brown is a producer-director at Paramount and a great friend of Hoot's (who sent his best wishes as soon as the wedding was announced). It even looks as though Sally might quit her contract at Fox and go with her husband at Paramount. (More about that later.) They are now living in one of the most gorgeous apartments in Hollywood—seven rooms at the famous Colonial House.

And second:

Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. Boots has been rumored "engaged" to so many of the local swains that

Toby Wing is THE cutest thing. Maurice Chevalier thinks so, too! That's one of her costumes for DeMille's "This Day and Age."

FAN SHOULD KNOW

Winter season brings gay parties—and the postman brings invitations

when she eloped to Caliente, Mexico, it was no end of a surprise. Our newest newlyweds met in the Cocoanut Grove about three months ago. Since that time they have been together almost constantly—Boots taking a few nights off for her other "hearts" occasionally. They were married by a Justice of the Peace in the Mexican town and had a policeman and a cowboy for witnesses. They're looking for a Mexican house in Hollywood in which to settle down.

● Talk about your realism! In a fight scene in "Hoop-la," one of the extras was supposed to hit Clara Bow gently on the chin. As it happened the extra was an ex-prizefighter, and the "gentle tap" knocked Clara completely out. She suffered a bruised jaw, a cut tongue and had to go to bed for a day.

Then over on the Warner lot, during a football sequence in "College Coach," Lyle Talbot was tackled with so much vigor that he had to be taken out of the cast to recuperate. Dick Powell got off a little easier—he suffered merely a sprained ankle!

FIRST NITE NEWS

Bette Davis almost stopped the show at the opening of "I Loved A Woman" by bouncing in with eight escorts! Conspicuous by his *absence* was Harmon O. Nelson, the husband but very much in evidence was one Lynn Riggs. Lynn seems to be getting quite a habit.

A humorous touch to this particular occasion was the fact that Bette sported a huge corsage of red and white carnations and in the lapel of each man's coat was one of these posies. Four reds and four whites.

Dick Powell acted as master of ceremonies and did a good job of it. He was there with Mary Brian, whom he admits is still his best gal. But he also admits that Mary has *such* an abundance of boy friends that he has just about given up the idea of being anything more than "another escort" in her life. Not that he wouldn't like to be more than that.

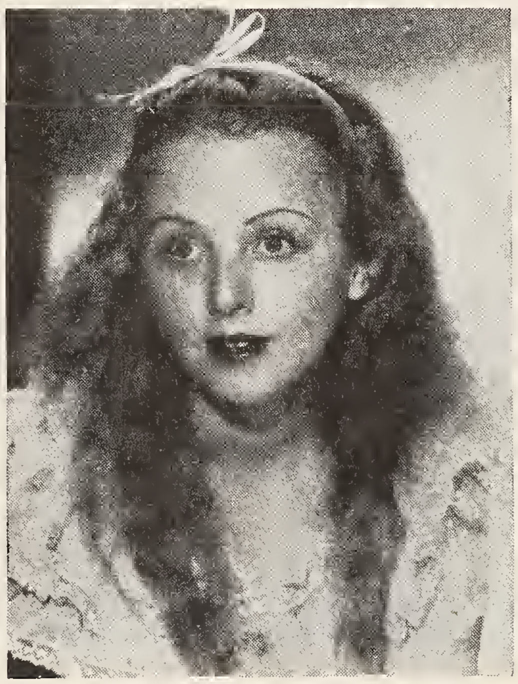
● The Donald Ogden Stewart party was a howling success. (See page 62.) All the guests (which included almost all of filmland) were asked to come representing their favorite actor or actress. It was interesting to note that there were several Joan Crawfords, Hepburns, Shearers and oodles of Mae Wests. But not a single Garbo. Does this signify that the Swedish star isn't such a favorite? Anyway, we think someone missed a grand chance. Wouldn't Garbo as the dancer in "Mata Hari" with a pair of size twelve shoes (as a gag) have been a riot?

MARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

● Hollywood is turning into a matrimonial center, all right. There's Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner. They'll get married as soon as Mervyn gets a breathing spell from his directorial jobs. The sudden romance of Lola Lane and Al Hall is so serious that it seems

Acme

William S. Hart took sick and had to go to Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. Two-Gun Bill is better now, thanks.



Meet Alice in Wonderland. In other words, winsome Charlotte Henry, who won the Paramount role over 7000 other contestants.

The perfect girl—Agnes Craney—and the perfect man—Jack Jenkins, winners over 100,000 in Paramount's "Search for Beauty."

WALLY AND CAROL ANN IN LUNNON

Acme

(Above) They both look a little bit dazed, though Wallie is smiling manfully. The big Beery and his adored little daughter, Carol Ann, being welcomed in London. (Right) Contender Max Baer, Spanky ("Left Hook") McFarland of "Our Gang," and Carnera. In "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

bound to end at the marriage bureau. In fact, they as much as admit they're headed that way.

But Genevieve Tobin, according to her Ma, is *not* going to be rushed into matrimony. True, she's engaged, but she wants plenty of time to get acquainted with her man, Felix Chappellet, before she says those important words, "I Do." La Tobin doesn't believe in marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, which seems to be the vogue in Hollywood. She wants her marriage to stick!

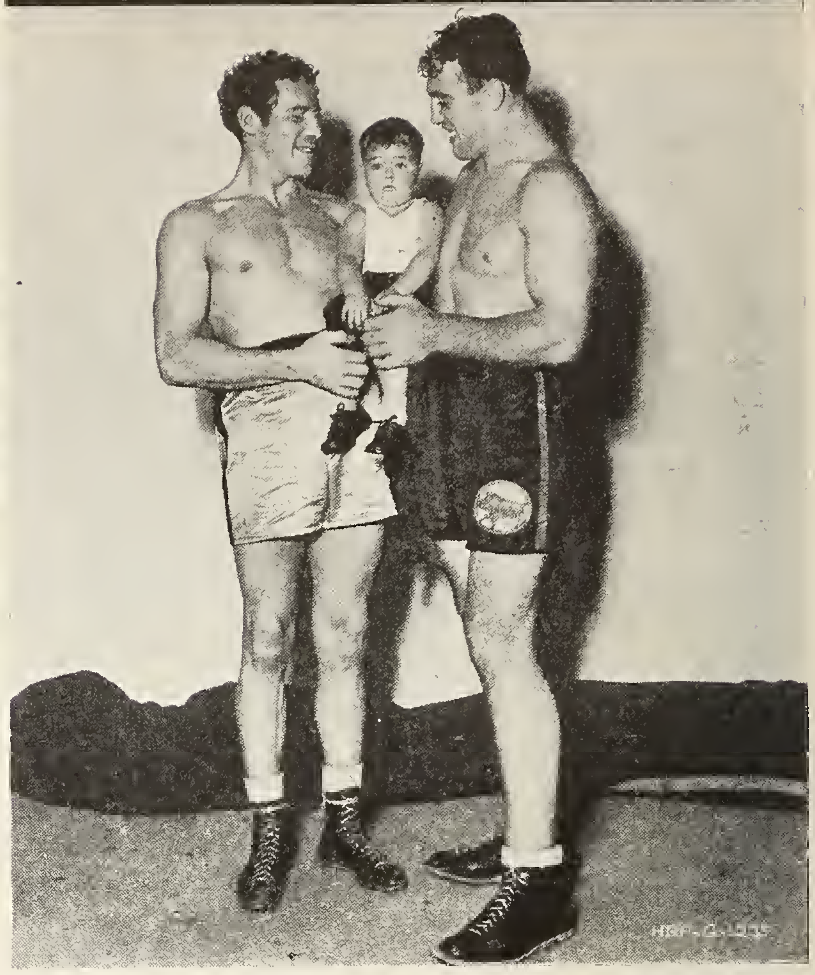
● "And who is Mae West?"

The above question was asked by Marlene Dietrich, creator of "mannish styles for women" . . . but now looking as frilly and feminine and curvy as West herself. This latter fact no doubt motivated the young reporter to ask her how she liked the Mae West styles. In answer to which La Dietrich raised her exotic eyebrows and asked the question that has set the entire film colony a-buzzing.

The battle's on! Marlene has made the first move. Now watch for developments. They should be interesting, inasmuch as both gals are under contract to the same studio—and their meeting is inevitable!

● Greta Garbo is as punctual as George Arliss. At 7:55 to the dot, she checks in at the studio. And at six sharp she drops whatever she's doing and goes home. Arliss has his valet keep his eye on the time-piece and at the appointed hour he steps on the set and reminds his master that it is now exactly six o'clock. But Garbo handles the matter a little differently. She merely instructs her maid to approach her with a glass of water. That's the tell-tale signal. When the boys see that glass of water appear, they know it's a day—even though they be right in the middle of an important scene.

JUST A TRIO OF HUSKY CHAMPIONS



TURF NOTES

● May Robson wandered out to the County Fair at Pomona, California, one Sunday. She was sitting in the grand stand watching the horse races, when the announcer made it known to the crowd that the "Lady for a Day" was in their midst. Fifty thousand people stood up and cheered as May, sporting a very jaunty beret, took a bow.

The same day, over in the stables, Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee were spied looking over the livestock. One of the ambitious photographers got the bright idea of having the three of them pose on the back of the prize winning horse. The animal proved to be exceptionally frisky and while the three hung on for dear life, the crowd howled with laughter as Wheeler burst forth with "Who's afraid of the old gray mare?" to the tune of "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

● And while we're on the subject of horse-racing, have you heard the story they're telling on Marie Dressler? It seems that a man in the horse-racing business back in Ohio had been spreading the yarn that he once was Marie's husband. A newspaper man wired Marie, querying her about this. And this is what she wired back:

"Positively untrue but I am getting old and tired and need long rest so if horses running well and he has millions I might consider his proposition at this time."

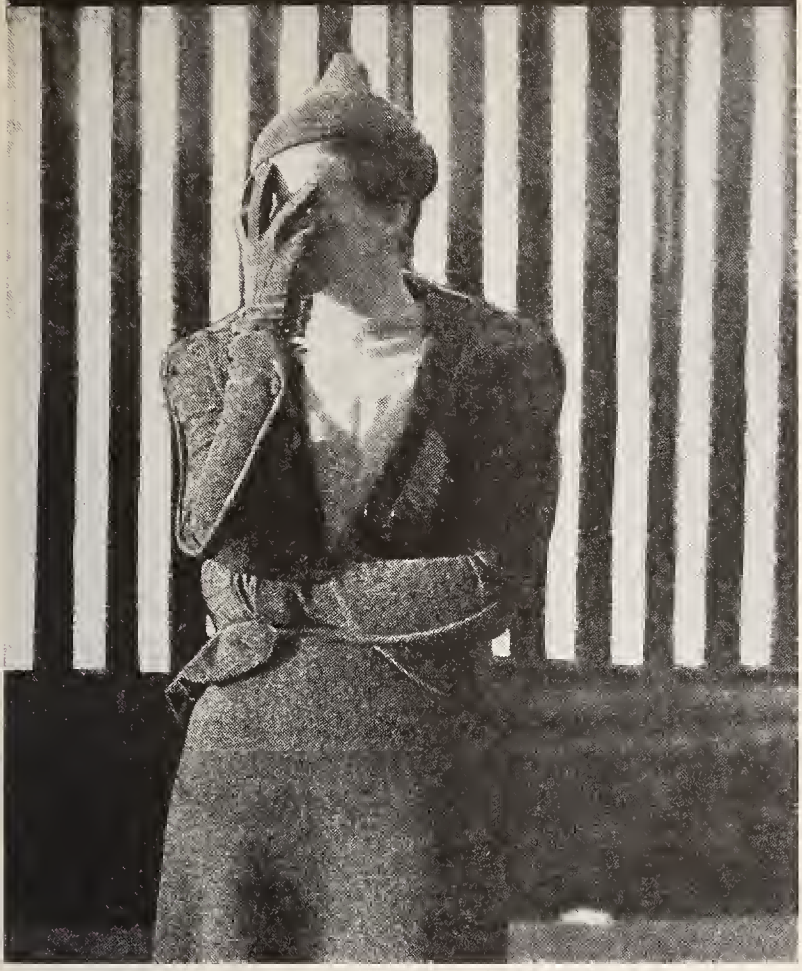
Leave it to Marie to see the humorous side of the thing.

● Lilian Harvey was so worried over how the public would feel about "My Weakness" that she sat home wringing her hands all during the preview. She suffered from such a bad case of nerves that she positively refused to go near the theatre.

However, she was finally persuaded to attend the re-

Miss Dressler's snappy telegram . . . No more Jimmie and Sally? Miss Dietrich, you

KATIE HEPBURN DOES A GARBO



Wide World

MEET MISS SUSAN ANN GILBERT

International

(Left) Katie Hepburn went, in one of her smartest suits and nuttiest hats, to the semi-finals of the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament. Photographers bobbed up. And Katie did them that way. (Above) Six weeks old was Susan Ann Gilbert when this was taken.

ception afterwards. And the greeting she received as she made her appearance was so great that it would have satisfied a queen—or even Pola Negri herself!

DOTS AND DASHES

● Dorothea Wieck celebrated her first wedding anniversary the other day . . . Genevieve Tobin has a handsome new mink coat . . . Donald Cook's ambition is to be a director . . . Jean Harlow has no eyebrows—she paints 'em on . . . Johnny Weissmuller has taken up outboard speed-boating . . . Junior Laemmle gave Eleanor Holm (his former sweetie) a set of silver for a wedding present . . . Garbo personally picked Cora Sue Collins to play herself as a child in "Queen Christina" because little Miss Collins looks so much like Garbo's own baby pictures . . . Ginger Rogers' ambition is to make a million dollars, then marry and have at least five children.

● Sally Eilers had no sooner returned from her elopement than she started raising a big fuss over at Fox studio. She absolutely refused to do "Jimmy and Sally," the picture that was to be another "Bad Girl." She claimed her part was too small and insignificant. When she moved all her furniture out of her dressing room, it was believed that she and Fox had actually parted. But it was later stated that the room was needed for office space. However, to date, she hasn't moved into any other dressing room. So-o-o-o. . . . This, coupled with the fact that Sally has intimated that she would like very much to be free to work at Paramount, where her husband is a director, makes it look more than ever as though the rift will not be patched up.

● Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are continuing to squabble over on the "Cat and the Fiddle" set. Some wit remarked it should be re-titled "Two Cats and a Fiddle"!

● That Kelton kid (Pert's the first name) is getting in bad in Hollywood because she's such a good actress. First, she stole honors from Connie Bennett in "Bed of Roses." Then, secondly, Samuel Goldwyn is practically re-making the entire picture, "Nana." One reason is that Pert outshone the star, Anna Sten. The new version will not include Miss Kelton in its cast! At present, she's doing a comedy with Zasu Pitts but chances are she won't do any stealing there.

● Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy continue to discuss their "business" during cosy intimate luncheons or while dining and dancing at various popular late-spots about town. They seem to have such a grand time together that maybe the business—which concerns a play both hope to appear in some time this season—is just an excuse! Both Mr. and Mrs. Tracy deny that Loretta had anything to do with their separating. But maybe she *will* have something to do with *keeping* them separated.

LOST LOVE NEST

● A few weeks ago Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler took a drive out to Palm Springs and looked rather sadly, but hopefully, at a certain nice sandy lot. Al bought it several years ago and had plans all laid out for a beautiful $100,000 home to be built on it where he and Ruby could spend their holidays. Then came the stock market crash . . . and all dreams of a home were blasted. But Al and Ruby still have the lot . . . and hopes!

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78

certainly have started something! And we don't mean a trouser fad by any means!

Joan Crawford Offers you a THRILLING CONTEST

PRIZES:

1st—A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest, to meet her friends, who will then become your friends.

2nd—A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator (see picture).

3rd—$100 in cash.

4th—A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio (see picture).

5th—Ten prizes of a Max Factor make-up kit (see picture).

6th—Five prizes of $10 each.

7th—Ten prizes of $5 each.

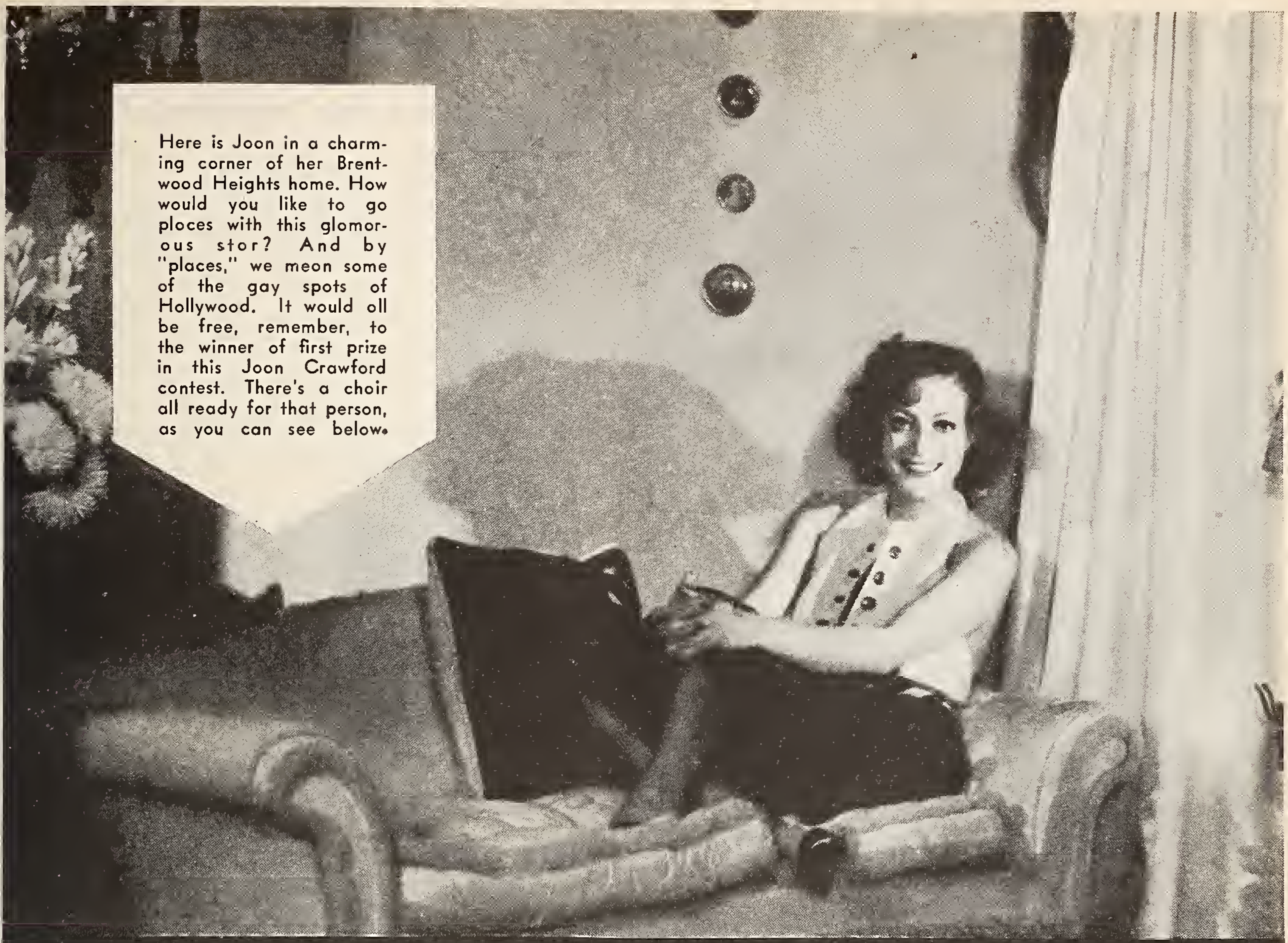
2nd PRIZE: A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator

Will YOU visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood? Will you win one of these fascinating prizes offered in this exciting contest? Twenty-nine prizes in all—and a lot of fun in the bargain!

HERE you are, boys and girls and ladies and gentlemen! The Joan Crawford contest, which offers more fun than the proverbial barrel of monkeys.

And that's not all it offers, either! Just consider the prizes: first, a free trip to Hollywood, to meet Joan Crawford, to be entertained by her, and taken all manner of exciting places by her. Second, a most modern and efficient Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator to replace that dismal, over-crowded ice-box mother has out in the back pantry. Third, one hundred beautiful dollars in cash. Fourth, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio—a good-looking instrument with a peach of a tone. Fifth, ten prizes each (you see, you can't lose) of a Max Factor make-up kit. Sixth, five prizes of $10 each. And seventh, ten prizes of $5 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Now—where's the little chore you have to do to win one of those elegant prizes? Just turn over the page. There you'll see a number of cut-up pictures. They are four scenes from Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Dancing Lady." You are supposed—nay, commanded!—to put the pictures together again, like Humpty-Dumpty, arrange or number them in the proper order (the order in which the scenes take place in "Dancing Lady". See the synopsis on the next page.) Then—hold those pictures until next month. We'll give you four more to do. Then write a description of Joan Crawford—in ten words or less. Send the eight stills, together with your ten word description of Joan Crawford to the Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries—remember, the *complete* eight pictures and description—must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.



Here is Joan in a charming corner of her Brentwood Heights home. How would you like to go places with this glamorous star? And by "places," we mean some of the gay spots of Hollywood. It would all be free, remember, to the winner of first prize in this Joan Crawford contest. There's a chair all ready for that person, as you can see below.

FIRST PRIZE: A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest.

4th PRIZE: A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio

5th PRIZE: A Max Factor Make-Up Kit

CAN YOU PUT THE PICTURES

THE STORY OF "DANCING LADY"

Tod Vianet (Franchot Tone) liked wine, women and song. What is more, he could afford them. Tod had dedicated his young life to becoming a super-playboy.

When Park Avenue night life palled, there was downtown New York with its hectic side-shows and gaudy burlesques. It was in one of these that Janie (Joan Crawford) appeared, Janie of the twinkling toes and the magnetic personality.

One evening Tod and the police arrived at the notorious girl-show simultaneously. The latter had come to not-too-gently, but firmly, remove the scantily-garbed talent from the entertainment boards. Young Vianet paid Janie's fine at court. Which favor, he considered, entitled him to intimate and exclusive rights on the dancer. However, it did not take her long to change his mind.

After weeks of idleness, Janie finally secured a job with Patch Gallagher, (Clark Gable) director of Bradley's musical shows.

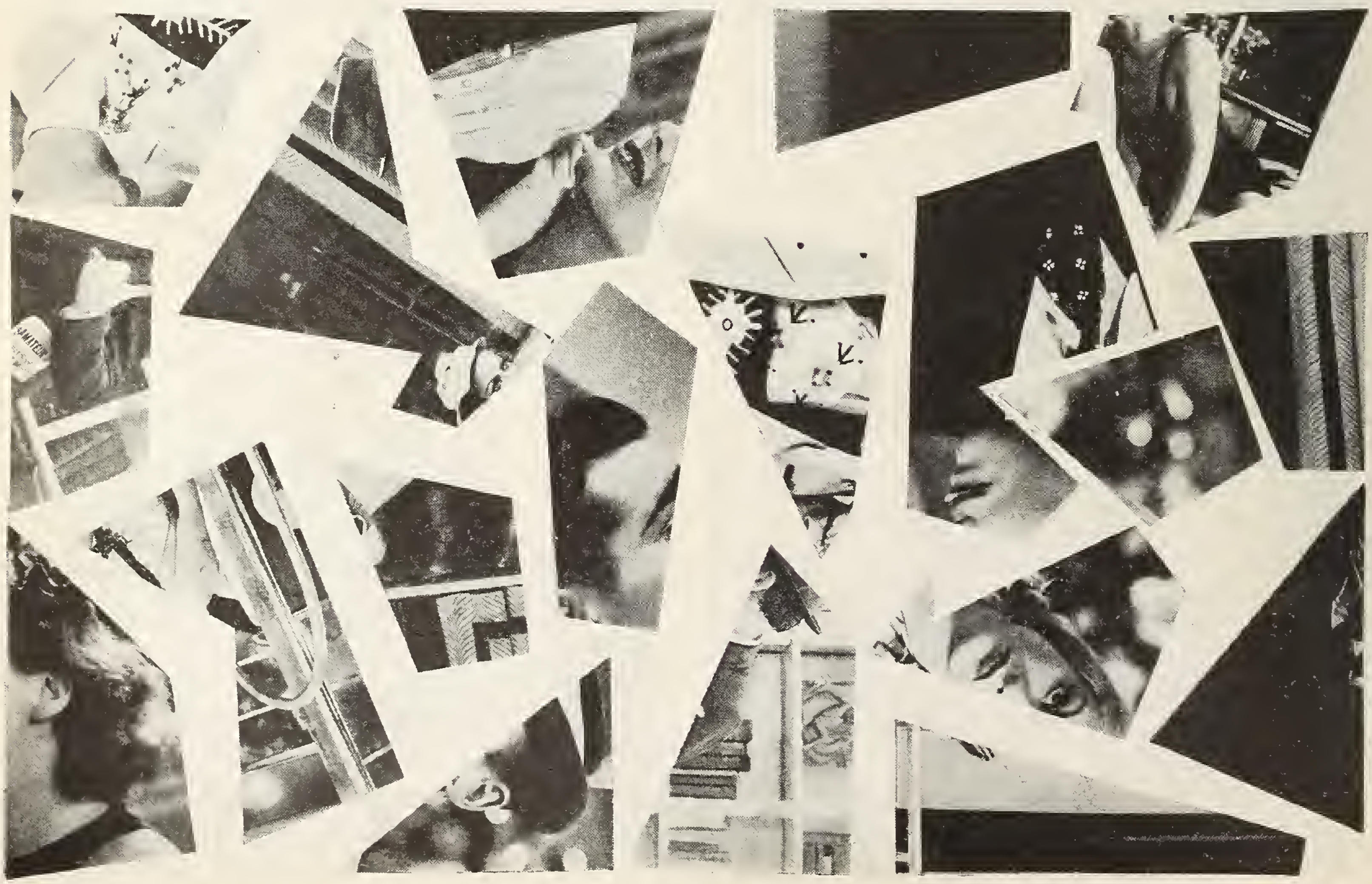
Meanwhile Tod continued to pursue Janie, who consented to marry him if the show should prove a flop. The ingenious youth assures himself of a nice break by buying out Bradley and closing the show.

At this point, Patch's ire is up. He has worked desperately hard for the show and decides to invest his savings in it and carry on. However, when he learns that it was Tod who queered its chances, he sets out on a spree to forget it all.

Meanwhile, Janie, Tod and their gay gang, just returned from a yachting cruise, are celebrating in a crowded bar. There, they discover a dejected and inebriate Patch, who, believing Janie has known what has happened and deliberately deserted the show to marry money, blurts out his side of the story. Which enlightening yarn promptly secures Tod his walking papers from Janie.

Janie takes Patch to his apartment, sobers him up and makes him promise to teach her the routines of the new show. The pair work like Trojans and finally whip the production into shape. Then, there is the matter of instating Janie in the principal role.

On opening night, Tod arrives laden with promises. Janie shall be his wife, share his millions and continue her career if she chooses. She doesn't. She chooses work, success—and Patch!



IN THE RIGHT ORDER . . . ?

RULES

1. At the bottom of these two pages, there are four stills—cut up in segments—from "Dancing Lady." Next month four more stills—also cut up—will be published. The eight stills (or facsimiles of them) must be put together correctly and neatly and arranged in the order in which the corresponding scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." (Synopsis on the opposite page.) When you have done this, write a description of Joan Crawford, in ten words or less. Submit the eight stills and the description together.

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who put together and arrange most correctly and neatly the eight stills submitted and who, in the opinion of the judges, give the best descriptions of Joan Crawford in ten words or less.

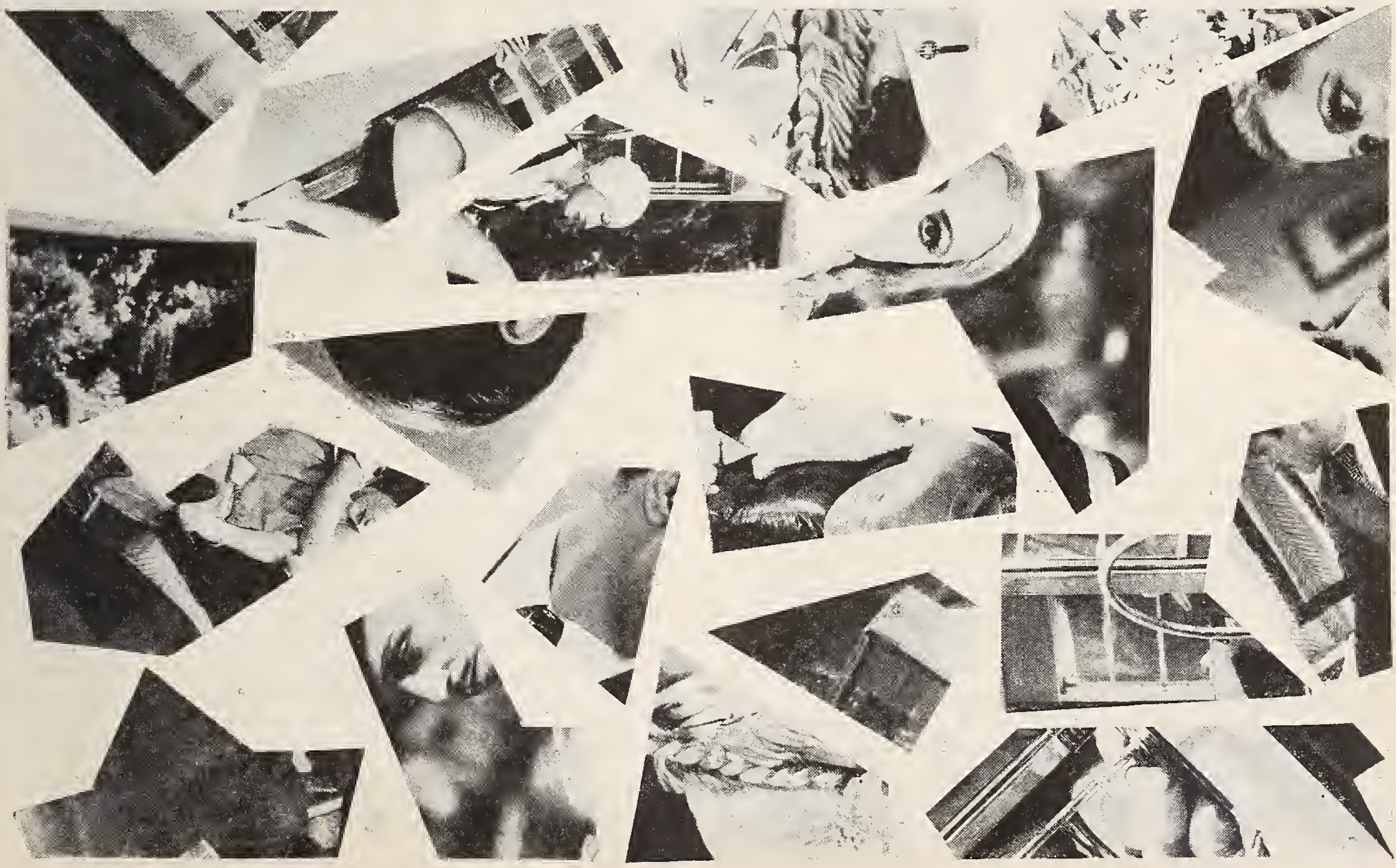
3. The first prize is a free trip to Hollywood to visit Joan Crawford; the second prize, a Crosley Shelvodor Refrigerator; the third prize, $100 in cash; the fourth prize, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio; the ten fifth prizes, a Max Factor make-up kit each; the five sixth prizes, $10 each.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose.

5. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. Send all entries to Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.



HE'S DRESSED THEM ALL

"I've dressed

By HOWARD GREER

Mr. Greer (left) has had opportunities to meet the stars most informally and discloses what happened on these intimate occasions. (Left to right) Ruby Keeler met Garbo at the designer's salon. Zasu Pitts pities the poor woiking goil. Colleen Moore met her "exclusive" model on another actress. Ethel Barrymore—who said temperament? Helen Hayes is an off-screen ingenue and Ruth Chatterton, a true sophisticate. And Garbo? Well, you'll be surprised!

LOOKS LIKE HER HUSBAND?

MUSSOLINI'S FAVORITE

NOT CLOTHES CONSCIOUS

ONE of the most curious things that ever happened in my shop was the meeting of Greta Garbo and Ruby Keeler. I'll bet it never occurred to you that those two had ever met. But they did, and it is something I have never told before. Here's how it happened.

Ellin Berlin, wife of Irving Berlin, the song-writer, was the one woman who hesitated about signing my autograph book. When I handed it to her, Mrs. Berlin looked at it with a slightly superior air, glancing through the preceding pages to make sure that it would be quite proper for her to lend her name to the collection.

Since such people as Garbo, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Lily Pons, Ethel Barrymore, Rosa Ponselle and countless others have most graciously consented to add their autographs, I never quite understood Mrs. Berlin's hesitation.

On the afternoon that she was brought into the shop by Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, we also had in various fitting rooms, Lily Damita, Ruby Keeler and Garbo. At that time however, Miss Keeler was not famous as a film star and was known in Hollywood only as Mrs. Al Jolson.

Garbo, frightened as always of people, was doing her utmost to remain hidden in one of the fitting-rooms, but Mrs. Goldwyn, passing the door, saw her.

They exchanged greetings. "Do come down to the end fitting-room and meet Mrs. Jolson," said Mrs. Goldwyn.

Garbo turned quite pale. Meeting anyone is a terrific ordeal for her.

"But why," she asked helplessly, "should I meet Mrs. Jolson?"

Mrs. Goldwyn dashed away and a few minutes later came back with Ruby Keeler, who was quite as shy as Garbo.

The two were introduced and suddenly, hardly believing my ears, I heard Garbo saying to Miss Keeler,

them all . . ."

—which reveals to you Greta Garbo and gives you fascinating glimpses of Ethel Barrymore, Colleen Moore, Zasu Pitts. These are the famous designer's treats for you this month in his series of glamorous Hollywood memoirs

PEOPLE FRIGHTEN HER

"LET HER COME IN!"

LIKES FLUFFY THINGS

HAPPY IN FORMAL ATTIRE

"But you look exactly like your husband!"

To this day I shall never know what she meant. I'm sure she did not intend to be facetious. She was simply ill-at-ease and that was undoubtedly the first thing that popped into her head. But I'll bet that Ruby Keeler still wonders whether she meant in or out of black face. Garbo never mentioned the incident again. Nor have I ever asked her why in the world she said such a thing!

Garbo was first brought to my shop four or five years ago. In those days, she was going to occasional parties and dinners. On this particular occasion she was in need of an evening dress for a soirée being given by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The invitations were almost royal commands, since the guest of honor was a British Prince.

Miss Pickford's secretary had telephoned the exclusive few invited and asked them to appear at eight forty-five. His Royal Highness was scheduled to arrive at nine o'clock and she wanted none of her guests found guilty of tardiness.

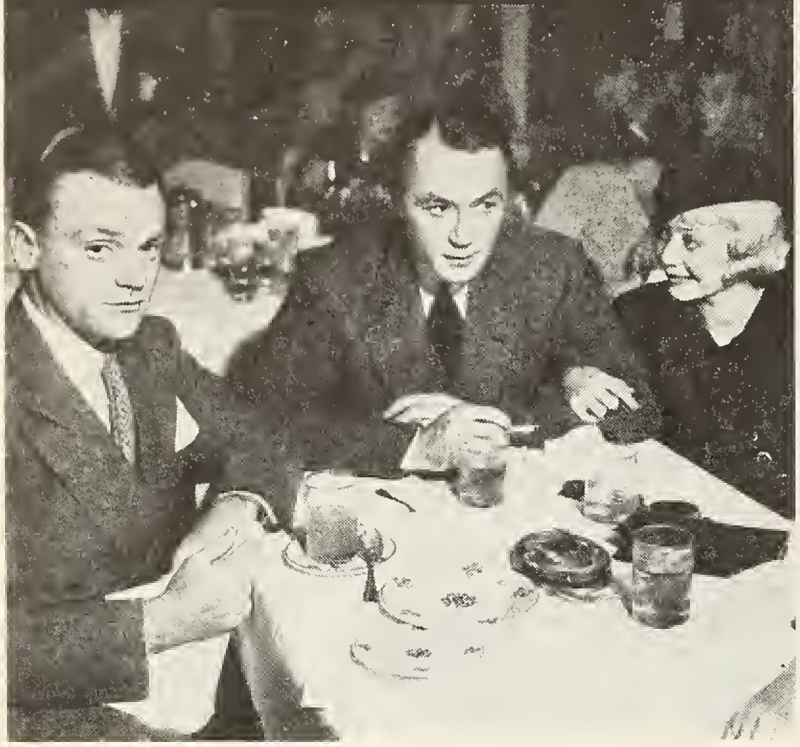
Garbo must have gone through her wardrobe and decided that, for this important night, she had no gown worthy. She came into the shop unannounced with Mrs. Arthur Hornblow and sat quietly in a corner.

Even before she was seated, the news of her arrival had spread like fire to the mannequins' dressing-room and they were pushing each other aside in a frantic effort to get a look at her.

At this time she had only made four or five pictures and in all of them she had worn exotic clothes. It is usually safe to assume that an actress will reflect, in some degree, the same taste in stage or screen clothes as she prefers in private clothes. Helen Hayes, for instance, prefers the same kind of youthful, bouffant dresses for her own use as you often see her wearing before the camera. Ruth Chatterton's film clothes, when (*Continued on page 76*)

PICTURE NEWS!

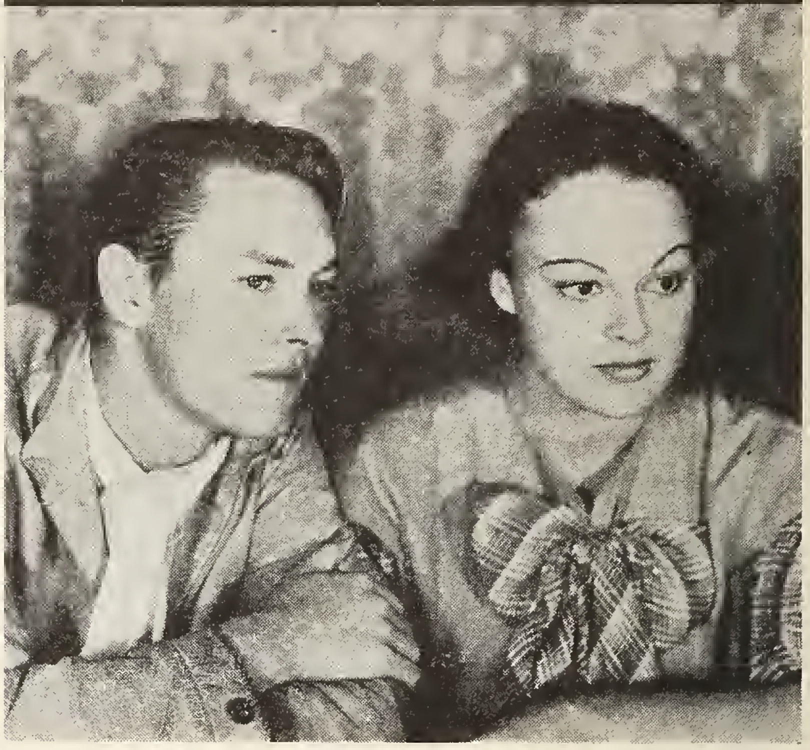
THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN!



International News Photos

(Above) James Cagney dining at the Miramar with Cy Bartlett and Alice White, who recently patched up that lovers' quarrel. (Below) And here are Bill Cagney and his bride, Boots Mallory, pleased as punch over their elopement.

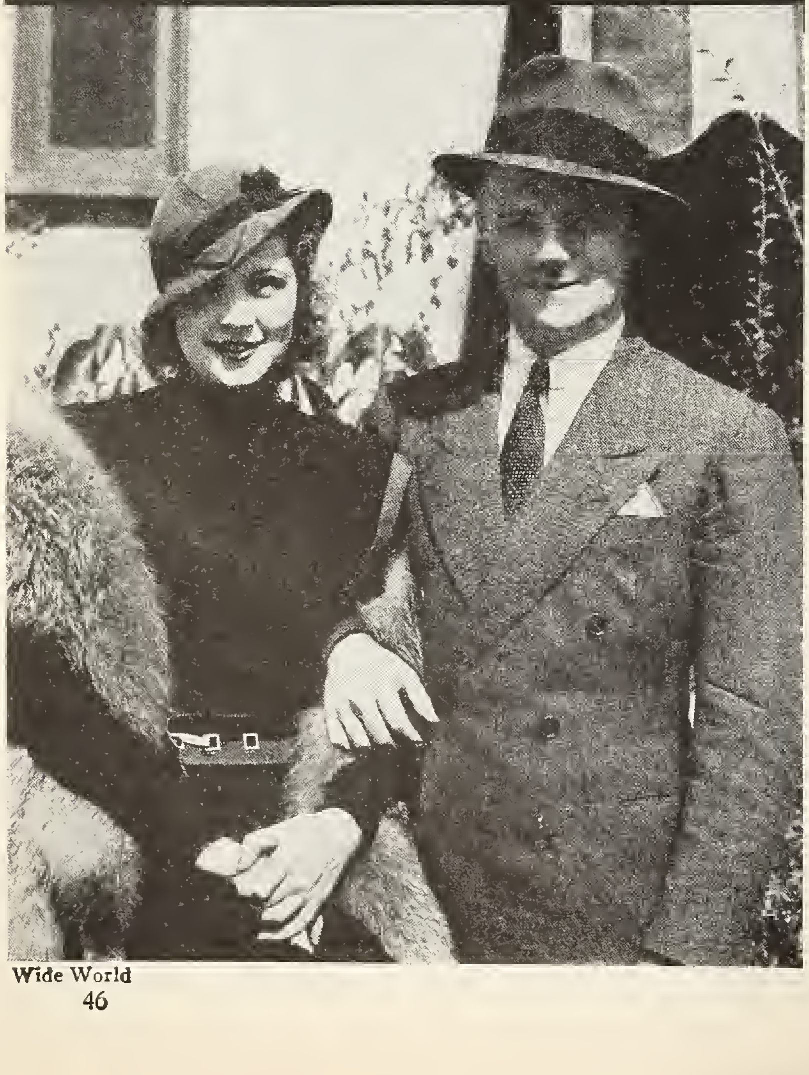
A SIZZLING HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE



Acme

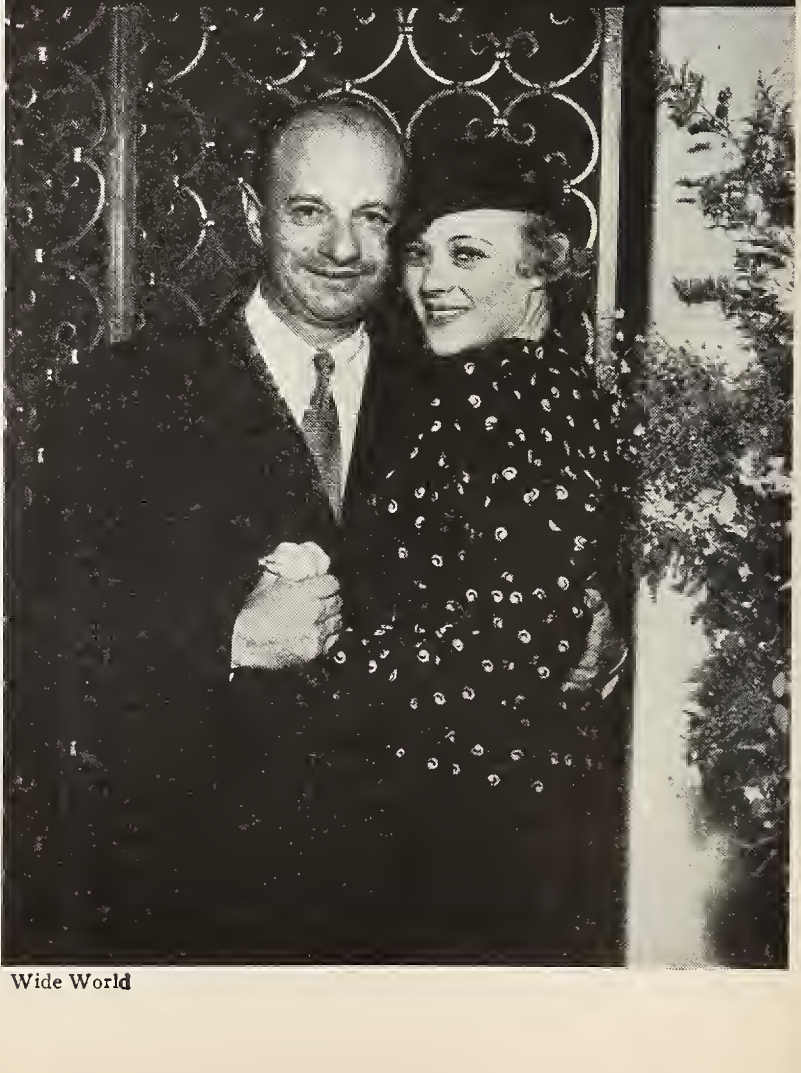
(Above) C. B. DeMille's daughter, Katherine, is stepping out with Richard Cromwell and the gossips hear wedding bells. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (we know you, Sally Eilers), who wed recently while in the Yuma. Ouch!

BILL PRESENTS THE MISSUS!



Wide World

ANOTHER PAIR OF NEWLYWEDS



Wide World

HOW LUPE AND JOHNNY WERE MARRIED

MODERN SCREEN outscoops itself! With the exclusive story of a marriage that everyone thought would never happen. But it has!

By RUTH BIERY

GUADALUPE VILLALOBOS and Peter J. Weissmuller took out their wedding license at 3:50 Sunday morning, October 8, in the home of Dorothy V. Keeler, Deputy Clerk of Las Vegas county, Nevada. At four, Justice of the Peace Frank M. Ryan pronounced them man and wife. This writer and her husband acted as matron of honor and best man and as official witnesses.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller had become man and wife.

Lupe wore a white silk linen dress that she had bought at a summer sale for $2.50. She had never worn it before. Johnny was in tweeds. Lupe wore no make-up—at Johnny's request.

Lupe promised to *obey* as well as to love and honor—at her own request. It was a single-ring ceremony, also at her request. A tiny circlet encrusted with beautiful but not-too-big diamonds. Her voice was broken and she stumbled a bit over such words as "hereby" and "lawful." Johnny's voice was firm, strong. When Judge Ryan said, "I pronounce you man and wife," Lupe went into Johnny's arms and sobbed frankly upon his broad shoulder.

This magazine has had this story set up in print since the day it all happened. And thereby hangs a brief story.

I have been a friend of Lupe's since her arrival in this strange country. She lived next door to me. Hollywood was bent on teaching this seventeen-year-old child to swear. She did not know what the bad words meant. They got a kick out of her Mexican imitations of foul language. I was just an older woman who tried to help this little newcomer.

Six months ago, she sent for me. "Ruth, I have found my man. I am going to marry him." I shall never forget the light in her eyes. "You have been my friend. From the first. I want you to have that story—exclusive."

Through a guest in Lupe's home, the original plans leaked out. Each member of the press began calling Lupe and Johnny. And Lupe and Johnny said, "We are going to let a friend handle this for us."

Frankly, Lupe and Johnny were threatened, cajoled, promised front page space. And yet they did not weaken. They remembered friendship first—and fame and publicity second. They did not even ask me what I was doing with the story. I did not tell them until the day of the wedding.

I thought you might like to know that there is such a thing as Hollywood friendship. The following story is the story of Lupe's romance. She said, "Tell the exact truth, Ruth. Don't hide things. Tell how I loved Gary Cooper and how I love Johnny." I have done it.

THERE was no hint in the simple ceremony that this was the climax of one of the most gossiped-about and written-about love-lives of Hollywood. It was hard for me to realize that this demure, wide-eyed girl was the Mexican spit-fire whose name had been linked with one man after another.

Riding home in the car—dashing through the now-hot day so that the bridegroom might be on the set of "Tarzan and His Mate" by nine o'clock Monday morning—I thought of the Lupe who had arrived, just seven years ago, in the Los Angeles station with one dollar and one tiny dog in her pocket.

Men gravitated to her, from the very beginning. She had been here only a few months, when her engagement was "announced" to E. Richard Jones (now deceased), who was directing her in "The Gaucho." Her name was linked in rapid succession with the names of Ben Lyon, Nils Asther, Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Victor Fleming and Charles Chaplin. She told me in 1928, "I flirt with men. But I flirt from the outside. Not from the inside. Married? I don't know. I like to wait until I am twenty-five or thirty. Then I like—what you say? Companionate marriage. Not to get so tied down that we get tired of one another!"

And then she met Gary Cooper! Ah—this was a romance that stirred the imagination of the world; that made all of our hearts beat a little more rapidly. This was Love!

And yet, even in its early stages, she knew that this love was doomed. She (*Continued on page 96*)

THE BURDEN OF WARNER BAXTER

The star who knows that success does not insure happiness

ONE doesn't necessarily have to be a starving Armenian, or a scrub woman with a drunken husband and six children, to understand the meaning of suffering.

One may be, instead, a successful and much-loved movie star, protected by wealth and surrounded by luxury, and yet carry in his soul such a burden of sympathy for human sorrow that it stares out from his tragic eyes and clutches at the hearts of all who know him, either on the screen or in private life.

Picture to yourself a lonely man standing at his window at night, looking out over the sea. A man who believes firmly in metaphysics, or science of the mind, saying over and over to himself, "Warner Baxter—Success! Warner Baxter—Success!"

This is what he does repeatedly, and has done for years, believing that by great concentrations one may wrest from the powers that be, whatever they greatly desire. And he desires and has won success. For this reason—to help others.

For his own sake, I wish he would stand at his window for a while, and call out to the elements a different demand. I wish he would say, over and over, "Warner Baxter—Happiness! Warner Baxter—Happiness!"

For he is not a happy man. A brave man, a good one, a kind one, but not a happy one. Oh, he will tell you he is happy. He will tell you how very happy he is—and lucky. He told me that. He told me, with a pathetic, twisted smile on his lips and a defiant tilt to his handsome head. But in his eyes lay torture. And he reminded me of nothing so much as a small boy who shouts, "I am not afraid of the dark!" and goes trembling upstairs to bed, and whistles to keep up his courage in the shadows.

There is an air of great strength about Warner Baxter, but also a suggestion of a deep inner sadness. You have all felt it in his screen performances, I know. And the explanation of it is this—the burdens and sorrows of others sit too heavily upon him to allow him personal happiness. He is a battleground. A gypsy at heart, he longs to laugh and play and roam, to be carefree and content. But his too sensitive nature forbids him to take personal pleasure, when anyone near him is miserable. And, of course, there is always someone near him who is miserable. The sad at heart are always with us.

Warner Baxter's mother (small picture, opposite page) has given up her favorite child's sock-darning in favor of supervising his fan mail, while the star and his wife sun themselves on the sands of Malibu, right in their own front yard, too.

By ESTHER MEAD

WHEN I asked him what he wanted most in the world, his answer tore at my heart, as I think it will at yours. Another Hollywood man might have said, a trip around the world, or a fortune on which to retire, or something of the sort.

But Warner Baxter answered gravely, "Mastery over my thoughts."

Mastery over his thoughts, so that the things that hurt him will not have the power to sadden him as they do now.

Perhaps that which grieves him most is his wife's inability to enjoy life with him. She is not in good health and nothing he can lavish upon her can restore to him her cheerful companionship. They have no children and he loves children. What a beautiful time he had with the youngsters in "Daddy-Long-Legs."

He owns a lodge in the mountains, but rarely goes there because his wife cannot accompany him. He likes long motor rides and interesting trips, but foregoes whatever she cannot share. While she is not strong and happy, he cannot enjoy life to the full.

His mother is a great comfort to him and lives near, although not with him. For Mother's Day, he gave her a trip to the Chicago Century of Progress.

"She no longer darns my socks," he explained, "but instead supervises my fan mail."

It is she who accompanies him to the openings of his pictures. And she looks very like him.

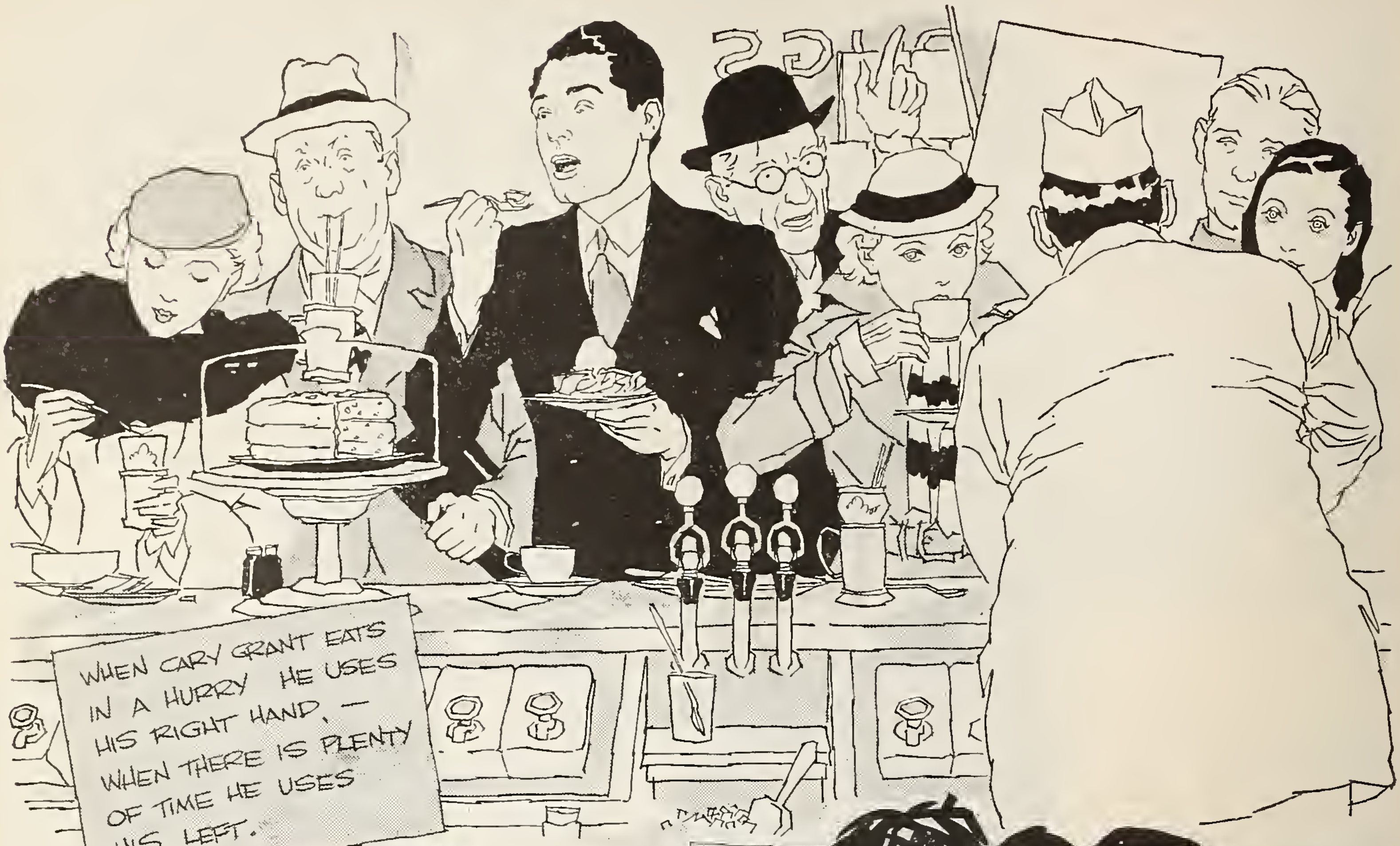
They will tell you that he is one of the most generous men in Hollywood. But his generosity goes far beyond the giving of money, although he does that freely, too. His hand is always in his pocket for the benefit of others. He relieves with hard, cold cash the worry and stress of those with whom he comes in contact who deserve it and often, I am afraid, of those who don't.

But he is a true philanthropist in a far deeper sense. He gives of himself. He is never too busy, never too tired, to encourage, to praise, to help, with sympathy and understanding.

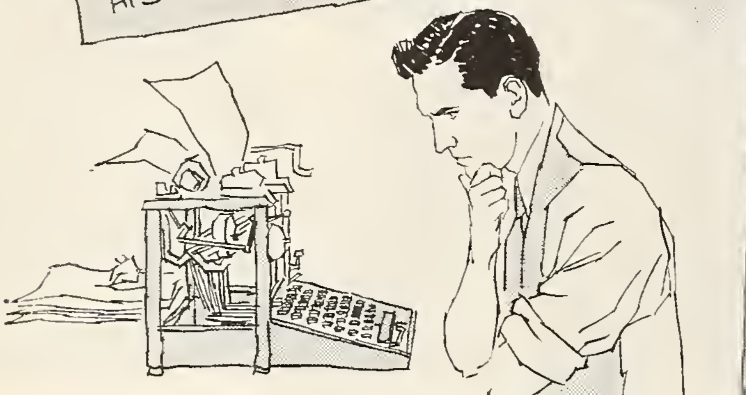
He believes in telling "little white lies," he told me. But only when necessary to save others from being hurt. The truth, he says, is often too cruel. And cruelty is not in his nature. There, again, we see the desire to spare others the heartache he himself endures.

I asked him what he felt were the most important qualities to possess, and after careful (*Continued on page 109*)

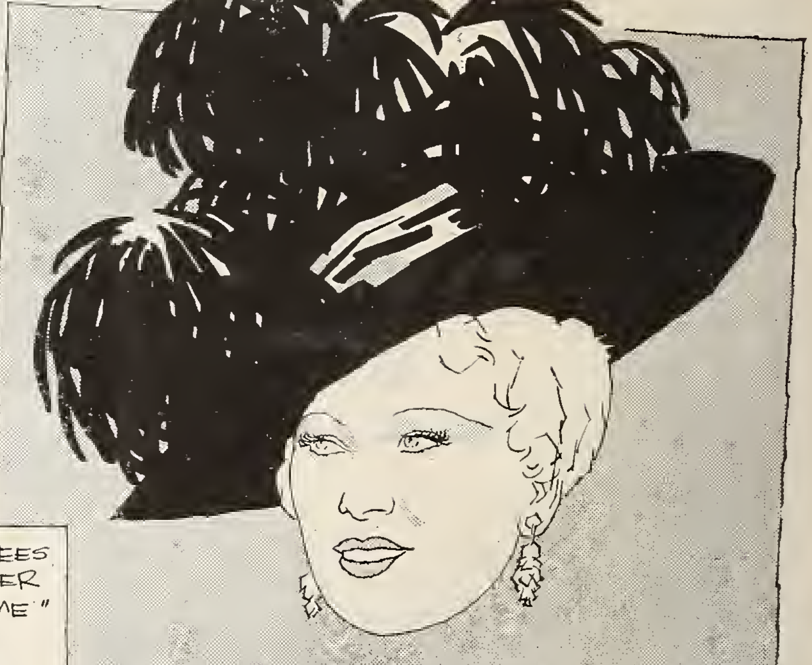
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



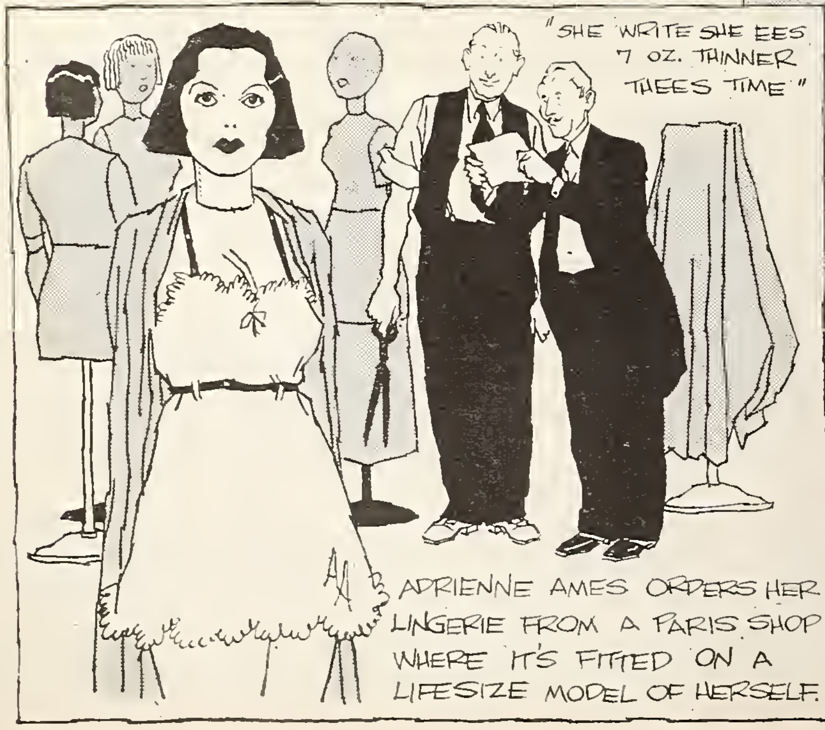
WHEN CARY GRANT EATS IN A HURRY HE USES HIS RIGHT HAND,— WHEN THERE IS PLENTY OF TIME HE USES HIS LEFT.



THE TYPEWRITER FREDRIC MARCH USES IN "DESIGN FOR LIVING" IS ALMOST A CENTURY OLD.

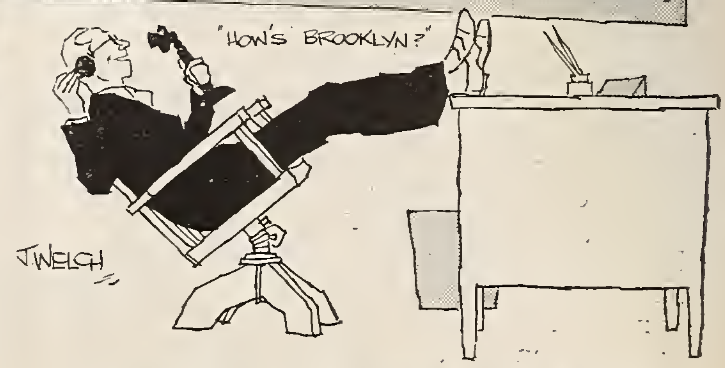


A HAT MAKER OFFERED MAE WEST $3,000 FOR HER ENDORSEMENT OF A NEW LINE OF "MAE WEST HATS"... SHE TURNED HIM DOWN.



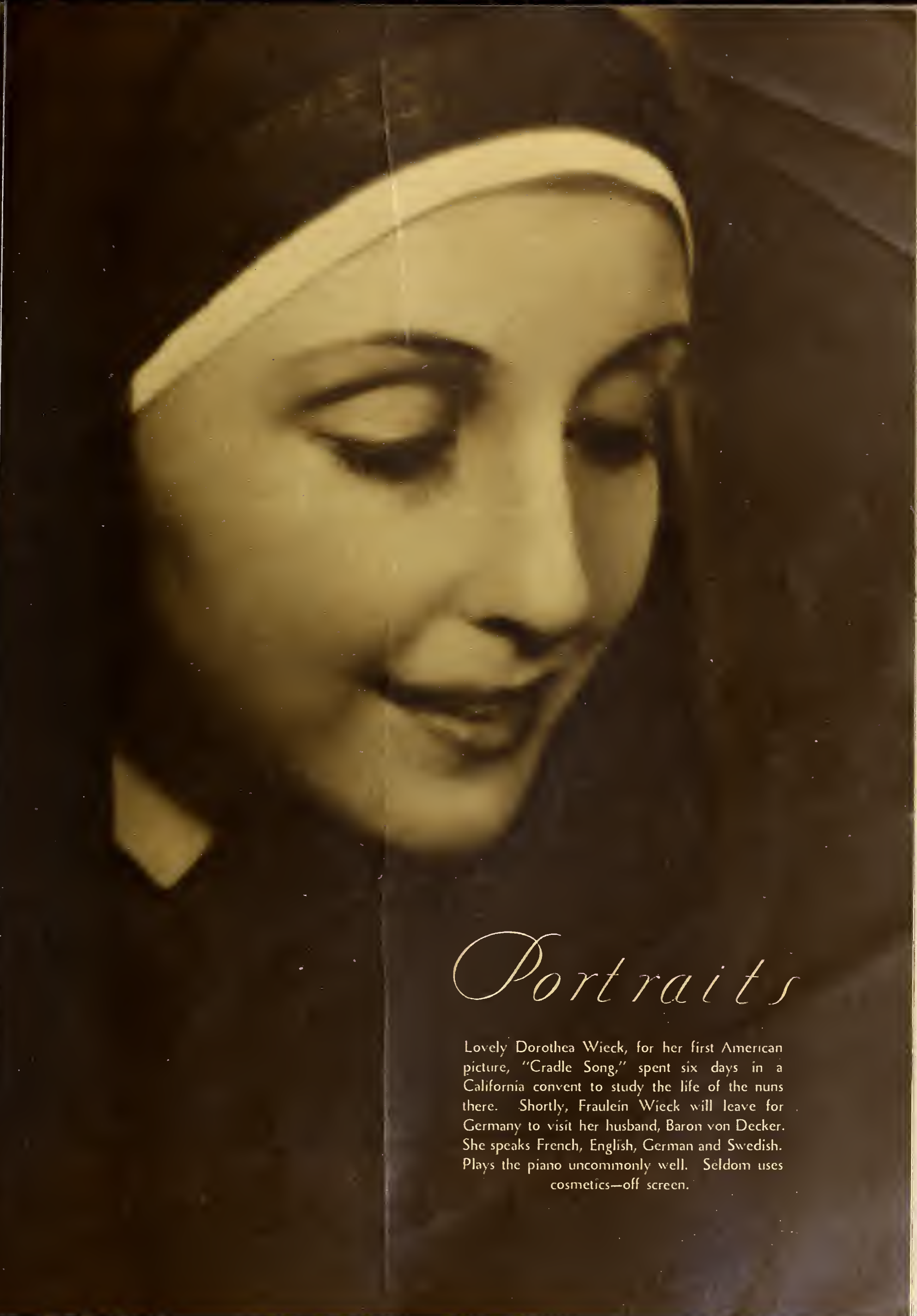
"SHE WRITE SHE EES 7 OZ. THINNER THEES TIME"
AA

ADRIENNE AMES ORDERS HER LINGERIE FROM A PARIS SHOP WHERE IT'S FITTED ON A LIFESIZE MODEL OF HERSELF.



"HOW'S BROOKLYN?"
J.WELCH

PHONE BILLS IN MAJOR STUDIOS RUN FROM $7500 TO $10,000 PER MONTH.



Portraits

Lovely Dorothea Wieck, for her first American picture, "Cradle Song," spent six days in a California convent to study the life of the nuns there. Shortly, Fraulein Wieck will leave for Germany to visit her husband, Baron von Decker. She speaks French, English, German and Swedish. Plays the piano uncommonly well. Seldom uses cosmetics—off screen.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

● The Menjou period of inactivity is over. 'Dolphe is working in "Convention City" for Warners (to whom he is under contract) and in "The Worst Woman in Paris" for Fox. The man hasn't bought a suit for ten years—tailors all over the country send him raiment in hopes he'll do them a good publicity turn by wearing it. Out at Warners, there's considerable good-natured competition for sartorial honors. Bill Powell and Warren William are giving Menjou a close run.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

● Ann Harding has completed "Beautiful." H (a Pioneer Picture) will be in Technicolor. title is "The World Outside." Ann has become a Never goes anywhere except on long, solitary moto

BRUCE CABOT

otograph by John Miehle

RUCE CABOT is very proud of his mixed ancestry. There's French, Irish and Indian blood coursing through the Cabot veins. Gossipers were nted when he didn't go to Reno while Adrienne Ames getting her divorce. His next picture (following "Mid- Jack") is "Balloon Buster." Very superstitious lad.

DIXIE FRANCES

Photograph by Otto Dyar

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

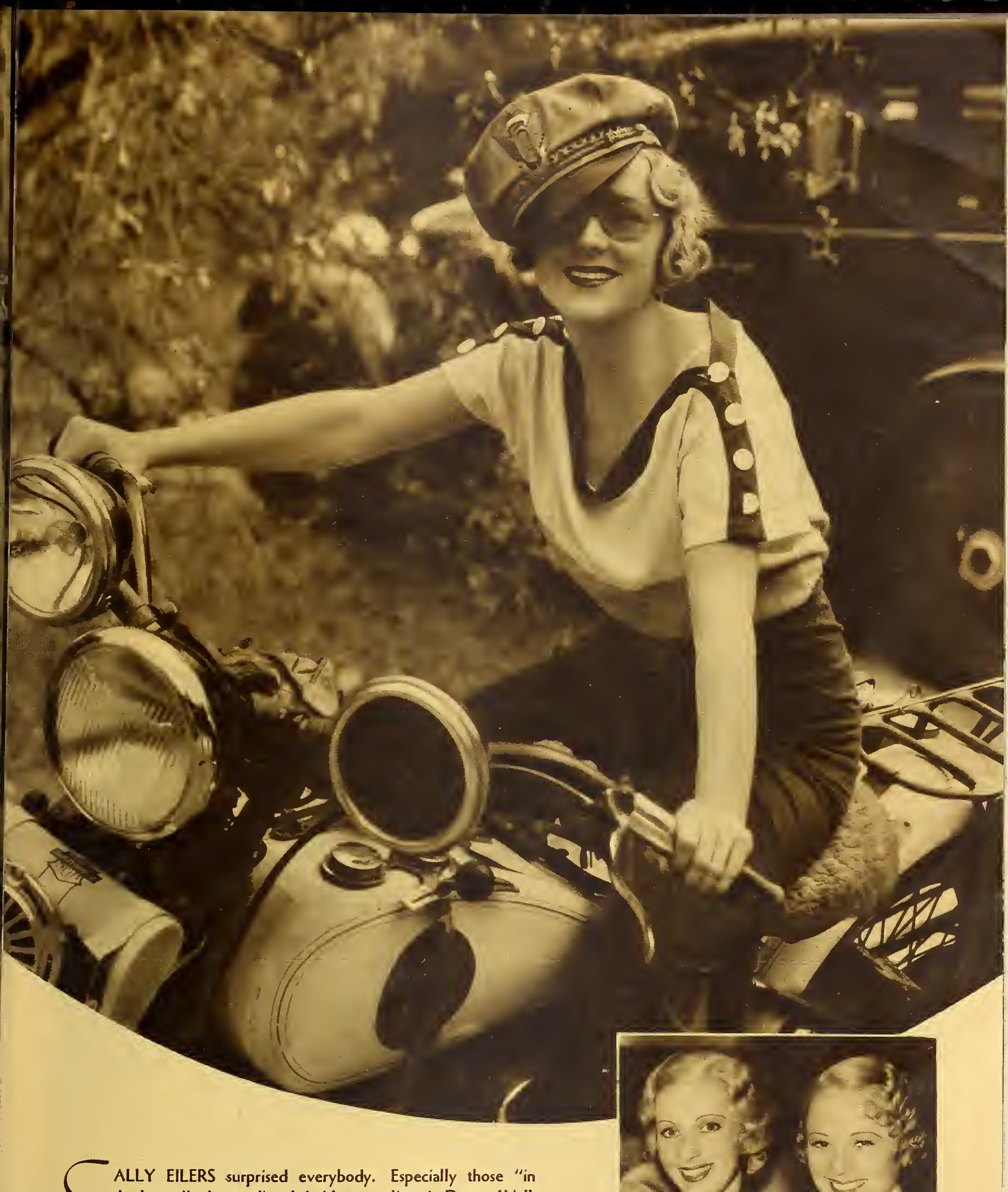
Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THIS is Dixie Frances. Isn't she cute? She has almost-black hair and black eyes. Comes from Kansas City. Lives in Hollywood with her family. Bought a new Ford with her first paycheck, so she could take her folks sight-seeing. She plays the banjo very well. She had a smallish part in Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness."

IN "Tarzan and His Mate"—the second Weissmuller picture—Maureen O'Sullivan wears three pieces of leather for a costume. In "Stage Mother" with Alice Brady she'll wear considerably more. The O'Sullivan lass seems to have settled her affections permanently on Johnnie Farrow. They're seen here, there and everywhere together.

Photograph
by Freulich

MARGARET SULLAVAN would be partying every evening if Carl Laemmle, Jr., had his way. But stepping out bores her—unless it's out-of-doors. Swimming and tennis—well, that's fun! She's an omnivorous reader, too. All of which may sound as if her press agent were working overtime. But it's true. Margaret has a nice elastic contract that permits her to appear on the stage between pictures. She's in "Jezebel" on Broadway now, replacing Tallulah Bankhead, who has been ill. Without fear of consequences, she states that Hollywood is artificial and New York stimulating. It was while playing there in "Dinner at Eight" that John Stahl discovered her for Universal. You'll see her soon with John Boles in "Only Yesterday."



SALLY EILERS surprised everybody. Especially those "in the know," who predicted she'd marry Jimmie Dunn. Well, Harry Joe Brown, director, won the day and the gal! He feels justly proud, too. So do Bebe and Ben Lyon, who flew with the secrětive pair to Yuma, Arizona, to witness the wedding. Above, we see Our Sal all set for a spin. And on a speed cop's motorcycle, too! That's to insure protection from the law or sumpin. Or maybe the publicity department thought it up as a stunt. What do you think? (Right) Meet Sally's "stand-in" girl, Dixie Martin. They've been pals since high school days. The cameraman focuses on Dixie while the star makes up. "Walls of Gold" is Sal's latest.

. . . And why would you like to meet them? This famous author gives you her list here —with reasons that are witty as well as wise

RALPH BELLAMY
He has a nice face

By FAITH BALDWIN

MADGE EVANS
She's doing so nicely

JIMMIE DUNN
A scamp—but a real guy

I'VE met quite a few Hollywood people, thanks to your editor who kindly indulges my little caprice in that respect. But there are still some left that I'd like to meet. Perhaps you'd like to meet them, too? Well, I'll tell you why *I'd* like to meet certain stars and players and you write and tell the editor whom you would like to meet—and why. Or whom you *wouldn't* like to meet—and why.

Here goes. I'd like to meet:

Joan Crawford—because I admire her as a person, as a performer and as a personality, which is quite different from admiring her as a person, you know.

Katharine Hepburn—because I'd like to find out for myself if she is as strange and variable and gaga as the press would have us believe. Personally, I don't believe it. I think it's an act. I think Katharine is clever enough to put on such an act convincingly. But I also think she's a fine enough actress to discard all that publicity nonsense. Anyway, a relative of Katharine's is a very close friend of mine and she assures me that the publicity Hepburn is no more like the real Hepburn than chalk's like cheese. But I *would* like to see for myself.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—because I find him very interesting as a human being. And because I like him better and better on the screen. I think the chap's a real actor. His fine, restrained and really moving performance in "Morning Glory" proved it. It was no easy task, remember, to shine when playing opposite Miss Hepburn. She's so vivid a character that it takes a real gift and great strength to keep from being entirely dominated by her.

Una Merkel—because her perky little face and funny

WHAT STARS WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET?

little voice make me laugh. Consistently. I haven't grown tired of her comedy yet—and I don't believe I ever will.

Alice Brady—because I have always admired her on the stage. And because her screen work is as fine as her stage work. It took real genius to play her great role in "Mourning Becomes Electra"—Eugene O'Neill's play which the Theatre Guild produced—and then step into the part of the nit-wit Bridgy in "When Ladies Meet." And from that into the mother role in "Stage Mother." Only a *real* actress could play as many and as diversified roles as Miss Brady has played. And be excellent in all of them.

RUBY KEELER — because, aside from her charm as a player, I find that to me, she has an enormous and wistful appeal as a person. In other words, just as I seriously doubt the Hepburn publicity, I believe — almost one hundred percent—the Keeler publicity. I believe she is sweet and natural and that she honestly adores her husband, Al Jolson, as much as they say she does. And all that is very refreshing, when it's true.

Dick Powell—who wouldn't like to meet him? I have a hunch that Dick is the sort of chap who would be charming to older people—and convincingly so. I'll bet one could turn dear old Aunt Tabitha over to him and he would take her to a matinee and to tea and make the old (*Continued on page 105*)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
She has surprised me!

ROLAND YOUNG
We'd talk penguin-shop

KATHARINE HEPBURN
What's she really like?

We're serious about this. You all must want to meet certain Hollywood stars. Miss Baldwin has given her list and her reasons. Send us yours—to 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. —The Editor

FORECASTING YOUR

David O. Selznick, in charge of production at Culver City, continues our series of stories from Hollywood's front offices, outlining "inside" plans for your favorites pictured here

WHEN David O. Selznick arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to take over the production of this company's big talking picture specials, Hollywood went into a buzzing-bee of curious whispers. After all, Mr. Irving Thalberg, famous as the guiding genius of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio for the past ten years, was in Europe recuperating from an illness.

What would this new regime mean to the studio where there are "More Stars Than There Are In Heaven?"

Would young Selznick, son-in-law of Louis B. Mayer, bring radical changes into the realm of such gilded stars as Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, the Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy and the host of others who ply their box-office magic under the banner of the three initials?

If a new policy was to be put into effect, what would the outcome be?

For, even to movie-blasé Hollywood, M-G-M has long stood for glamorous personalities, exciting film-fare and glittering Hollywood *news*, both on and off the screen.

FAVORITES . . . By WALTER RAMSEY

From the enormous, formal executive buildings that face Culver City, back to the ever-crowded commissary where the M-G-M darlings have lunch, the activities of this lot have been of world-wide interest to movie fans. Great romances vie for headline space with great production news at Culver City; or the famous luncheons given by Marion Davies in her Spanish hacienda bungalow (which is the social center of the enormous lot); or the rumored rivalries of the famous stars who dress within a stone's throw of one another. In fact, the most casual comings-and-goings of this star-studded roster have spelled as much news for the gossip hounds as have their latest casting plans for an "epic!"

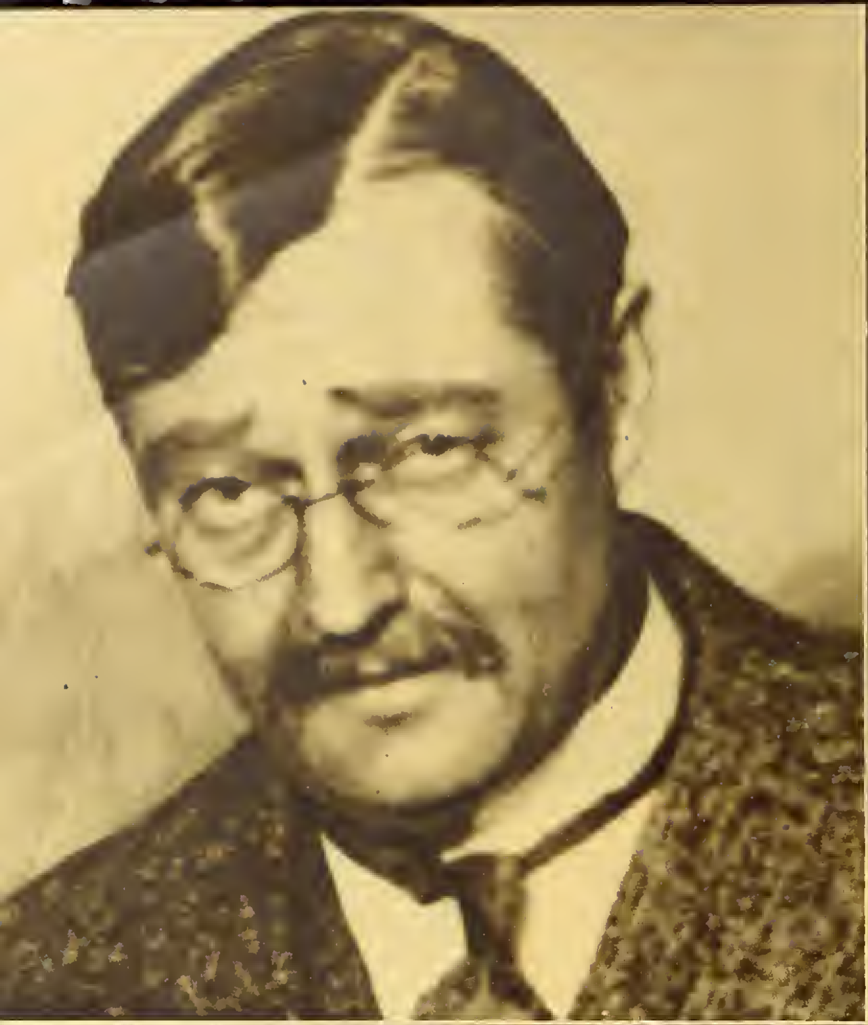
SOMEONE once said that M-G-M stood for Makers of Glamorous Movies. A flattering remark, but so true that it is only natural that Hollywood should have watched with interest the plans of young David Selznick, and their influence on Cinemaville's favorite hot bed of cinematic interest.

The first wave of the Selznick wand-of-authority was "Dinner At Eight." The cast read: John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe and the ever-loved Wallace Beery. Not since "Grand Hotel" has the public been treated to such an aggregation of talent in a single film. And the whole town sat back to await temperamental explosions! But, the picture was finished two weeks ahead of schedule without a single technical or temperamental hitch. The more cynical commentators set it down to "beginner's luck" on the part of Mr. Selznick.

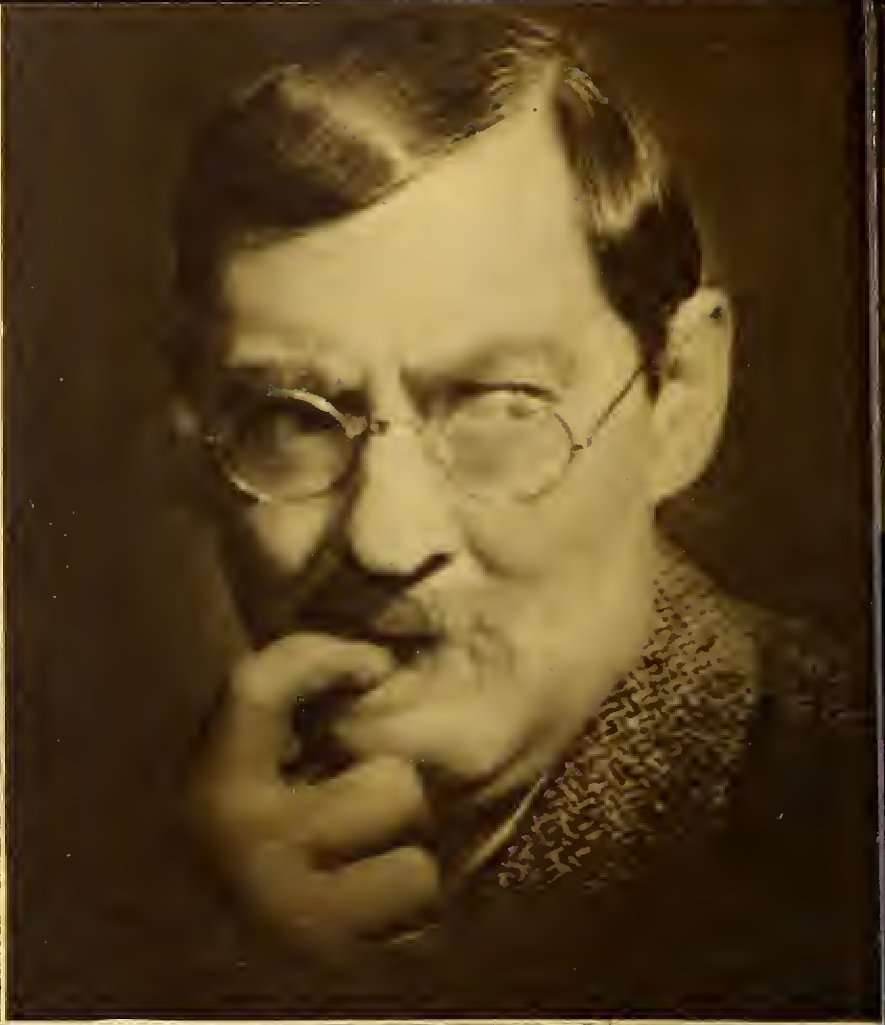
But when he waved his wand over his second great experiment, "Night Flight," and cast such stellar darlings as Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John and Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Myrna Loy in roles that were little more than glorified "bits," it was high time that even the fans turn their attention to the new

(Continued on page 87)

THIS TIME MR. SELZNICK REVEALED WHAT'S IN STORE FOR METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

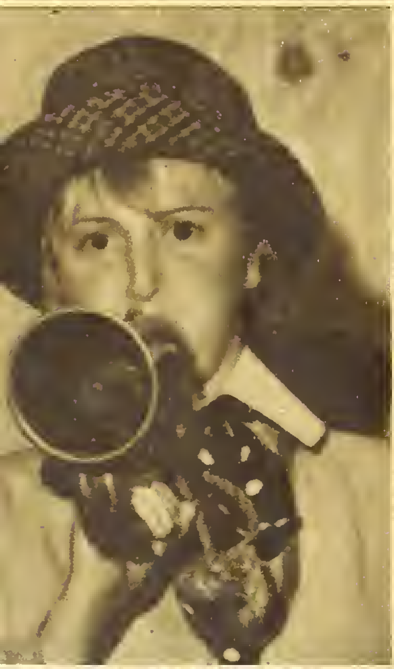


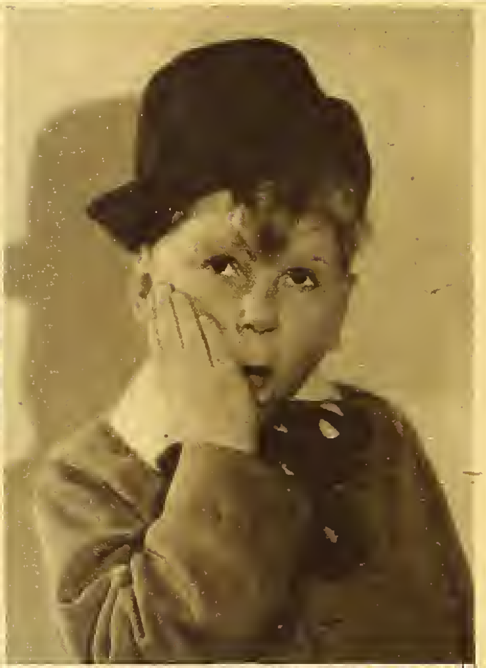
Edmund Lowe as Kringelein



Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein

THE STARS DRESS UP AS EACH OTHER



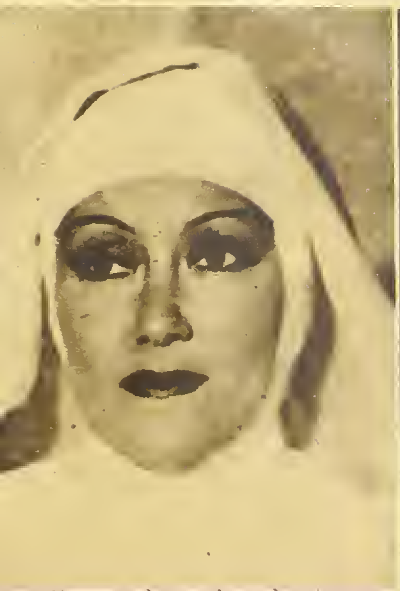


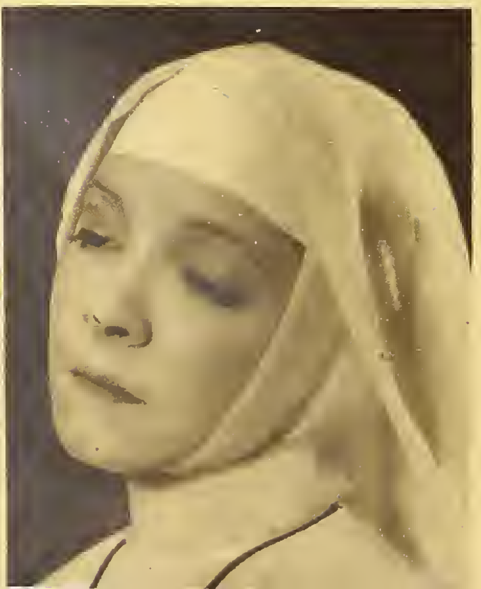
lorence Eldridge as Skippy

Jackie Cooper is dumbfounded

oria as "The White Sister"

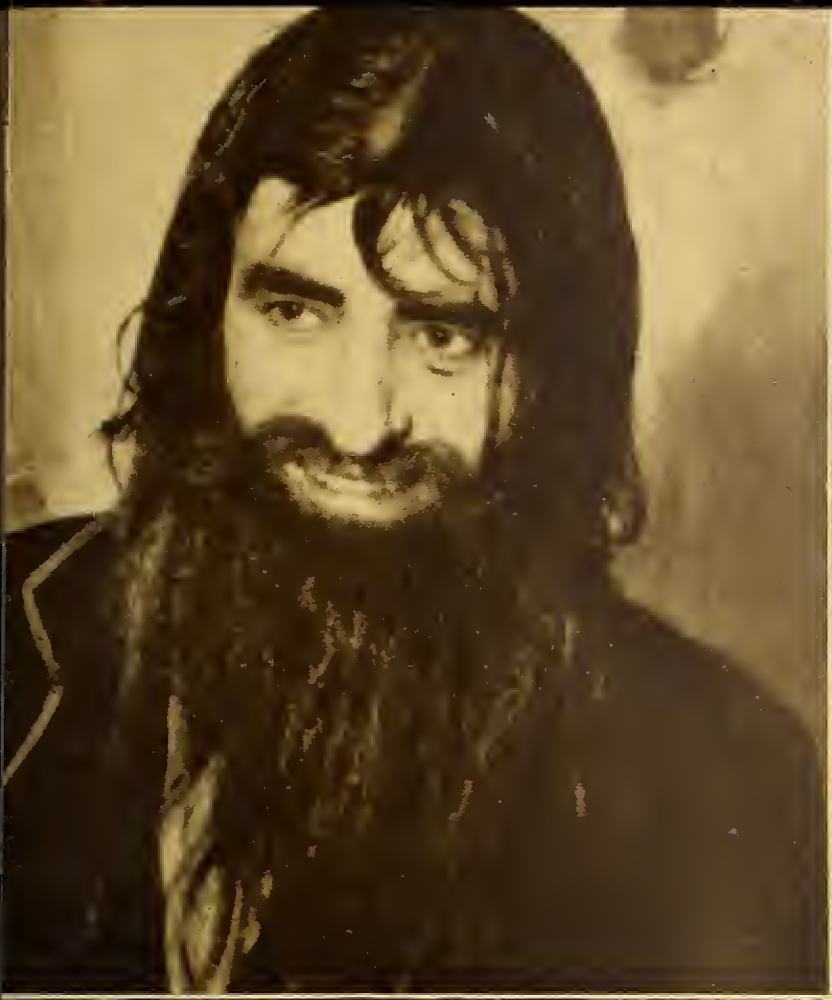
Helen in "The White Sister"

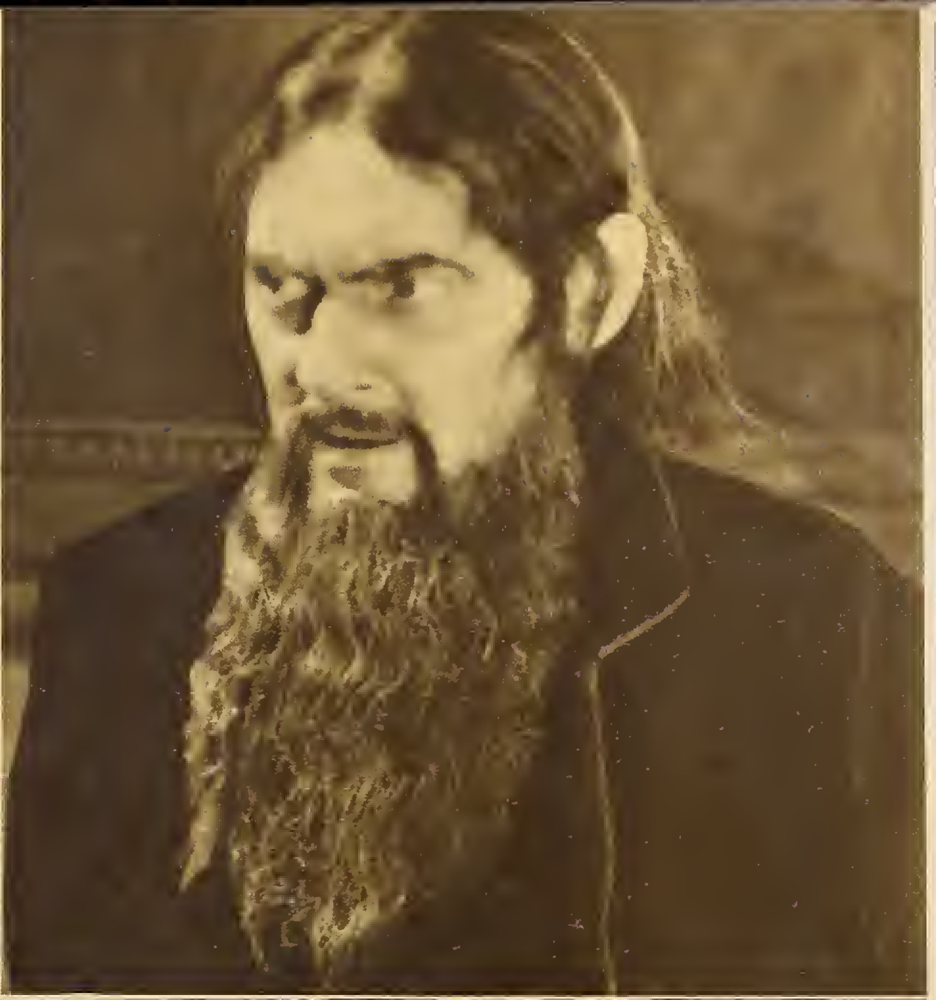




(Top) On the left, Eddie Lowe as Mr. Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein in "Grand Hotel." Personally, we think he looks pretty authentic. On the right is Lionel Barrymore in his Kringelein rig—so you can compare for yourself. Yes, Eddie's wife, Lil Tashman was at the party. She came "as herself." (Middle) Jackie Cooper as "Skippy" played by—you'd never guess—Florence Eldridge March. (Bottom) Gloria Swanson as Helen Hayes in the role of "The White Sister." Husband Michael Farmer turned up as Nils Asther in the Chinese get-up of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

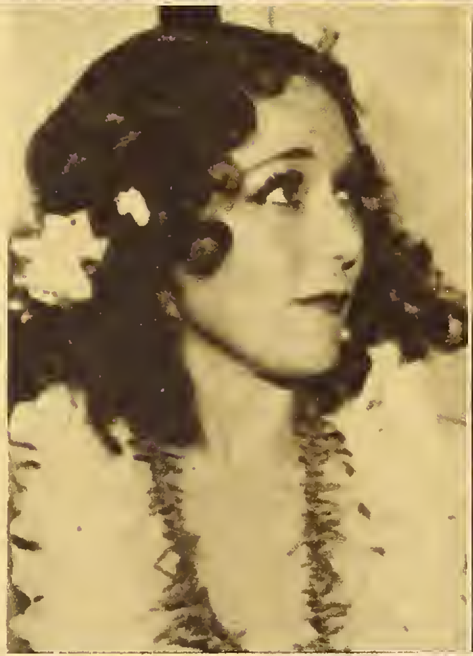
All pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman.

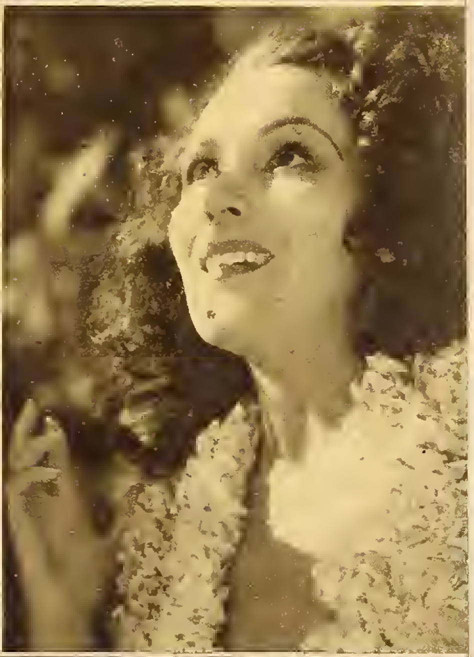

John Gilbert as Barrymore's Rasputin

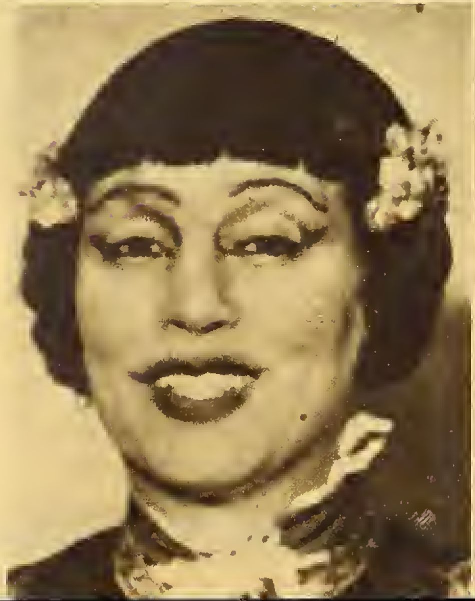

Lionel Barrymore himself as Rasputin

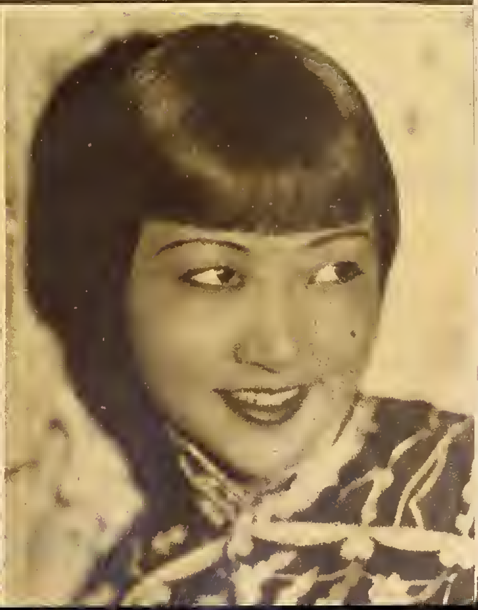
. . . Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart (he's the famous humorist and actor, you know) gave an enormous party at Hollywood's Vendome. The guests were asked to dress up as their favorite stars

(Top) Jawn Gilbert shows Lionel Barrymore how he would interpret Rasputin. (Middle) Mary Pickford popped a black wig over her blond curls and attended the party as Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise." Quite an easy costume—just a few hibiscus blossoms and a grass skirt. Dolores herself was at the party with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, but no one could quite figure out what they were trying to be, though Dolores looked beautiful, as usual. (Bottom) You'll never guess. You couldn't guess in a hundred years. Yes, it's supposed to be Anna May Wong. But who is it? Polly Moran!


Mary Del Pickford

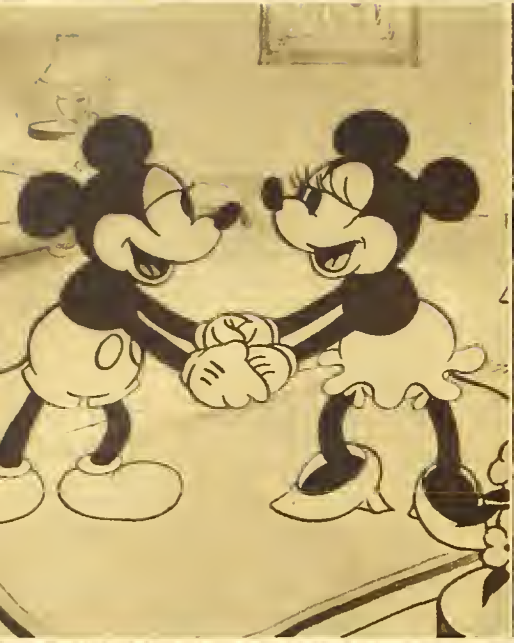

Dolores Del Rio


Polly Moran Wong


Anna May Wong

Maurice Chevalier

Chevalier MacKenna


Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse

Buster Collier and Rodney Pantages

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper

Mine host and hostess

(Top) Chevalier. Yes. But who's the chappie imitating him? Well, he's the husband of a lovely lady named Kay Francis. Right you are—Kenneth MacKenna. (Middle) Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse, played respectively, by Buster Collier and Rodney Pantages. (Bottom) Fay Wray as herself in "King Kong." Note "Kong, Jr." in her hand. Gary Cooper came as "six other guys." To their right are the host and hostess. (Center panels) Joan Bennett came as Jean Harlow—and pretty cute, too.

Jean Harlow all dressed up as herself →

Charles Butterworth Arliss

George Arliss himself

Benchley Hitler

Adolphe Hitler

Du Barry Loy

Clark and McCullough with Sadie

(Top) Charlie Butterworth decided to take it easy. He just added a monocle and came as George Arliss. (Middle) Our choice for first prize—Robert Benchley as Hitler. (Bottom) Isn't she lovely? We mean Myrna Loy in the costume of Du Barry—as interpreted by Pola Negri. That's Arthur Hornblow with her, as Doug Fairbanks, Sr., in "Robin Hood." To their right, Ralph Bellamy and Fredric March as Clark and McCullough with Mrs. Bellamy as Joan Crawford in "Rain."

← Joan Bennett all dressed up as Jean Harlow

CAN SHE BEAT THE

... The path from the Great Comedian's studio has always led to disappointment and disaster for his talented leading women. Will the lovely Paulette Goddard prove the exception to the rule and escape the amazing hoodoo revealed in this story?

By
DOROTHY
WOOLDRIDGE

Edna Purviance

Georgia Hale

Lita Grey Chaplin

FROM far behind I heard the put-put-put of a motorcycle and sensed what was about to happen. Broad Ventura Boulevard just out of Los Angeles is well-patrolled and, winding through low hills, beckons speed. I had recognized Charlie Chaplin's car and the young woman at the wheel as Paulette Goddard. In a few moments now, I surmised, the girl, the car and the cop would be in a huddle by the roadside.

A half-mile further on, I overtook them. Motorcycle Officer Ray Walker was getting out his book of tickets.

"Forty-five miles in a 25-mile zone is too fast," he expostulated. "Let's see your driver's license."

"Certainly!" replied the little law-breaker. "Maybe I *was* stepping on it too hard. But it's such a glorious day to be out."

Paulette exhibited her license card, smiled gloriously, then signed and pocketed the ticket. Presently her roadster was in gear again, purring on toward Cahuenga Pass, its driver not one whit disturbed, not at all provoked or annoyed.

"A very unusual girl," remarked Officer Walker. (I had driven up and stopped to see what would transpire.) "She didn't have an alibi or an apology. Just took the ticket and went on."

I mention this incident for one reason: Paulette Goddard *is* an unusual girl. She is Chaplin's new leading lady in his forthcoming production and, as such, is to buck the biggest jinx which ever has beset a cycle of actresses in Hollywood.

The picture is as yet untitled and, while Miss Goddard's is to be a talking role, the star himself will assume a silent part. When this production has been completed, Chaplin plans to direct a talkie version of "A Woman of Paris." However, Miss Goddard will not play the role created in the silent film by Edna Purviance. Charlie

CHAPLIN jinx?

Under the tutelage of the gifted Chaplin several girls have made their mark, only to disappear from the cinema horizon when Charlie withdrew his influential interest.

Merna Kennedy

Virginia Cherrill

is quite definite on that point.

"You can't play in a Chaplin comedy and survive," is a legend. "Queen for a day, and then 'Exit!' is the order."

"Is it?" I wondered. I have often wondered.

I have been hearing the legend so long it has become bromidic. "What has the presence of Charlie Chaplin to do with a young woman's screen success?" I pondered. "What could cause a jinx to settle upon an actress just because she played opposite the world's great pantomimist? Surely, nothing!"

Then I began to run over the list of those who had helped Charlie make pictures—Edna Purviance, Georgia Hale, Lita Grey, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill and I found there was something to think about.

There isn't an actress who played a feminine lead opposite the comedian who ever got anywhere.

THE more I think about it, the more convinced I am that if I were an actress and Sir Charles' asked me to appear with him, I would reply: "Kind sir, will you please go jump in the lake! And take your proffered role with you."

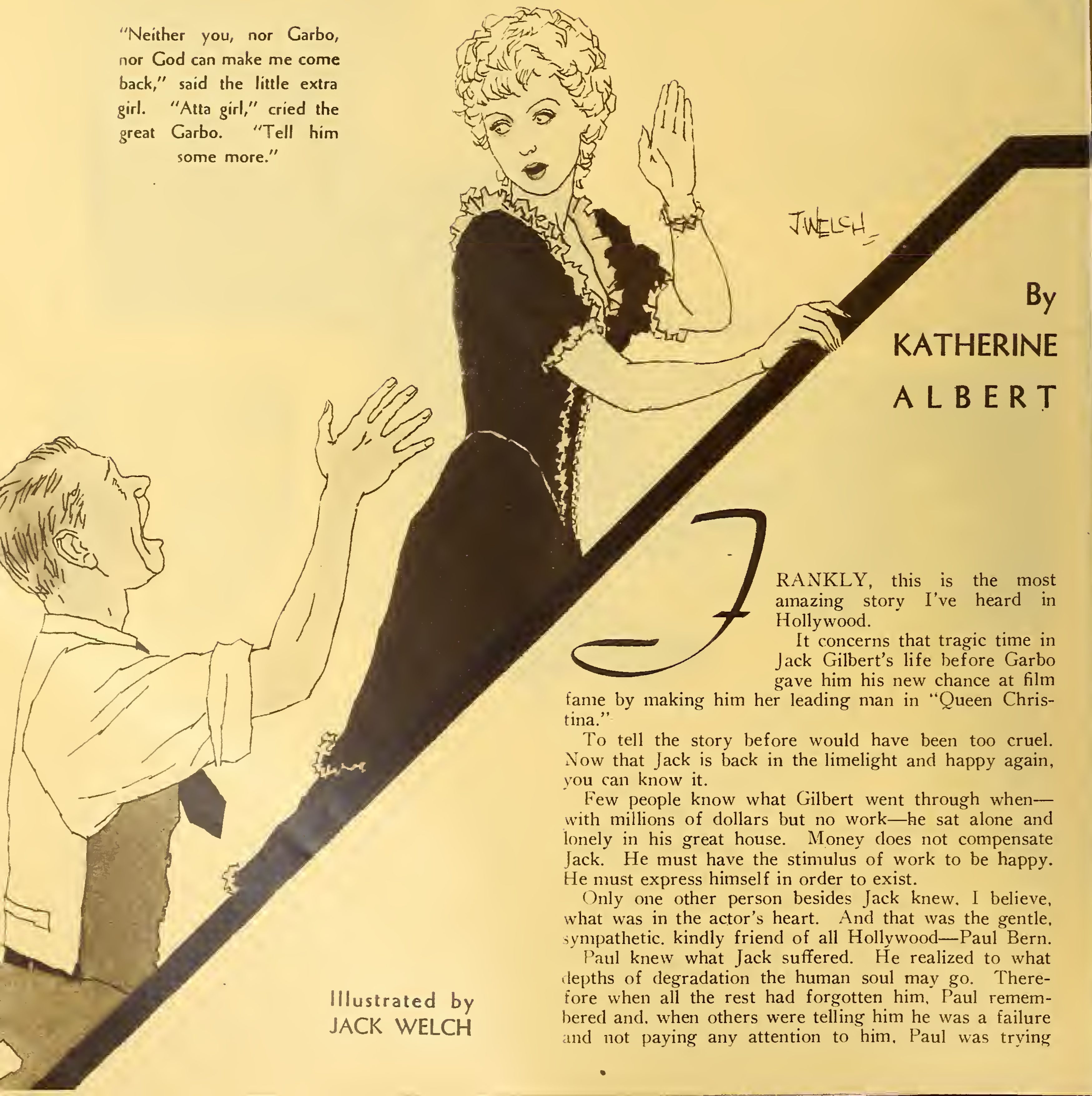
For some reason tough breaks have beset Charlie's leading ladies. Disappointments have overwhelmed them. Magnificent picture roles have vanished when seemingly securely in hand. Financial reverses have piled high. Death has hovered near and occasionally reached. Illness has scourged them. Their homes have been robbed, their possessions stolen. And generally speaking, their picture careers have led to the squatty little studios on Poverty Row, from which few ever emerged.

Why is it that Fate is so unkind to those whom Chaplin tries to help?

There is no satisfying answer (*Continued on page 107*)

HOLLYWOOD
merry-go-round

"Neither you, nor Garbo, nor God can make me come back," said the little extra girl. "Atta girl," cried the great Garbo. "Tell him some more."



By KATHERINE ALBERT

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

FRANKLY, this is the most amazing story I've heard in Hollywood.

It concerns that tragic time in Jack Gilbert's life before Garbo gave him his new chance at film fame by making him her leading man in "Queen Christina."

To tell the story before would have been too cruel. Now that Jack is back in the limelight and happy again, you can know it.

Few people know what Gilbert went through when—with millions of dollars but no work—he sat alone and lonely in his great house. Money does not compensate Jack. He must have the stimulus of work to be happy. He must express himself in order to exist.

Only one other person besides Jack knew, I believe, what was in the actor's heart. And that was the gentle, sympathetic, kindly friend of all Hollywood—Paul Bern.

Paul knew what Jack suffered. He realized to what depths of degradation the human soul may go. Therefore when all the rest had forgotten him, Paul remembered and, when others were telling him he was a failure and not paying any attention to him, Paul was trying

... Some amazing tales from an amazing town—garnered by one of MODERN SCREEN'S ace writers, who has been out there for a spell. Some of the stories will amuse you, some will sadden you. Some you wouldn't believe if they hadn't happened in Hollywood

desperately to secure for him the coveted role of the Baron in "Grand Hotel."

One night the telephone rang in Jack's house. It was such an unusual occurrence that Jack sprang to answer it. He heard the voice of Paul Bern over the wire—a voice that was choked with emotion.

"Jack," Paul said to him. "I swear this is one of the happiest moments of my life. You and I have been friends for years. I have known what you have been through during these last many, many months. I know that work is your life and that you must have it to exist. So it is with the greatest joy that I tell you you have been cast to play the role of the Baron in 'Grand Hotel.'"

JACK could not speak. He hung up the telephone, put his head in his hands and sobbed like a child. The dream was realized—the nightmare was ended. Those torturous months were over. He had a place now—a place in the sun. And his friend, Paul Bern, had brought it to pass.

Joy and gratitude flooded his heart. He was back—back in a great picture—back playing opposite Garbo. Instead of slinking to his dressing room as he had once done, he could walk on the lot with his head up. His belief in himself was restored.

Suddenly the realization of it coursed through his veins and tingled in his fingertips. He was a man of importance once more. No longer was he Jack Gilbert, the failure.

And how he could play that part! Why, he would put everything into it. He would create something fine. Already he was working out scenes and bits of business in his mind.

The telephone rang again. People to congratulate him, no doubt. Well, he would hold no malice in his heart. Even though they were the very people who had ignored him he would take them back, now, and feel no resentment.

Joyously he answered the telephone. Again he heard the voice of Paul Bern.

But this time there was a different tone in it.

"Jack," the voice said. "I don't know how to tell you this. I have done you a great wrong—a terrific injustice. I spoke too soon. This is what happened.

"This afternoon I went into an executive conference. I heard one of the executives say, 'Well, Jack has the role of the Baron in Grand Hotel.' Since that had been my dream, since I had suggested you and wanted you for the part I thought, of course, they meant Jack Gilbert. Another name did not cross my mind.

"I have just now discovered that they were talking about Jack Barrymore!"

You do understand, don't you, why that could never be told until now, when the story at last has a happy ending?

BUT because that was so nearly a tragic yarn I must tell you the funniest thing I've heard in Hollywood.

Out on Joan Crawford's set there are twenty-five of the cutest, freshest, youngest little chorus girls. I believe there's not a one of them a day over sixteen. The other day the assistant director—a big burly lad—discovered that they weren't "up on their number."

He strode over to them. "You're the rottenest bunch of chorus girls it has ever been my misfortune to know," he shouted. "What do you do all day long? You sit around clowning! You laugh and crack jokes. And what about that number! I want to tell you that if that number isn't absolutely perfect by nine A. M. tomorrow I'm going to fire the damn lot of you!"

With a magnificent gesture he turned away, thinking he had left them cowering. Then, suddenly, somebody gave a cue and twenty-five shrill little voices piped up with, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf, the big, bad wolf, the big, bad wolf!"

If you haven't seen Walt Disney's "The Three Little Pigs," you won't get the joke. And that's one of the reasons I told the story. For whatever you do you musn't miss that most delightful of all films. Somebody suggested that if the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences had a snitch of humor it would give that the award as the best picture of the year.

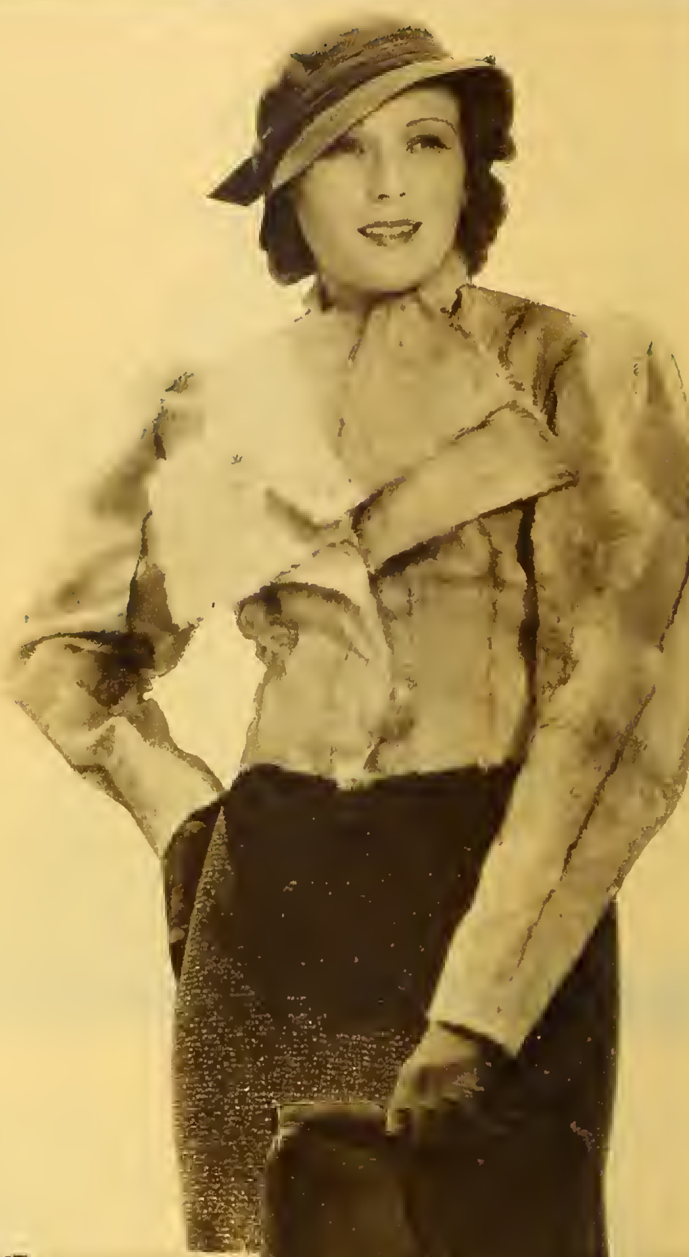
Joan Crawford has seen it ten times and is seriously considering buying a print of it to run it over and over again.

Speaking of Joan, I'd better clean up a lot of rumors. She isn't seeing Ricardo Cortez. She isn't thinking of going back to Douglas. She and Franchot Tone are still happy with each other's society. And, except for picture worries, Joan, herself, is happier than I've seen her for a long time.

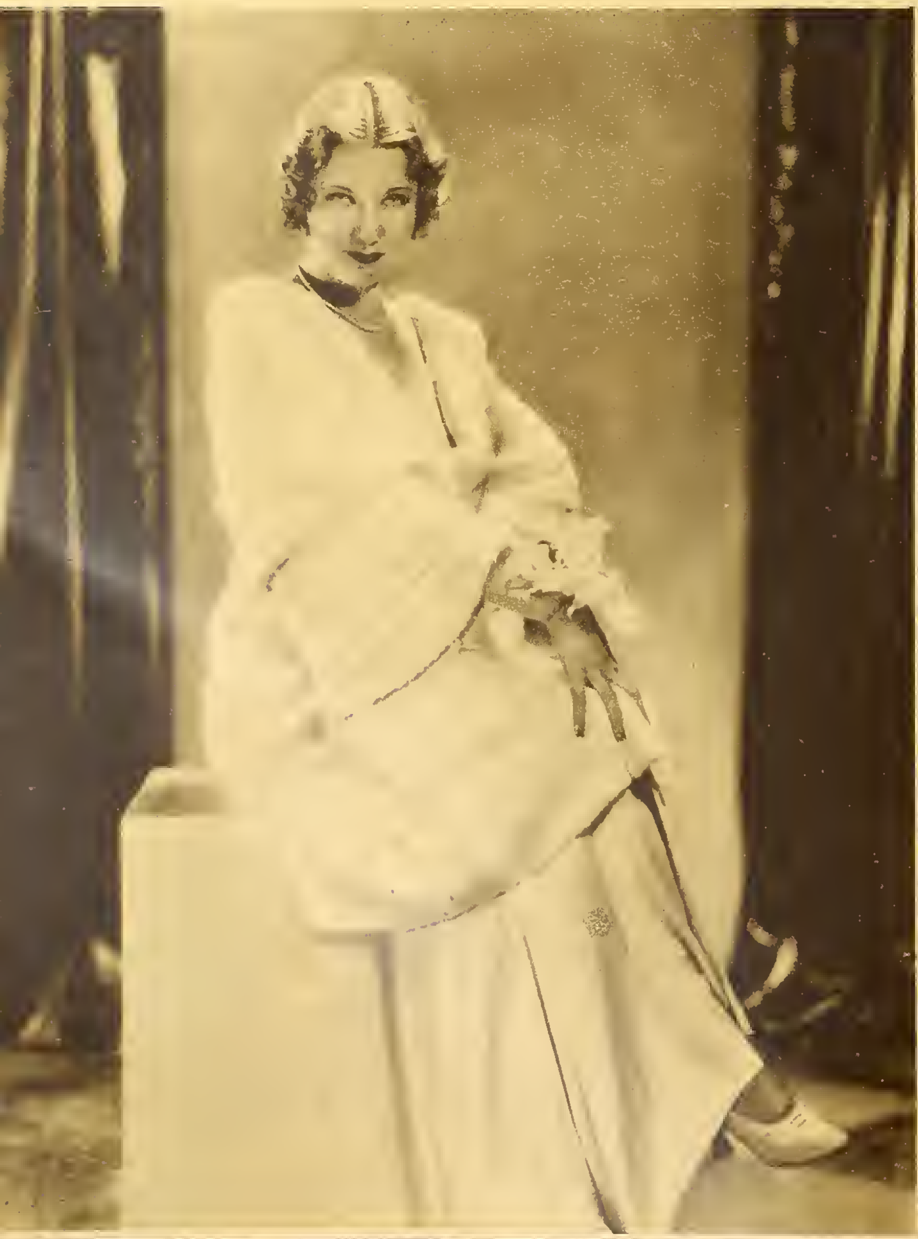
Picture worries she had a-plenty. It seems as if there is some strange jinx upon "Dancing Lady." One of the comedians dropped dead during its making. Jean Malin who was supposed to have

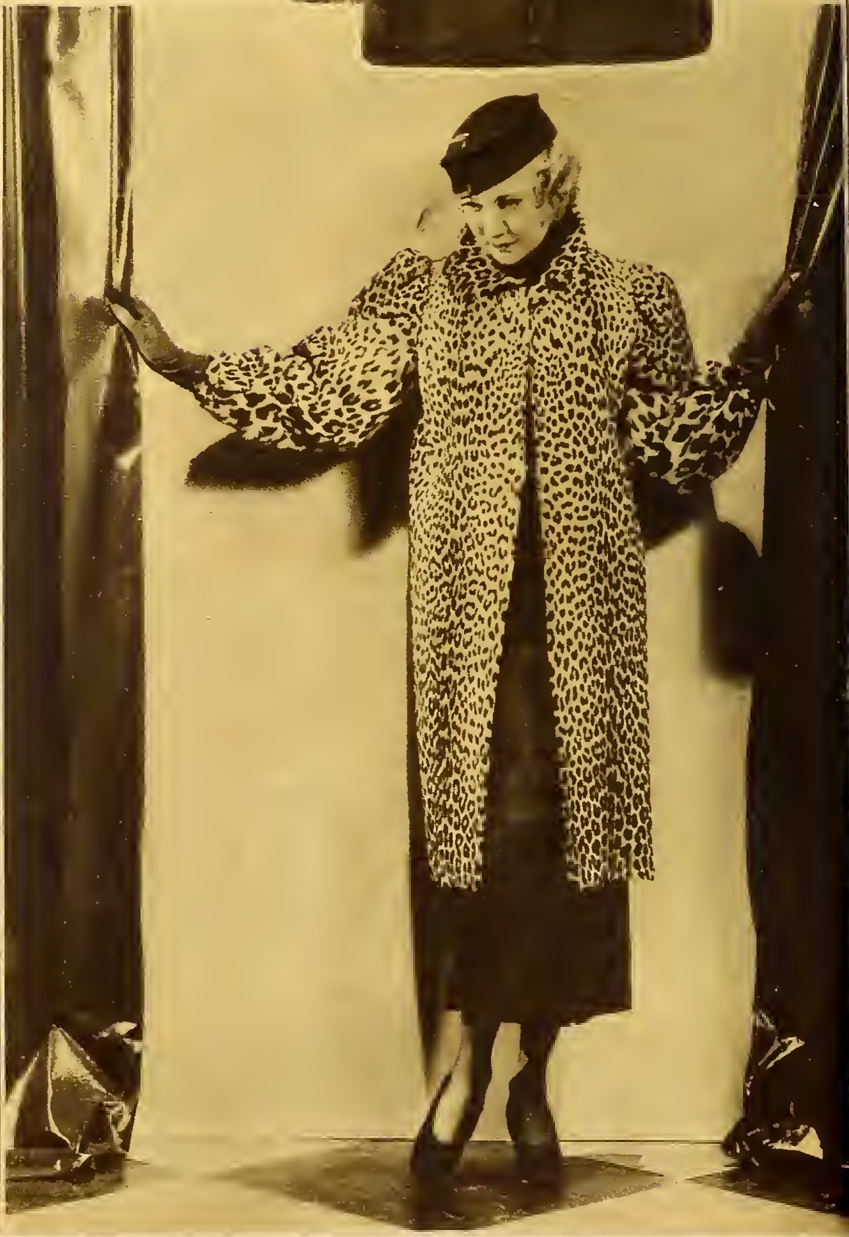
(*Continued on page 106*)

be WARM be chic -and save!



Dorothy Jordan (right) in her gray kidskin jacket, shows what can be done effectively with the short fur jacket. Una Merkel (below, left) wears an evening wrap of white ermine, with scarf collar and wide tiered sleeves, both of which add notes of dressiness to a coat which is handsome in every detail. Also, this same star shows how completely she can change her pattern of allure by dressing in a spotted sport coat of leopard skin (below, right) in three quarter length, made strictly according to the season's demands for outdoor attire.





By

MARGERY WELLS

FUR coats spell romance and luxury. Every girl instinctively knows their flattery—their lure—their charm. But—oh—how to squeeze the budget so that imagination may become possession.

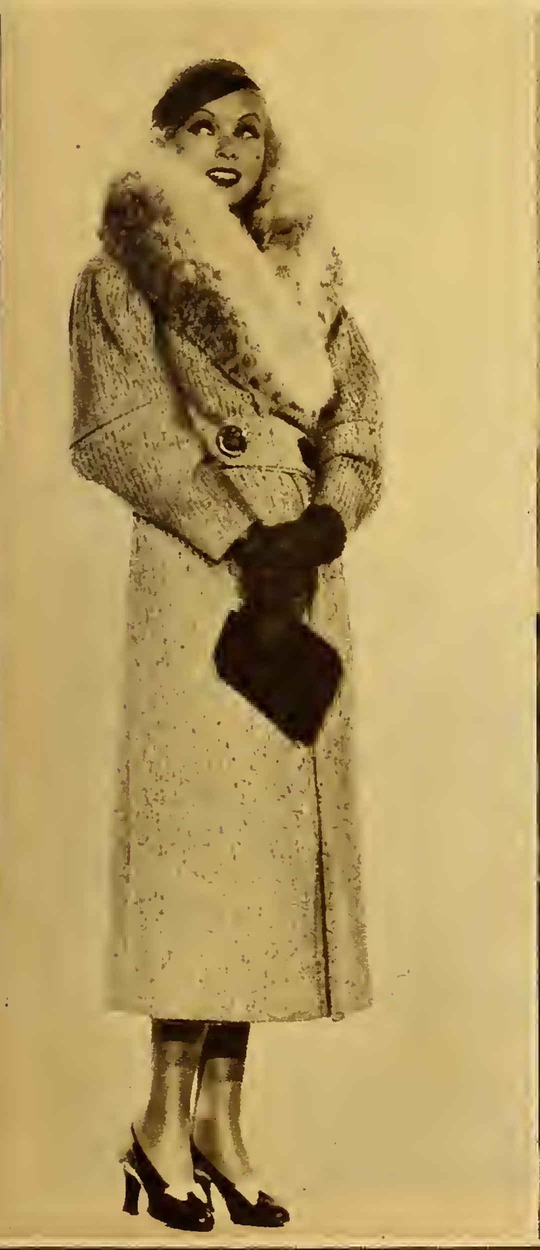
There is more chance for making mistakes in buying a fur coat than in any other dress direction, and the understanding of what is good fur and what is bad is something that only an expert really knows. Therefore, admonition number one must be—go to a recognized, honest dealer when buying one of them.

You want a fur coat this winter? Well, how about it? If you have a couple of thousand dollars to spend (which you probably have not) it's all very easy to say, "have a mink or an ermine or a galyak or something like that." Mink is the best wearing fur of all. It will last for years on end—will not split apart—will not wear off in patches. Perfect! But if you cannot afford this height of luxuriousness, then what? Most of us would rather buy a house and lot for those couple of thousand, if we had them.

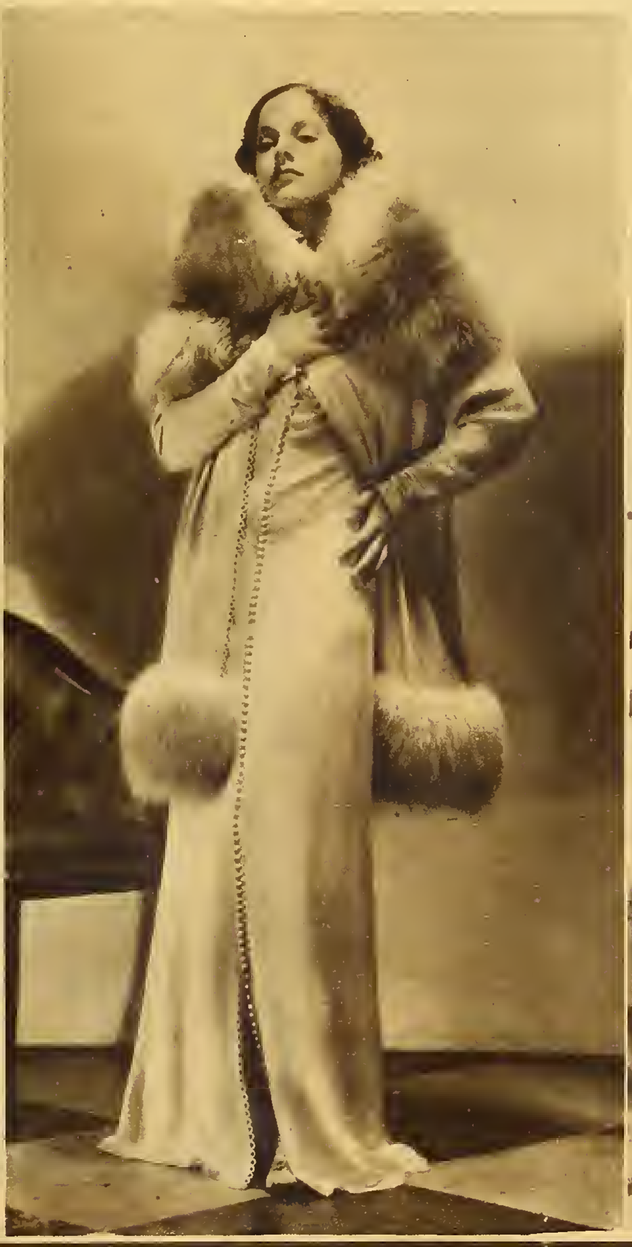
This is the story of one practical minded female who saved one hundred dollars by scrimping and putting by. She put a thousand dollars' worth of study into the subject of furs until she knew their possible wears and tears inside out, and finally bought a gray kidskin. She calculated thus: "If I can wear this coat for three years, it will cost me only thirty-three dollars and fifty cents a year." (Reasonable enough, too, when you spread it that way.) So she wisely chose a straight swagger cut, the style of which was bound to last. This is an important point, for full skirts, puffed sleeves, tricky collars and cuffs and all other extraneous adornments are doomed to only one season's chic.

WHEN three winters had passed and a fourth approached with chilly tread, she took stock of her precious gray kid, for by this time (*Continued on page 89*)

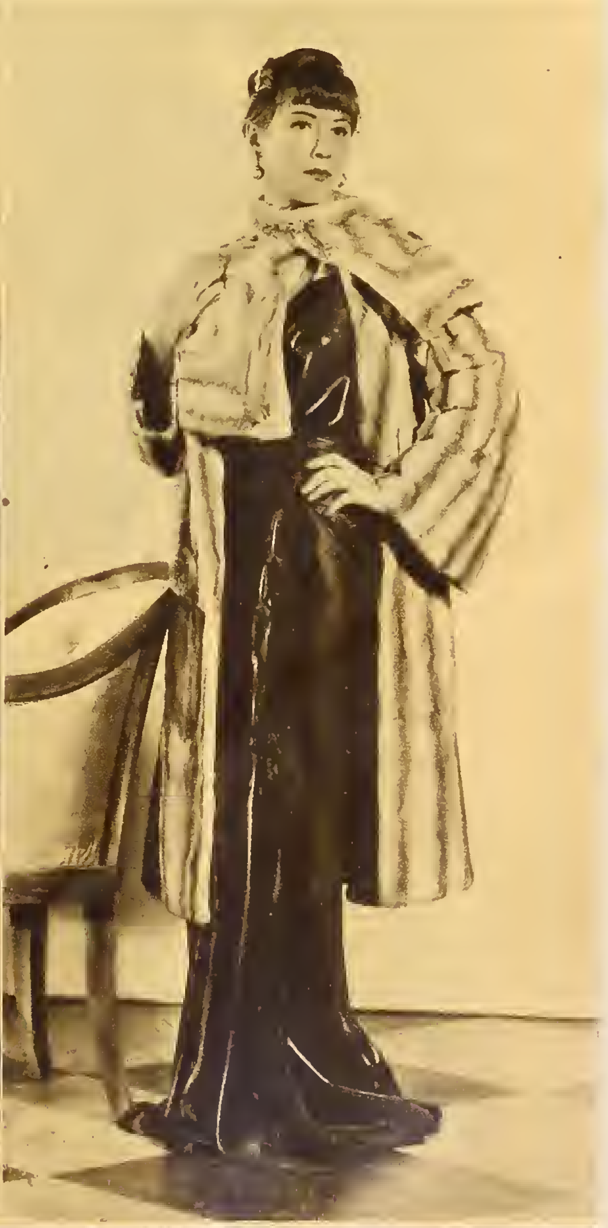
Now for the fur-lined coat with collar of natural lynx. Toby Wing (below) shows how ultra smart a tweed coat of this character can be. And is it warm! The tweed is a light beige, flecked with brown. The coat is simply made—only the design of the sleeves showing the least trickiness.



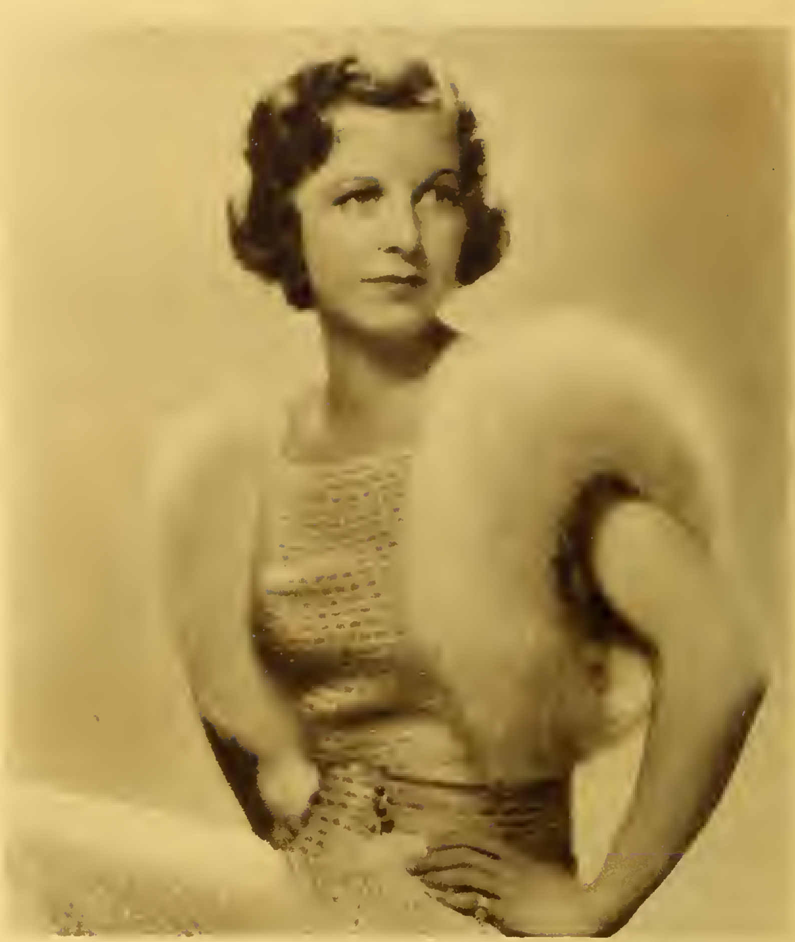
Fur makes the evening ensemble not only a thing of beauty, but one of satisfying warmth. Martha Sleeper (below) wears a three-in-one ensemble of canary yellow suede crepe, trimmed with moonlight gray fox. Her shoulder cape can be easily transformed into a smart muff.



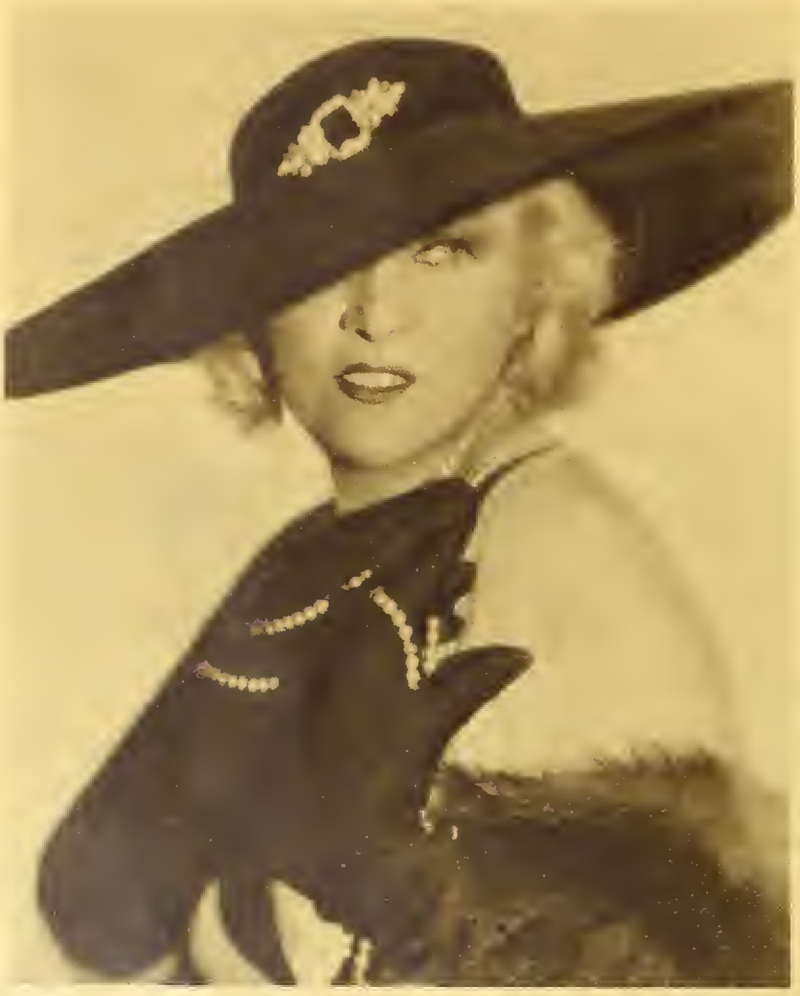
Winter ermine is one of the most precious of furs and most beautiful for either an afternoon or evening coat. Mae Clarke (below) has had hers made after the leading smart model for this winter—an excellent design to follow when buying even less expensive and glamorous furs.

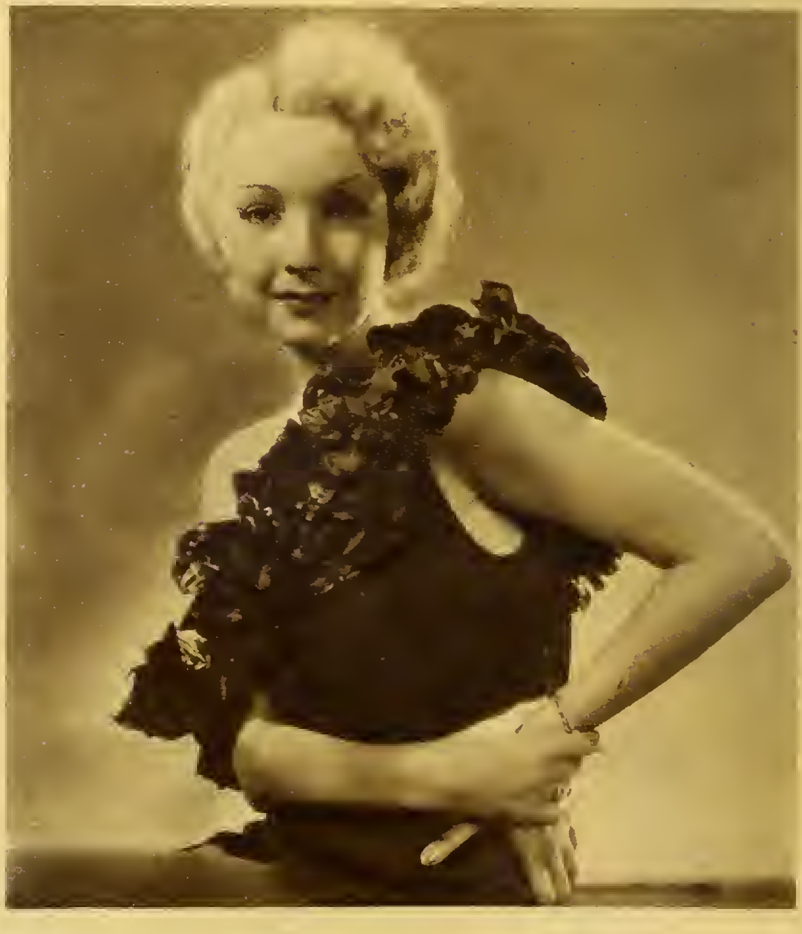


tricks FOR WINTER TOGS



Fur keeps its place as a trimming for evening frocks with the reservation that the fur must be handsome and fluffy and that the dress be kept absolutely plain and straight in line, no matter what the material may be. Margaret Sullivan (above) illustrates this point spectacularly in her silver and white brocade trimmed with wide sleeve bands of precious white fox.

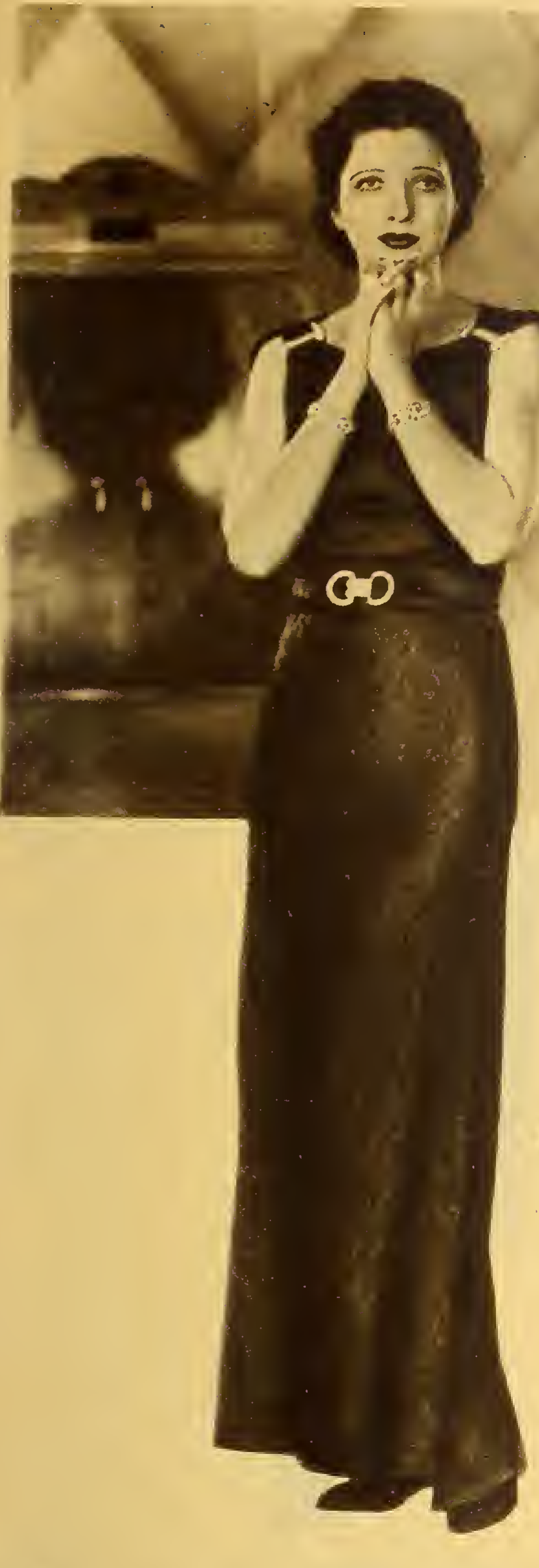


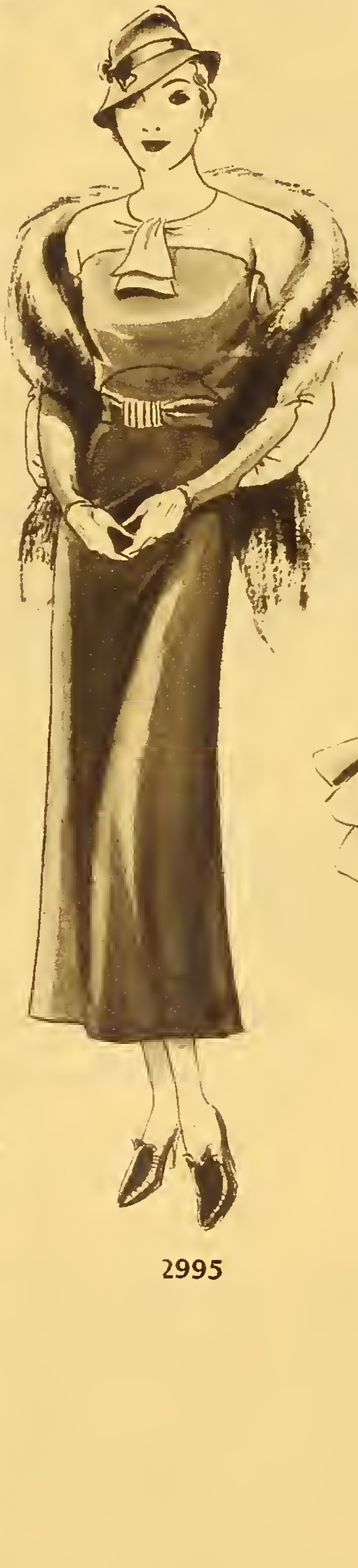


Are we coming back to the 1890 era? Well, Mae West, having taken the country, not to say the world, by storm, says certainly we are, as she leads the winter fashions. Here she is wearing (above) one of her broad brimmed hats, in black velvet, with a rhinestone ornament. It is the sort of thing that is particularly good with bridge or restaurant frocks. At the right, Helen Twelvetrees is wearing one of the new flower petal ruffs over the left shoulder of her evening gown. Nothing is better calculated to add romance to evening attire than this sort of boa-ruff affair.

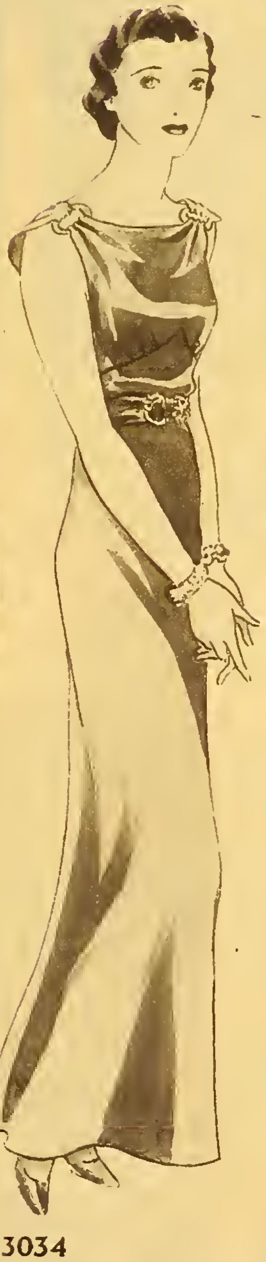
Patterns

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.





2995



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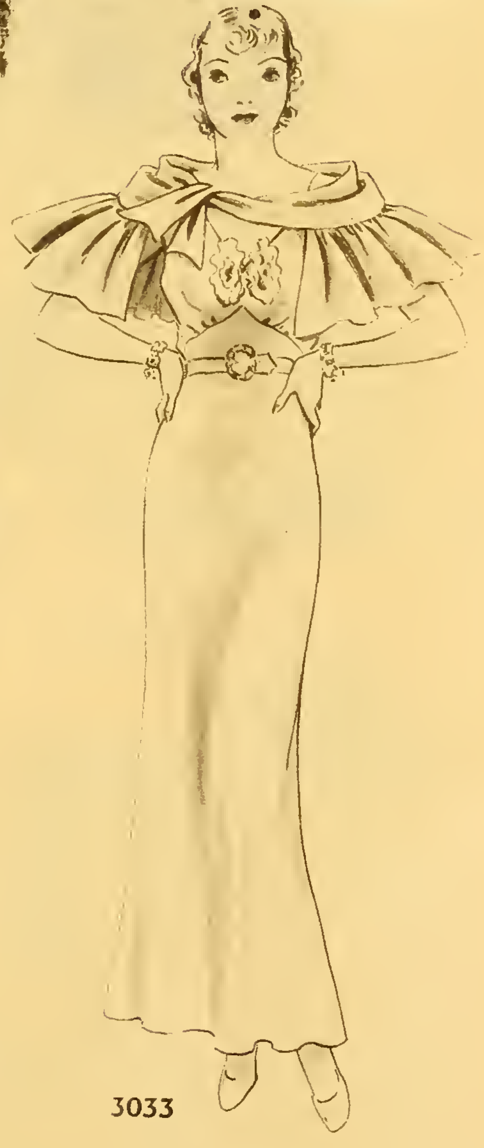


3033

3034—Kay Francis (in the portrait) wears a formal evening gown of shiny black crinkled satin. You can make it for yourself from the pattern at the right. Long lines make it characteristically smart. Shoulders and belt are clasped with round buckles of brilliantes. The back is low. Size 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.

2995—Undeniably graceful and slender, too. New drop shoulder attained by well designed yoke that cuts in one with part of the sleeves. Try it in black woolen with shiny black satin for the yoke and sleeve section. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40 bust.

3033—It's young! It's classic, slim, elegantly cut and delightfully sophisticated. Equally lovely in white or pale pink crepe satin, dark grape faille crepe, white, pink, azure-blue or black lace or black silk velvet. The cape is separate. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17.

For back views of patterns,
see page 94

CHARMING, EASY-TO-MAKE GOWNS FOR BRIDGE, DINNER AND EVENING

(Below) Bette Davis' gloves have huge velvet cuffs which match her brown velvet toque. And (right) Heather Angel's doggy swagger-stick is also an umbrella—when the weather demands. Grand with sportwear.

Hollywood CHARM GOSSIP

A CASUAL peep-in at some of the favorite haunts about town has convinced us that jewelry is occupying a very prominent place on the fashion horizon this winter.

There was Maureen O'Sullivan, f'instance, flashing two or three diamond clips (one huge one on her belt) and a pair of gorgeous cut-steel buckles. We spied Loretta Young at another popular late-spot wearing a cunning novelty bracelet and corsage made of tiny beads and glass in various colors, strung on wire. And Lupe Velez, at the same place, was simply swamped with bracelets.

How times do change! This time last year, Madame Fashion decreed "no jewels" . . . and now the more one wears the smarter one is.

● Janet Gaynor has a swell new idea for handkerchiefs. She embroiders her name in her own handwriting in the corner of each hanky. Sometimes the name is embroidered in different colors to match her frocks. Always the handkerchief is of plain white linen. She also has two or three sweaters with "Janet" embroidered across the pocket. This, too, is in her own handwriting.

● Chinese characters are invading our kitchens. We've had them in our living rooms for a long time—in scrolls, silk hangings and pictures—but Joan Bennett has them adorning her kitchenware. All her flour, coffee, tea and sugar tins and cookie jars are labelled in Chinese. Of course, we couldn't make out what they were, but they did look very gay and interesting and different.

● Ginger Rogers has a new bag that has a very practical feature. The coin purse is attached to the bag proper by means of a small, dainty gold chain. Now isn't that something for you gals who have the habit of losing your coin purse? Another thing we noticed about Ginger's bags . . . this purely ornamental . . . is that she always decorates them with a clip that *(Continued on page 103)*

SMARTEST HINTS FOR HOME AND WARDROBE — FROM FILM TOWN

TWO SKINS!

You have an Outer and an Under Skin

Do you know the Different Care that Each Skin Needs?

This TWO-SKIN TREATMENT Checks Wrinkles, Corrects Dryness

DID YOU KNOW that those little lines and wrinkles you hate so start in your *under* skin? . . . before they show in your outer skin? And there's a way to stop them from coming?

Here's how it happens:

You have an outer and an under skin. When you are young, the under skin fits the outer skin like the flesh of a ripening plum.

Then, soon something goes wrong. The tiny glands that poured out beauty oils and kept the under skin so firm and full, begin to fail. The under skin falls into little creases—those first signs of age that deepen and deepen if left uncorrected.

To *check* this condition, you must help the under skin! That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for.

An Oil Cream that Goes Deep

Pond's Cold Cream is a delicious oil-rich cream that penetrates down to the under skin! And brings it just the oils it needs. Pat it on. Your skin feels toned up right away. Because it is so light and its oils go so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser.

For the Outer Skin — a Greaseless Cream

How very different is your outer skin! This skin contains active moisture cells to guard the under skin against sun, wind, cold, dust, the dry heat of modern houses. But these elements are constantly drying out this natural moisture. Dryness, chapping result.

To correct this, use Pond's feather-light Vanishing Cream. Greaseless, this cream. You can have it on during the day. Leave it on all night. It contains a special ingredient that actually *restores* moisture to the outer skin. *One application* will remove roughnesses, relieve chapping!

THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS, brilliant society beauty, uses Pond's Two-Skin Treatment

OUTER SKIN
WHERE DRYNESS STARTS

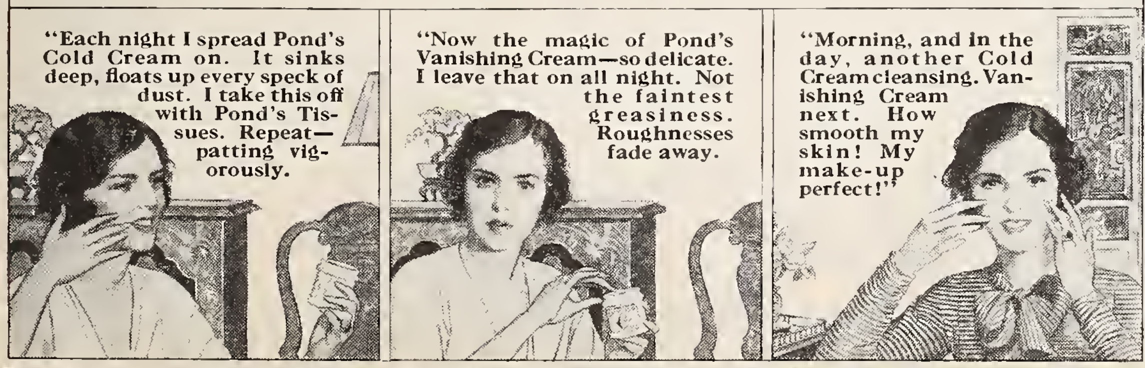
UNDER SKIN
WHERE WRINKLES START

And Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the most effective powder base.

Together these two creams give your skin complete beauty care. They supply everything that *each skin* needs. Fill out the coupon and send for generous samples. In a few days, see your own skin gain in smoothness, firmness. See the little lines fade away, magically!

POND'S
Vanishing Cream For Finishing
POND'S
Cold Cream For Cleansing

Lovely MRS. MORGAN BELMONT tells how she cares for her skin



"Each night I spread Pond's Cold Cream on. It sinks deep, floats up every speck of dust. I take this off with Pond's Tissues. Repeat—patting vigorously.

"Now the magic of Pond's Vanishing Cream—so delicate. I leave that on all night. Not the faintest greasiness. Roughnesses fade away.

"Morning, and in the day, another Cold Cream cleansing. Vanishing Cream next. How smooth my skin! My make-up perfect!"

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐.

Name____________________

Street____________________ State__________

City____________________

MAIL COUPON

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

TUNE IN ON THE POND'S PLAYERS EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND NBC NETWORK

At last **Mary Gets a "MOVIE KISS"**

1
I WISH JACK WOULD KISS ME LIKE THAT . . .
I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE HIM... AT THE 10¢ STORE!
2
KISSPROOF INDELIBLE LIPSTICK, YOU SAY?
YES...IT'S THE SPECIAL LIPSTICK THE MOVIE STARS USE TO GET THEIR "LIP APPEAL"...
3
YOUR LIPS ARE IRRESISTIBLE TODAY... I HOPE YOU'RE KISSPROOF...
YES, THAT'S THE SECRET
THOUGHT
HE'S JUST LIKE THE MOVIE HEROES!

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Now you can give *your* lips the *irresistible appeal* of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*. This lipstick gives an effect so *alluring*, indeed, that it has been placed by the *make-up experts* in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for *you tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF Lipstick in all shades—including the *Special Theatrical Color*—at any drug or department store and at the *ten cent stores*.

Kissproof

Indelible **LIPSTICK**

I've Dressed Them All

(*Continued from page 45*)

she plays the part of a lady, are invariably her own choice. Hence we assumed that Garbo might like the slinky, embroidered, fur-trimmed exaggerations in which she had appeared in her films.

The mannequins went through the wardrobe and chose the most elaborate dresses. The first girl to appear posed before the great Garbo in a gown which had a bodice of sparkling rhinestones and pearls.

Garbo gave it a casual glance, shrugged and said, "But it is not simple enough."

Another mannequin appeared and still another. But all the dresses were too elaborate. We began showing plainer things, but apparently it was impossible to find anything simple enough for Garbo's taste. But we then learned that she needed the dress for that evening and, since our original models are never sold off the backs of the mannequins and we usually require ten days to copy a dress, it would have been impossible to supply her anyhow.

Several months later, she came into the shop again. This time she was prepared to have clothes made for her. She was getting ready for her first trip back to Sweden and wanted to take a complete wardrobe of new clothes with her. She chose evening dresses, street dresses, several suits and coats.

She abhorred embroidery in any form. She disliked lace. She hated, in fact, anything that was chi-chi. The things she liked most were tailored swagger coats—the first ones she wore—which were modelled after soldiers' raincoats, with wide shoulders, big sleeves and high notched collars. We eventually made her a copy of this same tweed sports coat in black broadcloth, which she wore in the evening over severe, black dinner dresses.

It was during the waits between fittings that I talked with her. She fascinated me from the first and I was convinced that the so-called pose of reticence was a serious complex in her nature.

We were talking, one day, of Paris and I was telling her of some of the people I had known there—Sarah Bernhardt, Gaby Deslys, Yvonne Printemps and Cecile Sorel.

Garbo looked at me with wide eyes. "I suppose nearly everybody who is famous comes into this shop," she said.

"Well, a lot of well-known people have been here," I answered.

"Don't they ever frighten you?" she asked.

"They used to frighten me," I replied. "Sometimes they still do—a little bit."

"People always frighten me," she said. And no one was ever more in earnest.

Then she told me something of her experiences and life in Sweden. She had never been a star over there and, like any young girl who goes to pictures, she had her favorites whom she would have liked to see. They moved in another world. They were surrounded with glamor and she admired them just as any fan admires her favorites.

Then, quite without warning, she found herself in America and her first picture was a sensational personal triumph. Before she had learned to speak English with any fluency, before she was in the least acclimated, she found that Fate had played a trick upon her. The tables were completely turned and she was on one of the pedestals to which she used to turn with worship.

It embarrassed her, for she was not prepared for the lionizing she received. A few months before, she could have walked through the streets of Stockholm and no one would even turn to look at her. Now she couldn't leave her hotel without finding excited groups awaiting her. An American girl could have adjusted her life to this mad, merry, overnight success, but Garbo could not. She was not frightened of success—for success never touches a real artist—but she was panicky before the unavoidable things that went with it.

I never read an article about Garbo, accusing her of posing by loving solitude, that I do not think of her confession to me in that fitting-room.

When the play "Once in a Lifetime" came to Los Angeles, Garbo and I decided to attend a matinee and planned our arrival for a few minutes after the rise of the curtain, so that no one would know she was in the house.

When we arrived at the theatre, the lobby was empty. The curtain had gone up, so we entered a darkened auditorium.

There were allusions to actors and actresses which amused everyone in the audience. There was one line in particular which mentioned Garbo. She was very amused and, for the moment, was just any unknown person laughing over a quip about a famous personage. She had succeeded in dissociating herself from the famous woman she could not help being. She was just about to laugh at what had been said on the stage, when she realized that every person in the house was aware that she was there.

They had all laughed at the mention of other actors' and actresses' names. They were now silent—all turning to stare at Garbo to see how she would react to this mention of her own name. I have never experienced such a dreadful moment. I knew how embarrassed and horrified she was. Her afternoon was spoiled, simply because people around refused to let her have one single moment of relaxation.

Between the acts, people walked up and down the aisles to stare at her. Maybe I would have done the same thing myself. Certainly there are two sides to every question. Any famous person is public property. Some of them revel in the attention, some bear it and a few, like Garbo, resent it, fear it and cannot understand it.

In all the time she has lived in Hollywood, I'm sure not more than ten people have been invited to dine with her. She would tremble if she ever found herself being a hostess. But one evening she came to the shop just before closing time. Usually she drove in and dismissed her chauffeur so that she could walk back to Beverly Hills, a distance of some nine miles.

I put on an old rain coat and walked with her. By the time I arrived my feet felt as if they had been worn down to the ankles, but Garbo, who had walked twice as far, was still fresh and could have gone on tramping for hours. I sank exhausted on the divan and was delighted when I was offered something stronger than water. Then she asked me to stay and share pot-luck with her.

She had two Swedish servants at the time. Garbo spoke to the man in Swedish, apparently telling him that I would remain for dinner. He went white with consternation. A great argument ensued, but eventually a card table was brought in and placed before the fire. Then came an enormous tray with the most amazing collection of Swedish hors-d'oeuvres I have ever seen. With them were little hard-as-nails crackers, which reminded me of compo-board, on which we spread the various appetizers. Following this we had a huge bowl of spaghetti and a green salad. Coffee completed the meal. That was all.

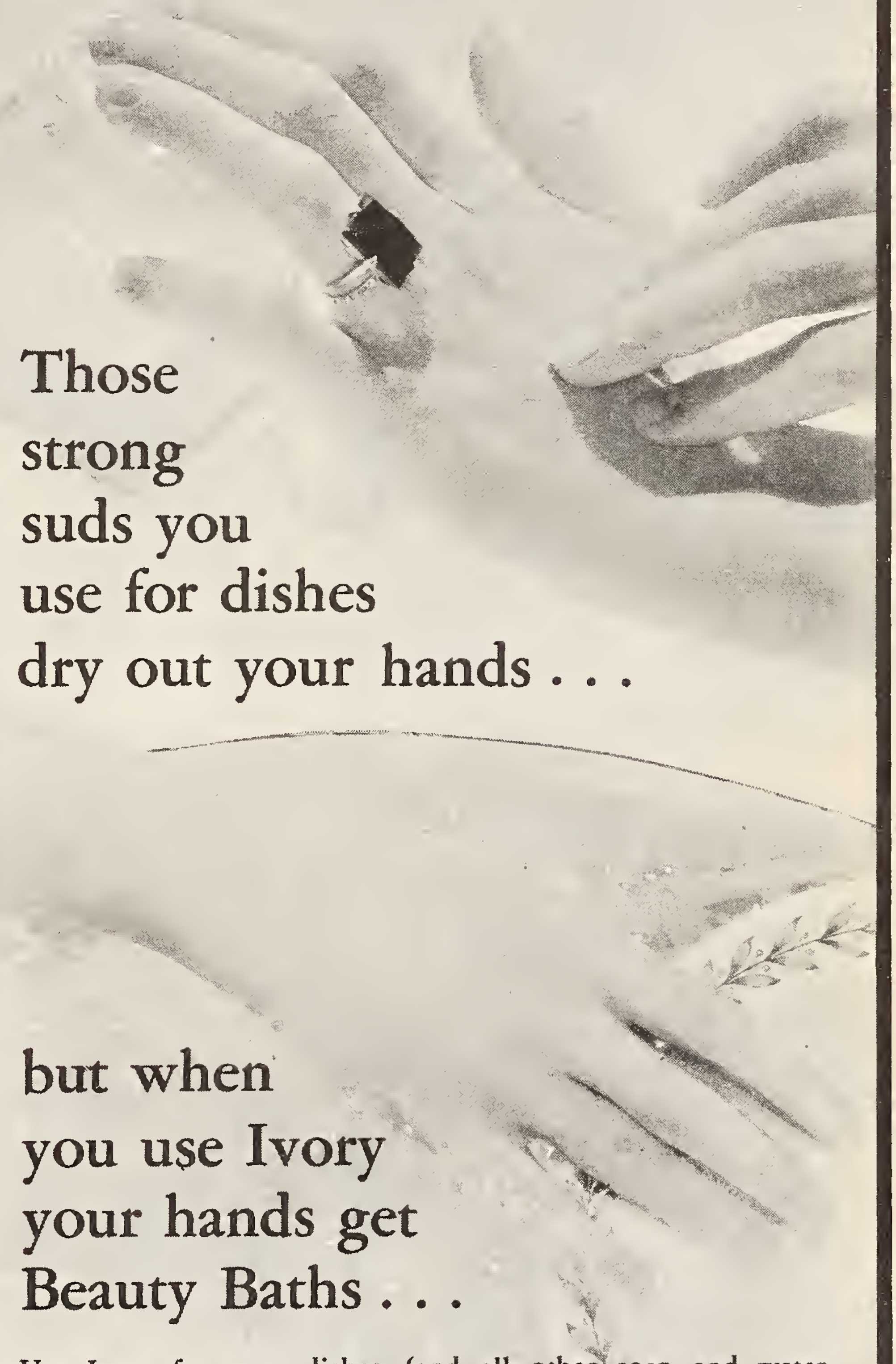
I will never be convinced that Garbo is a happy woman. I doubt that she will ever be. She is so afraid of people that she will never be close to any one person for very long. She would like to travel, dream, live in quiet comfort and I hope some day she may. I am sure that success means nothing to her, that money is only something to insure a future free from worry. She is, to the few who know her, a woman with a delicious sense of humor, an intelligent person and one with a captivating personality. And with it all, she has youth and a rare fresh beauty. I must confess a great fondness and admiration for her.

Here's the signature of the gal with the sad, expressive hands. A strange, nervous, flighty and lovable individual is Zasu Pitts. I've known her often to come into the shop and say, "Show me some clothes." And before the mannequin had a chance to appear in the first dress, Miss Pitts would be wandering restlessly about the showrooms. She might have enough patience to look at two dresses. Then she would say, "But you know what I want, Harold," (she was always confusing me with Harold Grieve, the interior decorator and husband of Jetta Goudal) "don't bother to make the poor gals put the clothes on. Just show them to me."

The one thing I've always refused to do is to show a dress in the hand. It can look like a tired and dejected rag that way. Clothes, like pictures, need

(*Continued on page 95*)

"*Why do my hands get* DRY *and* CHAPPED?"



Those strong suds you use for dishes dry out your hands . . .

but when you use Ivory your hands get Beauty Baths . . .

Use Ivory for your dishes (and all other soap and water tasks) for a week and watch your hands get smoother and softer. Though Ivory is pure enough for a baby's skin, it is economical to use even for housework . . . 99 $^{44}/_{100}$ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

SEE HOW EASY..

it is to have gleaming floors with only 10 minutes' work

NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

● Glo-Coat will change your dull, lifeless floors to beautiful, shining floors right before your eyes. All you do is wipe it over the floor with a cloth or mop, or best of all, the regular Glo-Coat applier. Dries in 20 minutes or less and shines as it dries without buffing or polishing. Modern women everywhere are adopting this new labor-saving method for keeping linoleum, rubber tile, varnished and painted wood floors in perfect condition.

● Buy a 10c trial size of Glo-Coat from your 10 cent store. If they haven't it, send in coupon below.

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

GLO-COAT

JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. MS12 Racine, Wisconsin. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, Glo-Coat.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________

Let's Talk About Hollywood

HERE'S SOME MORE CHATTER FROM FILM TOWN

CHECKING up on our stork news, we find that the Johnny Mack Browns have a new baby boy. He weighed seven pounds and five ounces when born—and naturally papa Brown hopes he'll be a football player.

Dorothy Jordan (Mrs. Meriam C. Cooper) is expecting a blessed event sometime next year.

Joan Bennett (Mrs. Gene Markey) will not make another picture until after the heir arrives—also sometime early next year.

Jimmy Cagney and his brother Bill look so much alike that even their mother has a hard time telling them apart sometimes. The other eve Hollywood gossipers thought they had a real scoop! Jimmy Cagney, devoted husband was sighted dining with another gal! Buzz, buzz—the tongues wagged merrily. Suddenly the girl looked up. It was Boots Mallory—so, of course, the gentleman turned out to be her husband, Mr. BILL Cagney.

On another occasion the marked similarity proved to be very lucrative to Bill. He was spending the day visiting over at the Warner lot—Jimmy's hangout—when a stranger approached him and handed over a ten dollar bill. "That," he said, "is the ten you gave me in New York about a year ago. Thanks for the loan, Jim!"

ALTHOUGH Lola Lane has switched her affections from Lyle Talbot to Al Hall, Lew Ayres remains true to his one love, Ginger Rogers. . . . Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are definitely engaged, with wedding bells "just around the corner"—but they won't talk about it. . . . Dolores Del Rio loves to putter around in her vegetable garden. . . . Jack Holt is planning a South American vacation via tramp steamer. . . . As soon as she finished "Only Yesterday," Margaret Sullavan dashed back to New York to see her sweetie, Jed Harris. . . . Dorothy Wilson finally gets that role in "Eight Girls in a Boat" after two girls did a fade-out. . . . Pola Negri has intimated that she will marry Harold McCormich, sixty-year-old Chicago millionaire. . . . And don't be surprised if Mae Murray and her Prince kiss and make up.

Andy Devine has a new sweetie—but no one seems to be able to find out what her name is. When the question is put to Andy, he hedges with: "She's DIVINE now . . . and will be DEVINE later!"

EVERYONE seems quite pleased with Paramount's choice of "Alice" for "Alice in Wonderland," the film that should be different, to say the least. Out of 7,000 applicants, little Charlotte Henry, virtually unknown, won the coveted role. Charlotte is just seventeen—small and dainty with long blonde hair (natural) and large wistful blue eyes, and has a sweetness and innocence that is really delightful. When asked if she thought she would be successful in pictures, she replied naïvely, "I'm afraid not. I'm not sophisticated enough and don't believe I could be."

WE had our suspicions when Bob Armstrong started building that luxurious hacienda out in Cold Water Canyon. Figured there must be a woman in the case. But after seeing the place, we've decided Bob plans to remain a bachelor for some little time yet. The house—a typical Mexican hacienda, is strictly masculine. There's not a feminine thing about the whole place.

Wonder if Ken Murray suffers any pangs of jealousy when his fiancée, Sue Carol, plays heavy love scenes with her ex-husband, Nick Stuart? The love scenes take place in "Ladies of the Follies," the first picture Sue and Nick have made for a long time.

A DECIDED change has come over William Powell since he became a bachelor again. Long regarded as one of Hollywood's best-dressed men, Bill has until recently upheld this title with due dignity. But lately, he has been striking out for more freedom and comfort. He now goes around attired in ducks, sweat shirt and beret.

AFTER that dramatic and very unexpected midnight visit from her husband, Stephen Ames, Adrienne didn't waste any time about setting out for Reno to become a free woman. Of course, we knew all along she'd get a divorce . . . they always do when they announce an "amicable separation." Adrienne said, just before boarding the train, that Ames had made a *very generous* property settlement upon her.

In the meantime, Bruce Cabot is going around with a very forlorn look upon his face. Evidently the separation is hard on him.

Alice White bought herself a spiffy all-white Ford coupé. The day it was delivered, she hopped in and drove proudly down Hollywood Boulevard. She was delighted to notice all the attention it attracted—in fact, people actually stopped and stared. It wasn't until she got home that she found out why. On the back of the car, in bold black letters, someone had written: "Come up and see me sometime!"

IT looks like a romance springing up between Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper. Ditto for William Powell and the Countess Frasso. It was amusing to find Carole and Gary at a table together at a popular nite-club recently—with Bill and the Countess seated just two tables away from them and Lupe Velez and her Johnny just across from Carole and Gary. Looked like Old Home Week!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT will have no scar to exhibit when her friends start talking about their operations. Although she recently had an appendicitis operation, it happens that through some new scientific discovery, there is no trace of a scar. This is a life-saver to Claudette, who is preparing to play "Cleopatra" before long. Another thing: she has to stay out of the sun. Cleopatra can't afford to have any bathing-suit stencil work embroidered on her back and chest!

A little blonde went into a Hollywood restaurant for a bite.

"Have you any wild duck?" she asked.

"No," replied the waiter, "but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

LEAVE it to Lupe to think of this. She has a recording machine installed in her home that records her voice on wax records when she speaks into it. Before going into a picture, she spends hours practicing her lines before this machine. She plays the records over several times, picks out her weak points, and then starts rehearsing all over again. Her dialogue is pretty near perfect by the time she checks in on the set.

NO doubt there will be many broken hearts when Fifi D'Orsay marries her handsome young doctor, Maurice Hill. The snappy Fifi has been reported engaged several times, but this time she is really serious about getting married. The ceremony is to take place as soon as she finishes her work in Marion Davies' picture, "Going Hollywood." Hill, incidentally, is very good looking, so much so that he once won a contest as the handsomest college student in the Middle West!

PARAMOUNT officials were evidently convinced that Sylvia Sidney really was a very sick girl when she walked out of their picture, "The Way to Love"—or else they're smart enough to realize that Sylvia means plenty of do-ray for them at the box office. Anyway, whatever the reason, they have forgiven if not forgotten. She will have the lead in their "Reunion." Her only punishment is that she will receive no check for the period she was away from the studio.

Joe E. Brown says his life, as a comedian, is full of bumps. In "Son of the Gods," he had to make a parachute jump. According to plan, he was to land safely into a blanket held out by a dozen or more men. However, though Joe landed in the blanket, it was a bit too close to the ground!

P. S.—Joe stood up the rest of the day, including meal-time.

"It's my pet 3 in 1 Costume thanks to IVORY FLAKES"

Fashions by B. Altman & Company, New York

"To make my *3 in 1* masterpiece, I went in for black with white variations. First, I bought the love of a two-piece frock (center) with the collars and cuffs of white ribbed silk that are Ivory-washable. Now notice to what smart work I've put the skirt! With a lacy white Shetland wool sweater (left) I have my second jaunty set-up. With the suave blouse of white silk Bedford cord (right) I have a third costume that's grand for tea dates. Both sweater and blouse wash beautifully with pure Ivory Flakes."

When you're planning your fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their upkeep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

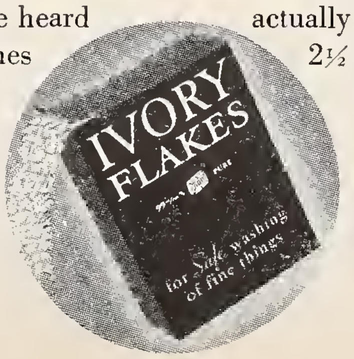
Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They'll perk up with interest when you ask, "Will this wash with Ivory?" For they'll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won't be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won't satisfy you.

These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren't washed with Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren't flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They're made for girls who can't wait a minute for suds. They curl and melt up into suds instantly in lukewarm water.

Do "baby" your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don't trust luck, depend upon Ivory's purity. It won't even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes . . . it actually costs less! And there's 2½ ounces more soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!

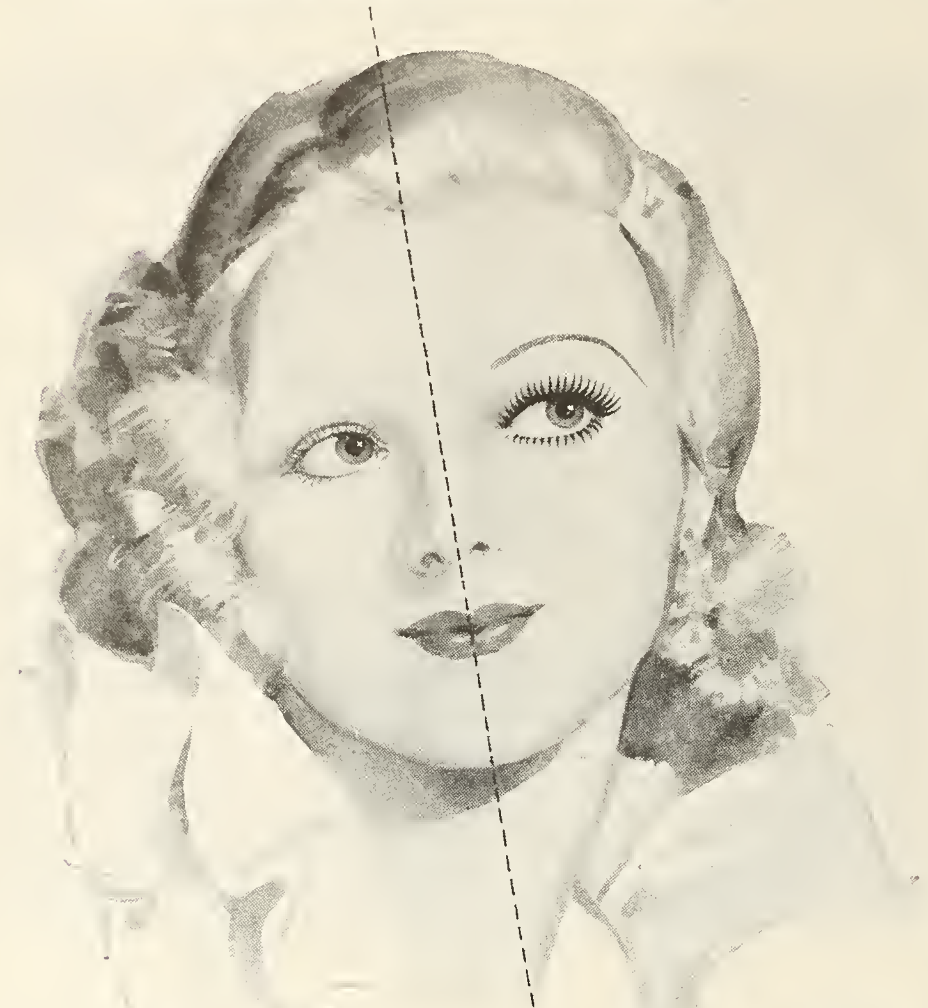
CURLY . . .
QUICK-DISSOLVING



99 44/100 % PURE

What a difference!

what a truly *amazing* difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make



Maybelline

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance!

Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW

Maybelline
Eyelash Grower

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

What a Trio!

(*Continued from page 25*)

wanted to run away, but before he could turn, Ruby had dashed over to Al and brought him to Dick.

The two shook hands. Somebody called Ruby away and Dick and Al stood there looking at each other.

Al said, "I watched that scene."

Dick just grinned and felt silly.

"It was great," said Al, "and I want to tell you something. You're great for Ruby. You see, she's a funny kid. She's all tied up inside with nervousness. She doesn't think she can act and it's hard for her to unbend, particularly with strangers."

Dick sighed with relief. This was Al Jolson, the showman, talking now. And Dick knew that he meant every word.

"Well, it's great making love to your wife," Dick said. "And you're swell about it."

"Listen," said Al. "I want the kid to make a good picture."

From then on Dick Powell knew that Al Jolson was his friend.

Dick and Ruby made "Golddiggers of 1933" together. Al was in New York and by this time Ruby and Dick had become great friends. They were working on the picture when Al first broadcast and Ruby asked Dick if she might listen in over his radio, for Dick's house is just a couple of blocks from the studio. Ruby brought her sister along and the two sat with their ears glued to the radio.

As Dick watched her sitting there, he realized just how great is her love for Al, for when he spoke her eyes filled with tears and her little hands reached out as if she would carress the cold instrument that brought her her sweetheart's voice.

"You think he's a great guy, don't you?" Dick asked.

Ruby could not even answer.

But in New York, Al was working for Dick as well as broadcasting. In Warners' New York office, Al was going over the publicity campaign for "Golddiggers," and if it had been his own picture he could not have taken more interest in it. But it was not only for Ruby that he wanted publicity. It was for Dick, too. He insisted that Dick should be given credit right along with Ruby, and wherever he was he told what a fine team those two made.

WHEN Al returned to Hollywood and Ruby's third picture was planned, Dick became ill. In the hospital he lay in bed not caring whether he played in a picture or not. He only hoped that he would live.

When the studio realized how long it would take the boy to recover, they cast another player, Stanley Smith, opposite Ruby.

When Al heard about it he went to the office of the biggest executive.

"You're crazy," he told them, "Dick is the only one for Ruby. He understands her. He knows what she needs. He's a fine showman. They're a real team."

But the executive explained that the release date of the new picture was already set and that it was costly to hold up production.

And then an amazing thing happened. Studio executives suddenly realized, after a week's work, that together the new team didn't click. The studio saw what Al had known all along—that Ruby needed Dick.

So they took Smith out and began testing other leading men for the role.

Here it was that Al leapt in, hammer and tongs. "You've got to wait now!" he said. "You've got to wait for Powell to get well. You put another lad in because you didn't want to hold up production, but production has already been held up. Don't make another mistake. Wait for Dick."

And at last the force of Jolson's personality won, and they said they would wait for Powell.

BUT curiously enough these three—Ruby, Dick and Al—whose lives are so tangled, see comparatively little of each other after working hours. Dick, because he takes Mary Brian and other members of the younger set around to parties and dances, and the Jolsons lead the quiet, simple life they always have.

The point is that when Al fights Dick's battles, when he insists that he have a part, when he carefully goes over publicity campaigns, he is really fighting for Ruby.

He is showman enough to know that Ruby Keeler, sensational as she is on the screen, lacks the quality of glamor. Lacking this, she must have something else to take its place. The buoyant, wholesome quality that Dick Powell has is just what Ruby's screen career needs.

Ruby and Dick are great friends on the set.

One day, Ruby showed Dick a new diamond and emerald bracelet that Al had given her.

"It's okay," said Dick. "It's a pretty little bauble. Too bad it isn't real. Al told me about slipping one over on you and putting paste stones in it."

"Why, Dick," Ruby answered, "you don't really think. . . ."

And then she looked up and saw them all laughing.

But sometimes Ruby does a little kidding herself.

Not long ago Dick was making personal appearances in the east. As master of ceremonies, he was playing at Jamaica, Long Island. In the front row was a girl who kept waving at him, but Dick thought she was just a little fan and was afraid to pay any attention to her, lest she break up his act. Just as his act was finished she called out, "Oh, sing something from your latest picture, Mr. Powell." And then he looked down and discovered Ruby Keeler.

Al encourages this kidding. He knows that when Ruby is kept laughing, she has no time for self-consciousness, and that is the bugaboo she has to fight constantly. Dick knows it, too. That's why they make such a grand team.

PARALYZED PORES
TRUE CAUSE OF
DRY OR OILY SKIN
ENLARGED PORES
AND BLACKHEADS
HER PORES SAY
I CAN'T BREATHE!
HELP! GIVE ME AIR!
I'M SUFFOCATING!

MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

Your Cleansing Methods Paralyze the Pores Because They Do Not Let the Skin Breathe

When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

FOURTH: This one cream keeps the skin so soft and smooth, powder clings perfectly. You do not need vanishing creams or powder bases.

Prove to Yourself What My Cream Will Do For Your Skin

Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

ACCEPT FREE OFFER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER MAIL NOW
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formoso Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ANGEL, HEATHER: Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Berkeley Square," "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Three Cornered Moon," "Golden Harvest." Working in "Captain Jericho." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Blind Adventure," "Above the Clouds," Columbia.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Flight," "Storm at Daybreak." Working in "Beautiful" and "Behold We Live," RKO.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Universal player. Featured in "The Sphinx," Monogram; "Secret of the Blue Room," "Solitaire Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "My Weakness."

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Reunion in Vienna," "Dinner at Eight," "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Cyrano de Bergerac," RKO and "Counsellor at Law," Universal.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Stranger's Return," M-G-M; "One Man's Journey," RKO; "The Late Christopher Bean" M-G-M. Next is "The Vinegar Tree," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Central Airport," "Heroes for Sale." Next is "Massacre."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," "Penthouse," M-G-M. Working in "As Husbands Go."

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Next is "Soviet."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Flying Devils," "Blind Adventure," RKO; "Ever in My Heart," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Our Betters," "Bed of Roses," RKO. Working in "The Woman Spy." Next is "Moulin Rouge."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox; "Little Women," RKO.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Song of the Eagle," "This Day and Age," Paramount. Working in "White Woman," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again," "Footlight Parade," "Havana Widows." Next is "Convention City."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage." Working in "Hoopla."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. RKO player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," "Emergency Call," "Flaming Gold."

BRADY, ALICE: Divorced. Born in New York City, November 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Show World," "Stage Mother." Next is "The Vinegar Tree."

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner," "Female." Working in "From Headquarters."

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount; "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Midnight Club," Paramount. Working in "Behold We Live."

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Elmer the Great," "How to Break Ninety." Working in "Son of the Gobs." Next is "The Crowned Head."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Central Airport," Warner Bros; "Hell's Highway," Universal; "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Penthouse," "The Hollywood Party." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. RKO player. Featured in "Bird of Prey," "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "Ann Vickers." Next is "Hide in the Dark."

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Picture Snatcher," "The Mayor of Hell," "Footlight Parade." Working in "The Finger Man."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain." Working in "Roman Scandals."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Exile Express," "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal. Working in "Four Frightened People," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man."

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Gray. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studiio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner," "Female." Next is "Mandalay."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. M-G-M star. Starred in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Next is "The Merry Widow."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Price. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Penthouse." Working in "The Finger Man," Warner Bros.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists; "Three Cornered Moon," "Torch Singer." Working in "Four Frightened People."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Jennie Gerhardt," "Torch Singer," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Jenny Gerhardt," Paramount; "Brief Moment." Working in "The World Changes," Warner Bros.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "Today We Live," M-G-M; "One Sunday Afternoon." Working in "Design for Living." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Show World," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Working in "One Cowboy," Paramount.

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Paramount star. Starred

Treat COLDS in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third! . . .

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretion stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
For Colds
1 GRAIN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
LBQ
THE FIRST Laxative Cold Tablet
PRICE 30 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis, Mo.
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WE DO OUR PART

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

in "Midnight Mary," M-G-M; "Bix Executive," "Torch Singer," "Tho House on 56th Street," Warner Bros. Working in "The Shakedown," Warner Bros.

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, Calif., February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "Tarzan the Fearless," Sol Lessor; "To the Last Man." Next is "Search for Beauty."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live," "Hollywood Party." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Always Tomorrow" and "Merry Widow."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "This Day and Age," Paramount; "Above the Clouds." Working in "Hoopla," Fox.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Just An Echo," "Too Much Harmony." Working in "Going Hollywood," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Married to Benn W. Levy. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," "Cocktail Hour," Columbia. Next is "Counsellor at Law," Universal.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg O' My Heart." Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "Operator 13."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ex-Lady," "The Working Man," "Bureau of Missing Persons." Working in "The Shakedown."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Little Women." Working in "Blood Money," 20th Cent. Next are "Rodney" and "Success Story."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Bird of Paradise." Working in "Flying Down to Rio."

DEVINE, ANDY: Unmarried. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "Disgraced," Paramount; "Doctor Bull," "A Chance at Heaven," Fox. Working in "Tin Pants."

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Song of Songs." Next is "Her Regiment of Lovers."

DIX, RICHARD: Separated from Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper," "No Marriage Ties," "Bird of Prey." Next is "Forever Faithful," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Colburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie," "Hollywood Party," "The Late Christopher Bean." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "The Girl in 419," Paramount; "From Arizona to Broadway." Working in "Take a Chance," Paramount.

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers." Working in "Behold We Live." Next is "My Gal Sal."

DURANTE, JIMMIE: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Show World," "A Hollywood Party," "What a Liar." Working in "Meet the Baron."

DVORAK, ANN: Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "College Coach."

EILERS, SALLY: Married to Harry Joe Brown. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Made On Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Walls of Gold."

ELLIS, PATRICIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," "Narrow Corner," "The World Changes." Next is "Broadway and Back."

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hold Your Man," "Stranger's Return," "What a Liar." Working in "Going Hollywood," M-G-M, and "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Show World," Beauty for Sale." Next is "Forever Faithful."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Morning Glory," RKO.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR: Separated from Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO. Working in "The Shakedown," Warner Bros.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Divorced. Born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros player. Featured in "Lady For a Day," Columbia; "Bureau of Missing Persons," "Havana Widows," "A Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "The Shakedown" and "Dark Hazard."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.; "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "The Lost Patrol," RKO and "East of 5th Avenue," Columbia.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Professional Sweetheart," "Rafter Romance," RKO. Working in "Walls of Gold."

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance.

(*Continued on page 113*)

This Little Twin used Tooth Paste "D." Stains remain, lustre dull, inflammation only slightly improved.

But this Little Twin used Pebeco. . . . Got whiter teeth, brilliant lustre, firmer and harder gums.

Twins, Muriel and Charlotte Denenfeld, age 18, residing at 615 West 164th Street, New York

Twins test six leading Tooth Pastes

PEBECO PROVES BEST

"Why not test Pebeco against the five other leading tooth pastes on twins?" we said.

"Fine!" said Dr. David B. Freundlich, leading dental authority of New York. "Twins provide the most impartial possible testing ground for tooth paste merit. Same environment. Same heredity. Hence their tooth and mouth structure is apt to be alike."

So that's what he did. Tested Pebeco and the five other leading nationally advertised tooth pastes on twins—for thirty days. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily. The other used tooth paste A, B, C, D or E, (well-known brands).

Read at the right what Pebeco did in comparison with the five other tooth pastes!

Pebeco was more than twice as effective because of its basic ingredient, Potassium Chlorate. This substance is an *active agent* in assisting nature to correct acid mouth, helping to check mouth acids which cause tooth decay. It stimulates the flow of saliva, nature's own process for *keeping* the teeth sound, gums and mouth vigorous and healthy.

You can prove it, too. Try Pebeco—10-cent or 50-cent size—in your *own* mouth. You will *feel* it working for the good of your mouth and gums. And just *see* what it does for your teeth! Buy a tube of Pebeco today!

On These Five Vital Points Pebeco Wins!

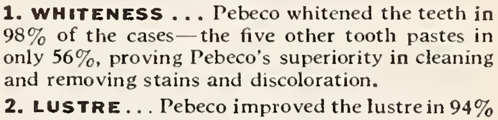
1. WHITENESS . . . Pebeco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%, proving Pebeco's superiority in cleaning and removing stains and discoloration.

2. LUSTRE . . . Pebeco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the others in only 40%. Pebeco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the enamel.

3. FILM . . . Pebeco removed mucin plaques (film) from teeth of 88% of the users—others from only 32%.

4. GUMS . . . Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.

5. ACID MOUTH . . . Pebeco alone—of all the well-known tooth pastes tested—actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why Twins and What They Proved

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other, tooth paste A, B, C, D or E—one of the five other leading brands. I examined each pair weekly. At the end of 30 days, I submitted my reports, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information on these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York.

(*Signed*) DAVID B. FREUNDLICH, D.D.S.

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SISTERS?

its her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hair dyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye, Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature colors hair. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist. Buy it at smart shops everywhere.

● ● Send for free copy of the Inecto Rapid Notox Beauty Analysis. We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 86, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., New York.

Inecto Rapid

NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

● RECOMMENDED. ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—How a domineering mother can almost wreck a marriage, a husband and a wife. The late Louise Closser Hale is the mother. Robert Montgomery is somewhat miscast as the husband. Helen Hayes is superb as the wife. **See it—youngsters under 16 won't care for it**

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's novel transferred to the screen. The action centers around a beauty parlor. Madge Evans, Alice Brady and Otto Kruger are the principals. They are good and so is the large supporting cast. **Good—not much in it for young children.**

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Connie Bennett stops being grand and plays a tough little alley-cat. And she's superb! However, Perk Kelton almost steals the show from her at that. **Don't miss it—but send the tots to a Western.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A highly imaginative kind of love story. Leslie Howard. who gives a beautifully sensitive performance, finds himself transferred to the 18th century. He falls in love with an 18th century lady—Heather Angel. **Excellent and different—but children under sixteen wouldn't understand it.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Hilarious beer comedy. Frank Morgan, Joe Cawthorne. Buddy Rogers. Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. **Take the kids along.**

BITTER SWEET (United Artists)—Weak romance. All about a wealthy and beautiful English girl who elopes with her music teacher. **Not a rave—and of no interest for children.**

THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS (Warners)—An unusual police story, dealing with one of the law's departments about which little is known. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell are in it. **Interesting and frequently exciting—a bit too advanced for very young children.**

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay in a gripping war story. Most of the action centers around life in a German prison camp. **Good—too heavy for young children.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—Murder mystery under the big top. **All right of its kind—not for children under 16.**

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of the familiar series of Charlie Murray and George Sidney. **Okay if you like Murray and Sidney—the kids will enjoy it.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Lots of laughs taking place on a college campus. Bing Crosby furnishes the crooning. Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle are in it too. **Good—children will like it, too.**

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE (Fox)—Love triangle in the Foreign Legion. Victor Jory, David Manners and Loretta Young. Rather slow and the story is a little too familiar, though the principals are good. **Only fair—nothing in it for children.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—A fashionable hostess plans a dinner party. And we see what happens to her guests, before the party and during it. Many stories woven into one—and superbly presented by a cast which has been enumerated so many times that you must know it by heart. Well, there are John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Billie Burke, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Madge Evans and at least six other famous names that we can think of off hand. **Excellent—but too advanced for young children.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Horse-racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. **Only fair—and dull for youngsters.**

● ● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—Ann Harding—a very nice, well brought up girl—decides that marriage is a woman's business and so why shouldn't a woman be as unsentimental about it as men are about their businesses? The only trouble is that she makes the mistake of falling in love with her "business associate," William Powell. **Sophisticated, adult entertainment—not for young children.**

DOCTOR BULL (Fox)—Will Rogers as an old-fashioned and much criticized doctor in a gossipy Connecticut gown. His outspoken manner and disregard of mean little conventions get him into trouble—but he wins out in the end. **A bit slow—children may enjoy parts of it.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Fredric March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard in a story of the brutality of war. **An excellent picture—not for very young folks.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball yarn. **Good—splendid for kids of all ages.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—An exposé of hospitals. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. **Worth seeing—youngsters under 16 better go another day.**

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)—Unusual. A floating platform, built in mid-ocean, is used as an airport. A mysterious menace hovers over the airport. An exciting and different picture. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. **You will probably enjoy it—not for young children.**

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Excitement and packs of trouble when a government agent joins up with a pack of thieves for certain reasons. Ken Maynard, Gloria Shea—and don't forget Tarzan, Ken's horse. **A good Western—fine for kids.**

● ● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners)—A still bigger and better musical. This has a better story than even "42nd Street" or "Gold Diggers." Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Cagney. And some stupendous dance numbers. **Excellent—take the whole family.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Jimmie Dunn in a poor crook story. **Children won't care for it, either.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Race track yarn wih Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie. David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **Entertainment that everyone will enjoy.**

● ● **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Swell music, swell dancing, swell cast. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. **Excellent—for everybody.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—The amusing stage play about the author, his secretary and the author's former—and now forgotten—sweetheart who is convinced that she is real "inspiration." **Very good—not very suitable for children.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—Earthquakes, fires, floods—and love. All in the life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. **Good of its kind. Children will like it.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A snappy little entertainer about a sugar daddy employing a bodyguard (Eddie Lowe) to keep his gal (Wynne Gibson) friend out of mischief. **Peppy and funny—take the kids.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—His dream of seas and ships becomes a regular nightmare when his wife sinks the family bank account in an old ferry. ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. **A laugh from start to finish for everybody.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—A post war depression story about a war veteran. **Dick Barthelmess' acting and Aline MacMahon are all that recommend this picture—not for children.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable loving and fighting their way through a story that suits them to a T. **Good—not for movie-goers under 16.**

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Story of a swell gal who falls for a breezy racketeer. He never does go straight but she loves him just the same. Nancy Carroll and Eddie Lowe. **Good—not for youngsters under 16.**

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of an idealistic business man who becomes a ruthless business baron through the influence of his opera singing mistress. The dynamic Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis as the mistress, and Genevieve Tobin as his mean-spirited wife are all good. **Excellent—not for children under 16.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter in a very smart and sophisticated little drama. **Very, very good but not for young folks under 16.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy sleuth. **A good western—send the youngsters.**

● ● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—What a jam Apple Annie (May Robson) gets herself into by deluding her daughter, far away in Spain, about their social standing. And when that daughter decides to come home, things happen. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee are also in it. **One swell picture—take the kids.**

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in a comedy that is very funny—and somehow very touching, too. **Good—older children will like it.**

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey, Vince Barnett and a family of mountain lions in an amusing fight over water rights. **Good Western for tots and grownups.**

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical picture based on the life of Anton Cermak, late mayor of Chicago. Deals with the earnest striving of his immigrant parents, the rise of the son and his assassination. Preston Foster is the son, Zita Johann his wife. **A very good picture if you are interested—not for children under 14.**

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Another love triangle, this time dealing with two struggling young doctors, Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. Near tragedy that finally ends in true love. **Fair—nothing in it for any of the youngsters.**

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Exciting political and love romance. Ronald Colman takes his dope-addict cousin's place in politics—and love. **Entertaining—not for children under 16.**

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—Yarn of a reform school that got reformed. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. **Good—kids will like the excitement.**

MIDNIGHT MARY (M-G-M)—Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez and Francbot Tone in a not quite believable gangster story. **Fair—not the type of picture for the young folks.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—A crook comedy, all about some London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson. Alan Mowbray, Alison Skipworth and George Raft. **Fairly amusing—not for children under 16.**

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—A grand little drama of backstage and private life of an odd little country girl. Katharine Hepburn does some vital and remarkable acting. Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan complete the cast. **Go see this one—no interest for children under 16.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—All about the advertising racket, with Richard Dix as the cagey ad man with plenty of gags and catchy smart lines. The gals are Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon. **Very good—not for young folks under 16.**

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Neil Hamilton love Fay Wray. Neil gets her—and Gary takes Frances Fuller as second choice. But his defeat rankles, for years and years. One Sunday afternoon, he has the chance to murder Neil—no one would ever suspect. He doesn't do it. Why? **A splendid drama—not for young children.**

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore in an excellent characterization of a doctor who sacrifices a brilliant surgical career to be a plain country doctor. But his skill surpasses even the specialists' in a crisis involving the life of Dorothy Jordan. Joel McCrea is his son. May Robson the faithful housekeeper. **Very good drama—young children will be bored, though.**

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as a romping young hoyden who saves her sister from the marriage her spendthrift old dad is arranging. Janet marries the wealthy man (Warner Baxter) herself. Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly complete the cast. **Good entertainment—take the young folks.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—All about a mother's remorse for separating her son from the girl he loves. Norman Foster, Marion Nixon and Henrietta Crosman. **A very weepy woman's picture.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—Story of hatred, cruelty and greed in the career of a railroad man. Unusual picture, beginning with the man's suicide and then telling the story of his life in flashbacks. Spencer Tracy with Colleen Moore opposite. **Excellent—no interest for tots.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—Yarn of crooks, detectives and love. William Powel does some excellent acting in an only fair picture. **Children will be bored.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Comedy of a bad little gal who has to be good. And then really wants to be good when the country hick swain comes along. **An entertainer—youngsters will think so, too.**

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—An obliging landlord rents the same room to a chap who works at night and a gal who works all day. George Sidney is the landlord and Norman Foster and Marian Nixon are the renters. **The whole family will go for this one.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M) — John Barrymore and Diana Wynward in a smart and sophisticated comedy of exiled royalty and love. **Superb—but send the youngsters to a Western.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston in a melodrama of love while traveling. **Kids will go for it.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—Yarn about a mysterious murder room in an old castle. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **You'll never guess the guilty person in this mystery drama—exciting for all but very young youngsters.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in a love story of old frontier days. **Splendid—okay for young folks.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—When they don't obey orders in the United States Army they get kicked out. Spencer Tracy got kicked out. He landed in China, war and love. **You might like it—children over 14 will enjoy the excitement.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—It's Mae West in a Mae West role of those warm old days in the nineties. **Everything you expect—send the kids to some other comedy, though.**

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO) — Emotional drama of a selfish, dominating mother, her two sons and the courageous young wife of one of them. Irene Dunne and Laura Hope Crewes are splendid. **Superb acting—children under 16 will not like it.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich with Brian Aherne in a very emotional love drama. **Good—not for youngsters under 18, though.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A so-so beer story. **Dick Arlen and the cast are all that recommend this picture—the kids will be bored.**

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney deaf and dumb philanthropist who spends his spare time murdering. **A good enough mystery—children under 16 won't be interested.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—A vigorous drama and love triangle with the World War as background. Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther. **Very good—young folks under 16 will not like it.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A Western with plenty of action and excitement. **Good—kids always go for these.**

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—A moving drama of high school kids and their interpretation of the courts and the laws. Charles Bickford, Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen are included in a splendid cast. **Excellent—for young and old.**

● ● **THREE CORNERED MOON** (Paramount)—When a scatter-brained mama loses the family fortune there is plenty of life and excitement for the whole raft of spoiled offspring. Claudette Colbert and Richard Arlen are the love interest. Tom Brown, William Bakewell, and Wallace Ford are the sonnies. **Uproarious—for the whole family.**

● **TOO MUCH HARMONY** (Paramount)—A peppy, zippy, wisecracking pix with plenty of tunes. Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks. **Good—kids will enjoy it.**

● ● **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** (M-G-M)—An absorbing story of a man who wishes he had his life to live over. His desire is suddenly granted. But he finds it is far from what he had planned and expected. Lee Tracy does some excellent acting. Peggy Shannon, Otto Krueger and Mae Clarke support him. **Very good—pretty dull for children under 16.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss in a splendid characterization of that 18th century cynic and wit. Reginald Owen, Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay are also in it. **Excellent—take the young folks.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery—with Frank Morgan and Alice Brady—in one of the most intelligently sophisticated triangle dramas you have ever seen. **Very, very good—children under 16 wouldn't understand it.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Jack Holt in a story of Paris night life and African jungle life. **Good—not for young children.**

Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative

THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them *harm* by giving them laxatives intended for adult use . . . laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children

No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is *not* thorough. *Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.*

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made *especially* for children . . . Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be *sure* that the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING — eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening. Columbia network — 8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years

It's Your Lead — and Everybody's Watching

All men are susceptible to smooth white hands with an alluring feminine texture. Your hands may be short or long, thin or broad, even masculine in shape—as long as they have a clear white complexion, comparable to that of your face.

Pacquin's Hand Cream has been specially prepared to do right by your hands. More than an ordinary vanishing cream, Pacquin's contains the beneficial properties which prevent dryness and chapping. It was originally created for doctors and nurses, to counteract the effect of so much soap and water. Today, smart women everywhere use it.

Pacquin's is not an oily cream. It leaves no sticky, greasy residue on your hands. The skin absorbs it quickly and completely.

don't try to hide your hands—use

Pacquin's

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Jean Harlow Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page 29*)

only one ulterior motive. Eloping was the one sure way of dodging interference with our plans. I don't mean paternal interference, either. My mother and step-father knew of our plans and helped us carry them through. But I mean the outside interference of friends and business associates telling us that we should be married here or there on a Tuesday or a Wednesday or a Friday.

"And there would have always been those who would have advised us that it would be detrimental to our careers to marry at all. It boils down to this; we eloped to save ourselves the pressure of other people's advice! Of course we knew there would be plenty said after the marriage, but what difference could it possibly make then? No, far from being a publicity move, it was for privacy. Even the publicity department of our studio did not know we were in Yuma until four hours after the marriage.

THE minute the news was out, the fireworks started. We arrived by plane from Yuma at nine in the morning and at eleven, twenty-two newspaper writers were here. I was not long in sensing that one of the questions they would very much have liked to ask was: 'Why has she twice married a man so much older than herself?' Paul, you know, was twenty-one years older than I. Hal is sixteen years my senior.

"My only answer to that is, with me, age is merely a state of mental attitude. There is nothing I admire in a man as much as a seasoned, experienced, outlook on life. A man who is sympathetic and kind and understanding is the only type of man I could love. These qualities are not often to be found in younger men, because they are acquired only through the process of living Life! I have always wanted to find in marriage, security and safety and peace of mind as well as love. Hal can give me all these things to a greater extent than any younger man could, unless he was one of those rare exceptions. And I did not meet an 'exception' I could love."

I said, "Jean, a great many people think there is a strong physical resemblance between Hal Rosson and Paul Bern. Many of the newspaper stories commented on the similarity."

"Really?" said Jean. "I do not see this marked resemblance at all. Perhaps it is because I see and know people more clearly as personalities than as faces and hands and expressions and clothes.

"One of the most amusing of the things I have heard is that I married Hal out of gratitude because he is a wonderful cameraman who makes me look my best on the screen. We roared when we heard of it. This should be too silly for even Hollywood to believe. If I had had merely gratitude in my heart, it would have been very difficult to choose between Hal, two or three of the directors who have made my 'best' pictures, a group of writers who have done excellent scripts and any number of leading men who have certainly aided my career by giving such swell support in the love scenes. But, believe it or not, a magazine writer actually phoned the other day to ask if I would give a story titled: *I Always Marry for Gratitude!* Believe me when I saw that this is the only gossip angle I have heard that really angered me."

Jean ran a hand impatiently through a platinum wave—as I gathered courage to repeat a question asked me *via* mail by a little fan in Chicago. For sometime this young lady has been corresponding with me on the subject of Jean Harlow. Three days after Jean's marriage she wrote me special delivery:

"Can you imagine it? I had always thought that if Jean married again the lucky man would probably be a millionaire, some dashing young blade just out of Princeton with family tree a mile long and so much money he wouldn't know what to do with it—except spend it on the one and only Harlow! Does Hal Rosson make a lot of money? I never thought that cameramen were rich."

When I repeated the gist of this communication to Jean, she merely laughed again and said:

"Yes, I've heard all that, too, and from sources nearer than Chicago. That picture about the rich young collegian is grand and romantic and I'm sure it would be very nice for anyone except me. Such a marriage would bore me to death. As for Hal's financial standing; well, all I can say is that if the day should come when everybody grew very tired of 'the platinum blonde' and decided not to go to see any more of her movies, I'm very sure I wouldn't miss any of the bread and butter or even the latest Paris models as Mrs. Hal Rosson."

NATURALLY, Jean did not go into the tactless subject of her husband's salary. But it is common knowledge that, as one of M-G-M's ace cameramen, Hal Rosson draws a weekly stipend of so close to one thousand dollars that the difference wouldn't matter one way or the other. And this may surprise you; before Jean got her new contract with an increase in salary, Hal Rosson made more money every seven days than the star he photographed. And now let us hear no more about such matters from "Little Chicago," or elsewhere.

"The latest question that seems to be intriguing Hollywood," continued the girl who knows her fame as few stars do, "is the important subject of where we are going to live. They appear to be wondering if I am going to cast my mother and Bello out in the cold, cold world and remain in this house we have just completed. Or, if I am moving out to Hal's lovely home in Brentwood. Or, if we are going to all live together, or what!

"That's one I can't answer now, as our plans are very indefinite. But until we do make up our minds, we are temporarily installed in an apartment, and I love it. I think it will eventually simmer itself down to this: We will have three homes and live where we please when we please.

"I wonder," she mused wistfully, "if anyone has sought the answer to our elopement in the simple little idea that I *love* Hal and that I want the security and happiness of a normal married life? To me, this is more important than anything else Hollywood can give. I truly and deeply love the man I have married—there aren't any other reasons."

Forecasting Your Favorites

(*Continued from page 61*)

guiding genius of M-G-M studios.

For, as a matter of fact, even though David Selznick is a newcomer to authority at M-G-M, he is a pioneer in the making of motion pictures. Thirty-one years of age, he represents, along with Junior Laemmle, the second generation of production chiefs in the movies. At the time of David Selznick's birth, his father, the late Lewis J. Selznick, had already established his "Quality Mark" on the then-flickering films.

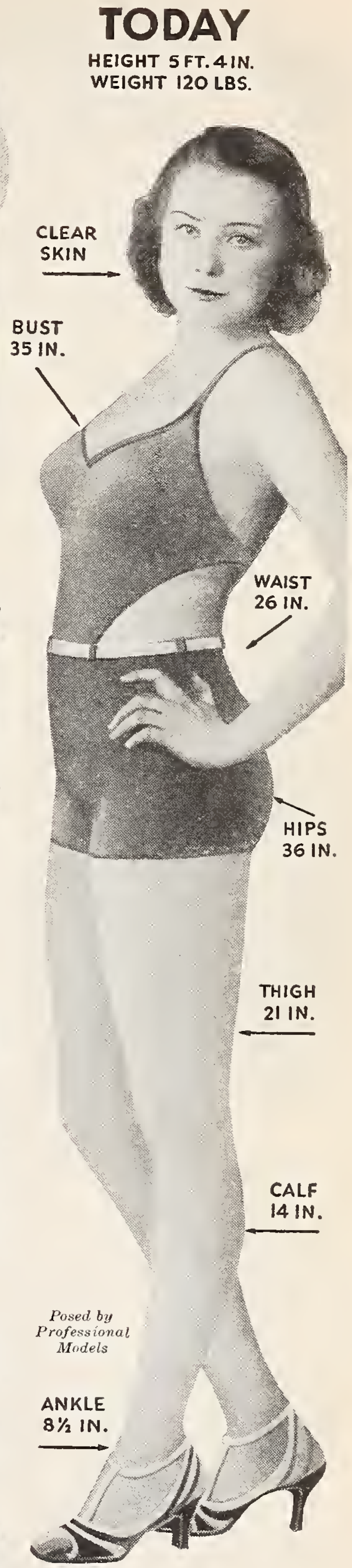
While still attending classes at Columbia University, David Selznick turned his attention to his father's productions and stepped almost immediately into the advertising and publicity departments of Selznick and Select Pictures. To still further acquaint himself with the complete workings of the industry, he later stepped into the position of theater manager, just to get "the other fellow's reaction." Returning to the production end, he served as scenario editor, cutter and was finally appointed as assistant to his brother, Myron Selznick, in the production of such pictures as "The Common Law" and "Rupert of Hentzau."

FROM this point, Selznick's career continued in Front Office Authority. As assistant to B. P. Schulberg at Paramount, he supervised such successes as "Street of Chance" and "Fast Company." Later, he resigned this post to become the executive vice-president in charge of production at RKO-Pathé. Here, he merged these two producing companies into one huge studio and produced such hits as "The Lost Squadron," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Animal Kingdom."

These last two pictures were sensationally successful, and particularly gratifying to Selznick, who had tried for years to get other producing companies to film these plays. He always met with the same answer: "Too highbrow. We have to *play down* to our audience."

"That theory has always irritated me tremendously," said Mr. Selznick, who

6 WEEKS AGO
Y-E-A SKINNY


TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
Posed by Professional Models
ANKLE 8½ IN.

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds —so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 312, Atlanta, Ga.

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WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
IT WON'T COST YOU ONE PENNY!

"TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

- So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

- The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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is a dark, unexcitable gentleman who carries that air of doing things quickly and well. "The day has long since passed when the motion pictures have to play down to any audience. In fact, the average audience now attending the picture theatre is anxious for something better. This was brought home to me in even more glowing form than I had ever dared hope for in the success of 'Bill of Divorcement,' which is a play that I've tried to have produced for ten years without success. To prove that it is what the audiences really want, Katharine Hepburn was made a star by the 'Bill of Divorcement'—her first picture. I call this proof because stars are not made through pictures that fail to have wide audience appeal."

You will notice that the list of successful motion pictures with which Mr. Selznick has been identified includes a majority of stage plays, even high-brow plays. He thoroughly believes that the story is the thing, whether it be in the form of a play, a novel or an original for pictures. To see how closely the studio agrees with his judgment, you have but to look at the contract list of M-G-M which includes twenty contracted stars, forty directors and seventy-five writers. In other words, it considers the story so important that it has hired almost four times as many writers as it has stars.

But a great number of people have been of the opinion that M-G-M, in particular, clung to the belief that the star is the important factor. I asked Mr. Selznick how it was possible to reconcile these two production theories.

BY getting, first, a good vehicle," he replied promptly, "and then casting that story, from the largest to the smallest role, with fine actors—stars if necessary."

"The main reason for our being able to finish 'Dinner At Eight' two weeks before schedule is that every role in the picture was filled by an excellent actor. There were no long delays, no tedious rehearsals by way of getting an inexperienced player up in his lines. When John or Lionel Barrymore stepped before the camera with Billie Burke or Lee Tracy; when Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow were sharing a scene, it went along with clock-like precision because these fine actors know their business as well as their art.

"As for stars not being able to work successfully together, that is sheer gossip. John Barrymore once explained it when he said: 'Doing a scene with an inexperienced player is far more difficult than doing the same scene with a potential scene stealer.' In other words, John Barrymore's scenes with Lee Tracy are much greater scenes for John Barrymore than they would be if he were forced to play opposite a novice.

"But 'Night Flight' is an even greater experiment with an all star cast because the acting roles, while intense and dramatic, are forced to take second place to the thrilling drama of airships in South America. Robert Montgomery, for instance, has approximately two or three scenes before the camera. Clark Gable is never seen except in the cockpit of his plane. Myrna Loy appears in but one sequence. Yet, I claim that 'Night Flight' would never have been the screen entertainment that it is had it been played by lesser actors.

"By this I do not mean that big names will hereafter be played in all star casts merely because those big names will have drawing power at the box-office. That is not the idea at all. For instance, it would have been possible to have cast Clark Gable as the Doctor in 'Dinner at Eight.' His personality would have fit the role perfectly. But on second thought we decided that the role would do nothing particularly effective for Clark. He had nothing to gain by playing it. So, in spite of the fact that *we* might have gained by his name, we re-cast his part.

"On the other hand, Robert Montgomery has very little footage in 'Night Flight," and yet I think the audience will carry a very definite impression of Montgomery away with them. Thus, if there be such a thing as a 'definite policy' with regard to our all star casts, it might be worded: 'Star personalities in roles which only they can play.'"

AS for our further policies, I doubt if the fans will find any deviation from our set rules, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford. We have in mind the re-establishing of Joan in the type of parts that she made famous (and that, in turn, made her famous). I mean in pictures such as 'Our Modern Maidens' and 'Our Dancing Daughters.' In her present picture, 'Dancing Lady,' Joan will return to her fans of old. We hope that they will be glad to have her back.

"We may make a change in the type of roles handled by Jean Harlow, at least temporarily, in that she will play a less sensational and unsympathetic part in her next picture. We have also concluded that Jean will always have a maximum of comedy in each of her pictures, such as she had in 'Red Dust,' a type of comedy that does not distract from the drama in the least.

"But as far as such stars as Lee Tracy, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Helen Hayes, the Barrymores and Clark Gable, we are sure that if we should attempt to change their *own* characterizations we should soon be deluged with a flood of protests from their fans. Of course, it is almost needless to say that Garbo will continue to give her public that same incomparable woman-of-mystery that has endeared her to millions.

"I am not at all sure that we shall be able to supply the great demand for pictures starring Marie Dressler, since her health only allows her to work four hours a day, but we shall try to make her pictures, while fewer in number, of greater quality, if such a thing is possible. Marie will be teamed with Jean Harlow in 'Living in a Big Way' for her next, and I am sure this new 'team' will be a great success and provide a lot of entertainment to the audiences throughout the country.

"At the present moment, two rather

important things are holding the fore here at M-G-M. One, the teaming of Greta Garbo with John Gilbert. This was the combined results of Miss Garbo's insistence and the demand by theatre-owners of the country. I think it will make for a greater success than these two artists ever enjoyed in the past. Two, Clark Gable's illness continues to hold up production on 'Dancing Lady.' We are bound to have Clark in this picture, however, and have decided to await his recuperation before going ahead with this picture in which he will co-star with Joan Crawford. We are quite sure that, as far as M-G-M is concerned, this year (1933-34) is going to bring you even greater pictures than ever before."

Be Chic—and Save!

(Continued from page 71)

she had grown to love the animal. It had done so much for her looks and her presence. The back was a bit fuzzy where it had been sat upon too often and long. The cuffs and front edges were mangey looking, but on the whole she had to admit the fur was in good shape. It was nothing to be handed thoughtlessly to the rummage sale, especially when no further savings were forthcoming for a new one. Well, this clever one carried her possession to a little furrier who cut off the coat to an ample hip length—just enough to lose the crushed place in the rear. He bound the worn edges with an inch wide binding of gray leather, added a gray leather belt, and here was, to all intents and purposes, a new coat with another three years of life ahead of it. Divide the original expenditure of one hundred dollars—plus twenty-five for alteration—by six and was this an economical young lady or was she not?

That is the way to wangle and plan when fur is the subject of the day. And in no other way can you beat the game.

Don't do as another young person did—spend sixty-seven fifty on a poor imitation sealskin, which petered out pathetically after one year's wear. The coat looked all right, shiny and slick, hanging on the rack when she bought it, but the fact of the matter was that the skins, thin and irregular enough to begin, had been stretched beyond their slender capacity and could not stand the gaff of even one hard winter's wear. That's why I say, "Go to an honorable dealer, when you are buying furs."

If you have from one hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars to spend on a coat, select it from these furs: natural muskrat, Hudson seal, which is dyed muskrat, pony skin or natural colored kidskin. The latter fur, when dyed, fades easily and becomes battered looking.

If you can spend as much as two hundred or two hundred and fifty, go in for caracul, or buy a better quality of Hudson seal. You can find some leopard skin coats for this price, or a

The Smartest Women Use
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

FAOEN
FAOEN Powder
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— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

A wave of common-sense buying is sweeping the country! In beauty-aids, for example, thousands and thousands of America's smartest women are turning to Faoen. They have learned this startling fact, revealed by the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:—"every Faoen Beauty Aid tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1 or more." Yet Faoen Lip Stick, Rouge or Face Powder do not cost $1 or more—they cost but 10¢ each. That is why it's sensible . . . it's smart . . . to use Faoen!

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

10¢ each at
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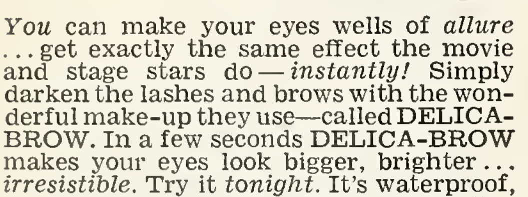
HOW JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"

MARY, THE BOYS SAY YOUR EYES ARE IRRESISTIBLE—HOW DO YOU DO IT?
—IT'S A TRICK STUDIO MAKE UP EXPERTS USE—CALLED DELICA-BROW I'LL FIX YOURS NOW...

JOAN THAT EVENING
HOW MYSTERIOUSLY BIG AND STARRY YOUR EYES ARE TONIGHT—THEY PUT A SPELL ON ME!
THOUGHT
YES—SPELLED D-E-L-I-C-A B-R-O-W

Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

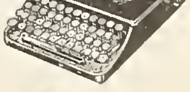
You can make your eyes wells of *allure* ... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter ... *irresistible*. Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, *DELICA-BROW*. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



10¢ A DAY BUYS A NEW REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Special 10-Day Free Trial Offer

Think of it! You can buy a *new* standard Remington Portable Typewriter for but 10c a day. Standard keyboard. Small and capital letters. Beautiful finish. Carrying case included *free*. Big help in school work. Write today. Say: Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter on your special 10-day free trial offer for but 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 802 Buffalo, N. Y.



nutria—sometimes even a squirrel.

Up to three, four and five hundred dollars, there are beaver, caracul, Persian lamb and Alaska seal, which is very smart this year and lasts forever.

A fur coat in the lower price ranges is always what is called "a better buy" when it is not trimmed with a contrasting fur—that is, when the collar and cuffs are made from the same fur as the coat. Fur trimming, unless it is quite handsome, ruins the style of the coat, and a handsome fur trimming runs up the price astoundingly.

No wool in the world can keep you so warm as fur, for the hide of the animal is air proof and cool breezes cannot get through. So, if you must have warmth and cannot go as high as a hundred dollars, then consider the fur lined coats. They can be most awfully good looking when smart tweeds are used for the outside portion. Again, don't have fur collars. Simple scarfs or collars of the tweed are better style. And these coats—very good looking ones—can be had for as low as twenty-five dollars. (On Toby Wing's coat on page 71, there is fur, to be sure. But it is a much too expensive fur for the girl who cannot spend much more than that $25.)

A fur which looks like seal is dyed rabbit. This is a fairly good wearing fur, and sometimes a coat of this sort can be found for as low as fifty dollars. I have seen awfully good looking ones, which could hardly be detected from the real thing. But here again, fur judgment is needed. Watch your step, when buying in this class. It is bad economy to buy too cheap, unless you are sure that the fur will have some lasting qualities.

Write to me, if you wish, asking information about your particular fur problem. Remember that you, too, can look gorgeous in furs, if you only take care to spend your money wisely.

If He Had It To Do Again—

(*Continued from page 34*)

over. But scarcely had he moaned his moan into my sympathetic ear when—everything was patched up, the engagement was announced, the two were married and about to live happily ever after.

Richard Dix had married his Home Girl.

Now, the first little indication of misunderstanding came almost immediately after the wedding. They had flown down to Yuma to be married, with a whole airplane load of miscellaneous and assorted relatives. They had eluded reporters and photographers at the brief ceremony and they eluded them again, by accident, when they returned to Palm Springs, whence the newlyweds would proceed to Richard's ranch for a short honeymoon.

The plane had to make a forced landing, by night. A dangerous landing and an inconvenient one. But the unexpected circumstance resulted in their missing the reception committee of newspaper people who had assembled at the Springs.

The new Mrs. Dix considered that a small triumph, a happy accident which added to the felicity and privacy of the honeymoon. When they returned, after a few weeks, to Hollywood, the papers were still clamoring for pictures. Of course! Richard explained to her that they must go to the studio to be photographed together and separately, to satisfy those demands. She was bewildered.

Patiently Richard explained to her that his life was not his own at all. He lived by belonging to the public, and the public was reached and satisfied through the press. He had obligations not only to the people who paid to see him on the screen, but also to the studio which employed him and to the papers which helped to build his reputation.

She did not understand. Her previous experience, all her standards, had included no such invasions of her privacy. But she acquiesced amiably because he asked her to. She was extremely gracious about it.

Then Richard went to work on a picture.

"It would be grand," Richard commented, reminiscing about those first days of readjustment, "to be the sort of man who goes to work at eight or nine or ten, depending upon his power and importance. A man who eats a leisurely lunch, attends to the matters of the afternoon, stops at his club for a highball and then drifts home to dress for a punctual seven-thirty dinner during which he may consider, with his family, the plans for the evening. Personally, I should *love* a life like that! But the exigencies of picture acting do not permit any such procedure.

WHEN I am working, I arise at five or six, depending whether I have location shots or studio shots that day. I have a glass of fruit juice or a cup of black coffee. I come to the studio, have a work-out and a rub-down. Then I put on make-up which may take anywhere from half an hour to an hour and a half, depending upon whether I have to get any special effects. The one I have on now was a lengthy one to apply. I am supposed to be ill, but not as ill as I was in the shots we made yesterday. I have to consider exactly what my condition is supposed to be at this point of the story—how many close-ups there are—a dozen things which go with the job of acting.

"I work all day. I go to the projection room and look at the rushes. I confer with the director and the supervisor. Perhaps something has gone wrong and there are things to be ironed out. Plans for the next day's shooting to be made.

"At last I go home. This may happen at any time between seven and midnight. Sometimes, of course, I work all night. When I do reach home, I am exhausted. I want a mild highball, some dinner, a book and a pipe for a little while—and bed. You see, schedules have been tightened so in the past year or two. We are allowed much less time on pictures than we used to have.

SOMETIMES when I am between pictures, I have a few weeks to relax and enjoy myself. But it hasn't happened like that very often in the past year or two.

"You see, it isn't much fun, waiting for that sort of husband, for a young woman, full of life and interest in things and a desire for social contacts, and so on! I simply could not give Winifred what she was entitled to have of my time and attention. You can't blame her for developing a certain amount of discontent."

All through this recital, Rich was concerned with seeing to it that Winifred was not blamed in any way for anything that had happened. Nor did he reproach himself. He had done his best. Circumstances had simply been too much for them.

A year or so ago there were rumors of a rift in the Dix family, rumors of an impending separation and divorce. But Mary Ellen Dix was on her way. The Dixes were reunited and Richard bought a new home. For the baby's sake, they would try once more to readjust themselves to one another.

More and more, as it became apparent to Winifred that her husband's inexplicable profession made him different from other husbands, she depended upon her own family for amusement, companionship, sympathy.

"I am fond of my family, too," Richard told me, ruefully. "I like to have dinner with them once a week, to be in touch with them every day. But I did not, after I had my own home, want my family with me every single minute!"

RICH said, "If you are going to have this sort of career, then you must make up your mind to these things. You must learn to fulfill your obligations and try not to emphasize them."

But the person who shares your life has none of the compensations, and shares most of the penalties. If you are not the sort of person to whom applause and limelight are meat and drink, then you suffer. Do you begin to understand the handicaps which this young couple had to face?

Yet, Richard would not have missed this experience for anything in the world.

"Marriage," he said, "taught me things. It enlightened me. I hope it mellowed me. Any bachelor who reaches the age of thirty-five and does not try it, if he can find someone to try it with him, is a plain fool. He simply does not understand what he is missing.

"Now, if you have lived alone, had your own man-servant, had your house run for your specific convenience, you are going to run into snarls when you

"LURELESS LETTY"
Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!

1
I'M SO DISCOURAGED—I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS — LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE
HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!
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WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY $2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!
EVER HEAR OF JO-CUR? YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF MARVELOUSLY WITH JO-CUR — AND IT COSTS ABOUT A NICKEL! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW . . .
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IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT—THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMBING THE HAIR!
WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!
4 AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER
LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE . . . LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!
ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?
THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave
in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary *ever* to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens *you* can have the *same* wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get *5* perfect waves—each of which might cost you $2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a *full week. And fingerwaving your hair with* JO-CUR *is about as quick and easy as combing it!*

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. JO-CUR is made with a *quince-seed* base —*not* cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will *not* leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer . . . Double your "appeal"! Express *your* VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out *YOUR loveliness* as never before—TONIGHT!

Get your bottle of JO-CUR at any drug or department store, or, in the trial size, at the 10c store.

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PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
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WAVESET
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CAROLE LOMBARD, GLAMOROUS PARAMOUNT PICTURES PLAYER

ENTICING EYES win Love!

● Eyes hold mystery and glamor *only* when they are set off by rich, dark, long-looking lashes. Such lashes are enticing to men.

Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, skimpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness.

Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffens into coarse, ugly beads. Always looks completely *natural*.

Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, tear-proof.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is not greasy.

WINX

GEORGE:

Come home

I didn't mean the things I said. I'm sorry. My nerves were on edge. It must have been my old feet that made me say what I did. I'm a different person now—No more corns for me. I discovered *Blue-Jay. Forgive me George—come back.

*Blue-Jay—the scientific Corn Remover by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Pain stops instantly—Corn gone in 3 days.

Write Bauer & Black, Department MS12, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

try to live with someone else. It's good for you. I was a selfish so-and-so and I know it. If you are single and you have asked a girl to go with you to the theatre and it happens that you are held up at the studio, you may call her and say, 'Look! I am tied up. Do you mind terribly if we go on Saturday instead of tonight?' The chances are that she doesn't mind in the least. If she does, you can send her flowers or something. She won't hold it against you, really, for long. She will say, 'Oh, it's just an actor,' and let it go at that.

"That is one of the reasons that I would not have missed this experience for anything. It is one of the reasons why I shall try it again, if this marriage ends in a divorce."

I ASKED Richard if there was anything at all about this marriage thing that he regretted. Did he wish he had not married until later? Did he think it would have been better if he had married a girl who was in the profession? Could anything have contributed to a more successful culmination?

His answer was "No!" to all my questions.

"I always said that I should wait to marry until I knew exactly what I wanted, and I did. I was as sure of myself and my choice as I could be."

I recalled that there had been another time in Richard's past, when he wanted terribly to marry. He tried to safeguard happiness ahead of time by establishing mutual interests and understanding. It had not worked, and he was pretty lacerated then. That was a long time ago. This time, he was so *sure*.

"Please believe me when I tell you," he urged me. "There is no other woman—there is no other man—involved in this break. There has not even been a real break, in the sense of dramatic scenes, accusations, resentments, wounded feelings. We have talked it over in as sensible and adult fashion as we could, and have concluded that Winifred will be happier, for the time being at least, at home with that family to which she is so devoted. Things will be easier and less trying for me if I am allowed to conduct my life to fit my work.

"We are still friends. I call her each evening when I come home from the studio. On Sunday I shall go to take Winifred and our baby for a drive. I want to do these things.

"We were such grand friends before we tried to be married to one another. It would be really a great loss to me if we could not be grand friends and enjoy each other from now on. And we have Mary Ellen.

"I don't regret one moment of this. It has done tremendous things for me. Even a brief experience of perfect companionship is a precious thing to have had in one's life.

"If I had it all to do over, I should do it in exactly this fashion!"

Kay Francis' Style Secrets

(*Continued from page 28*)

season like this. With a black velvet skirt, for instance, styled in the new tubular way and having fullness at the bottom, you can change from a lime green satin afternoon blouse to an écru lace one for formal dining. And that lace blouse might be trimmed with rhinestone buttons and have a cape that swings over the shoulders. Then if you're going on to a dance, slip a matching black velvet top on—one with plenty of back interest and cut out a bit under the arms. Tuck it *under* your skirt and hide the joining with a wide girdle of tiny mirrors.

"Your coat? A double-breasted Prince Albert, by all means, with a severe high neck. And of the black velvet of course. If you own a fox skin, wear it—only drape it in *back* instead of front because even fur is doing a reverse on us this winter!"

Those agate green eyes of Kay's were agleam now as ideas came to her. It occurred to me suddenly that dress luxuries in themselves mean nothing to her. She has done without them once; she could do without them again—and still be superbly smart. I've seen her in slacks on her boat looking as coolly groomed as she does in an Orry-Kelly creation.

Did you ever consider her height? *Did you know that she is just about the tallest woman star in pictures?* Five feet, seven and a quarter inches. It came as a shock to me. I'd never thought of Kay as being tall. Very few people do. She gave the answer to that herself. "Possibly it's because I never do, either. It is silly to be conscious of your height. To try to make yourself look shorter by slouching. That simply makes the clothes hang badly and you're really conspicuous then. Tall girls should dare to be pictorial; that is their special forte. And what a winter it is for them—sartorially speaking! Or rather for *us* I should say. Long-haired furs being worn with a stand-up gesture that 'cuts' the figure beautifully; capes, broad collars—and even berthas; interesting belts—how I love 'em! And *tunics*. I suppose that's the reason I always have suits with three-quarter length coats, just to give that tunic effect. It's so good on a person with inches to spare."

WHICH brings us right to the topic of Kay's newest suit. (See page 30.) The kind of suit which takes full responsibility for any numer of things. Shopping, lunching, office-ing. It's a navy blue mixture of wool and silk, proof against wear and weather. Notice the wide wale in the material. And don't be fooled by that white waffle crêpe collar and plaited cravat. They're not part of the blouse. They are sewn right on the jacket, if you please, and clasped by a pearl and lapis brooch—the feminine touch supreme. The long fitted coat is fastened with bone buttons, cylindrical in shape, and has padded, squared shoulders but long tight sleeves edged with the white crêpe. Kay's accessories to it include black kid pumps and a purse piped with white. Again the white motif in the gloves.

"Have a *theme* to every costume," is the Francis prescription. This "theme" consists of peaks—those on the shoulders and the one on that hat. It's probably the most waggish hat in existence. Same fabric as the suit. And a bewitchingly mad design.

As a matter of fact, all Kay's hats are mad. They're little "nifties" such as you'd expect a short, cute person to wear. That is where she has the courage to be different—with very delightful results. Tall women, as a rule, speak of large picture hats in endearing terms. Presumably they make you look shorter. Kay detests them. You can't inveigle her into wearing one unless a screen production definitely demands it.

"We have to be dignified often enough," she declares. "Give me tiny, crazy hats for lively moments."

ANOTHER tradition of tall girls she rebels at—low heels. Kay's are *high*. Incidentally, she has the smallest foot—takes a size four. And she says the trick is to select vamps that make your feet *look* small. There's a good sample of such a vamp on page 30 where you see her new pair of brown kid and suede oxfords demonstrating that very thing.

"Gentlemen," mused Kay, "prefer variety. They love it. Try giving your husband a steady diet of seeing you in one type of dress and he's apt to grow pretty restless! I wonder if my little friend in Middletown, for example, has a romantic robe for those evenings *à deux*.

"Now by 'romantic robe,' I don't mean an expensive, luxurious garment. I mean something clingy and very long and traily. Something definitely picturesque. Something easy to slip into when you leave the kitchen to its own devices.

And how better can you go picturesque than in *black* velvet—made similar to that devastating dinner gown of Kay's on page 29? Mystery? Allure? My dears, a husband would have to have a heart of stone to walk out on a wife in a dress like this!

The highlights, of course, are those "cut-outs" on the shoulders and in front. The long tight sleeves with the slightly pointed cuffs. Not a jewel. Just a thread of gold stitching picking out the line of the neck and the cuffs.

There should, naturally, be variety in head-dress too. Kay has two pet methods of arranging her hair. One she calls "for sophisticated and business hours." She wears her long bob straight back with only a suggestion of a wave in front but curled up tightly in back. It has a neat, "finished" look under hats.

Then with formal attire, she has her hair parted in the middle, brought back and waved diagonally with rolled curls

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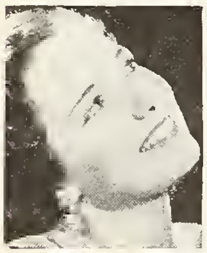

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at the nape of the neck. This is the way Kay dresses her hair in the majority of her screen roles.

Every successful structure starts with a good foundation. Why shouldn't a woman? Kay's choice is that new all-in-one garment that smooths you out in the—er—right places and permits you to curve in accordance with the latest mode.

Even ultra-slim people like Kay need a good foundation garment for this year's styles. So much emphasis, you see, is put on the *backs* of dresses. Everything is smoothed out skin-tight in front so that the slightest bulge is as obvious as can be. And when you buy a foundation garment, do buy a good one. It will pay in the long run.

Observe how perfectly her moulded evening gowns fit over it. That white crepe roma on page 29 which she chose from one of her productions for her personal wardrobe. Doesn't it seem to indicate glorious times ahead? Irridescent white bugle beads embroider the bodice; they're worked over a flesh colored soufflé yoke that gives a startlingly bare effect.

And when the lady wishes to don a wrap—black velvet, it is, the last word in evening coats. Toe length, long snug sleeves, fitted, high neckline. And let me tell you about that ermine and fox cape swinging over it—which could easily be copied in white lapin. It isn't attached to the coat at all! What's more, Kay is wearing it upside down! When she wants it to go with the black velvet, it is joined simply by two large pleats in back. At other times, those pleats are let out, the cape turned around and she has another wrap.

THE perfect complement to a shiny black crepe dress, for instance. (The dress is shown on page 73—our regular pattern page—and a pattern of it has been made for you.) It's the heavy blistered kind of crepe that's so highly important at present. And the things it does for the figure—oh, my dear! Kay considers it as enticing as satin and she lets it "speak for itself." No elaboration of any sort other than those buckles of brilliants which clasp the shoulders—novel new manner of doing it—and hold the belt in place. A small, rounded waist, slinky lines that are eminently suitable to such slithery material—and you have a dress that Hollywood calls "divine." The one spot of color is the flash of rubies in Kay's bracelets.

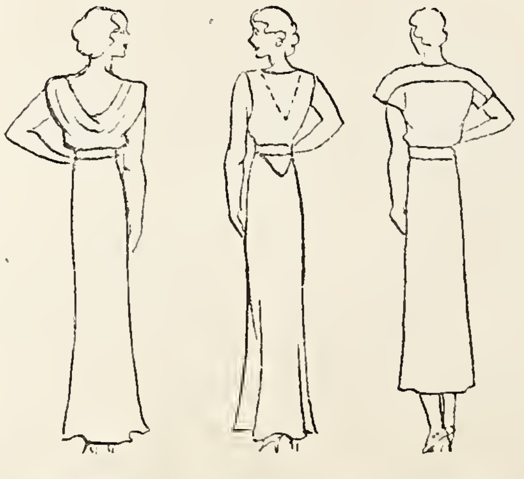
The Persian lamb coat she occasionally wears with it gives evidence of the latest trend fur coats are taking—a tubular effect, close-fitting sleeves and with the neck line accented. (See page 29.)

Of course, for sheer unadulterated drama there isn't anything in the world quite like flesh-tinted satin and black velvet. Especially if you want your drama colored with memorable moon-lit moments! Look what that combination does for Kay—on page 28. The satin is strictly on the bias so that she has that delicious poured-into-a-mould appearance. A train—"mais oui!" And that startling décolletage made even more effective by the black velvet straps which end in a glorious bow. The bodice in front has an accidentally draped look that to me is most intriguing. And a single soft rose on a tailored loop of black velvet—romantic days are here again. Cheerio! The flesh-pink and black velvet combination can be worked out in a number of ways to suit almost every type except the terribly athletic girl.

But don't think Kay's wardrobe is entirely the "glory" kind. There are plenty of "substantial" clothes to give it balance that are every bit as interesting. By way of contrast her house things are severely plain. Not a flimsy negligée anywhere. She has one very similiar to a man's. Dull-finished black satin with green trimmings and a trick "K" embroidered on the pocket. Her pajamas, too, have a masculine cut. There's a dark blue corduroy pair with red pipings, and some of heavy black crepe, creased, with a short jacket and a white vest.

Kay gets a complete change from very feminine things that way. There must be variety, you remember! Some of her chic street togs have vests also. Like a four-piece suit of beige and blue checked woolen that sports a blue velvet waistcoat.

Now—do you think you can utilize the lessons Kay has taught you to make life a happier and more romantic affair? Of course you can! Even if your funds are so limited that the $25-a-week salary Kay used to live on—and dress well on, too—looks like untold wealth to you . . . Even *if*, I say, do not be discouraged.



The back views of the patterns shown on page 73. Kay Francis' lovely evening gown (3034) is so simple to make that you really must try it. 3031—shown here without the cape—is very youthful. 2995—you can make it with short sleeves—works out well in two materials.

I've Dressed Them All

(Continued from page 77)

frames to give them character.

The last time she was in was the day that the newspapers published an interview with a visiting Italian Countess who said that Mussolini's favorite actress was Zasu Pitts. We asked her if she had read the article. She was like a child receiving a compliment upon her first piano recital. The nervous, bird-like hands fluttered in front of her. Nothing in the world had ever pleased her quite so much.

Here is a name which thrills me. It is that of Ethel Barrymore.

The first time she came into the shop she was playing at one of the theatres in Los Angeles. It was an off-season and few people were there. Miss Barrymore came alone, took a seat in a corner and asked to be shown some dinner gowns.

We were all delighted to have her there and turned handsprings to please her, which really wasn't necessary for she is extremely easy to get on with.

Several days later she returned. As she walked through the showroom on her way back for fittings, she passed a famous star trying on hats.

"Wasn't that Ethel Barrymore?" the star asked breathlessly. "Do ask her if I may say 'hello' to her. I met her in New York once. I'm sure she will remember."

One of the saleswomen carried the message to the Great Ethel.

"Let her come in," she said in a tired voice. "I haven't the vaguest idea who she is, but I don't want to hurt her feelings."

When the name of Colleen Moore was placed in my book she made an enormous salary. Her fame was worldwide. The same saleswoman who had embarrassed me by not knowing who Norma Talmadge was came rushing into my office quivering with excitement and said, "Colleen Moore's upstairs!"

I went into the showroom and found an unassuming young lady, walking nervously about.

Since that time, I have made many clothes for Colleen Moore, but I'm sure that she likes clothes much less than does the average girl. She seems much more at ease in sports clothes than in so-called "proper" attire. However, upon those rare occasions when she *does* feel like dressing up, she can be as smart as the next one.

Fitting her evening dresses was always a bit of a disappointment because she was forever arriving for fittings wearing flat-heeled shoes and rolled socks. Nothing in the world is more ludicrous than a girl in a long white satin evening dress with brown brogues peeping out beneath the hem.

This is the third installment in Howard Greer's fascinating memories from his life. In forthcoming articles you'll find dozens of hitherto unpublished stories of your favorites.

ROBERT YOUNG *and* LEILA HYAMS *in a scene from the Universal picture, "Saturday's Millions"*

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Lupe and Johnnie Were Married

(Continued from page 47)

discovered, during those two years of hectic, wild, uncontrolled emotionalism that love was burning away all that was within her. She was becoming a by-product of love rather than making love just a by-product of life. No actress can do it. Even the terrific, impelling energy of Lupe Velez could not serve two masters. Her acting became more and more secondary to her love-making.

Lupe could have married Gary Cooper. No mothers, no fathers, no gossips—nothing or no one but Lupe and Gary themselves, could have prevented that ceremony. I was a matron-of-honor at Lupe's wedding to Johnny because I am a friend and as a friend had been with her through the hectic drama of that other love. I had walked the floor with Lupe Velez until after three o'clock one morning when she was burning with the white heat that a misunderstanding with Gary had lit within her. And yet, at eight o'clock she had been on a motion picture set working. She looked—as any woman would look who had walked the floor for eight hours crying and tearing her hair and screeching and praying. Yes, praying.

People have said that Lupe Velez takes marriage lightly. They have pointed to the number of "fiancés" to prove it. They do not understand that the reason she has not married before is because she does not take marriage lightly. We never recover entirely from our childhood beliefs; our inherent religions. Lupe is Mexican. Marriage is to her a holy sacrament to last forever—if it is at all possible to forearm oneself so it may be everlasting. Not like a Hollywood marriage.

None of us will ever be able to set upon paper the true picture of the sacrifice made by Lupe when she put Gary Cooper upon a train which would head him toward the African desert. Lupe *knew* this was farewell—forever. Gary didn't. Her great love did not tell him. It shielded him even until the last moment. Gary has told me of the shock, the terrible shock, when her letters dwindled; of the even greater shock when he returned to New York and found her flitting from one gay night club to another with one escort after another. When he heard the stories about her gaiety, her wild abandon, her many so-called "love affairs." He could not believe these stories were true.

I shall never forget one evening in her home, *two years* after she had sent Gary into Africa—alone. She sat on a stool, at my feet, in that softly shadowed living room which Gary had helped her to buy and to furnish. She allowed the tears to weave their unmolested ways down her cheeks. Her eyes were deep pools of black. Their blackness had been lightened, once, by the light of excitement which flickered in them. There were no lights on this evening.

"Love is the only thing on earth which pays you regular interest. I may lose all of my diamonds and fur coats and money. Who can tell? The only thing I can never lose is the memory of love. It, alone, pays me rich dividends upon what I have invested.

"The beautiful thing about your first love is: you are ignorant. When one is ignorant, she can be happy. A woman in love the first time is like a woman about to have her first baby. She is ignorant of the responsibilities, the worries, the unhappiness which it may bring her. She does not look forward to the fact that it may have measles, whooping cough or even, some day, go to prison. To her, this first baby is going to be the President of its country. No second baby can be exactly like the first because a mother can be absolutely ignorant only once."

For two years, nearly three, Lupe thought that she could never love again!

WHEN Lupe Velez first arrived in this country—a wistful child of seventeen who could speak no English, she told me, "I am vat you calls zee flirts. I wiggles my eyes at all mens." She followed this philosophy until she met Gary Cooper. After she and Gary had separated, she returned to it. She became, again, the flirt; a woman who wiggled her eyes at all men. But her heart remained the ashes of a single fire.

Johnny Weissmuller was just one more man to be smiled at and flirted with when she met him. A big, handsome, wistful lad who reminded her in many ways of Gary when she had first known him. When the rumors about her and Johnny began, Lupe was amused. She knew—and I knew—that he meant no more to her than had Nils Asther, Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Victor Fleming *before* Gary; than had Jack Gilbert and others *since* Gary. Johnny was just another man. Someone to go places with. To have a good time with. To flirt with.

And then he became—a pal. The first she had ever had.

Lupe did not know about pals. She did not understand that there are men who can be friends to a woman. She did not realize that such a friendship might pave the way for an affection that does not burn at white-heat, always. A white-heat is too hot to be comfortable. But a steady, firm fire that flashes up occasionally when extra fuel is added: a fire that never dies completely because it is a well-banked fire.

She did not know. She learned.

Johnny Weissmuller had been in love before. He had been married. Although he had not been as famous as Gary, he had had more experience. He knew more about women. He knew that women like to be managed as well as loved.

Johnny's love was no less to him than Gary's had been to him. Only he understood better. When Lupe's love flared too high and threatened emotional tempests, Johnny shrugged and kept silent or forgot to call her up for several days. For example. Lupe loves excitement. She likes to play in the evenings when she is not working. Theaters; dinner parties; prize fights. But Johnny is a swimmer. Too much bright-life is not for athletes. "I will take you twice a week," he told her.

And somehow, this big man who said, "We'll go out twice a week," and stuck to it—this giant who did not buy her expensive gifts as had all others but who bought her a little Ford car which he ordered her to drive herself because he thought it was good for her—the big boy who got her roller skates and insisted that she use them—this lover who bought her a tiny love ring and presented it with a bashful grin and "This doesn't mean money but love, dear"—this Johnny Weissmuller brought forth still another side of Lupe.

I DROPPED into her home for dinner, one evening. She was cooking it, herself. She was frying the potatoes with grease that spluttered up every few seconds to scald her briefly; she was baking chicken as it is baked in Mexico. "I'm cooking Johnny's dinner with my own hands. He likes me to."

When they first talked about marriage, Lupe was frightened. "Marriage cannot change human nature. I will not marry unless I *feel* it will last. I have suffered much but at least I have not suffered from divorce. I have been saved from that. I do not know —marriage seems to act like windows on a jail. You want to break them down. Even though you love, something inside you says, 'I am in jail.' I have seen that from other men and women. I could not have that."

So Lupe and Johnny sat down and tried to figure a way not to feel as though they were in jail. When they are both in Hollywood, they are not to go out with anyone else. That is because they feel certain they will not

Lupe and Johnnie at the recent Tennis Matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

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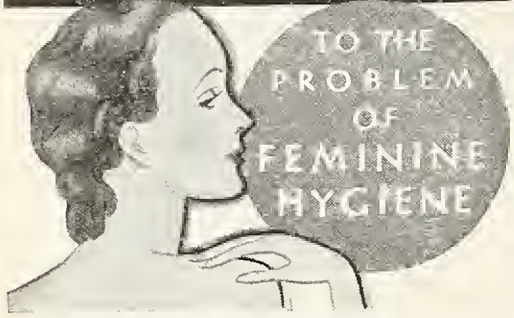
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want to. But if they are in separate cities, they are to be on marital vacations. Johnny is to see other women; Lupe other men. If either should make mistakes that might hurt the other—they are to say nothing. "What we don't know can never hurt us," they have decided.

They wanted to keep their marriage a secret until they can get used to being married. "It's the first days that will be a little hard. We want to get used to the feeling——"

For weeks before they were married, Johnny had promised, "I'm going to punch you in the jaw, Lupe, the moment it is over, so you'll know for sure that you are married to me."

But he took her into his arms, instead. They kissed as man and woman have kissed following that beautiful ceremony since it was created. And then, he took her chin in his huge fist, "*This* is the punch in the jaw, dear——"

"I *know* we are married, dear. I know. I'm glad. But Johnny, you haven't had breakfast. Oh, please let's hurry and get Johnny something to eat. He has to eat regular meals, you know. He has to be at work tomorrow morning."

Johnny slipped his arm around her and winked at us. "All women are alike. They're always worrying about feeding their husbands. Lupe's just like any other bride, isn't she?"

She was. Only Lupe Velez had waited enough years; had experienced enough of love to know that the marriage that has an opportunity to bring contentment is often more successful and lasting than the one which may bring only excitement. And a man can keep contented only when he is given his breakfast on time.

How Columbo Discovered America

(*Continued from page 31*)

Conrad's glib enthusiasm and his gaudy word pictures of a tomorrow crammed with riches, Russ might have returned home.

For six weeks, nothing happened. Finally, Conrad got a radio executive up to his apartment. Russ sang to Con's accompaniment, and the executive turned cartwheels in his enthusiasm. "Why," he demanded, "haven't we heard him at NBC? Bring him over tomorrow."

After he had gone, Con said, "This calls for a celebration."

The Nut Club is New York's maddest night club. In Greenwich Village, it attracts the town's most sophisticated crowd. This night, Con and Russ ran into another celebrating party. Harry Richman was the host, and one of his guests was a beautiful girl named Dorothy Dell who had been Miss Universe of 1931. Now she was in Ziegfeld's Follies. This night, Russ Columbo met her, lost his heart.

Russ' first network broadcast was on a Tuesday night at eleven-thirty. At first, the late-hour assignment seemed like a death sentence. No one listened so late at night. It was agreed that a soloist wouldn't have a chance. But Russ changed all that, for something in his voice appealed.

HE might have been singing yet, if it hadn't been for Bing Crosby. Bing was a West Coast sensation. His fame, sweeping eastward, caused NBC and CBS to bid for his services. "Get Crosby," was the order of the day. Apparently, everyone else on the air was forgotten. Especially Columbo, who, because his style so closely paralleled Bing's, was released by NBC.

This is just one of the shocking things that happened to this twenty-three-year-old kid.

At the end of the fight to hire Crosby, the Columbia Broadcasting System had won. Conrad looked at the situation like a general surveying a battlefield. To Russ he said, "Kid, we've got one chance." It was Con Conrad who sold the National Broadcasting Company on the "battle of the baritones" idea. Going back to NBC, he sold them Russ Columbo all over again, persuaded them to give Russ such a "build-up" that it would take the edge off Crosby's appearance over a rival network.

These next weeks were mad and as full of success as Russ was to know in those days. His new salary was at first $150 a week. Soon, Con promoted a new Lincoln car. Newspapers began to talk about Russ Columbo, NBC's sensational baritone. Maxwell House Coffee signed him for three weeks work at $3,000. Listerine came next, paying $2,500 a week.

At this point in most stories of sudden wealth, one meets a boy's swelling conceit or arrogance and ingratitude. Russ kept his feet on the ground. So far as I know, he has made but one serious mistake in his career. It came later on.

NOW, he was in love with Dorothy Dell. Nightly, she was seen with him.

It was a line of type that blasted his romantic house of cards. Walter Winchell, New York's gossip columnist, reported in his daily column, "Dorothy Dell, the Follies dolly, and Russ Columbo, NBC's Romeo of Song, plan to middle-aisle it shortly."

And Colombo's employers, hearing of this rumored marriage, told him flatly that he could not get wed; to do so would diminish his popularity.

For those of you who read the announcements of engagements of movie and radio stars, engagements that never come off and marriages that are annulled, here is a glimpse behind the scenes. To Con Conrad, Russ' manager and best friend, was handed the task of breaking up the romance with Dorothy Dell. A very nasty job.

Con broke it up, all right. He went straight to Dorothy and told her what this marriage would do to Russ. I am not sure how much she loved Russ, but this I do know. When she heard that she might stand between him and success, she stepped aside with a valorous smile and promised never to see him again.

At first, Russ was stunned in a desperate school-boyish way. And then frantic. She returned his letters, refused to answer her phone, avoided him. In desperation, Columbo finally bared his heart to Con Conrad. And Con, full of honest love for this kid he had built into a star, broke down and told him what he had done.

When he had finished his story, Russ was white and shaken. And then righteously furious. That night, he walked out of the apartment that he shared with Con, swearing never to return.

For three days, they met only at the broadcasting studio where no word passed between them. Con did all he could to win back Russ' respect. On the fourth day, Russ returned to his apartment, but an unbridgable gulf yawned between him and his manager. He felt he had been wronged, and the hurt of it lingered. Later, he was to retaliate.

Now, however, working together did much to smooth out their disagreement. In 1932, Russ was atop the tremendous wave of popularity which Conrad and NBC had fashioned for him. Publicity "stunts" to keep his name ever before the public were once-a-week affairs. The most famous of all—and the greatest hoax—fooled every city editor in New York, and connected Russ' name with that of Greta Garbo.

LET'S examine it briefly and observe how these millstones of fame grind. You may have read, in 1932, that Greta Garbo was engaged to marry Columbo. A thousand papers printed it. Here is the story.

Greta Garbo was visiting New York, hiding herself as usual, and reporters were frantic to get news of her. Winchell scooped the town one morning by publishing that she was at the St. Moritz Hotel. Twenty-four hours later, Con Conrad gave a party for newspapermen in his apartment ostensibly in honor of Columbo's successful engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria. During the party, the telephone rang. It rang twice. And a third time. When the continued noise had attracted everyone's attention, Conrad lifted the receiver.

"Hello," he said loudly enough for all in the room to hear. "No, this is his manager. Call what room? Suite 2231 at the St. Moritz. Whom should he ask for?"

Apparently puzzled, he replaced the receiver, saying, "That's a funny one. When I ask who's calling, they hang up. Hey, Sammy!" (Sammy is one of the conspirators planted across the room so all can hear), "You live at the St. Moritz. Do you know anyone in room 2231?"

"Room 2231," Sammy sang back. "Why, that's Garbo's room. I live on

Mother!

Here's the A.B.C. of COLDS-CONTROL

Ⓐ To AVOID Many Colds

At that first sneeze, sniffle or nasal irritation, apply Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the new aid in *preventing* colds. The drops are especially designed to stop colds *where 3 out of 4 colds start*—in nose and upper throat. Used in time, these unique drops help to avoid many colds *entirely*.

Ⓑ To SHORTEN a Cold

If a cold has developed, massage throat and chest at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub — the modern method of *treating* colds. Like a poultice, VapoRub "draws out" soreness and tightness. And *all night long* its medicated vapors carry soothing relief direct to irritated air-passages.

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Follow the simple rules of health that are part of Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, under medical supervision, Vicks Plan has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds—has cut their dangers and expense. The Plan is fully described in each Vicks package.

NRA

VICKS SPECIALISTS IN CONTROL OF COLDS

You'll read your own story when you read Joanna Parker's confession. + + + Hers is every woman's story because she found every woman's love. . . .

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

The book-length true novel complete in the January MODERN ROMANCES on sale December First

New Discovery Takes Out Color Like Magic!

Harmless as Boiling Water

Fast colors—even jet black—can now be removed like magic, without harming fabrics in the slightest! And all through the use of an amazing product available for home use everywhere! It is known as White RIT.

Simply drop a White RIT wafer in boiling water, put in the goods from which you want to remove the color, stir, and in a jiffy all color will disappear. Even the water stays colorless!

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It's marvelous for removing mildew, yellowness caused by washing, ink spots, grass stains, rust... never harms the fabric. Diapers come out soft and snowy white, too.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, or sun-streaked.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT.

You can easily take out all the old color . . . even black . . . with White RIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains!

Now rinse your dress in a bright shade of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more . . . but a new powder wafer that dyes in the rinse!

Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams *through and through*. And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking...gives you beautiful, even color.

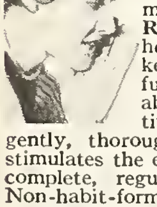
See RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. White RIT and Instant RIT are on sale everywhere.

WHITE RIT

Removes All Colors —HARMLESSLY

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



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Desk TK-77
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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

the same floor. I know."

The newspapermen present smiled wisely and said nothing. They knew Conrad and his "stunts." Con turned back to the phone.

"Get me the St. Moritz," he directed. Within a minute he had found that the occupant of 2231 was a Miss Gustafsen. And everyone knew that Miss Gustafsen was Garbo's real name.

Still, the newspapermen were very suspicious. So Conrad let the whole thing drop . . . for the moment. Next day, into a St. Moritz lobby that was crowded with reporters and photographers trying to see Garbo, there walked two page boys carrying a giant basket of flowers. A tag bore the name Greta Garbo. A smart newshawk delayed the pages, extracted the white card faintly visible among the blooms, and read the name on it. Russ Columbo.

Again, smart city editors refused the story. It seemed too much like publicity. So Conrad went to work on Walter Winchell, insisting that the story was on the square, showing him telegrams signed "G.G." Russ had received. Against his better judgment, Winchell ran an item. He said Garbo and Columbo were stepping out nights.

That item was the hole in the newspaper dam. Next day, the flood for which Conrad had worked and prayed, broke over the town and country; a flood of printer's ink that placed radio's Romeo and the glamorous Garbo on the verge of marriage, and tilted Russ' destiny even higher in the sky. When you read those stories, mind you, Russ hadn't even met Garbo.

At that time, even Bing Crosby did not represent a serious menace. To Russ and Con in those merry days, life must have been something seen through a rosy haze. All that they asked was granted them. Of course, it was too fantastic to last. Everyone told them that, but they laughed off the warnings. Now, like a rocket that has spent its flaming, flashing trail in the sky, Columbo began to fall. Conrad took him out of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel so he might find more time for theatrical engagements. Next day, the Brooklyn Paramount asked Con to cut $800 off Russ' $3,000 weekly salary. Con refused, and took him out of the theatre, figuring they would come around in a week, begging. Well, they didn't. The final numbing blow fell when the Listerine firm decided to suspend its broadcasting program.

Can you imagine such a paralyzing descent? One week, they were earning $7,000 and living like princes. Seven days later, their income was exactly nothing. I rather imagine Russ began, for the first time, to sense that his rise had been too meteoric and not solidly enough ballasted to last. I don't think, though, that he realized this was the beginning of the end.

It was, undoubtedly. We are a nation of hero worshippers and romance-seekers who forget with mordant swiftness. When Russ left the air, he walked out of our lives—and most of us turned to the baritone promises in Bing Crosby's voice.

And, just as everything that Con Conrad had done had been quite all right for a time, now it was the wrong thing. Presently, discouraged and ill, he renounced his rights as Russ' manager. Other managers put Columbo into this theatre and that, but the fire had gone out of the singer's personality. Young as he was, it is understandable, isn't it?

For the first time, too, Russ was thinking for himself. Always, Con Conrad had been his brains, a leader and patron to be obeyed unswervingly. Now, groping like an inexpert child, Russ sought to get his life back to its old level. Many things interfered, among them a childish resentment at being Fate's plaything, and a false notion that he had to present the same front he had shown in his $7,000-a-week days.

Presently, it seemed that the same malady of "wrongness" gripped him as it had gripped Conrad. Nothing he did was right.

And then Conrad came back. Away vacationing, resting, his brain had conceived a score of fresh ideas. He returned with new enthusiasm. Russ was delighted to see him. I'm not sure of their relations this time, whether Con became his manager anew or merely helped him as a friend. I do know that the reunion started Columbo's comeback toward those radio heights that he was destined never to gain again, but on which his heart was set.

With Con directing, he turned from this engagement to that, growing again, adding fresh friends. One job was at New York's swanky Woodmansten Inn. The opening was a gala, glittering occasion with Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting, Bert Lahr, Pola Negri, Guy and Carmen Lombardo and many others present.

Among those many others were Jack Dempsey and Dorothy Dell.

FRIENDS who were there have told me that Russ' face turned white when he saw Dorothy. Nor will they soon forget his voice as he sang that night. Dorothy and Jack danced by his place as he led the band. Momentarily, she stopped, saying, "Jack and I came down to wish you loads of luck, Russ." Before he could answer, they were gone. When he turned to sing with the orchestra, Fate's amazing way had chosen the song . . .

"I can't forget the night I met you
That's all I'm thinking of;
Though you call it madness,
Ah, but I call it love . . ."

I don't think he ever saw Dorothy again. Within a few months, he didn't care to see her. For soon he met another girl who fascinated him. This time, he was playing at the Cocoanut Grove in Manhattan's Park Central Hotel. Among the artists who were part of the entertainment were Hannah Williams (newly separated from Roger Wolfe Kahn), the late Roscoe Arbuckle, and Queenie Smith.

During the first part of that engagement, it seemed he was firmly planted on the highroad back to fame. Surely nothing could stop him now. But something did. He fell in love, unreasonably, with Hannah Williams.

What of Hannah? Therein lies much of Russ' tragedy. When she told him she was leaving for Reno to secure a divorce, Russ was desolate. With no warning at all—and this is that one serious mistake I mentioned some time ago—he decided to throw over everything to go with her. Somehow, she got out of town alone. But twenty-four hours later, he had packed his bags and followed.

It was now that Russ was to learn how bitter love can be. Compared to it, his feeling for Dorothy Dell was a mid-summer fancy. For in Reno, he overtook Hannah and told her what he had done. Can't you see him, the eager-eyed suitor gladly laying his career on the guillotine of his love, happily renouncing the shallowness of fame for this beautiful thing that possessed him? If Hannah had married him, we might have a different and perhaps more happy Colombo today.

But she refused him. She did not love him. And it very nearly broke his heart.

IN New York, if he had returned, he might have gathered up again the strings of his life, but pride kept him from going to those who might laugh at him. And Conrad, he learned, was bitterly angry because of Russ' ill-timed flight to Reno. So, like a wanderer who finds all roads closed, he went home.

En route from Reno to California, he picked up a paper. It announced the engagement of Hannah Williams to Jack Dempsey.

Curious, isn't it, that life should arrange its pattern so that Jack Dempsey should be cast as this song-singer's Nemesis? But no odder surely, than that an untrained singer should rise at such a pace to heights few have ever attained, and then fall like a spent bullet?

Without Con Conrad it all would have been impossible. They met in California, and the end of this story finds them there again. Russ fled there, seeking peace and rest. Con returned on the advice of his physician, the result of a nervous breakdown suffered after Columbo had deserted his Cocoanut Grove job. And what of their relationship.

Today, they live five miles apart. But they don't see each other. Each is proud, and each has been wounded deeply. I can't help but feel, though, that they must soon be friends again; for Russ is an honest soul and he realizes how much Con did for him, while Conrad has a sincere affection for his former protégé. He did his best, in every case, for him.

Until a while ago, when he turned to the movies, Russ lived in practical retirement. It was youth's own eagerness and the healing balm of time that finally brought him out. Today, he is signed for three feature length pictures by Universal, and a career in a new field lies ahead. At twenty-five, he knows what he does and does not want. For one thing, and this is the supreme sign of the boy growing into manhood, he wants to do his own thinking.

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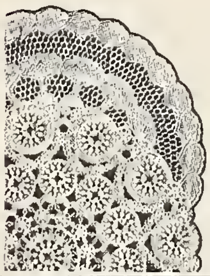
IMPORTANT holiday dinners—gay party tables—informal Sunday night buffets—all take on an inviting new note of daintiness when you use Roylace Paper Doylies. They're a clever added touch—attractive, decorative, yet so practical.

Roylace Doylies are really exquisite in their lovely, lace-like designs—and in crisp white or pastel tints to match your color scheme. Not at all expensive, you can afford to use them for all your entertaining; in fact, that's an *economy-idea*, for they save your costly linens and laundering.

You can get Roylace Doylies in many sizes, to dress up every course of service; you'll want them under appetizers, fruits, cakes, finger bowls—and for sandwiches, drinks, and bread-and-butter plates.

At 5 and 10c stores, stationers, department stores, etc. Always select the transparent envelopes marked "Roylace." The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Roylace
Paper Doylies
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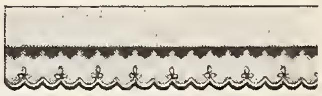
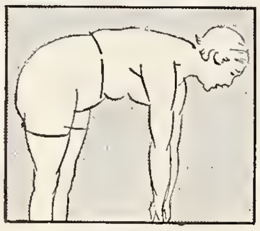
In Shelf Papers insist on Roylace, too. The new Double-edge, Clothlyke paper is four times as strong and costs the same—5c.



AFTER MONTHS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST UNLOVELY FAT



I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING . . .

I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAKENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A TRUE REDUCER . . .

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

At last a friend suggested a *true* reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread thruout the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that *does* reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple. Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA

The Strange Case of Hitler and Dietrich

(*Continued from page 23*)

lady most skillfully. When he might have blustered, he cajoled; when he might have flung his fury against her calm, he pleaded. Never a trace of fiery Hitler's dictatorship found expression in that French parlor, nor an echo of brow-beating tactics.

In Berlin, where Nazi boot heels rattle endlessly over clean cobbled roads, this officer's report produced a minor sensation in Hitler's inner circle. Probably, sundry hotheads would have wreaked their vengeance on Miss Dietrich if they could have reached her. But not the iron-willed man who is now Germany's dictator.

The very few people who know of this story have asked why he has acted in this matter in a way so foreign to his nature. Rebellion he has invariably crushed; but now he entreats. Why?

Strange to say, Marlene Dietrich is the only being on earth who has succeeded in touching a warm chord in his heart. In his opinion, she is the greatest German woman in existence at the present day, the one unsullied glory on the honor roll of German citizenry. He never misses seeing any of the productions in which she appears, and his one unfulfilled ambition is to bring her back to Germany.

The fact of the matter is that Hitler, although he might become furious if anyone hinted to him that such was the case, *is in a sense in love with Marlene Dietrich.* Not with the woman herself, whom he has never met, but with the glamorous figure of her screen self.

Her entire life appeals to him. In a certain sense, they have much in common, for each is a self-made person and Marlene has known much of the drudgery and despair he must have felt before he gained his place in the sun. She is the only woman who has escaped the ostracism in which he holds all others. In his mind, women are relegated to their homes.

AND what of Marlene, now that she has returned to America? When one has been offered the world, what is there left? Well, there is the sunshine of California and a gay coterie of dear friends, all of which she would have been forced to sacrifice if she had accepted Hitler's offer to head his revived movie industry. There is a delightful climate, and there is a warm spot in the hearts of millions of Americans who have accorded her far more recognition than she ever gained in her native land. And there is a free country called America in which her tiny daughter can grow and bloom.

These things Marlene values. To hold them for herself, she has offered Hitler's scheme no encouragement.

But Hitler is not easily deterred. If you wonder at his leniency and self-control in a case where he might have been expected to resort to more violent methods, just remember that Hitler, the strong man, has also his weak spots.

As he dreams, in those rare moments that he is idle, he thinks not of the woman herself but of the lovely creature he has seen on the screen before his tired eyes. She has become a symbol of the greatness that is to be Germany's in every field of endeavor as well as the movies. Desperately, he wants her back for Germany. He grudges, I'm sure, the American public the sight of her and her deep, blue eyes.

THE LUCKY WINNERS!

MODERN SCREEN is pleased to announce the winners of the Clark Gable-Mae West Contest.

Remember, in the September issue, we invited you to write us—in not more than twenty words—why you would or why you would not like to see this popular pair cast as the "love interest" in a forthcoming production.

Thousands of replies poured into our office before September 15th and we have taken the time since to diligently consider the reasons, pro and con, for your decision. The awards follow:

Rubye M. Chapman of 802 South Perry St., Montgomery, Alabama, wins the first prize. Fifty dollars.

Walter C. Blackburn of 154 Maplelawn Drive, Dayton, Ohio, is awarded the second prize. Twenty-five dollars.

And the five other prizes of five dollars each go to:

E. E. Preston, 119 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.
E. Bass, 602 Trutch St., Victoria, B. C.
Ruth Goodwin, 1712 Northview Road, Rocky River, Ohio.
C. Diana Cowan, 2628 West Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Emily Kispert, 1481 Shakespeare Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Here is the SECRET" says *Mary Brian*

MOON GLOW
NAIL POLISH
Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine.

If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Ask your department or drug store for all shades of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in two sizes, 10c and 25c. If they cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine.
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ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Get Blondex today! Two sizes—NEW inexpensive 25c package and economical $1.00 bottle. At any good drug or department store. *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set Powder? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky—only 35c.*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 74*)

matches her costume jewelry. She has an array of these clips which slip on easily to the flap of the bag.

● The newest thing for head dress is the adjustable bar. Have you seen them? They are worn over the head from the tip of one ear to the tip of the other. They come in many different types and shapes and even prices. Connie Bennett has a rhinestone and seed pearl one for evening wear that makes her look very beautiful and regal. Alice White wore a black onyx one the other night that looked quite startling against her blond locks.

Then there are tortoise shell ones for daytime wear. Marion Davies usually slips one on when playing tennis. Claims it's grand for keeping the hair out of her eyes and, besides, it looks very smart.

● Heather Angel is sporting an extremely smart—and clever—accessory. (See page 74.) It's a gay swagger stick made of natural wood, with a Scotty's head on top. Just the thing to give the proper dash to a street costume. And the unique part is this: if a rain storm should overtake her, she removes that folding case of flexible wood and reveals the real purpose of the gadget.

It's a little umbrella and the Scotty's head serves as a handle!

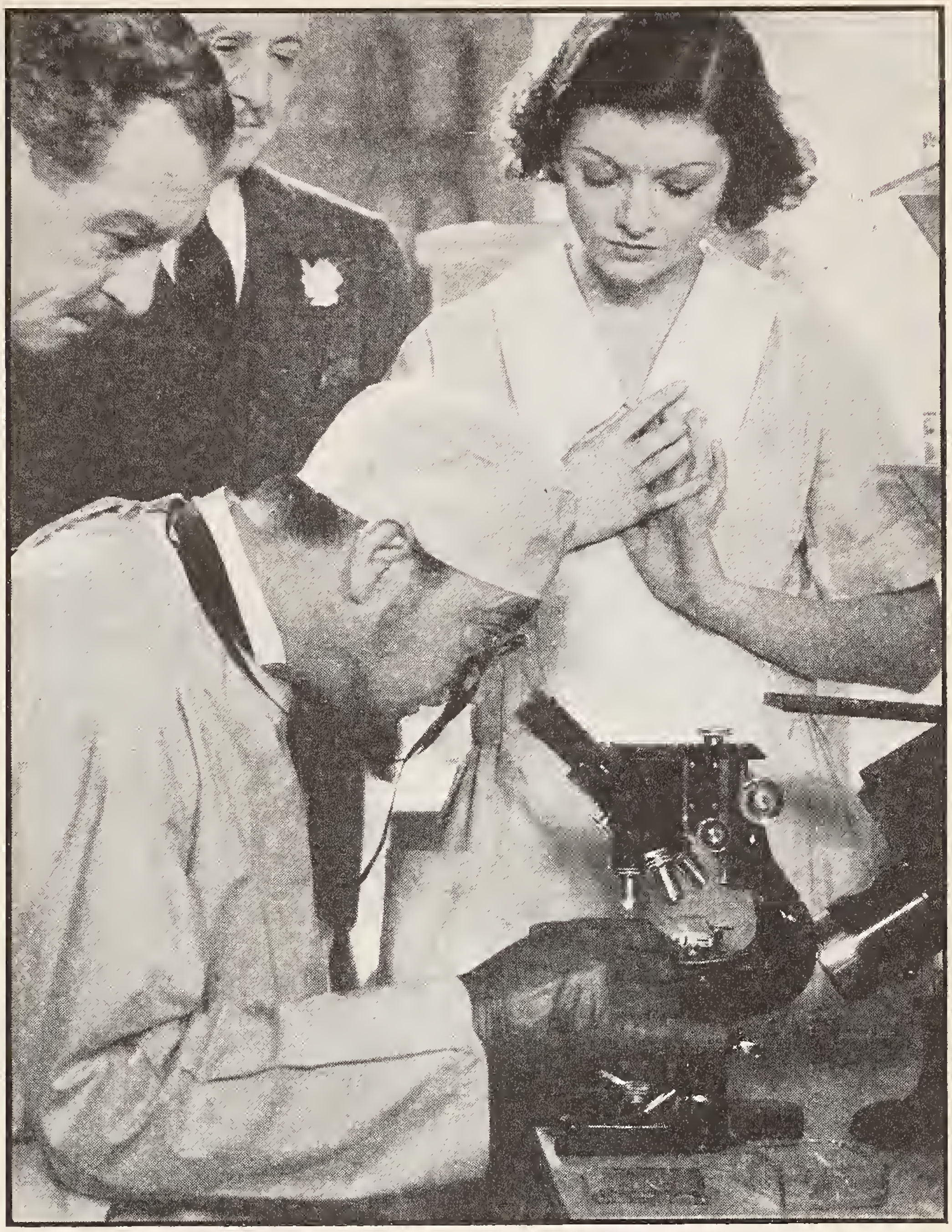
What, you ask, happens to the cover? Heather collapses it as she would a drinking cup and slips it into her pocket! Which solves the problem of whether to carry an umbrella or not in excellent fashion. One like that is an asset to any costume.

● It's nice to have a feather in your cap—particularly this season! You should see Ann Harding's. She has a brown antelope beret with a wide-awake feather whirligig directly in front. Chic!

And Norma Shearer has an entire hat of feathers—curled gray ostrich to match her ostrich boa. And does Norma look divine in gray! Her hat is the smartly defiant kind that parks over the right eye and it's very small. The boa swirls around her shoulders adding emphasis to a gray wool afternoon frock.

● "Ensemble" has taken on a new meaning. It's gloves now that serve to stress some note in your costume. And very effectively they do it—as in the case of Sharon Lynne's new black velvet dinner outfit. The puffs on her sleeves are of ermine so she wears black velvet gloves with an ermine edge on the cuff.

Patricia Ellis goes distinctly Spanish caballero in her "after five" frock. Her black sailor of shiny velvet with its narrow crown has a delightful swagger air that is accented by the matching gauntlets. They flare up high on her arm and are caught by rhinestone buttons exactly like the one on her hat.



John Barrymore, Myrna Loy and other players in "Topaze"

"Amazing, Professor, simply amazing!"

Assistant: "And do you really mean to say you've isolated the wotzitoyuh bacteria at last?"

Professor: "Yes, indeed, Miss Hoozis, this is the marvelous germ which has made our patient so joyful, jocular, happy, and generally delighted with life."

Assistant: "Where does the germ come from, professor?"

Professor: "Well, it's a singular thing, but we are able to locate it only in the bloodstreams of readers of

FILM FUN

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine!

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Hollywood's Baby Genius

(Continued from page 17)

TAKE the miracle of Baby Le Roy's life. If an old-time saint had done for this child what the studios did, they would have statues of him and a day set apart for him.

There was in Los Angeles a young widow, hardly more than a child herself. She could get no work to do; her parents could find no work for months. In her despair she went to the Salvation Army Home and lived upon its charity for the first seven months of her baby's life. Then her father and mother found employment and were able to take their child and their child's child under their humble roof. The prospects were not good for any of these four obscure victims among the millions on millions of the depression's victims.

Then Paramount decided to put on a picture called "A Bedtime Story." It concerned Maurice Chevalier and a little orphan left in his car. The company thought it would be an idea to have a real orphan play the rôle. They sent word to all the philanthropic organizations in the city to send in their orphans. The Salvation Army people remembered the Winebrenners, mother and son, who had left the home six weeks before.

Nearly two hundred babies were snowed down upon the Paramount studio. Baby Le Roy chanced to be the first one photographed. Some mysterious power made him so memorable that he could not be crowded aside by the throng of infants. He was chosen. What a miracle of luck! What a lightning stroke of selection! What a needle in a haystack of needles!

The company not only gave him—or rather, his mother, as his trustee—a fine salary, but also an endowment insurance that will take care of his college education when he reaches that far off state of comparative senility—and heaven send that he may!

So the child was whisked from the depths of obscurity to a co-starring rôle with the international favorite, Chevalier. The two of them made so fascinating a team that each supported the other.

There have been countless infants on the screen, chuckled at and forgotten; but something about Le Roy Winebrenner has seized the heart of the world. He is remarkably amenable to suggestion and devoid of tantrums at critical moments, which endears him to the directors and stars who know what agonies a recalcitrant child can inflict on a company and what appalling expense he can inflict. A child that will not behave before a camera is like a little Nero fiddling while money burns. Baby Le Roy is interested in everything and something of a mimic. He is not easily thrown into those spasms of noisy wrath that infants are prone to—spasms so violent that first one fears they will choke to death and then that by some chance they will not.

BUT the ease with which he was camera-broken was only the negative side of his genius. The thing that made him a golden child and led the company to sign him up for a long term of years at a gorgeous salary was his amazing appeal to audiences. He reeks with personal magnetism, and if you can explain that miracle please let me know, for it is an increasing mystery to me.

Of course, all babies are wonderful and quite beyond explaining. In their happier moments, practically every baby that is healthy and normally built is pleasant to hold and hug.

There have been prodigies of beauty and intellect, infants that spoke Latin at three, and gave concerts at four and so on. But Baby Le Roy is too young to show whether he is going to be a genius in music or foreign languages at an early age. Except for a few words, all language is foreign to him and those delightful glugging sounds, those purling laughters and tinkling chuckles are a foreign language to his listeners.

So far as I can figure it out after an hour or two of the society of this dazzlingly famous world-figure, his power is in his unusual usualness, his amazing averageness. He is none of those unearthly little angels that we sometimes see, who got their eyes of blue out of the skies as they came through. He has on his shoulders none of those ancient philosopher heads that babies sometimes reveal. He is just a fine upstanding lad of his years, as good-looking as a healthy child might be, tremendously like other boys of his age. He is the great Everychild.

Parents who see him do not feel humbled or ashamed of their own output. With their normal prejudices in favor of home industries they can nudge each other and say, "Our baby is as good as that. Our baby could do as well. Our baby has an equal right to fame and fortune!" On the screen he does no acrobatic feats or sleight-of-hand tricks to make ordinary parents hang their heads over their own ordinary creations. He awakens no jealousy, sends nobody home in chagrin.

Baby Le Roy waddles and rolls, chuckles and howls, pouts or smiles, laughs or yawns, sleeps or wakes, toddles on typical little drunken feet or flops on a typical little bottom just as the rest of us did when we were beginners in life, just as the vast majority of children do now. Therefore he sums up childhood.

Millions follow him with their eyes, millions gasp when he sits down hard, millions laugh when he smashes somebody's watch, or simply utters some such magic incantation as "Gljmpph!" or "Wrlmks!" or however you spell it.

For those who wish to know how a monarch of such multi-millionarish power spends his time, this daily schedule of his life will give you a peek behind the young man's throne.

He awakens at six o'clock. He gets his first bottle immediately. At 6:45 he has his bath. Then he gets breakfast—or knows the reason why! Cream of wheat, or well-cooked oatmeal with milk. He plays outdoors in the sun till ten, at which time he is served a cocktail of plain orange juice. This makes him sleepy, so he naps till noon. When he awakens, he has lunch: Spinach and carrots, and stringbeans or a baked potato. The menu offers a choice of desserts—apple sauce, cooked pears, peaches or apricots. Most of this is eaten with exquisite manners—only a little of it landing on the floor.

The afternoon is divided between play, a bottle, and two hours' sleep. A sponge bath at four-thirty, followed by afternoon tea of crackers or zwiebach. More play—till six—and then dinner of chicken broth and a vegetable and to bed promptly at seven, with another eight-ounce night-cap.

And when the baby is working, this schedule is followed as closely as possible. After breakfast, he rides to work in a studio car. He works for an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon—hours broken up so that he shall not be under the lights more than seven minutes at a time. Between scenes he is taken outside to play. He has his regular morning and afternoon nap and his regular meals no matter who says what about the shooting schedule. And, when he's working, he must be home in bed at six-fifteen.

Baby LeRoy is as faultless as a human child has a right to be. He goes about his work and does it well. He takes good care of his mamma, who takes good care of him. He has countless customers and gives them far more than their money's worth. He makes all babies more lovable, more desirable, and doubtless in innumerable unimaginable ways eases the way and improves the life of his little fellow citizens plodding across the twilight land between being Nobody and Somebody.

A child is so helpless that it is only fair when the world is helpless before a child like this one. Baby Le Roy is adorable because he sums up perfectly an era in human existence.

Schopenhauer said something to the effect that the things we learn before we are eight years old are so vast, so important, that everything we learn afterward is petty and inconsequential. Perhaps that is why, when a little child walks through a story of grown-ups threshing about in their complicated spider webs, he seems so magnificent, so important, so mysterious in his complete aloofness.

Baby Le Roy never lets the majesty of that rôle fall from him. He is the visiting stranger from a larger world.

And so I say—long may his didies wave over this world!

What Stars Would You Like to Meet?

(*Continued from page 59*)

darling feel that *he* was having a good time doing it.

Claudette Colbert—because I had just about decided that she wasn't getting the roles which did her justice. I was beginning to feel disappointed in her—when along she came with her swell, natural and likeable performance in "Three Cornered Moon." I took it all back. Why, the girl is a superb comedienne! A couple of bravos, Claudette.

Mae West—because I honestly didn't believe that they could transfer her from the stage to the screen without spoiling her or losing some of her appeal. I sat in the front row when "Diamond Lil," was playing on the New York stage. And clapped till my hands were sore. And I was afraid, when she went to Hollywood, that they'd prissify her—tone her own. Well, Mae wouldn't let 'em, even if they wanted to—which they don't. And another reason I'd like to meet her—she's had such a colossal influence on figures and clothes. And, speaking of colossal, it reminds me that I'd like to meet——

Jimmy Durante—because everyone who *does* know him seems to like him so much and finds him such a unique person. I liked him a lot on the stage but I've decided I like him even better on the screen. Hotcha-cha-cha!

Aline MacMahon—because I believe she has the kind of sense of humor that's worth traversing a couple of counties to find. She seems *real*, too—and that goes for her unshaved eyebrows and her perfectly natural, unbobbed hair, as well as for her personality.

Karen Morley—because she's so un-Hollywood. I like her work in pictures immensely. It's always intelligent and it isn't lacking in glamor, either. I like the way she wears blonde wigs in her pictures—and keeps her own hair its original shade of plain brown. I like the way she had her baby—without a lot of publicity and pother.

Helen Hayes—because I have always held her very high in my estimation as a stage star. And because the motion pictures have in no way dimmed her exquisite light. She has one of the most charming little faces it has ever been my good fortune to look upon. I believe her to be a rational human being, despite her great gift—or maybe because of it.

FRANCHOT TONE—because, as I said before, he reminds me of my first beau. This is a woman's reason, but I'll bet a baker's dozen of nice round ginger cookies that it is the reason behind a great many women fans' vote for favorite male players.

Ralph Bellamy—because he has such a nice face. And because he is so very un-Hollywood, too.

Robert Young—because he seems content to make haste slowly in his career. He plays supporting roles, does

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them well, and is improving steadily in each succeeding picture. You never hear of him rowing with his studio for money or more prominence.

Charles Ruggles—because he reminds me of Mr. Milquetoast of comic-strip fame and has, at the same time, the saving grace of great charm. Whenever I am feeling rather low in the mind and sunk in the soul, I search the newspapers for a Charles Ruggles picture. I believe that he has what all really great comedians must have to be great. That is, the ability, to make you laugh with a little catch in your throat. Remember "Poppa Loves Momma"?

Jimmie Dunn—because he's such a likeable young scamp. One has the feeling, like Aunt Polly in "Tom Sawyer," that's he probably up to the most devilish mischief while he's standing there with such a cherubic look on his face. I have the idea that Master Jimmy would drive one crazy ninety-eight percent of the time. But when it comes to a show-down, I'll bet the lad is right there with whatever you need, whether it's money, medical aid or matches.

Roland Young—because he is alone in his class of brilliant, flawless underplaying. And because he collects penguins. So do I. And I bet he'd give his eye teeth for the two I carry in my pocketbook. They're carved and painted wood and so small you can't see them without your glasses.

Jean Hersholt—because I have never seen him play a part that he didn't do to perfection. Any part he plays always stands out.

Madge Evans—because she's so very pretty and because she is coming along so fast and so well in roles that are never sensational. It's darn hard to play sweet, straight parts, you know, and make them mean a lot.

Loretta Young—because she's so very pretty, too. And because she has grown so rapidly—professionally, I mean. Why, it's actually difficult to remember that a short time ago she was just another one of Hollywood's pretty ingenues.

Charlie Chaplin—because I almost did meet him, once. And I wrote a story about that "almost." And I would like to know how near I came to the truth in my surmises about him in that story.

Marion Davies—because I have a fancy that she would be as fine and stimulating as she is a performer.

Jean Harlow—because I'd like just to sit and look at her. And because those who know her say how regular and un-sirenish she is, and I'd like to see for myself.

And, now—well, I thought I'd be able to conquer it, but I see that I can't. I might as well confess that I'd like to meet——

Greta Garbo—because it's so difficult. Because it can't be done. Because I don't give a couple of hoots or tinker's you-know-whats about this mystery stuff. And because I have an idea that if one *could* meet her she'd probably be pretty regular, after all. And because everyone wants to, and because it's a good idea, I think, to have one ambition which you know can't be fulfilled. Still, why not?

And it so happens that I'd like to meet the people I have already met all over again. I haven't space to name them all but there are a few and the reasons why I'd like to see them a second time.

John Barrymore, whom I met over twenty years ago; John Boles, because he was so darned nice to me; Robert Montgomery, in order to tell him what a perfectly superb performance he turned in "When Ladies Meet"; Marie Dressler, because to meet her once is to wish you'd meet her just about every day of your life—she gets under your skin, does Miss Dressler. Gary Cooper, to see how much he has changed since he came back from that big game hunting trip and because he's a weakness of mine, anyway.

Lee Tracy, because he's probably that nice he'd remember me from last time, being a courteous young man, and that would be highly unusual; Dorothy Jordan, to tell her how she astonished and interested me in "Bondage"; Mary Pickford, because I'm tired of having them write slush and sob stuff about her; she's too big a person. She is a person who can be self-contained and is. And if I'm any judge, she doesn't rate pity but three cheers and a tiger and all our loyalty and admiration. And, of course, I'd like to meet again Jimmy Cagney, the gentleman with a gorgeous punch.

And all the others. I am very like Oliver Twist. I keep on howling for Moore—Dickie Moore, of course. And that reminds me, Mr. Editor, isn't there any chance, ever, that you will let me interview Baby LeRoy. I talk his language. I'm sure we'd get along.

Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

(*Continued from page 69*)

a part in it was killed. Clark Gable has been ill. The studio strike was on and some bad film—which has to be re-made, of course, was shot. And to cap the climax, just when everything was going smoothly, Joan sprained her ankle and couldn't dance for a week.

But Joan keeps on living a simple and a quiet life. Not so the rest of Hollywood. Somehow or other there is more going out and dressing up and putting on the dog in Hollywood than ever before.

THE Colony Club is the last word. Into the beautiful, rambling old building—once someone's gorgeous home—where it is located, all of the stars come at some time or other. The place is open from afternoon until far,

far into the night. It is very swank and very smart. If anyone becomes too noisy he is gently eased out by a bouncer attired ever so correctly in dinner clothes!

One of the most charming homes in town is the entirely made over one of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston at Toluca Lake. They had to do something fine to house that fine baby of theirs—a chuckling little angel who looks exactly like Paul Whiteman before he got thin. I told Jobyna I thought he looked like Paul and I said it with my hand on the door knob. I expected to have an early American lamp come crashing around my head, thrown by the irate mother.

Instead Jobyna laughed. "And sometimes," she said, "he looks a little like Joe E. Brown."

The night I was at the Arlens', Bing Crosby and his wife were there and into the festivities walked Mr. Ralston, Jobyna's father—a little gentleman from Tennessee who doesn't know one picture star from another. He calls Gary Cooper "that fellow with the long legs" and Bing Crosby is known to him as "Bimg."

Suddenly he turned to Crosby and said, "You know, Bing, the South 'whupped' the North."

Startled, Bing answered, "But how do you figure that Mr. Ralston?"

"Well. We 'whupped' all the battles."

"What about Gettysburg?" Bing asked.

That stopped Mr. Ralston for a minute. And then he said, "We were hungry! Besides, what does a fellow who sings over the radio with a cold in his head know about history?"

There's a grand new game being played in Hollywood. Try it out at your next party.

One person goes out of the room—as one person seems always to do in games—while the others decide upon a certain character. But I'm getting confused. Perhaps it would be better if I told you just how we played it at the Arlens.

Dick Arlen went out of the room. We decided that the character he must guess would be Charles Laughton. With a loud whistle we called Dick back and accused him of listening at the door. He swore he didn't, so the game progressed.

"If this person were an automobile," said Dick, "what sort of an automobile would he be?"

"A huge touring car, well upholstered," was the answer given by Dixie Lee, I believe.

Then Dick went on to the next person.

"If this person were a kind of wall paper, what would the pattern of it be?"

"It would have a design of cupids and pigs," was the answer from the one asked.

And that's how the questions go. You interpret a person in the terms of the inanimate things he reminds you of.

If this person were a city what city would he be? If a kind of dog what kind of dog? If an animal—a newspaper—a restaurant, etc., etc.? The trick is not to confuse the character's likes and tastes with what he reminds you of. It's also lots of fun when the character is one of the members of the party and right in the room. Once I was "It" and Dick Arlen was the character. I asked Bing Crosby if this person were a day what sort if day would he be. "The second of March at Cape Cod," Bing said—which is a perfect description of Dick Arlen.

GARBO has further shut herself off from the world—even the studio world. She now has a private flight of stairs leading to her dressing room and at the entrance of the stairs is a gate which is locked! Well, the other day an extra girl was coming off the set. The gate was locked. Not knowing that the stairs were reserved for Garbo, she started to walk up them, going to the large extras' dressing-room.

An assistant director yelled for her to come down when she was half way up.

"Listen," she said, "I don't care if these stairs lead to heaven. I can still get through to the extras' dressing room. I'm so tired my back bone is jelly and you, nor Garbo, nor God can make me come back now that I'm half way up."

She had just finished this speech when she looked up and saw Garbo. For a minute she was terrified and then Garbo laughed. "Atta girl," said the Garbo. "Tell him some more." So a little extra girl went over the private stairs to her own humble dressing room.

The most excitement in Hollywood is out on the lot where they are shooting "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Max Baer and Carnera are out there doing their stuff—and you've never seen so many cauliflower ears all gathered together in one place. All of their pals are watching the fight. Baer and the champ are the best of friends and clown all day long. One day Carnera said to his friend, Bull Montana, "How can I fight this guy, Max? I like him!"

Can She Beat the Chaplin Jinx?

(*Continued from page 67*)

In a bungalow not far from the studio, some months ago, lay Edna Purviance, her death apparently a few hours away. An acute heart attack had laid her low. Shadows of an afternoon sun going down at sea seemed to cast a benediction upon the life of the beautiful young woman. From 1916 until 1921 she had played leads with Chaplin, and in 1922 was starred in "A Woman of Paris," with Adolphe Menjou, produced and directed by Charlie, himself. She was a favorite of the comedian.

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Dr. Kurt Behne. "Now we can only wait and hope." Then——

"She will live," Dr. Behne eventually announced.

Possibly she sighed, wearily. So many things had come into her life since she and Charlie had known each other. In the first place, "The Sea Woman," directed by Joseph von Sternberg for Chaplin, in which she played the leading role, was shelved and never saw the light of day.

"Throw it to the wolves!" exclaimed Chaplin when he saw it.

Now at thirty-four, the name of Edna Purviance seldom is mentioned. No specific thing can be pointed to which explains why she so completely faded from the film firmament. She stepped aside and watched her master go up and on until he became undisputed, reigning comedian of the world. But that invisible "jinx" got her.

NEXT to the Chaplin fold came the wistful, big-eyed Georgia Hale, a St. Joseph, Mo., girl, to give a splendid performance in Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." When the picture was exhibited, other producers in Hollywood almost tore down the doors to Chaplin's offices to get permission to sign Miss Hale. She was naive, natural, exquisite —a discovery. Chaplin dangled her tantalizingly at the end of a string for a while, but eventually let Paramount sign her.

Six months later, the company believed it had made a mistake. The Georgia Hale under guidance of Chaplin, "the old master," was a different Georgia Hale from what Paramount found. Consequently, the option on her services was never exercised. She drifted over to "Poverty Row," and was cast in Trem Carr's Rayart picture, "The Gypsy of the North." On location at Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino mountains a few days later, an automobile in which she was riding ran on to a thin spot in the ice and broke through. Only the quick action of a stunt man saved her from death.

The case of Lita Grey, of course, is widely known. Charlie married her and it cost him a million dollars to regain his freedom. Every foot of the film, "The Circus," in which Lita appeared, was burned. It cost a fortune, but no matter.

Besides the domestic grief Lita encountered, a hundred other troubles beset her. Her mother was divorced. Her grandfather, to whom she was devoted, died. Her reported engagements to Roy D'Arcy and Phil Baker went on the rocks. She became ill from ptomaine poisoning, her former butler mysteriously was murdered on the Utah desert, and in January, 1931, she hysterically reported to the New York police that, while in the company of Georges Carpentier, she was held up, kidnaped in her own car and robbed of jewelry valued at $25,000. Recently she was disbarred from exploiting the Chaplin children on the screen, and her own career was sunk. Was the jinx working?

There was Merna Kennedy, vivacious red-head who played the leading feminine role in "The Circus." Merna was a friend of Lita Grey. They took dancing lessons together. She was only eighteen and was appearing in a musical comedy when Chaplin met and seized upon her as exactly the type he was hunting.

AS in the case of Georgia Hale, the picture no sooner was released than there was a regular mob-rush of other producers to get Merna.

Universal Pictures got Merna and assigned her to the leading feminine role in "Broadway." She "got by" with the part and that was about all. She didn't exhibit the spark she showed in "The Circus," and the five-year contract was allowed to lapse at option-time.

Then the grief started. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Merna for "The Song Writer," but before the first day was ended, dismissed her and wired to New York for Helen Johnson to come out post-haste by airplane. Next she was seen playing a supporting role in Constance Bennett's "Lady With a Past," for Pathé. After which, roles simply quit. The supply ran out. It seemed there were no more. In August 1931, at the end of her string, money gone, prospects almost nil, creditors pressing, Merna filed a voluntary petition of bankruptcy in the U. S. District Court, listing her liabilities at $4,868.56, and with not one cent of assets. She was "broke," nearly $5000 in debt—and in Hollywood!

On top of this came a broken romance. For Merna Kennedy and James Hall, Paramount's handsome leading man, fell in love—head over heels in love. One Los Angeles columnist wrote: "James Hall prefers red-heads. Merna Kennedy has red hair and she and Mr. Hall are one of the most engaged couples in Hollywood. They are seen everywhere together. It is not one of those sudden romances, for they have been keeping company for quite a spell, if you will pardon my colloquilism."

But "Jimmie" Hall had a wife, it developed. They had been separated three or four years, but nevertheless she existed. She was a singer, known on the stage as Irene Hamilton. In 1928, Jimmie had sought legal separation or divorce from her, but failed, and in November last year she had him arrested and extradited to New Haven, Conn., on a charge of desertion.

Naturally, little Merna Kennedy's love affair went haywire suddenly and violently, and she hit the long, long trail again, looking for studio work. She got a break in "Laughter in Hell," and recently signed for the lead opposite John Darrow in "The Big Chance," the first of a series of eleven Eagle Pictures.

RECENTLY, the red-head formally announced her engagement to Busby Berkeley, creator of dance ensembles for musical pictures at Warner Brothers, which may mean her permanent retirement from the screen. The wedding is expected some time this summer with a honeymoon in Honolulu. Let's hope the jinx is over!

Take the case of Virginia Cherrill,

who had the feminine lead in Charlie's latest picture, "City Lights." Virginia had never appeared in a film when Chaplin "discovered" and signed her. Over family objections, she went to work.

Two years Virginia worked in "City Lights," developing the character of the blind flower girl which won such acclaim. As soon as the role was completed, she was snapped up by Fox Films on a year's contract, and as quickly unsnapped when the year was up. Fox directors couldn't develop the spark that Chaplin unearthed.

Back in the City of Broken Dreams, Miss Cherrill took up the quest for fame again. A year ago she was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but has been given only two minor roles in that company's productions. No opportunity has been afforded her to appear again as the wistful, adorable character which distinguished her as the blind flower girl in "City Lights."

NOW comes Paulette Goddard with a smile on her face, defying the jinx and all the little jinxes attached to the Chaplin influence. She has a grin for their mere mention.

Paulette arrived in Hollywood a couple of years ago, a platinum blonde. She had left Great Neck, Long Island, at fifteen, to become a chorus girl in New York. At sixteen she was dancing in Ziegfeld's Follies. At seventeen she was playing a role in Archie Selwyn's "The Conquering Male." She was 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighed 110 pounds, typically a show girl. Edgar James Goddard of the Southern States Lumber Co., Asheville, N. C., saw Paulette and came under her spell. He married her to take her off Broadway. But she went too far off. Following a year's travel in Europe, she returned virtually a stranger to the lumberman, and they were divorced.

Paulette came to Hollywood, got a $75-a-week job at the Hal Roach studio and took a screen test for a better one at Universal, but failed. When Samuel Goldwyn was selecting his beauty chorus for Eddie Cantor's, "The Kid From Spain," he saw Paulette and gave her a position. It was while thus employed that she met Charlie Chaplin, and he began taking her places. Naturally, rumors of a new love in his life circulated rapidly, and when Paulette, leaving for New York one night by airplane, threw her arms about Charlie's neck and kissed him, the news was blazed to all corners of the world.

"We paid out about forty bucks for newspaper clippings at the rate of three cents a clip," said Al Reeves, general manager of the Chaplin Studio. "That was one kiss 'heard round the world.' "

Will Paulette encounter the Chaplin jinx? Is her association with him to be bounded with misfortunes and disappointments? The other Chaplin leading ladies saw glory fade into the mists and the fame they expected vanish.

Edna Purviance saw her screen aspirations smothered, her jewelry stolen and her health cracked. Georgia Hale drifted to obscure pictures made on Poverty Row, was nearly drowned in Big Bear lake and eventually dropped out entirely. Lita Grey saw her mother divorced, her grandfather die, her two engagements broken, her children barred from the screen, $25,000 worth of jewelry wrested from her by bandits and learned that her butler was murdered in lonely desert wastes of Utah. Merna Kennedy dropped from one engagement after another and finally went bankrupt with nearly $5000 in debts. Virginia Cherrill tumbled out of a car, her home was looted, her engagement broken and she started playing small parts.

Now it's Paulette Goddard's turn. How will she fare?

You make the prediction.

The Burden of Warner Baxter

(Continued from page 49)

thought he answered, "Courage and diplomacy. And I think I'd give diplomacy about two-thirds."

He feels that courage embraces all other fine qualities, because one must possess it in order to be honest, to remain loyal, to keep one's self-control. And diplomacy is so vastly important to him because without it one cannot be kind and helpful.

THERE was, for instance, the proud father who brought his little daughter to Warner Baxter for him to pass on her stage ability. The father was sure that she could be developed into a remarkable "movie child." After seeing her go through her bag of tricks, Warner found himself in a quandary. He couldn't bring himself to brutally tell the father that his child had nothing whatsoever to recommend her for the movies. But inasmuch as she actually did have a very sweet little singing voice, he praised that, and advised the father to train her for the concert stage and offered his help. In such ways he uses diplomacy.

He realizes the value of praise. He knows that it is often more helpful than the gift of money. So he is lavish in praising, where it is due. Perhaps that is because his own heart is a little comforted by appreciation. I had told him that I believed his public loved him. The weariness left his face for a moment and an eager interest showed in the tired eyes.

"Do they really, you think?" he asked hungrily. "One never knows, you see."

The sadness that smoulders within does not, however, prevent him from being a delightful companion. He has a ready wit and greatly appreciates humorous incidents and happenings.

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Discover the real, the unpublicized Jessica. Read "The Girl Nobody Knows" in December RADIO STARS.

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Laughingly, but with kindly understanding, he told me of a fan letter he had received from a woman in a hospital. She wrote that she would like to explain why she was thus confined. It seems that she, her sister and her husband had gone one evening to a Baxter picture. When the family returned home, the wife and sister raved so long and so enthusiastically over Warner, as the hero, that the husband could bear it no longer and finally hit his wife over the head with a poker. I believe Warner checked on this, and found it to be absolutely true.

Then there was the girl who, having struggled for months for an introduction, fell in a faint at his feet when the meeting finally took place. And still another girl who traveled half across the country to meet him, and when she did, was struck dumb, and found herself unable to speak a word.

I ASKED him if he felt that lending money often made the persons who received it one's enemies, by giving them an inferiority complex in one's presence.

And he replied, "I don't lend money, I give it usually. But even that sometimes destroys friendship. There is a man whom I have recently helped. He is a valued friend and I often visit him. But last week when I telephoned to say I would be unable to go to his house, he felt queer about it and thought it was because I didn't care to see him on account of the money. When, actually, I wanted very much to be with him."

I know that he has several times bought stories he knew he never could use, from unknown writers who have come to him, rather than turn them away empty-handed.

And then there was the man, also a writer, whose mother was ill, and who was bearing a great financial strain. Warner Baxter visited the mother at the hospital and left, as he went away, a check large enough to keep her in comfort for many months.

So long as there is hardship and misery in the world for others, Warner Baxter will continue to share it, to the exclusion of his own happiness. Things hit him too hard. He will never become hard-boiled. When his servant, a colored boy whom he had employed for a long time, was killed driving his car, Warner became actually ill and went to bed for two weeks. He still dislikes to go into a certain room in his house where the boy most frequently worked.

He receives the largest fan mail of any star at the Fox Studio. What is the reason for his tremendous appeal? I think I know the answer. He arouses the mother instinct in women, because, subconsciously, they are aware of his inner sadness. And men respect him for his manliness.

He has all the physical qualifications of the more glamorous men of the screen plus something else. An added maturity, an inner fineness. If you are very young and can react only to muscles, curls, dimples and sex-appeal, don't go to see a Baxter picture. He has all these things, to be sure (except, maybe, the curls), but they are submerged by his extraordinary mental attributes.

A rare soul, a sensitive soul—courageous and strong—but too keenly attuned to human suffering for his own good. He longs to laugh and be light of heart. But he cannot, while others weep. And so now you know why all the tragedy of the ages seems to look out at you from his kindly eyes.

Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 10)

THE BOWERY (Twentieth Century)

You'll Like It. Twentieth Century bows in with their first effort and it's something to be proud of. This talkie has the stuff that makes for real entertainment. The story, a more or less history of New York in the late Nineties, is interesting and very well told with such valiant troupers as Wallace Beery, George Raft, Fay Wray and Jackie Cooper making such characters as Chuck Connors and Steve Brodie *live*. None of these players have ever had better rôles, nor have they given such outstanding performances. The film rolls along at a snappy pace, contains some hearty laughs, some tears and a lotta pretty chorus gals.

You mustn't miss seeing "The Bowery." That goes for the kids, too.

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)

Heavy Stuff. A slow but touching story of an American girl and a German boy whose marriage is sacrificed to the World War. Barbara Stanwyck marries Otto Krueger, a German. He becomes an American citizen and obtains a position as a college professor. Comes the war and, though he tries to be a loyal citizen, he loses his position. Poverty, sickness. Their little boy dies. Crushed, he leaves his wife and joins the German army. Later they meet in France. Barbara is serving in a relief unit and Otto is there as a spy. Torn between duty to her country and love for her man, Barbara poisons their wine and they die in one another's arms.

Both Barbara and Kreuger give splendid performances. Ralph Bellamy as "Jeff," who has loved Barbara since childhood, is also good. Not recommended for children.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal)

Very good. Apropos of football season, here's a yarn of the gridiron that should please the fans. Robert Young, cocky young football star, looks upon the game as a racket. Leila Hyams loves him, but Bob prefers the company of a night club entertainer, Mary Doran. The eve of the big game, Mary and her husband try to frame him, but Bob fights his way out and plays next day handicapped by a broken hand. Although the game is lost, he is congratulated for his gameness and fine spirit. He gets next to himself and it's clinch for Leila and Bob.

Young does some fine work. Andy Devine as Bob's faithful room-mate, Mary Carlyle as Andy's patient sweetie and Johnny Mack Brown as the Captain, round out the cast. Swell for kids.

SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M)

Great. One of the smoothest and most thrilling mystery films to reach the theatre in a long time. Most of the action takes place in a cabin of an airplaine while crossing the English Channel. A band of jewel thieves—Herbert Marshall, May Robson, Elizabeth Allan and. Ralph Forbes—have pulled their last job and are bound for a farmhouse in Devonshire for peace and quiet. The strange and exciting things that happen before they get there will keep you glued to your seat until the end.

Marshall carries off the honors of the show, although Lionel Atwill as the villain, Mary Boland as the hysterical American tourist and Forbes as the frantic young man, all do marvelous work. Jack Conway deserves praise for a swell directorial job. He manages to keep the action always at top-notch speed in the narrow confines of a cabin airplane. If the kids like mysteries, this is the best.

THE WOMAN SPY (RKO)

A Pip. Constance Bennett's latest picture, with Gilbert Roland as her new leading man, is one of her best. Connie, herself, is probably at her very best.

The story is exciting, thrilling and romantic. It's a war picture dealing with the intelligence departments, which is a little out of the beaten track of the general war drama. Connie is a Russian spy; Roland an Austrian spy. They meet and fall desperately in love, without knowing each other's identity. Later, they learn they are sworn enemies. Follows the duty vs. love struggle, but this has a happy ending.

Connie is very convincing as the little Russian spy and is beautifully photographed. Edward Ellis is excellent as the cruel major. Worth seeing, but not exactly the type for children.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH (United Artists)

Great Characterization. Charles Laughton grabs himself a plum in the rôle of lustful, rowdy King Henry VIII. The movie sticks to the private life of Henry and makes roaring entertainment from start to finish. It begins with Henry's second marriage to Ann Boleyn, her execution, and his third marriage to Jane Seymour. She dies in childbirth, and he marries Ann of Cleves. That ends in divorce. His next marriage is to Katharine, whom he loves but must behead because she is unfaithful. He winds up married to the bickering Katherine of Parr, his children's governess.

The cast, all English, gives grand support, but it's Laughton's picture. Treat yourself to an evening with him. As for the kids, well, maybe not.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M)

Marvelous Entertainment. A backstage story with a mother-love angle. Alice Brady is a vaudeville performer who has never quite clicked. She resolves that her daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) shall benefit by her mistakes and become a great star. She trains her and before long daughter becomes a success, thanks to momma Alice. But not without sacrifice. When she falls in love with a young artist (Franchot Tone) Alice does a little blackmailing and practically forces her child into the arms of a millionaire. They settle for twenty-five grand and a trip to Europe. On the boat, Maureen receives a proposal of marriage from a young Lord (Phillips Holmes) and in a dramatic scene, renounces all bonds to her ambitious mother. However, in the end, Alice relents.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1933.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1933.
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30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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34x4	3.25	.85
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
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TOO MUCH HARMONY

(Paramount)

Very Good Musical. Not the most lavish musical, but very entertaining at that. The plot is better than usual with some good brisk dialogue and hot musical numbers woven in. Jack Oakie, Judith Allen and Skeets Gallagher are members of a small time vaudeville team. Bing Crosby, star of a big New York show, drops in, spots Judith and wants her for his act. She refuses to go unless he takes the other two, so all journey to the big city. Lilyan Tashman is Bing's sweetie and Jack is delegated to vamp her so Bing can devote his time to Judith, with whom he has fallen in love. Oakie consents, although he, too, loves Judith. The biggest thrill of the show is the opening night sequence when Judith gets stage fright and Bing rushes out and sings the song for her. Very well done.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal)

Beautiful Scenery. For spectacular beauty, the kind found in the ocean regions of the Arctic with its gigantic icebergs, this film rates ace-high. The story and cast are secondary. It concerns a scientist (Rod LaRocque) and his company in Greenland. LaRocque loses his way and almost starves to death in an ice cave. Two of the members meet horrible death in the icy waters, another goes mad and tries to stab his companion, and finally lunges from an iceberg into the sea. At last, one of the party attempts to swim to an Eskimo village to bring help to his companions. The rescue scene is quite exciting.

LaRocque, back after a long absence from the screen, is supported adequately by Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet, famous aviator. Worth seeing for its scenery. Children may find it interesting.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO)

Pretty Good. A funny, rowdy little comedy with such good players as William Gargan, Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts in the cast. Story is about Aggie (Wynne Gibson), who annexes Charlie Farrell, son of the wealthy Schlumpp family, when her own sweetie Red Branahan (Bill Gargan) gets sent to prison for beating up three coppers. She proceeds to make young Schlumpp into another Branahan, even giving him the name, and then falls in love with him. However, she sticks to the real Branahan when he gets out of jail. Dialogue is fast, furious and funny. Okay for the youngsters.

LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY!

(Universal)

Good and Funny. In this latest Zasu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy, Slim is a young lawyer whose clients usually land behind the bars. He wants to marry Zasu, secretary to a big business man, but hasn't the dough for a license. Because the boss is susceptible to pretty stenos, Zasu, Slim and Zasu's family frame him into a breach of promise suit. This is a riot, particularly the court scene. Slim and Zasu are funny, as usual. George Barbier as the boss, Lucille Webster Gleason, Verree Teasdale and Donald Meek are good. Kids will get a kick out of it and you probably will too.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

(Warners)

Something Different. A touching story of youngsters who are forced out into the world to make their own living when their parents no longer can support them. Frankie Darro and Edwin Phillips, along with other boys and girls, take to the road, go from place to place, hop freight trains, beg and even steal. There are no jobs. Edwin loses a leg, and Frankie gets involved in a robbery and is taken to court. His plea to the judge is splendid and makes a dramatic ending. Grand acting. Send the kids—it will teach 'em to appreciate home.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)

Okay. It's been a long time since we've had a story of naval cadets. But now Radio comes out with one and it's good. Bruce Cabot plays Austin, an upper classman whose indolence has made him almost a permanent fixture. He falls in love with the commandant's daughter (Betty Furness), sneaks out to meet her and in other ways, gets in bad. However, the loyalty he instills into the younger boys is his redemption. Frank Albertson, Arthur Lake, Purnell Pratt and Florence Lake all give good support. Entertaining, inspiring and all that. Swell for children and grown-ups alike.

TO THE LAST MAN

(Paramount)

Not So Good. A mild western, even though almost everyone in the picture is killed before it's over. It's the old feud angle. The Colbys and Spelvins have hated each other for years. Esther Ralston, a Colby, and Randolph Scott, a Spelvin, are in love, but are loyal to the old family hate until in a battle royal everyone is killed off except these two. Jack LaRue, Noah Beery, Buster Crabbe and Muriel Kirkland make up the cast. Okay for the very young kids.

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO)

Good. A simple, down-to-earth and delightful story, the kind Vina Delmar is so capable of writing, about a young boy and girl in love, but whose matrimonial plans are upset when the rich girl from the city puts in an appearance. Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and Marian Nixon make up the triangle. Their swell performances, plus snappy dialogue, makes this pretty good entertainment. You can take the whole family.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

Featured in "The Man Who Dared," Fox; "Sensational Hunters," Monogram. Working in "Hoopla." Fox.

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Storm at Daybreak," M-G-M; "I Loved a Woman," "The House on 56th Street." Next is "Broadway and Back."

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Two Thieves."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm. Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Working in "Queen Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "Headline Shooters," "Night Flight," M-G-M. Working in "Four Frightened People," Paramount. Next is "Success Story."

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Adorable," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Picture Corp. Starred in "Dude Bandit."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. RKO player. Featured in "Emergency Call," "Her Bodyguard," Paramount. Working in "Wanted at Headquarters," Universal. Next is "Success Story."

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers." Working in "Queen Christina."

GOMBELL, MINNA: Married to Joseph Sefton. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "Hoopla."

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Gambling Ship." Working in "I'm No Angel." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Come On Marines."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Silk Express," Warner Bros.; "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "Ladies Must Love," Universal.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M; "Double Harness." Working in "Beautiful."

HARDY, OLIVER: Married to Myrtle Lee. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Tickets for Two," "Dirty Work."

HARLOW, JEAN: Married to Hal Rosson. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Hold Your Man," "A Hollywood Party." Working in "Bombshell." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "The Old Maid."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory" and "Little Women."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Hollywood Party," "The Late Christopher Bean." Working in "The Cat and The Fiddle."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty For Sale," "Penthouse," "Stage Mothers." Working in "Nana," United Artists.

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker," "Man of Steel."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Working in "Design For Living." Next is "Chrysalis."

HOPPER, HEDDA: Divorced. Born in Hollidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Barbarian," "Beauty for Sale," M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "Design for Living," M-G-M.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Featured in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Berkeley Square," Fox. Working in "The Lady is Willing," Columbia. Next is "British Agent," Warner Bros.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Fox player. Featured in "Dr. Bull." Working in "Walls of Gold." Next is "Mr. Skitch."

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Storm at Daybreak," "Ann Vickers," RKO. Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. Universal player. Featured in "Saturday's Millions." Working in "Tin Pants."

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Warner Bros. star. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum." United Artists. Working in "Wonder Bar." Warner Bros.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley," "The Open Road." Working in "Gordon of Ghost City," serial.

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Married to Meriam C. Cooper. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "Bondage." Fox; "One Man's Journey," "Hide in the Dark." Next is "Trigger."

JORDAN, MIRIAM: Unmarried. Born in London, England, March 3. Fox player. Featured in "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday." Working in "He Knew His Women."

JORY, VICTOR: Married to Jean Inness. Born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23. Fox player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday," "The Devil's In Love," "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "Smoky."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO player. Featured in "Flying Devils," "Sweet Cheat," "Sensational Hunters."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Universal star. Starred in "The Mummy," "The Ghoul," Gaumont. Working in "The Lost Patrol," RKO. Next is "The Return of Frankenstein."

KEELER, RUBY: Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City, August 25. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Next is "Sweethearts Forever."

KENYON, DORIS: Married to Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warner Bros.; "No Marriage Ties," RKO. Next is "Counsellor at Law," Universal.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Lady For a Day," Columbia; "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade," "The World Changes," "Havana Widows," Warner Bros. Next is "Convention City."

KRUEGER, OTTO: Married to Sue MacManamy. Born in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Beauty for Sale." Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. M-G-M player. Starred in "The Warrior's Husband," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "By Candlelight," Universal.

LARUE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," "To the Last Man," "Kennell Murder Case," Warner Bros. Next is "Funny Page."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross." Working in "White Woman." Next is "Funny Page."

LAUREL, STAN: Married. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Tickets for Two," "Dirty Work."

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. RKO player. Featured in "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils," "Bird of Prey."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy." Next is "Cat's Paw."

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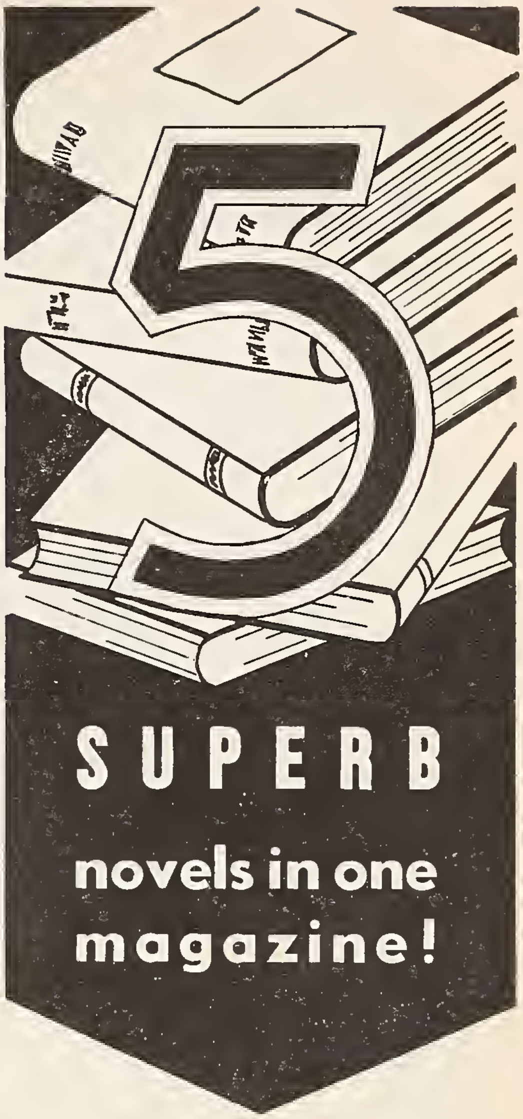

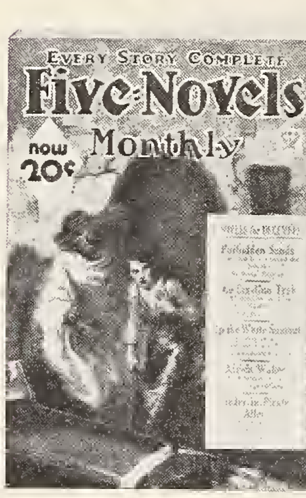

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LOMBARD, CAROLE: Divorced from William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk." "Brief Moment," Columbia. Working in "White Woman." Next is "All of Me."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount. Next is "No More Women.'

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Barbarian," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Penthouse." Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Secret of the Blue Room," "Little Women." RKO. Next is "By Candlelight."

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M.

MACK, HELEN: Unmarried. Born in Rock Island, Ill., November 13. RKO player. Featured in "Hold Your Man," "The Late Christopher Bean," M-G-M; "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men." Next is "Chrysalis," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes For Sale," "The World Changes."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Warrior's Husband," "The Devil's In Love," Fox; "Torch Singer," Paramount. Working in "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight is Ours," "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Design for Living." Next is "Chrysalis."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. RKO player. Featured in "International House," Paramount. Working in "Beautiful."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared," "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Solitaire Man." Working in "Four Frightened People."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fiddlin' Buckaroo," "Daring Danger."

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Divorced from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Morning Glory," RKO. Working in "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox. Next is "Convention City."

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Stage Mother." Working in "Bombshell." Next is "Forever Faithful."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "Two Thieves" and "Overland Bus."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Nothing Else Matters," RKO.

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M. Working in "The Wolf Dog," "Mascot" and "Man's Castle," Columbia.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Show World," "Stage Mother," "Dancing Lady." Working in "Bombshell" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness," "The Kennell Murder Case." Working in "Walls of Gold." Next is "The Mad Game."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Dinner at Eight."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Universal player. Featured in "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO; "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Dangerous to Women."

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Warner Bros star. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "The World Changes." Next is "Hi, Nellie."

McCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO player. Featured in "Bed of Roses," "One Man's Journey," "Chance at Heaven." Working in "Flying Down to Rio." Next is "The Sea Girl."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England, December 10. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox. Working in "The Lost Patrol." RKO.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," RKO.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Life in the Raw," "The Best of Enemies."

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "The Best of Enemies," "Dr. Bull," Fox; "Chance at Heaven," RKO.

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Barbarian." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony." Next are "Alice in Wonderland" and "Sitting Pretty."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," "Only Yesterday," Universal. Working in "Meet the Baron," M-G-M.

OSBORNE, VIVIAN: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Supernatural," Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Married to Marguerite Churchill. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Canyon Walls," "Life in the Raw," "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Flaming Gold," RKO; "The Bureau of Missing Persons," Warner Bros. Working in "Bombshell," M-G-M and "College Coach," Warner Bros.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie," "Stage Mother." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Storm at Daybreak," M-G-M; "The Kennell Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "Shanghai Madness," Fox. Working in "From Headquarters," Warner Bros.

PICKFORD, MARY: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO. Working in "Dummy's Vote" and "Meet the Baron," M-G-M.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

Alice Brody	November 2
James Dunn	November 2
Joel McCrea	November 5
Katharine Hepburn	November 8
Marie Dressler	November 9
Helen Mack	November 13
Dick Powell	November 14
Nancy Carroll	November 19
Boris Karloff	November 23
Frances Dee	November 26
Elissa Landi	December 9
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	December 9
Una Merkel	December 10
Sally Eilers	December 11
Karen Morley	December 12
Norman Foster	December 13
Ruth Chatterton	December 24
Helen Twelvetrees	December 25
Marlene Dietrich	December 27
Lew Ayres	December 28

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mountain View, Ark., November 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Working in "College Coach." Next are "Sweethearts Forever" and "Convention City."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Divorced from Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Private Detective," "Double Harness," RKO; "The Kennell Murder Case."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Next are "Chrysalis" and "All of Me."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Ann Carver's Profession," "Brief Moment," Columbia; "The House on 56th Street," Warner Bros. Working in "Flying Down to Rio," RKO.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "I Loved a Woman." Working in "Dark Hazard."

ROBSON, MAY: Married to Ora H. Brown. Born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Beauty for Sale," "Show World," "Stage Mother," "Solitaire Man."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "The Best of Enemies." Working in "Take a Chance," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. RKO player. Featured in "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "Rafter Romance." Working in "Flying Down to Rio" and "Hip Hips Hooray."

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair," "Dr. Bull." Next is "Mr. Skitch."

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Mama Loves Papa." Working in "The Alimony Racket," RKO. Next is "Funny Page."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Girl Missing," "Deluge," "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M. Working in "Fury of the Jungle," Columbia.

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "Marie Antoinette, an Average Woman."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Featured in "Pick Up." Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club." Working in "Tillie and Gus." Next is "Alice in Wonderland."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Baby Face," "Ever in My Heart." Next is "Broadway and Back."

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Looking Forward," "Bureau of Missing Persons," Warners. Working in "Queen Christina."

STUART, GLORIA: Separated from Blair Gordon Newell. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room," "The Invisible Man." Working in "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Her First Mate," "Love, Honor and Oh Baby." Working in "Tin Pants."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding." Next is "Miss Fane's Baby," Paramount.

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at 20th Cent. Free lance. Featured in "Mama Loves Papa," "Too Much Harmony," Paramount. Working in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Goodbye Again," "I Loved a Woman," "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Dark Hazard."

TODD, THELMA: Married to Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Mary Stevens M. D.," Warner Bros. Working in "Son of the Gobs," Warner Bros. Next is "Hip Hips Hooray," RKO.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady of the Night," "Stranger's Return," "Stage Mother." Working in "Dancing Lady" and "Bombshell." Next is "Moulin Rouge," 20th Cent.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Nuisance," "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock." Working in "Bombshell."

TRACY, SPENCER: Separated from Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness," "A Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "The Mad Game," Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced," "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "Dangerous to Women," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Hollywood Party."

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night," "She Done Him Wrong." Working in "I'm No Angel." Next is "It Ain't No Sin.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. RKO player. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs." Working in "Hip Hips Hooray."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Universal player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," M-G-M. Working in "Dangerous to Women." Next is "The Good Red Bricks."

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again," "Lady for a Day," Columbia.

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Professional Sweetheart," RKO; "Above the Clouds," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. RKO player. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs." Working in "Hip Hips Hooray."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia; "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "Shanghai Madness," Fox; "The Bowery," "Man of Steel," Columbia.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill," "Reunion in Vienna." Next is "The Fountain."

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Lady of the Night," M-G-M; "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros.; "A Man's Castle," Columbia.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," Universal. Working in "Beautiful," RKO.

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, England, November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Pleasure Cruise," Fox; "Blind Adventure," RKO. Working in "Great Adventure," Dowling. Next is "She Made Her Bed," Paramount.

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Four **LITTLE WOMEN** *faced life . . .*

SHE SAID: "*Love*, KEEP OUT!"

SHE WELCOMED LOVE

SHE PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE

AND SHE MET A DARK ANGEL

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Crowning Glory
LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

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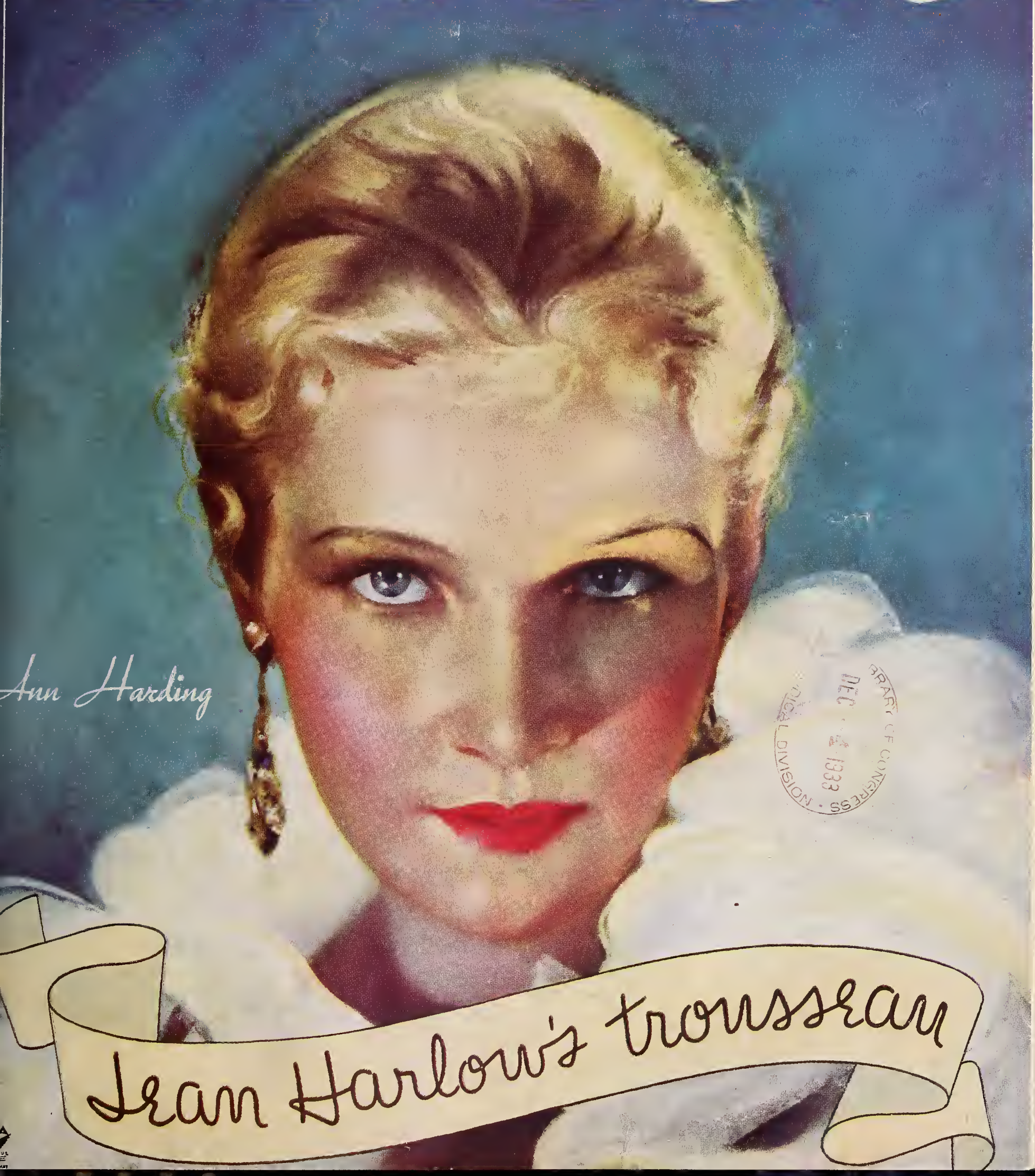
January

MODERN Screen



Ann Harding

Jean Harlow's trousseau

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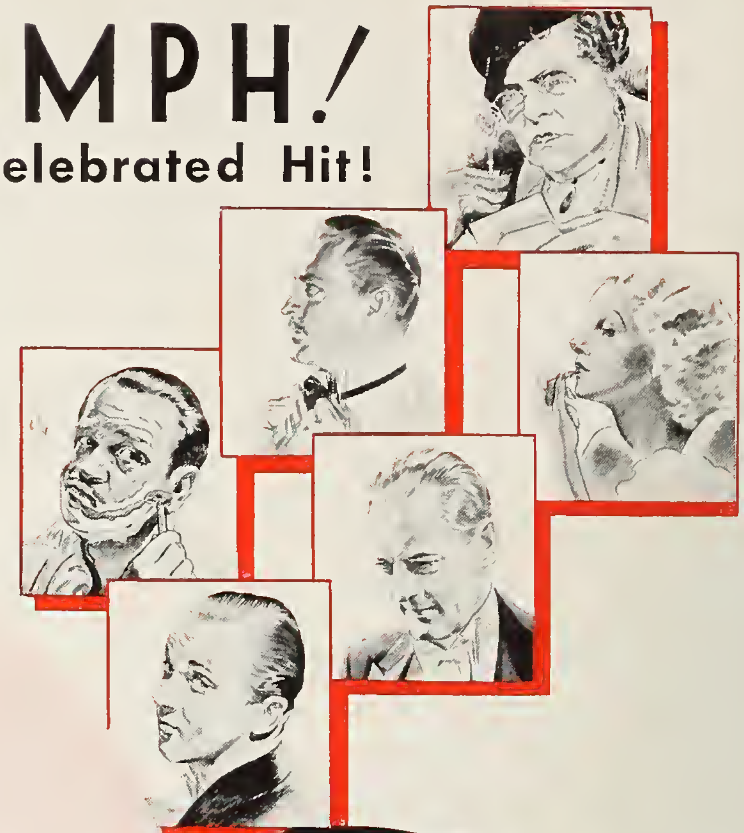

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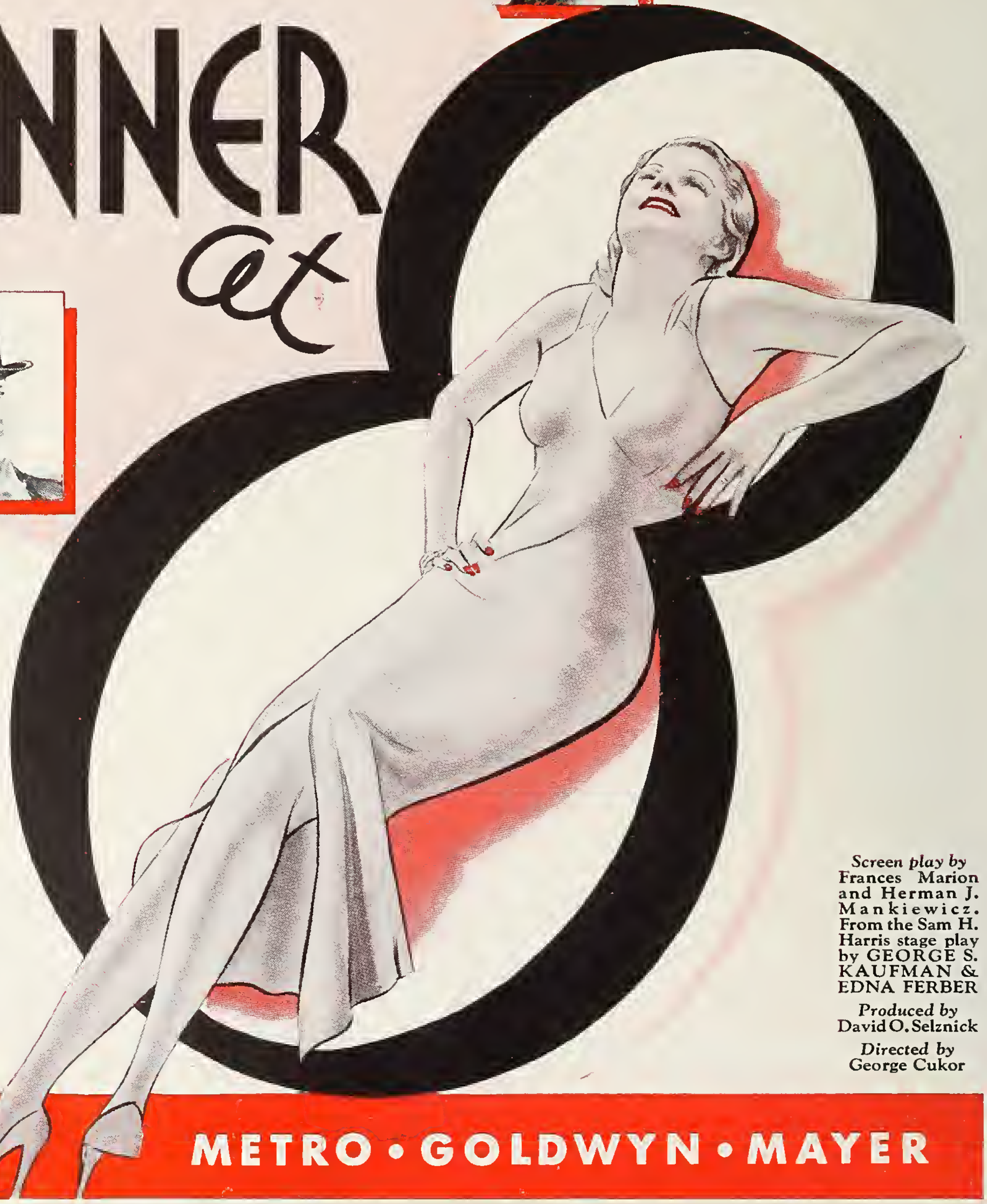
★**JOHN BARRYMORE**
★**WALLACE BEERY**
★**JEAN HARLOW**
★**LIONEL BARRYMORE**
★**LEE TRACY**
★**EDMUND LOWE**
★**BILLIE BURKE**
★**MADGE EVANS** ★**KAREN MORLEY**
★**JEAN HERSHOLT** ★**PHILLIPS HOLMES**

DINNER at 8



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

Screen play by
Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER

Produced by
David O. Selznick

Directed by
George Cukor

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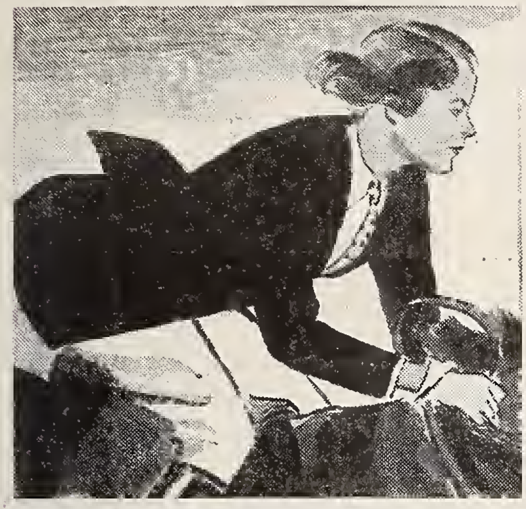
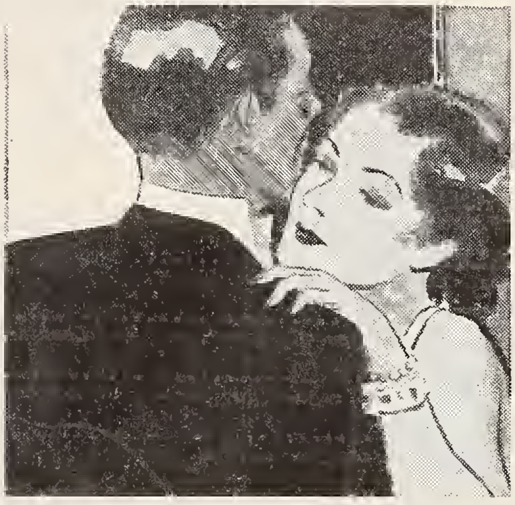
Isn't It A Shame!

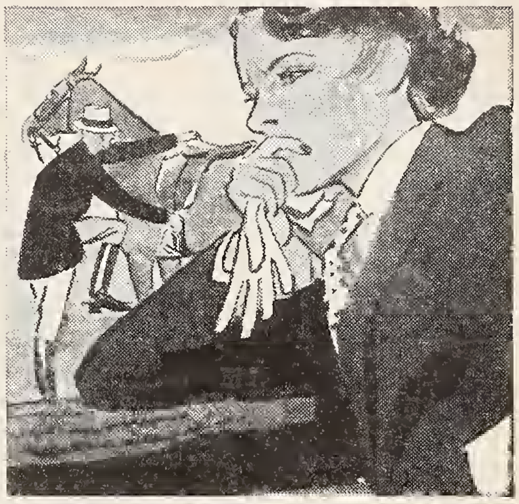
SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



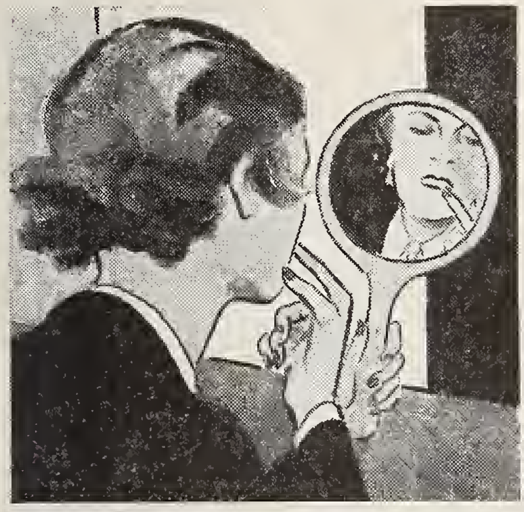
Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



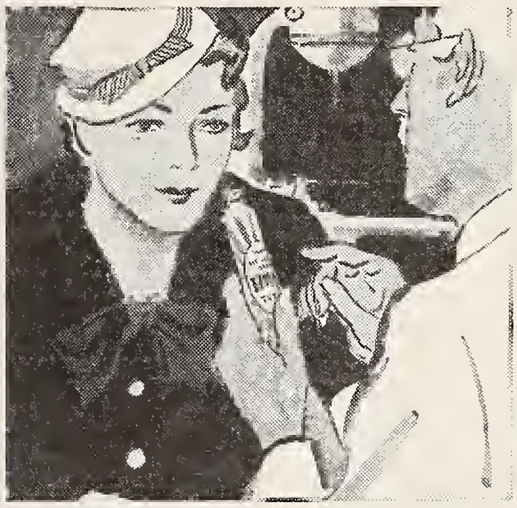
Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



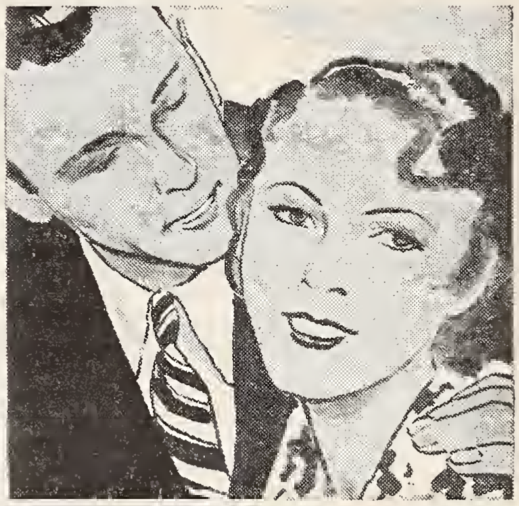
Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"–and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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MODERN Screen

FEATURES

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WE DO OUR PART

GARBO FALLS IN LOVE.......Mary Ann Stevens 12
The Queen of Mystery succumbs to Cupid! What will the outcome be?

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PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES · GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL · LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS · SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH · NED SPARKS · FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"

ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).

ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

ALICE ... Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

(Left) Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March and Gary Cooper in "Design for Living." (Right) Myrna Loy, Max Baer and Walter Huston in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO)

PERFECT. If all the superlatives in the following reviews were grouped together—and another dozen added—there still wouldn't be enough to express adequately the beauty, the sheer loveliness of this masterpiece. This is the picture of pictures and should go down as one of the finest things ever tackled in the film industry.

Besides the delightfully human story (one you are all familiar with), marvelous photography and brilliant direction, you have the privilege of watching the performances of the most perfect cast ever assembled, headed by Katharine Hepburn, than whom there is none better. She was grand in "Bill of Divorcement" and "Morning Glory." She is amazing in this! You'll long remember her Jo March.

Joan Bennett as Amy, the youngest of the March clan, was a delicious surprise. We didn't know she was such a swell actress. Jean Parker as Beth and Frances Dee as Meg topped anything they have ever done. Spring Byington was ideal as Mother March. Edna May Oliver as the aunt, Paul Lukas as Professor Baer, Douglas Montgomery as Laurie and Henry Stephenson as Mr. Lawrence were all outstanding. And a special bouquet to George Cukor, the director.

But why say more? See it for yourself, and you will agree that it is one of the greatest. It is a picture that will be enjoyed and wept over by everyone.

[● Recommended
●● Specially recommended
Brief reviews on page 80.]

●● Little Women
●● The Prizefighter and the Lady
●● Footlight Parade
●● Only Yesterday
●● Eskimo
●● Man's Castle
●● Design for Living
● King for a Night
●● The World Changes
● Christopher Bean
●● Broadway Through a Keyhole
● The Mad Game
● The House on 56th Street
White Woman
The Invisible Man
The Worst Woman in Paris
● Female
Olsen's Big Moment
● My Woman
● The Kennel Murder Case
Special Investigator
● Havana Widows
Hell and High Water
College Coach

THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M)

EXTRA SPECIAL. This film excels anything ever done in this line. The story packs a terrific wallop. The fight between Max Baer and Primo Carnera is alone worth the price of admission. Besides this, there's a swell love story, glorious acting, including the surprise performance of Baer, and direc- (*Continued on page 8*)

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"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

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CAMAY

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CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

(*Continued from page 6*)

tion and photography that are pretty well-nigh perfect.

Briefly, the story concerns the cocky but likeable Steve Morgan (Baer) who becomes a runner-up for champ through the efforts of his manager, Walter Huston. He woos and weds Myrna Loy, sweetie of Willy Ryan (Otto Kruger), big nightclub racketeer. Success, plus feminine flattery, goes to Steve's over-sized head—and Myrna walks out on him. In a rage, Steve fires his manager, goes on a drinking orgy and winds up in a sad condition for the big fight with the world's champ (Primo Carnera).

You'll like Baer as an actor. He makes the character of Steve Morgan ring true and his song and dance number is a knockout. Myrna Loy gives a fine, sympathetic performance. Otto Kruger plays brilliantly and Huston does his usual swell work.

You're bound to like this. The kids will love it and fight fans will literally eat it up. See it by all means.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners)

MARVELOUS MUSICAL. Here is the best yet turned out by the studio that gave us "42nd Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933." The story is so good for this type of picture that it rates special mention. Busby Berkeley deserves a great hand for his dance numbers, which are better than ever.

And what a cast: Jimmy Cagney does his rôle of the musical producer in a fast, sizzling tempo. He should be in love with his secretary (Joan Blondell) but, instead, he falls for a dizzy, blonde golddigger. Don't worry, he finds out in time to clinch with Joan. Then, there's that team of Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, who give you some great numbers that will send you away whistling. Frank McHugh . . . Guy Kibbee . . . Hugh Herbert . . . but why say more?

The big climax comes when Jimmy is forced (in two short days) to show three new stage ideas in three different theatres, miles apart. The shows are knockouts. The rush from one theatre to another is made via bus—and the girls dress and undress therein. Then—the leading man breaks down and who do you suppose steps into his place. Right—James Cagney!

Take the whole family to this one and you'll see a great show.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal)

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. 'Tis seldom one runs across a picture that is so human and pathetic that even the most hardened need not be ashamed of a tear. The picture begins in the year 1929, just as the market crashes. Then there is a flash-back to the entry of our boys into the World War—"which seems only yesterday."

For the remainder of the story we are shown the history of two young sweethearts (Margaret Sullavan and John Boles). Of their pre-war romance . . . his sailing before the wedding could be arranged . . . and his return. He is a father, but he doesn't even recognize the mother!

Margaret Sullavan, new to the screen, makes as delightful and interesting an entrance to motion pictures as we have ever seen. She is a superb actress—a different personality. John Boles gives a fine, restrained performance. Billie Burke, playing the rôle of the girl's aunt, does nicely and Reginald Denny handles capably the rôle of Billie's husband.

While this picture is not particularly recommended for children, it is placed on the "must see" list for all others.

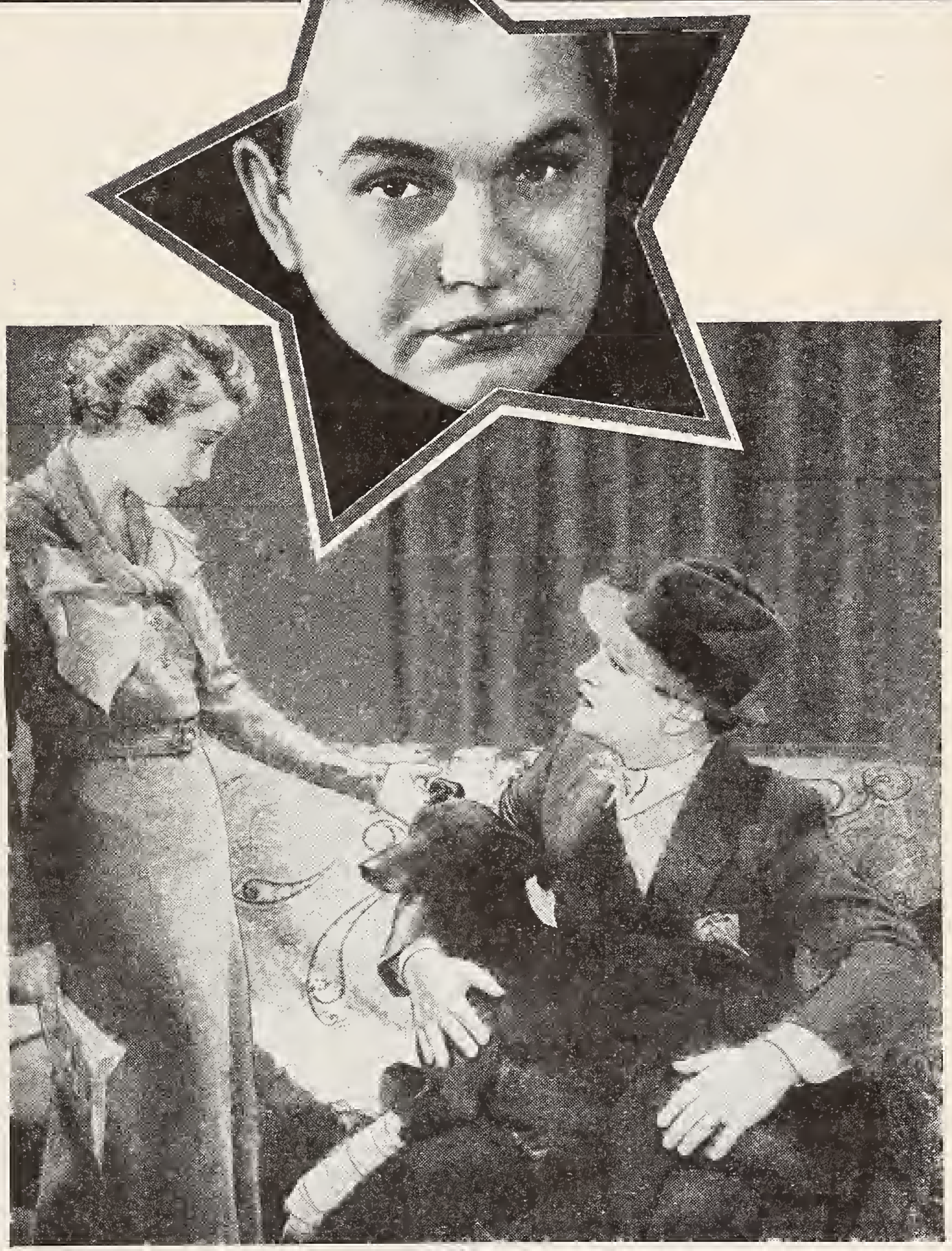
(*Continued on page 95*)

George Brent and Ruth Chatterton who are teamed in "Female."

Paul Lukas and Katharine Hepburn in the delightful "Little Women."

Paul Kelly and Hugh O'Connell in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

Naturally... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first dramatic hit!



The star of the month—in a story from the book-of-the-month—makes *the picture of the month*, as Warner Bros. again team the author and star of "Little Caesar" . . . This roaring, real life drama of a "plunger" of the tracks, wagering body and soul—hazarding love and life, is hailed by a million readers as W. R. Burnett's greatest story...awaited by fifty million theatre-goers as Robinson's greatest picture!

Edw. G. Robinson

in

"DARK HAZARD"

A First National Picture with Genevieve Tobin • Glenda Farrell • Directed by Alfred E. Green

BETWEEN YOU and ME

What have you to say about the movies and its players? Remember, this page is reserved for your opinions, so please air 'em

Dear Friends:

Keep your eye on Jean Muir, who appears in "The World Changes"; Paul Kelly in "Broadway Through a Keyhole"; Margaret Sullavan, in "Only Yesterday"; Evelyn Venable in "Cradle Song"; Fred Astaire in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio."

I think most, if not all, of these players are headed for big things. When you've seen them, drop me a line and give me your honest reaction.

Already you're expressing rabid and widely divergent opinions on Mae West, and her chances for continued success. My thought is that Mae went too far in "I'm No Angel"—the twisting of every possible situation into a sex gag palled on me. Maybe I'm wrong. What did you think?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Opinions of a "Neutral" Fan

A "WELL WISHER" of Mussoorie, India, says:

I have a deep admiration of American talkies. Therefore, being neither English nor American, I speak without prejudice in making a serious criticism of the appalling voices and accents of many of the players.

Admittedly, Americanese for Americans, but producers should remember that Hollywood films are not made for the American public alone. They are shown and heard all over the world, on which Hollywood depends greatly from the financial point of view.

My criticism applies chiefly to featured players and supporting casts. The stars, with few exceptions, speak very well. Nothing could be more attractive than the voices and pronunciation of Ronald Colman, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis or William Powell. But George Raft, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel and many others; well, it's just too bad!

British films are making strides in popularity against the American and it is partly due to this voice question. So, Hollywood, look sharp and try to improve matters immediately, if you want to retain your place of supremacy in the film world.

A Great Big Hand for the Big Bad Villain

OVA HUNT of Huntsville, Ala., proves herself fair-minded when she says:

Sometimes I think movie fans judge players by the roles they portray rather than their acting ability. This is most unfair. Of course, it is only natural that we be thrilled when the hero gets the upper hand in the picture, but when it comes to comparing players or judging talent, what about the villain? He usually has the most difficult role in the cast, a role that requires much rehearsing and demands good acting. Watch him in the next picture and see if I'm not right. So, let us give more praise to Jack LaRue, Irving Pichel and others who play these difficult parts. They certainly deserve it. So here's mine.

A Big Bouquet for Lee

MARIE LA ROCHE of London, England, writes from abroad to say:

I am not in the habit of writing raves, nor am I the hysterical type who goes crazy over each new screen personality. But, after seeing Lee Tracy's latest mirth-quake, I simply must get some of my admiration for this unique actor off my chest.

Mr. Tracy seems to actually live each character he portrays and interprets a role in an inimitable way. This man is a comic genius. He can have you "in the aisles" with laughter one moment, gripping the sides of your seat with excitement at his amazing speed the next, and yet he is able to bring a lump to your throat quicker than any other actor when portraying an emotional scene. He has great sincerity. What a wonderful character he made of the bewildered and lovable "Private Jones." Some of the scenes in this film were the most poignant I have ever seen.

And so, all hail to the finest actor on the screen. We cannot see enough of this charming wisecracker.

Here's for Wholesome Entertainment!

IDA M. BELL of Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

We—and I speak for a host of movie-goers—would welcome another Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter film. Many of us are weary of crook dramas, sordid stories and jazzy tales and turn to this wholesome type of entertainment as a flower turns to glorious sunshine.

Both Gaynor and Baxter have the gift of innate charm and appeal. They both have the power of bringing out the romance in a picture and making it shine. Together, they have had two cinema successes—"Daddy Long Legs" and "Paddy the Next Best Thing." How about a third?

(We're all for it, too. Perhaps when the powers that be at Fox read this, the idea will appeal to them.)

Praise for Another Tracy

R. E. McCANN of Pacific Grove, Calif., says:

Unless I am very much mistaken, there is a certain actor who is fast reaching the top of his profession and is also winning the admiration of many a movie-goer.

It is Spencer Tracy who is making a place for himself, a unique place—different from all the rest.

What that "something" about him is, is difficult to say, but after seeing "The Power and the Glory," I can only quote, "You can't judge him by ordinary standards—he was too big." And Spencer Tracy is too big, has too deep an understanding of the character he plays to be regarded merely as one of many.

Some Praise for Garbo and Gilbert

MRS. J. E. TURNER of Seattle, Wash., writes:

I can hardly wait for the picture, "Queen Christina," to be released

(*Continued on page 83*)

"A FEW CENTS FOR TINTEX DOES WONDERS!"

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"YOU SIMPLY MUST USE TINTEX TINTS AND DYES!"

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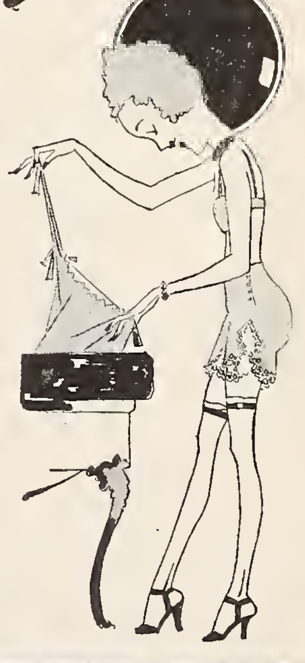

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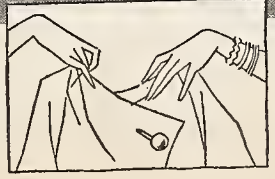


Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

(Above) On the "Queen Christina" set. A set that is seething with emotion! Garbo in love—? How does Gilbert feel about it? And Rouben Mamoulian?

GARBO FALLS IN LOVE—

By MARY ANN STEVENS

THE drama of that almost legendary figure out of Swedish history, the royal Queen Christina who masqueraded as a boy, now being enacted before the cameras of Culver City, cannot be half so exciting as the thing that has happened behind the cameras during the filming of the picture.

Garbo has fallen in love! This time, with her new director, Rouben Mamoulian.

Only a few people on the M-G-M lot know of it—the privileged few who work daily on the set with Garbo, and the members of the cast.

Jack Gilbert knows it. Jack—who was once himself so madly, so publicly, so obviously in love with the glamorous Swede that his very existence was dependent upon her momentary favor.

It is a strange story, and no one yet knows what the consequences will be. For Garbo at her most docile and phlegmatic has struck terror to the hearts of the M-G-M executives with her quiet, but none the less forceful, decisions to work or rest as the mood struck her.

With Garbo it was a case of love at first sight. You read recently in Modern Screen of the beautiful gesture which Garbo made upon her return from Sweden when she heard of the plight of Jack Gilbert.

She was, of course, interested that Gilbert give a good account of himself, not alone for his sake, but for the sake of her picture. She had taken this stand. Now it was up to him to make good.

And then she met her new director, and what has happened to the aloof, silent Garbo seems to have blotted out all consideration for anything, anyone else.

It is as if this woman who was born to simulate and portray passion had never been in love, never known love before, as if her schoolgirl worship for the tragic genius of Mauritz Stiller, her brooding gratefulness which sometimes blazed into love for the devoted and adoring Gilbert, were but preludes to the *grande passion* she now feels.

Her affection is so openly displayed on the set, her sudden interest so intense, that it has all but interfered with the progress of the picture. Everyone on the set knows—and wonders!

She does not mind. She must always be looking at Mamoulian, those slumbrous eyes lighting suddenly with admiration—and more.

And how does Mamoulian return this affection? No one knows, yet. No one dares ask. When a queen falls in love it does not seem quite the thing for one to ask the favored one how he feels about it. How should he feel? Yet there are those cynics (and Hollywood has more than its share) who say, "Mamoulian is, of course, anxious to get a good picture, and he may be—well—just diplomatic. And it must be an easy matter to be diplomatic in such a situation." But time holds the solution.

And time, too, holds another solution. What of Jack Gilbert, Jack Gilbert who is trying to, who *must* make his come-back in this picture? How must he be feeling? What are his emotions as he watches the progress of this latest Hollywood affair!

YOU say he is no longer in love with Garbo. And you are right. You say it cannot affect him. I am not so sure of *that*. For he had no sooner stepped onto the set to begin work than Garbo lost interest in him completely. It was as if he were someone hired to do a job, not

(*Continued on page 87*)

J. B. Scott

AND CLARA BOW GOES GARBO

By GLADYS HALL

(Top) Clara Bow and Rex Bell, her husband, at the opening o. "Hoopla." This is the only première Clara has attended for ages. She hasn't changed. She's being herself for the first time in her heretofore unhappy life. (Left) A "typical" Bow pose—from "Hoopla!"

READ this story carefully. Make note of the title. Cast an eye on the pictures. Otherwise you may suppose that there has been a typographical error and that this story and the one on the opposite page have been accidentally switched.

Nothing of the kind, however, has happened. This is a Bow story.

Clara tanks-she-go-home—and goes.

Clara never goes to parties, openings (her own picture, "Hoopla," rated an exception), the fights, the Grove, the Vendome or any of the places where stars foregather to make a little merry-merry.

Clara wears no make-up off the set. You wouldn't recognize her as Clara Bow if you met her face to face under the noonday sun.

Clara wears old clothes and takes hikes.

Clara has a No Visitors sign on her set. Just like Garbo. If you should commit the criminal blunder of stumbling onto the Garbo set you would be guillotined. Ditto for Bow.

Clara almost never gives interviews and may go so completely Garbo as never to give one again from this time forth.

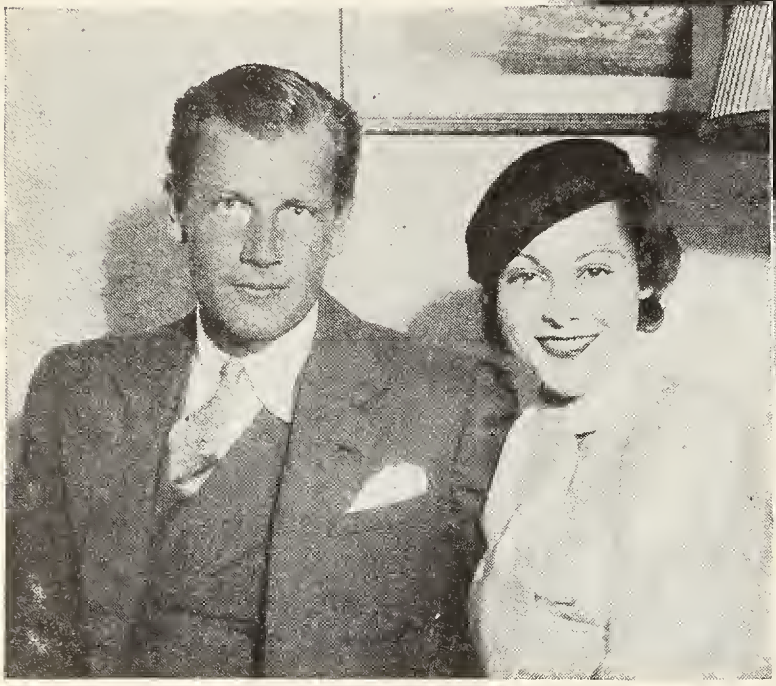
Clara is wearing spectacles. She has a slight astigmatism. She doesn't care a rap—about wearing the glasses, I mean.

Clara has the body of a Mae West, she has the smart-cracking line on the screen, the young voluptuousness, the come-see-me-sometime eyes and curves. *She has the lone-wolf spirit of the lonely Swede.*

ALMOST from the beginning Clara has played a lone hand. Almost from the beginning Garbo played a lone hand. I say "almost" because, in the very beginning, Garbo did go to social affairs, did give interviews, did pose in shorts and bathing suits and what-nots for photographers.

Even in her troubles, her newspaper notoriety and other unpleasantnesses, Clara has been, more or less, obscure and alone. When she was sued (as who is not?) it was by a little, salaried secretary. *(Continued on page 101)*

(Below) A picture taken after their runaway marriage at Rye, New York. Oh, yes—they'll pose for an occasional picture. To refuse would only make the press more avid. But no hand-holding or lovey-dovey poses! Nossir!



WHEN Frances Dee and Joel McCrea had bought their marriage license, they started out to look for a little white church in which to be married. They had always wanted to be married in a white church. They found one in a small town called Rye, New York. It was a Methodist church and there they became man and wife.

But neither Frances nor Joel told me about the little white church—nor any of the details in connection with their wedding. I got what facts I'm about to tell you from a close personal friend of theirs.

The one thing both Frances and Joel were set on was that there was to be no romance ballyhoo. And they were absolutely sincere—so sincere, in fact, that they did not run from newspaper reporters and photographers. This hide-and-seek game that many stars play with the press is a sure-fire method of getting publicity. Frances and Joel posed for their pictures together (but without arms entwined about each other). They talked to a few newspaper people (but without telling the reporters how much in love they were).

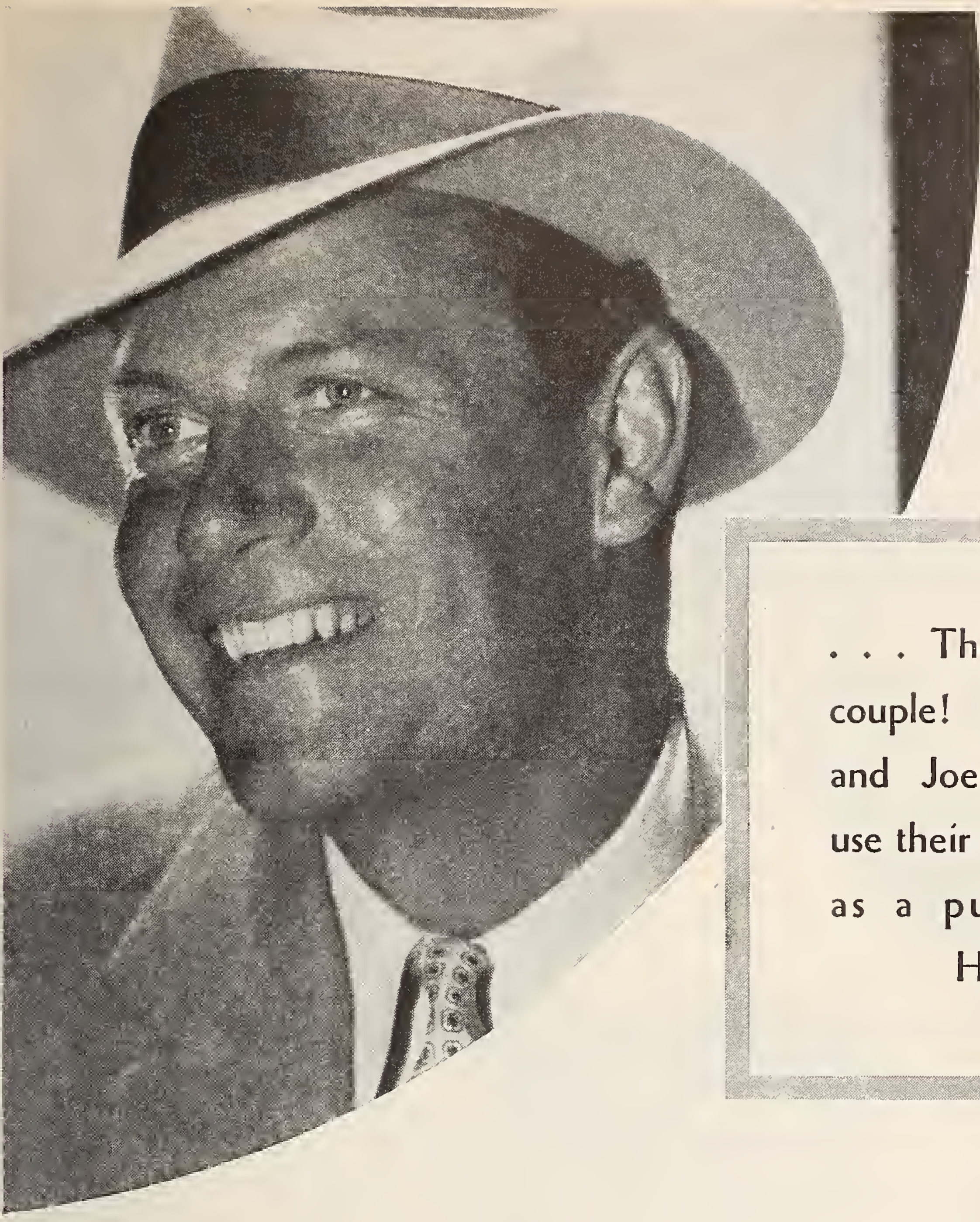
Though they had been engaged for several months, the wedding happened suddenly. Frances was at Fort Myer, Virginia, on location for her new picture, "Rodney." Something went wrong with the story and certain scenes had to be rewritten. The company told her she could go to New York for three days. That gave Frances an idea.

She telephoned Joel at once. He hopped in a plane immediately and the next day they were at City Hall getting their license. The reporters hadn't been tipped off. Nobody but the Chief Clerk knew who they were.

IT was Joel's first trip to New York, but when the friends who went with them tried to point out the Empire State Building and other points of interest, Joel gave New York's skyline only the merest glance. He was interested in just one thing—Frances.

. . . NO ROMANCE

BALLYHOO, PLEASE!



By
CARTER
BRUCE

. . . The perfect married couple! But Frances Dee and Joel McCrea won't use their love and marriage as a publicity racket! Here's why

A studio executive volunteered to lend them his roadster for a couple of days, so they could drive out of town and find their little white church. Six days later the owner of the car as well as the other New York Radio Pictures executives were trying to find them. They turned up a week—to the day —after their marriage, contrite at having caused anybody any trouble, but too happy to care much. They had made one bow to Frances' career. They had telephoned her company at Fort Myer and discovered she wouldn't be needed.

And that was the way of the marriage and honeymoon of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. It was as simple as that—and done with no hectic front-page stories, no publicity, no ballyhoo.

It all came from an agreement they had made when they first became engaged. They were not—they promised each other—going to do the things that most Hollywood engaged couples do.

Before their marriage they agreed to make a personal appearance for their studio. It had just one string to it. "Not one word shall be said about our going together—and no informal pictures shall be taken of us together."

Of course, the boys in the RKO publicity department thought the couple were just kidding. They immediately sent out a story to the manager of the San Francisco theater where Frances and Joel were appearing to the effect that " . . . this charming new Hollywood romance . . . everyone expects them to elope on a moment's notice . . . they might even be married on this little trip."

However, exactly ten minutes before Frances and Joel were set to take their bows before the northern city audience, Frances got a look at the speech in the hands of the master of ceremonies. He was trying to memorize it and she caught such phrases as "Hollywood sweethearts . . . another charming romance . . . elopement."

She stalked to her dressing room; put on her hat. Joel was summoned, consulted, and just like *that* they started for the door marked exit.

(*Continued on page 105*)

● These are the Camera Coast anecdotes which most amused America's famous humorist and connoisseur of wit. And so Irvin S. Cobb has written them down here for you

Cartoons by
F. G. COOPER

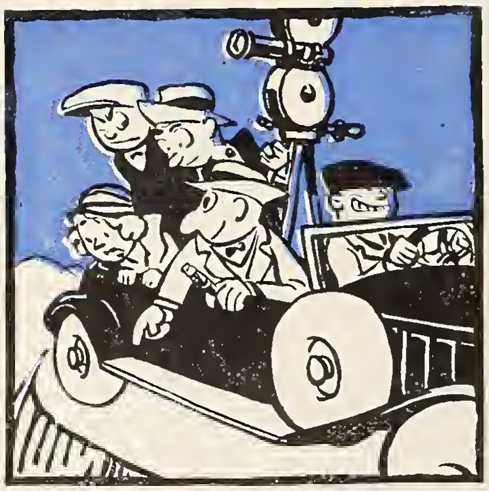
● A man back from Hollywood brought with him two anecdotes regarding a gentleman who holds an important, indeed a commanding, position in one of the biggest of the studios. This gentleman chooses subjects for screening; he casts companies; he passes on details of location, of costuming and of treatment; he bosses directors and he issues orders to actors.

Once upon a time he was told that the editorial department of his plant looked with an eye of favor on the project of making a film version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Promptly he put his foot down on it.

"Nix," he said, "we wouldn't do it. The public is fed up on these here college plays with football players for heroes."

Later, he personally was supervising the taking of certain scenes of a comedy. In the script prepared from the author's scenario by the continuity writer, he came upon a line to the effect that the leading woman should be pictured as seated alone in a deep reverie.

"Come with me, you," he said, indicating the assistant director, the leading lady and the boss camera-man. "I got just the place for taking this here piece of business."



He loaded the puzzled trio into an automobile, got in himself and bade the driver take them along a certain road winding into the foothills above Los Angeles. After an hour or so of steady travel, they came to where a narrow but precipitous canyon cut into the contours of the landscape. Here the leader of the expedition gave orders to halt.

"There you are," he stated, with a wave of his arm, "you could look maybe for a week and nowhere you wouldn't find no deeper reverie for her to be setting in than this."

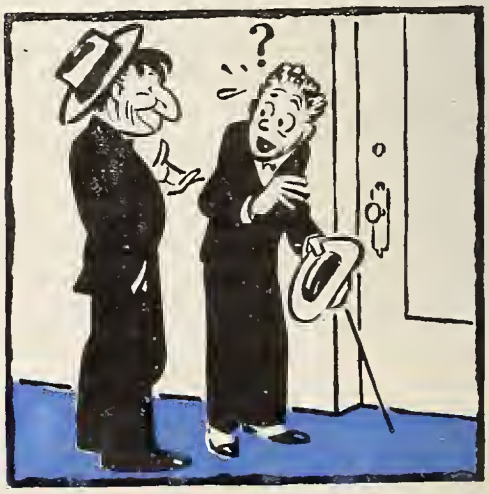
● When General Neville, the hero of the defense of Verdun, made his tour of America he was the guest of honor at a big public reception in one of the Southern California hotels. Among those invited to greet the distinguished Frenchman were the more prominent members of the moving picture colony.

At the doors of General Neville's suite, Will Rogers met Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin, who in private life is a reserved and rather shy little man, was considerably fussed over the prospect ahead of him.

"I suppose we're expected to say a few words to the General," he confided to Rogers. "But for the life of me I can't think of the best way to start the conversation."

Rogers gave the problem a moment's earnest consideration.

"Well," he drawled, "why don't you ask him if he was in the war,

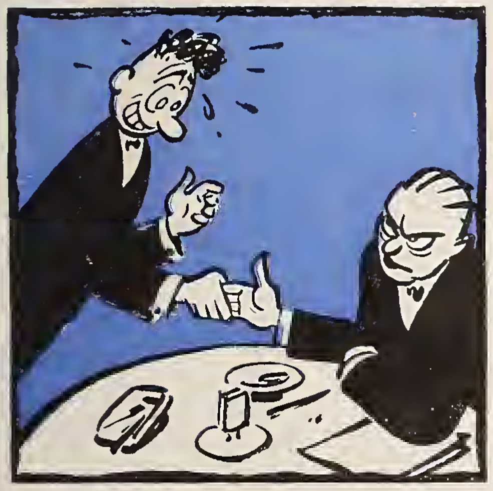


My ten favorite Hollywood Stories

by Irvin S. Cobb

and, if so, which side he was on? Then let nature take its course!"

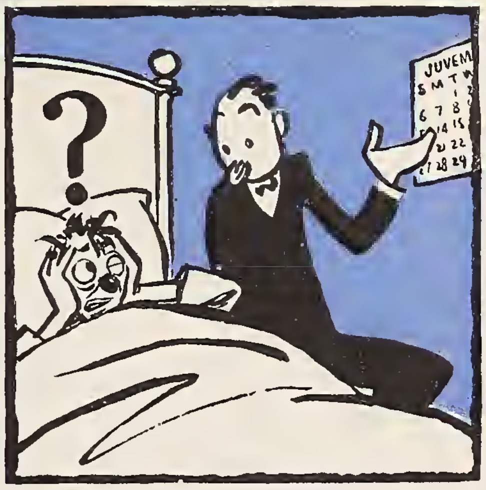
● Shortly before Wilson Mizner, the famous wit of Hollywood, died, he was sitting in the Brown Derby when there entered a bright youth, newly arrived from New York. The young gentleman, having made a local hit writing gags for radio programs and Broadway patter comedians, had on the strength of his genius secured a contract to do comic continuities for one of the smaller movie concerns. Seeing Mizner hunched in a corner, he asked for an introduction. And as he clasped the bony hand of perhaps the greatest wise-cracker America ever produced, he said:



"Mr. Mizner, I wonder how it's going to feel when two real humorists get together?"

And Mizner, out of the corner of his mouth, said: "Sucker, you'll never know!"

● A certain Hollywood actor got carried away by the spirit of these Repealish times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him.



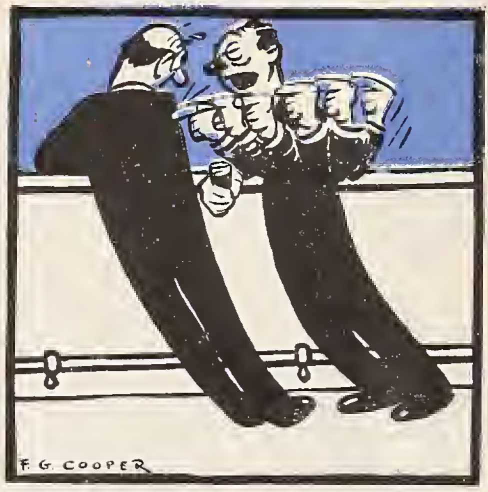
"Hello," he said, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.

● There is a certain young actor out there, who, when sober, is one of the most companionable of men. But when he indulges in strong water, his nature changes. He becomes disputatious and occasionally quarrelsome. Such times, he delights to corner some acquaintance and pin him down to a definite position on a subject and debate the point for hours and hours and hours.

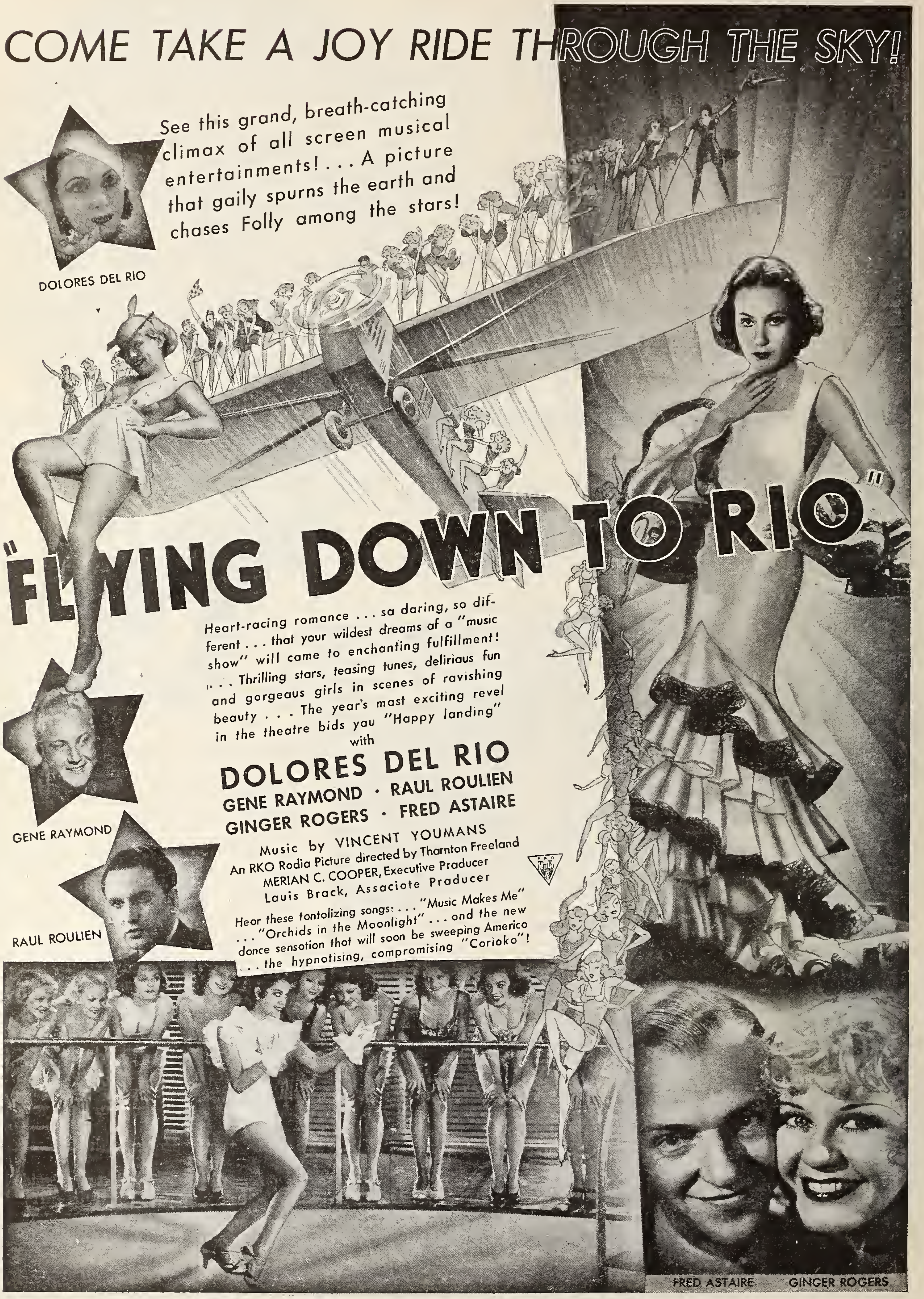


One night, being in one of these alcoholically promoted moods, he trapped a friend against the bar of a Los Angeles club.

"You go 'round saying you know so mush, don't you?" he demanded belligerently. "You go 'round saying you know so many people in this town, don't you? Thatsh kinda fellow you you are, aint' you —huh?"

"Not at all," protested the hapless friend. "I never—"

"Pleash don't contradict me," said the actor; "thatsh no way to carry on argument between gen'men. Lemme get (*Continued on page 93*)



COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!

See this grand, breath-catching climax of all screen musical entertainments! . . . A picture that gaily spurns the earth and chases Folly among the stars!

DOLORES DEL RIO

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

Heart-racing romance . . . so daring, so different . . . that your wildest dreams of a "music show" will come to enchanting fulfillment! . . . Thrilling stars, teasing tunes, delirious fun and gorgeous girls in scenes of ravishing beauty . . . The year's most exciting revel in the theatre bids you "Happy landing" with

DOLORES DEL RIO
GENE RAYMOND · RAUL ROULIEN
GINGER ROGERS · FRED ASTAIRE

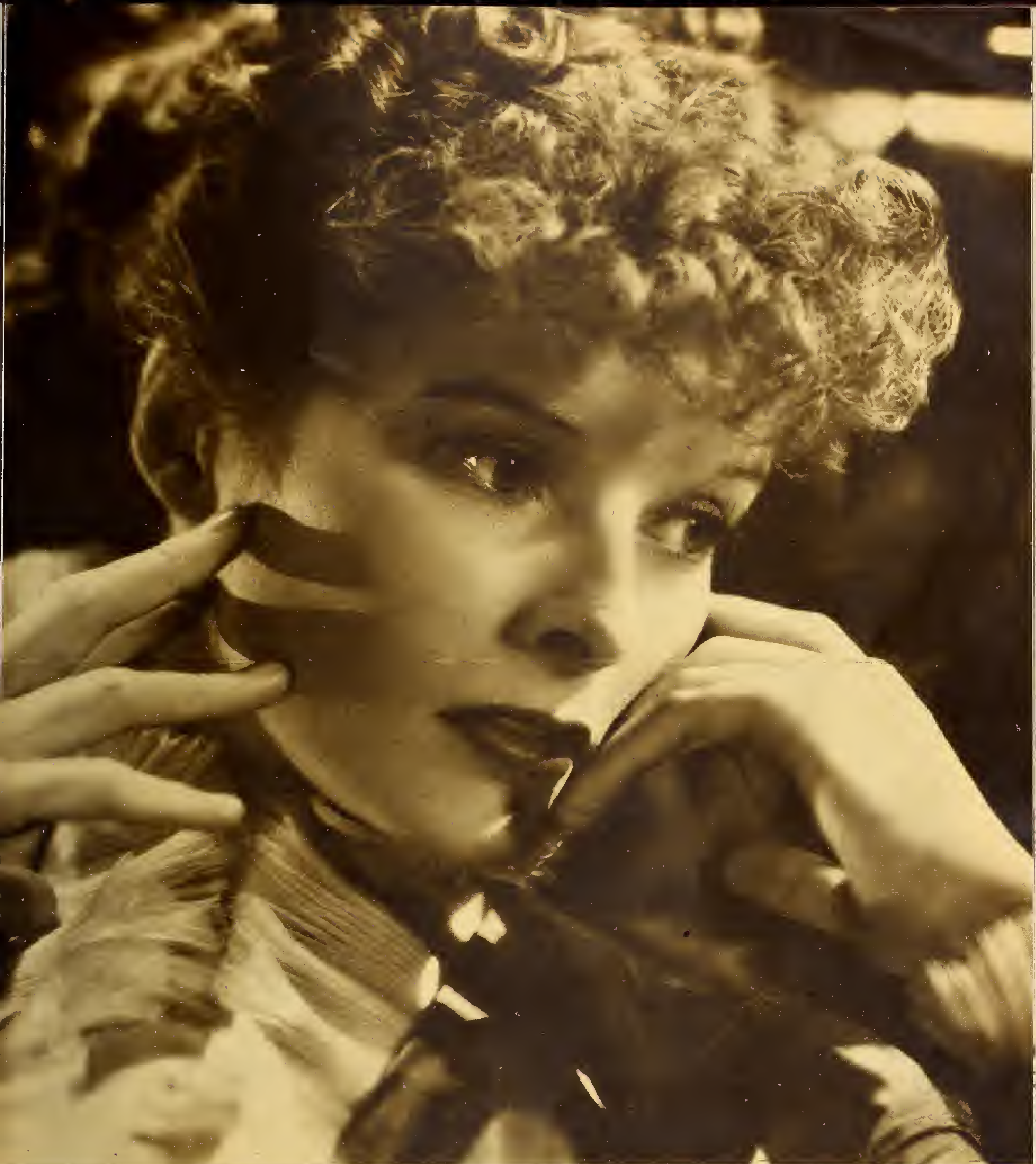
Music by VINCENT YOUMANS
An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland
MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer
Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs: . . . "Music Makes Me" . . . "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America . . . the hypnotising, compromising "Carioca"!

GENE RAYMOND

RAUL ROULIEN

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

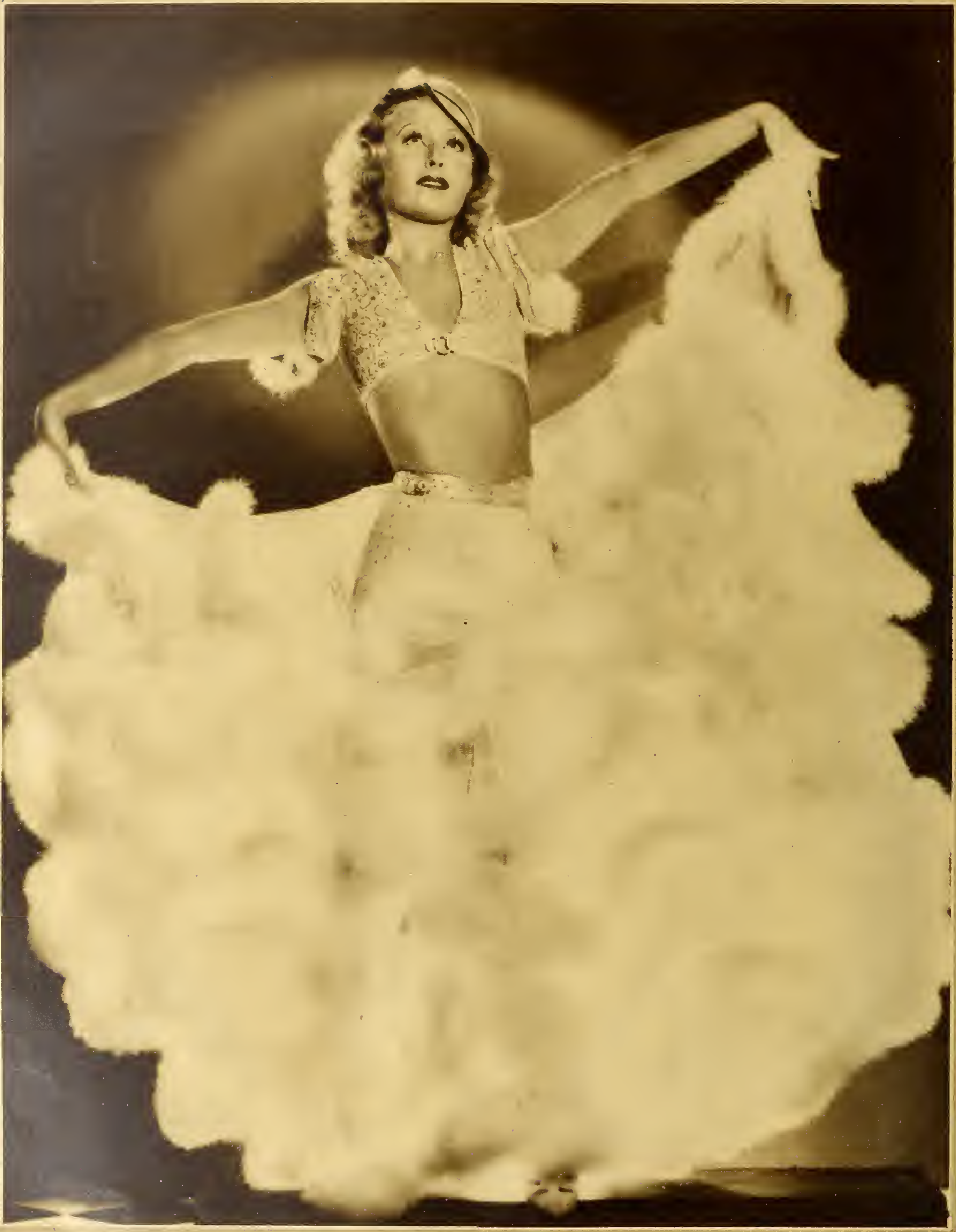


Portraits

Katharine Hepburn's sudden snootiness toward news photographers is based upon perfectly understandable feminine vanity. The Hepburn freckles show up in a news photo, you see—they don't show under screen make-up. Katie, has a pet hat she has bought in Paris and wore in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," and now treasures in her own wardrobe. It's a good luck piece. Naturally, its style didn't suit "Little Women"—but perhaps it will appear in "Trigger," her next picture. On an ocean voyage she invariably gets sea sick.

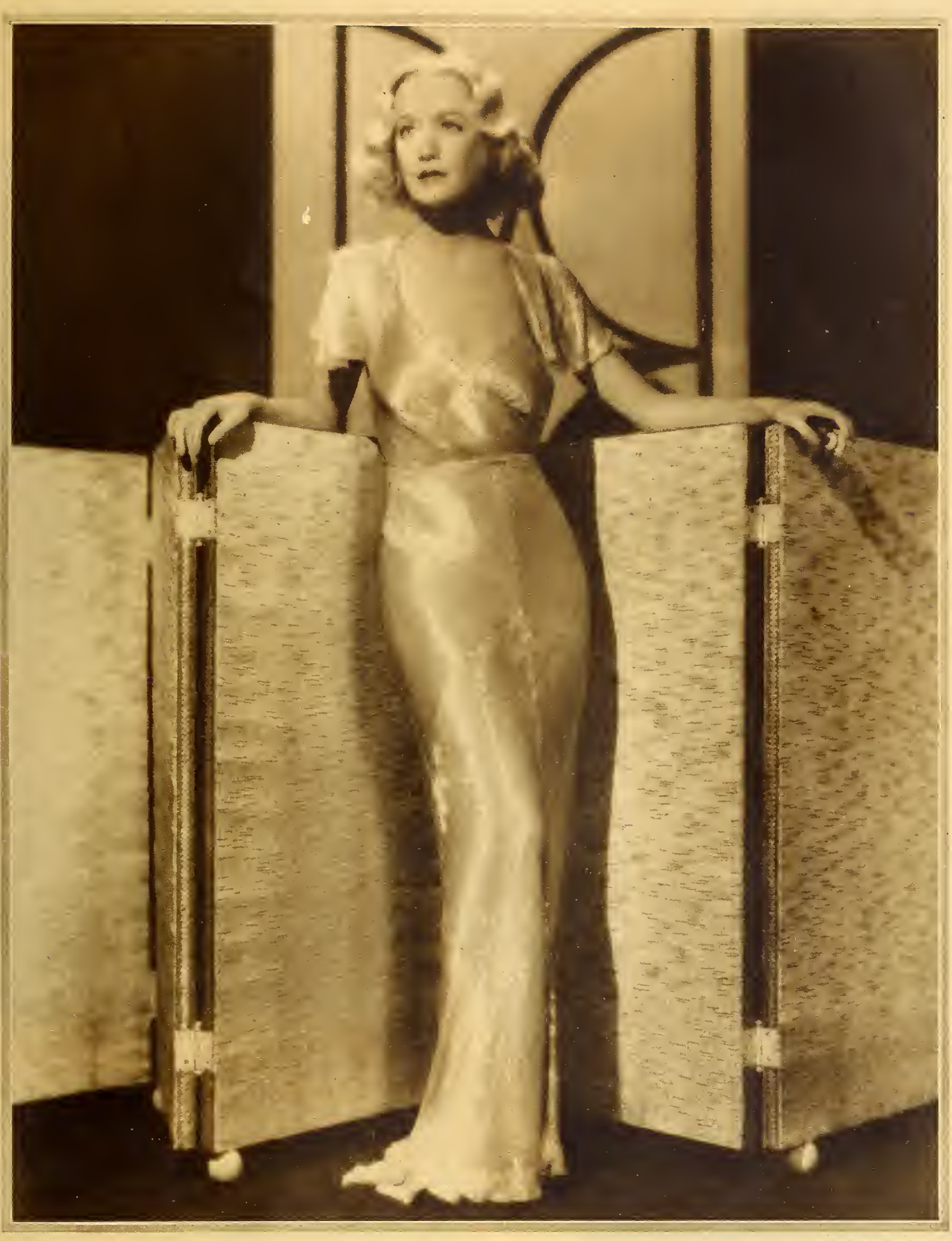
Everyone on the set likes Paul Kelly. Everyone off the set does, too. He's a smiling Irish lad with a friendly manner and a firm handclasp. Paul was recruited to the film ranks to play an important role in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Now he is making a gangster story called, "Gentlemen, the King." When he has a day off, Mr. Kelly spends it on golf links. His score is in the seventies. He is a good swimmer and an intrepid flyer.

Jean Muir, technically a newcomer to the camera colony, has three talkies to her credit already. "The Earth Turns" is to be her next. Jean owns a wardrobe of sports clothes, a new roadster and a perfect photographic face. Valuable items for an ingenue to possess? We think so. Miss Muir is unmarried for, she claims, she's too selfish to fall in love. Perhaps she's too wise. When a difficult problem confronts her, she phones Jimmy Cagney, who is her pal.



Otto Dyar

One star who can wear maribou and ostrich feathers and spangles and never look over-dressed. Because she's so slim and dainty, we suppose. Lilian Harvey has almost completed "I Am Suzanne." She has worked every single day except eleven since she arrived in Hollywood. During those eleven days she gave interviews. Lilian has an enormous appetite and doesn't stint it. Dancing and swimming look after her slimness. Have you seen her In "My Lips Betray"?



Eugene Robert Richee

At last—in "Design for Living" and "Chrysalis"—you are to see Miriam Hopkins wearing really glamorous clothes. Like the one above. Hollywood folk call Miriam "the human dynamo." She can accomplish more in one day than six women. She adores California in the daytime but finds evenings boring. Hates bridge and night clubs and premières. She'd like to smoke, but can't learn how. She has one vice—forgetting appointments.

JEAN HARLOW'S

Every bride wants an adorable fluffy negligée. And Jean, who ordinarily sticks to pretty severe lines, weakened just once when she saw the dove pink, maribou-trimmed creation at the left. (Below, left and right) She calls it her formal "picture" gown. Corded gold lamé. With a straight-cut cape (removable, of course) which drapes cowl-fashion across the back. And a mermaid train. The dark hostess gown is jewel green sauvage velvet.

Clothes from Bullock's Wilshire. Specially posed for Modern Screen

A dainty pink negligée, a formal gold lame picture gown and a hostess gown of green sauvage velvet

By VIRGINIA

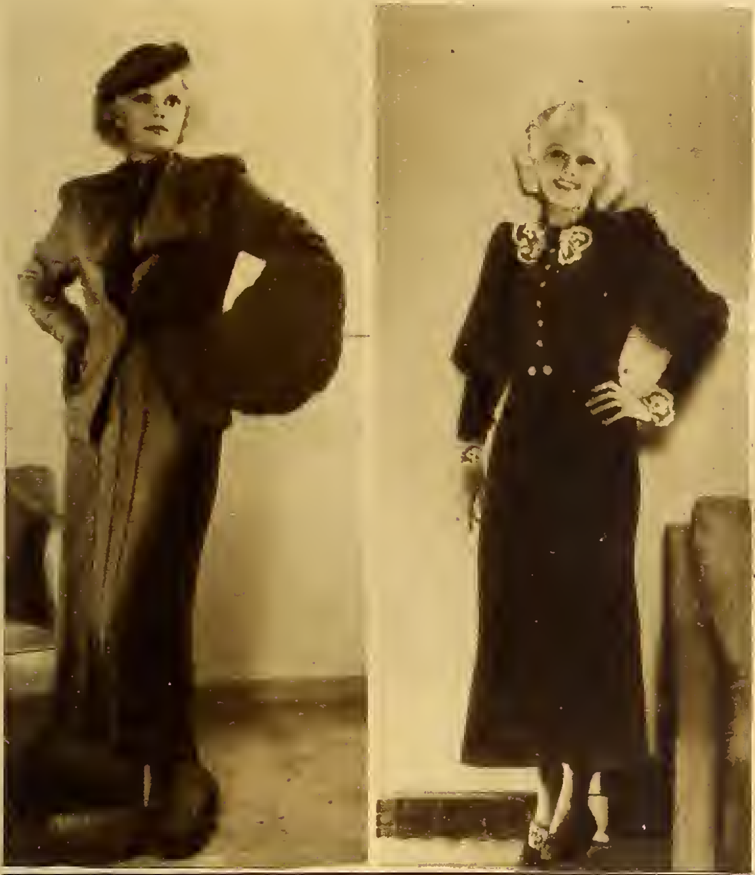
GOOD morning! This is the Duchess of Ginsberg speaking. Get out of bed, darling. Maybe you haven't noticed—but it's a perfectly beautiful day and I'm going shopping for a trousseau. Want to come along?" Jean Harlow's voice came bubbling over the wires, gay with excitement.

Did I want to go along? Does Mussolini like black shirts!

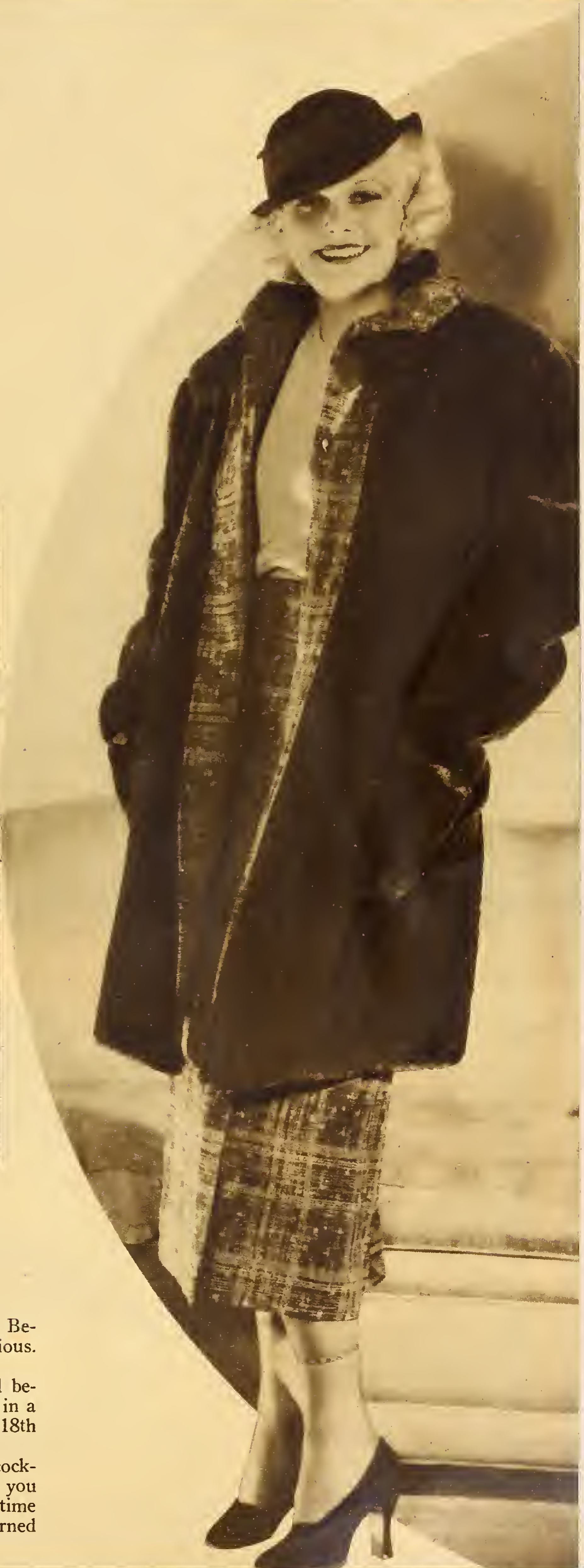
We met in front of Bullock's Wilshire, that classically modern shop where the clerks *look* like French countesses and act personally interested in you. And anyway, I

TROUSSEAU

At the right is the sort of outdoor outfit which any bride would adore for weekend trips with him. The logwood seal coat is lined with gay plaid, to match the skirt. (Below, left and right) For those occasions when you want to look awfully smart, but not too dressed up. A cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed. With a mink-brown satin blouse. A crazy little hat, circled with mink. Then, there's the attractively "schoolgirl" black frock of velgrana trimmed with dainty lace bows.



A cocktail suit of golden tweed, a schoolgirlish dress of black velgrana and a stunning outdoor ensemble

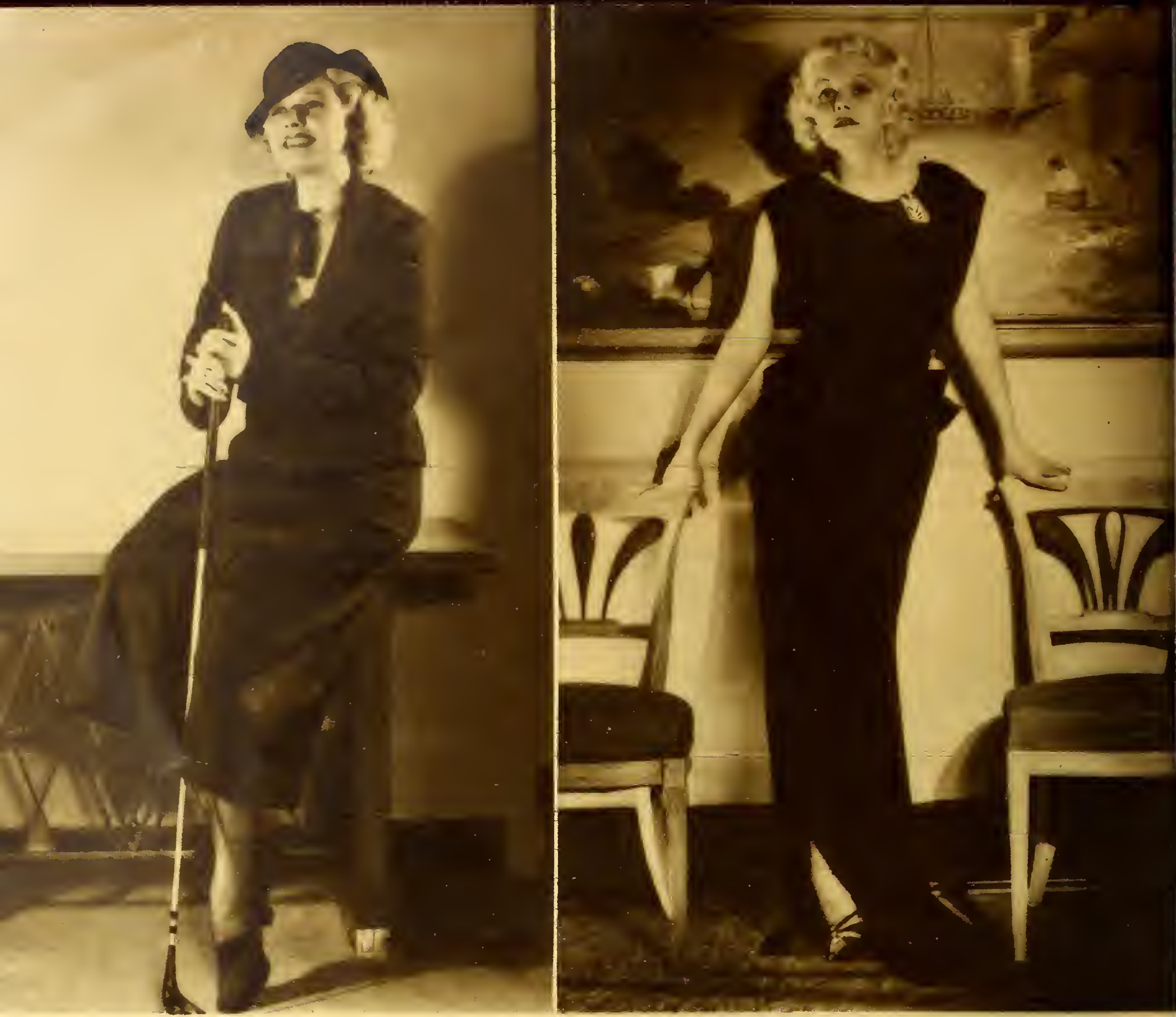


T. LANE

think brides exert a charm all their own, don't you? Because clothes never have appeared more scrumptious. And when you consider the bride was *Jean* . . .

"I sort of reversed the order of things. Married before I bought my clothes! But we had to do things in a hurry," she chuckled as we entered the regally quiet 18th Century salon. Then the fun began.

Out came a negligée that was like sipping a heady cocktail while you listened to your favorite symphony—if you know what I mean. Exhilarating and at the same time aesthetic. The material was dove pink crepe patterned



with delicate satin flowers in pastel shades. And if that doesn't do things to the imagination! Like all self-respecting negligées it had a sheath silhouette and finished with a grand swirl of a train. What made it even more yum-yum were the huge cuffs and the collar of blue-orchid maribou. Instantly my mind reverted to that maribou of mother's reposing all these years in a half-forgotten trunk. Would I delve after it as soon as I got home—now *would I!*

THIS is the season of seasons to haul out all those "fine feathers and fluff" of former times, have them cleaned, and use them to marvelous advantage.

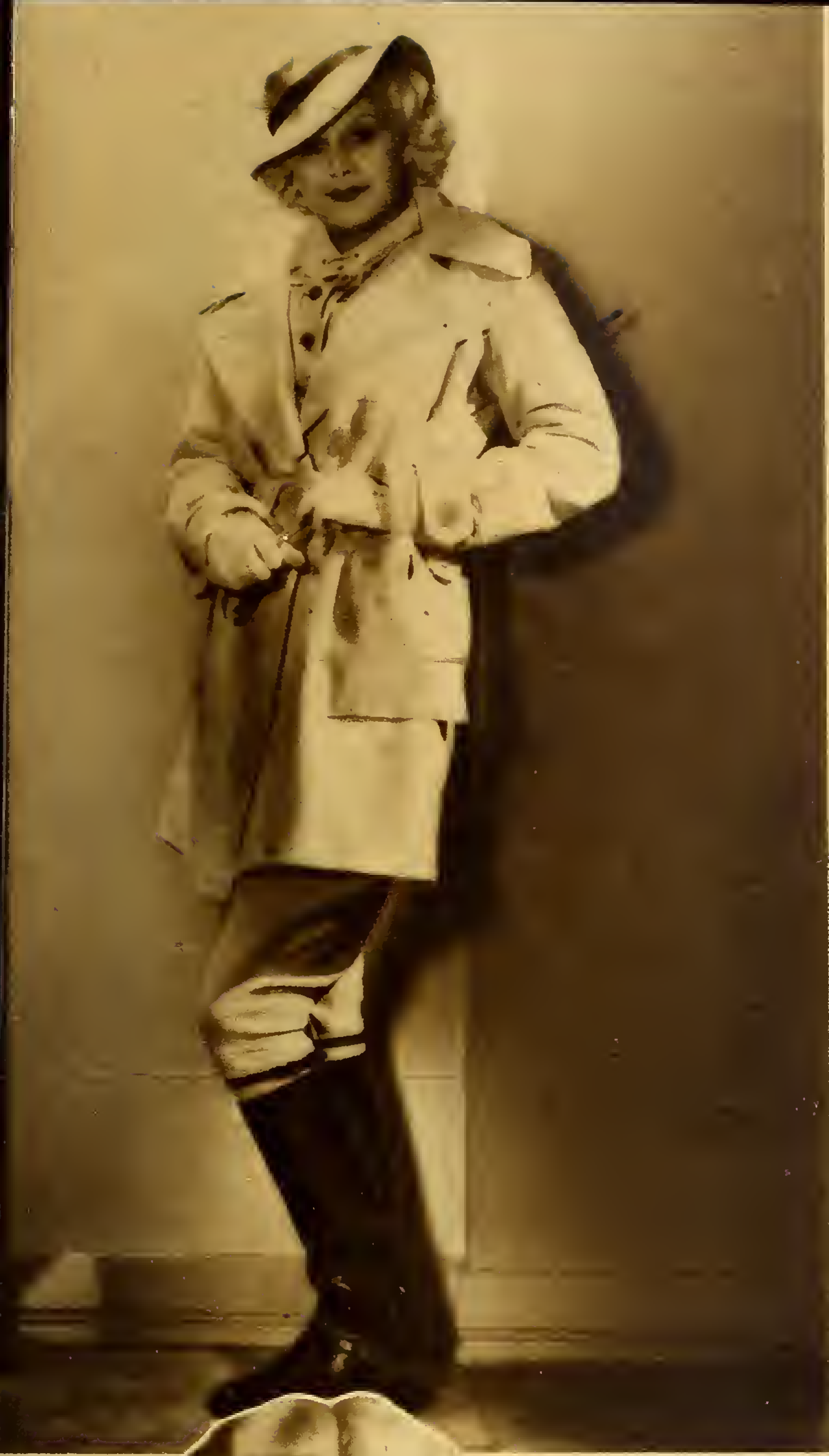
"Um, I said I'd never go in for pastels," Jean was musing to herself, "but, heaven help me, I'm weakening."

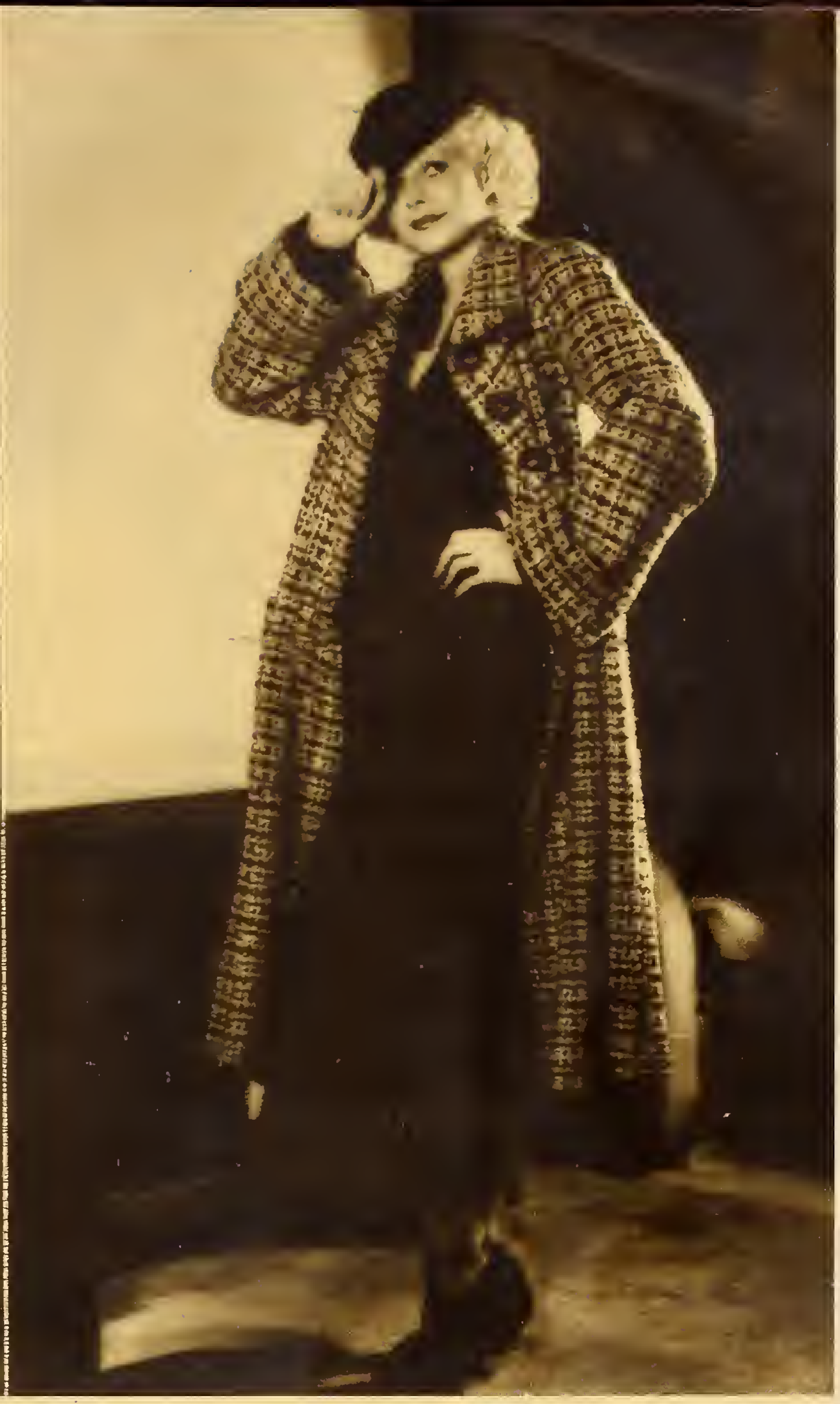
(N.B. *She weakened all the way.*)

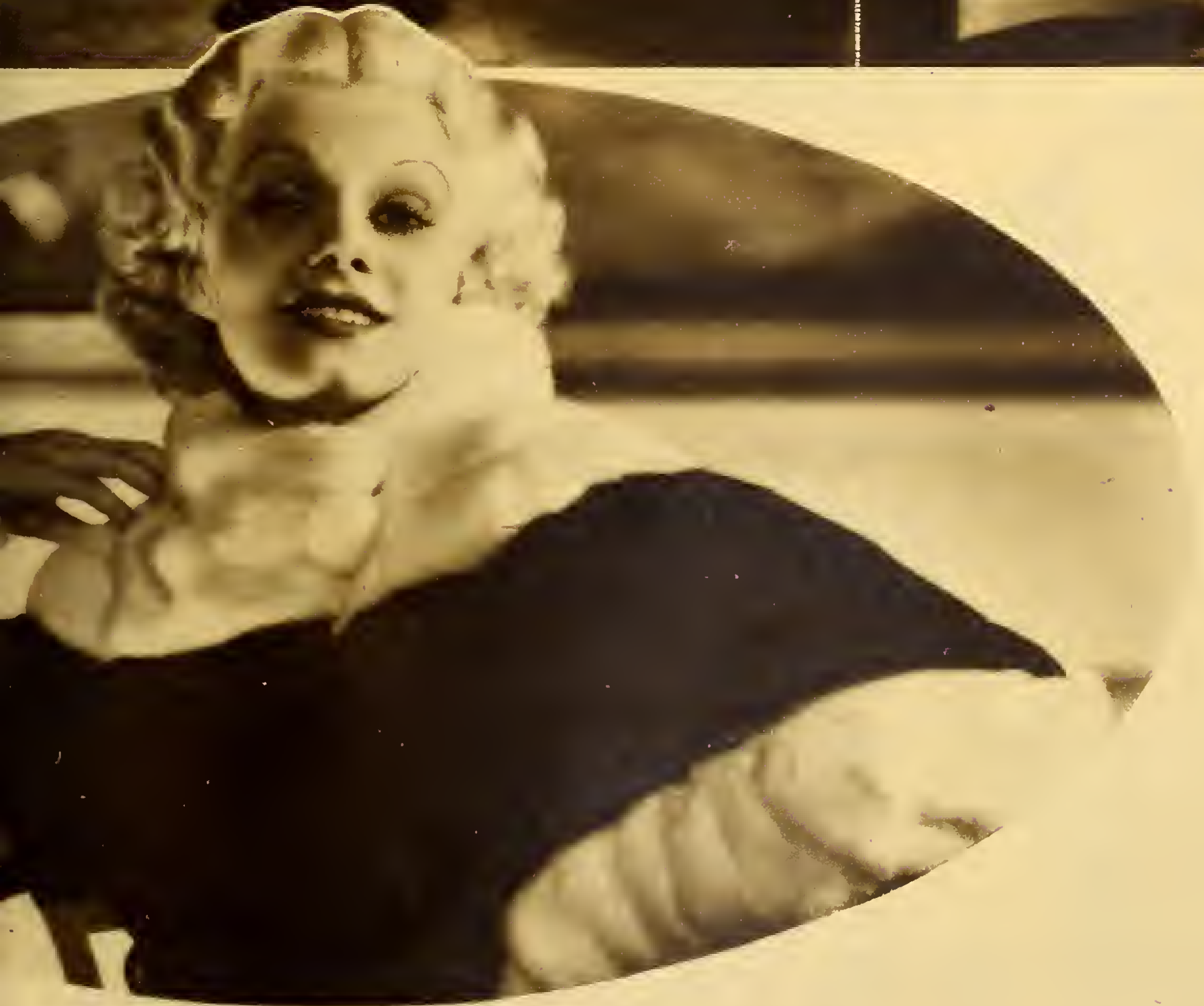
"You know, Virginia, I don't think men want their wives to be boyish or brilliant across the breakfast table. They want to leave for the day's work with a pretty, wholly feminine picture in mind. Fluttering-hands-about-the-coffee-pot sort of thing—so you have to be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline. *Pink,* my dear; that's the morning tonic that puts them in a mood to do battle against the world for the little woman!" Jean's jolly laughter rang out but I couldn't help wishing all young brides had as much wisdom.

"No," she went on, "I'm going to keep my more exotic 'hostess' dresses for dinner at *(Continued on page 84)*

(Above, left and right) Perfect taste—perfect tailoring. Jean's golf suit—which will stand up well, too, under hard wear to and from the studio. It's of green wool. The black velvet evening gown is, we think, Jean's grandest dress. The bows on the hips give it a new silhouette. The slit in front and the short train are ultra-glamorous.







(Above, left and right) Jean chose beige and brown for her riding habit. The coat and slipover she wears beneath it are beige suede. The breeches are cavalry twill. Then—Jean's separate topcoat—so handy to go with other costumes. This is loosely woven tweed in a brown and white check. (Left) The black velvet and ermine wrap that goes with Jean's velvet evening gown.

1

2

1. Ye Crooner at ye age of one. 2. Ye crooner at ye age of three. Both these pictures were taken in Mountain View, Ark. 3. Master Richard on the right. Big brother Luther on the left. Waiting for a street car, we suppose. 4. At the age of about ten, Dick went into his thoughtful, studious phase. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he'd even do chores without demanding the usual dime or quarter. 5. Dick, at eight, in full Wild West regalia. That's the youngest Powell, Howard, with him. 6. This was the Powell home at Berryville, Arkansas—a town of twelve hundred souls, all of whom considered the Powell house pretty fine and the Powell kid, Dick, a regular imp—which he was.

3

4

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A CROONER

By

WALTER RAMSEY

DICK POWELL, OF THE ARKANSAS POWELLS, USED TO BE WHAT IS KNOWN AS A LIMB. BUT THERE WAS THE STUDIOUS PHASE, TOO. AND THE SHEIK PHASE. THEN—A GIRL SAID HIS VOICE WAS SWELL!

THE first professional crooning experience of Mr. Richard Powell occurred in his eighth year when he discovered that Uncle Billy, the old station master down at the railroad track, would pay him five cents a chorus for singing "Casey Jones." Though he was later to receive thousands of times that amount for his crooning talent, at the time the pay-off more than exceeded his fondest expectations. His wants were very simple. A bag of jelly beans, or a soda—what more did life have to offer? There were even music-loving moments when Uncle Billy would go for fifteen cents worth of "Casey Jones." Then Mrs. Powell's little boy considered himself up in the big dough.

For every single earthly duty he performed, the juvenile Richard demanded and received pay. Helping his mother with the dishes rated a nickel. Helping his father with fence repair earned a dime. Heavier chores extended as high as twenty-five cents. He did nothing for nothing.

Says Dick: "I was born with a Hollywood-contract mind. Later, this inborn insistence of mine for raking in the shekels threw me for a terrific loss and nearly cost my life into the bargain, but that was not until Hollywood happened to me. In the beginning it was my family that held the original contract on my services and they paid and paid!"

STRICTLY speaking, that "original contract" began the day of his birth, November 14, 1905, in Mountain View, Arkansas. Mountain View's entire population totaled eight hundred, of which the Powell family were four (counting Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Dick's older brother). The family swelled to five two years later when another son was born. The Powells were of moderate means. Mr. Powell worked as a traveling salesman for the International Harvester Company. His salary was sufficient (just) to provide his family with the necessaries of life, which consisted of a frame home facing the town square, three meals a day through the week and a "chicken blow-out" on Sunday.

The first three years of his life Master Powell spent in howling to high heaven. All members of his family have frequently informed him that he was a crying baby. He screamed when the lights went out—and he bellowed when they went on. He bawled for his food—which gave him gas pains—and then hollered a couple of hours because of that. It was a relief to everyone, including the harassed neighbors, when little Dickie Powell was old enough to don short pants and hie himself off to rural kindergarten every morning.

When he was six years old he fell in with bad company. The two Cass boys were, according to local reputation, hoodlums. They were seven and six years old respectively, and it was the Casses who initiated Dick into the art of the B-B gun, into filching Sunday school contributions for ice cream sodas and other fascinating misdemeanors. He was an apt and attentive pupil, often contributing several ideas of his own.

Mrs. Powell used to throw up her hands and declare for life she didn't know where Dick got his ways. Her oldest son was a model of correct deportment. The baby who arrived two years after Dick was a lamb. Mrs. Powell frequently broadcast the thought that Dick was like his father's side of the family. And yet, with all her scoldings and lectures, it was quite clear that the black sheep was her prime pet. The family relationship was never more clearly related than the day Master Richard fell against the kitchen stove, nearly braining himself. He went out like a light.

"Dickie, darling," screamed Mrs. Powell, "don't die! Don't die!"

The mutilated Richard revived just sufficiently to take in the drama of the situation. "Can I have a quarter if I live?" he breathed faintly. The frantic Mrs. Powell ran for her purse and returned with the death reprieve. Ten minutes later, her miraculously revived son was recuperating on a drug store stool under the soothing effects of a banana split. However, the fall against the kitchen stove had been a nasty one. To this day he carries the scar.

DICK managed to pass through one grade of grammar school in Mountain View before his father was promoted by the Harvester Company to the larger territory of Berryville, a town of about one thousand two hundred. His increase in salary and authority not only meant a newer and nicer home for his family, but also a real back yard with a couple of cows, a pig or two, chickens and fifty or more white rabbits. The latter were Dick's property exclusively. He was a rabbit breeder and "fancier" of the highest order. Occasionally he sold them. But with the rabbits, for the first time in his life, his money sense was fogged. He loved every one of them and it was difficult for him to part with any one, even for

1. The whole family out for a Sunday airing in the Buick—1916. Mama and papa, Dick—with an eye for the spotlight—draped on the engine hood, and the other two Powell kids in back. 2. At a Boy Scout camp in the Ozarks. Dick was about fourteen, then. 3. Luther, the studious one, Howard, the baby, and Dick in the backyard of the home in Little Rock. 4. Would you believe it? Note the fit of the coat. He was about eighteen. 5. This was taken for his best girl in Little Rock. During the sheik phase. Dick was quite the beau of the town—or was it his father's car which made him so popular? 6. The attractive young man as he is today.

twenty-five cents. In fact fifty hardly tempted him.

When he was not engaged in his rabbit fancying, he attended school—a typical one-room country schoolhouse "down by the mill." It was located a mile and a half from the Powell home and Dick and his brother covered the distance on the back of the proverbial old gray mare.

Spring in Arkansas was a season of beauty and delight. All about them spread large fields of daisies blowing softly in the April breezes. White clouds floated like cream puffs overhead. The air was filled with the scent of apple and cherry blossoms. But to the two barefoot boys astride the plodding old horse, these beauties of nature were merely places and things.

The daisy fields were mere battlegrounds where points of honor were defended and fought out by the gang. And many is the battle Dick had in the daisy field that adjoined his home.

When young Powell was nine years old he fell in love with a tender young miss named Mary Burton George. It was an intense and confusing emotion, complicated by the fact that Mary's brother Pat could not abide Dick. It was all Pat could do to restrain himself when Dick was invited by the George family to take a ride in the Ford on Sunday afternoons. The three children were always relegated to the back seat and it was a fine point of the Powell technique that he was able to hold Mary's hand under the laprobe and look romantic, while at the same time he was getting his shins kicked by his love's brother. On three different occasions they had it out in the daisy patch. Pat was larger and older, which is another way of saying that Romeo Powell seldom ever came out on the top side of the heap. There were bitter, scratching moments when young Dick wondered if love was worth all the hell it raised—just as older and wiser men have been wondering since time began.

But life was not exactly a continual round of daisy field battles with Pat. There were the usual marble games behind the court house and, of course, the swimming hole where the kids went in minus the formality of a bathing suit. A boy pushed Dick into the deepest part of the stream one day—and that is where and why he learned to swim.

It was at this stage of his life that he began to develop that desire for solitude that comes so puzzlingly and suddenly into the life of every boy. Though he still liked to play with the kids, he discovered much to his surprise, that he was equally happy in his own society. Way out back of the barn where no one could see or hear him, he would lie for hours against a stack of hay, thinking his own thoughts. He became less of a nuisance to his family. No longer was he given to squawking and howling about everything that displeased him. In one of his trance-like moods he would even help with the chores without letting out a yelp for pay. His worried family came to the conclusion that he must be slightly ill. But, physically, his health was perfect.

It was mental growth that young Powell was suffering. He was beginning to awaken to the fact that there was a world out beyond those Arkansas hills, a puzzling world of which he knew nothing. This knowledge had been borne upon him during his weekly excursions to the Berryville picture show where he watched Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, clad in swell clothes, recreate synthetic romance. At first his interest in the movies had been purely mechanical; his pal, the theatre projectionist, would let him run the film now and then. But as the weeks went by, his interest switched from the fun of operating the mechanical toy, to the reels and reels of exciting stories his own hand was cranking out on the screen.

HE began to see himself not as an Arkansas Hill Billy but as a suave man-about-town (preferably New York) like Francis X Bushman. He frequently committed to memory the long sub-titles that accompanied the pictures, and would rehearse them out loud when he was alone. With the money which he had saved from his dish-washing and fence repairing chores, he bought himself a straw hat with a red and yellow plaid band around it. He began to wear shoes and stockings even on week days. One day, arrayed in his finery, he was strutting up and down back of the barn. With elaborate gestures, *à la* movies, he would tip his hat to the amazed and wide-eyed cow that gazed out from her stall. Dick was declaiming, "Good day, my fine woman," just as his brother rounded the corner with a milk pail. He (the brother) almost dropped it in surprise at the picture that met his eyes. "Are you goofy?" he shrieked. But with a withering glance, his blood kin passed him by and stalked with dignity into the house.

But, crazy though his antics might have been, they were the beginning of a feeling of restlessness in the juvenile Powell bosom. He craved, and developed, more "dignity" even into his play hours. His studies received more and more of his attention. His clothes and appearance became highly important. His strange new mood found but one friend in Berryville—young Digby West, son of the local banker. (Digby, who has since been graduated from Cornell and who is married now and president of his father's bank, is still an intimate friend of Powell's. Since their kid days they have never been out of touch with one another.) Though the advent of Digby and Dick into the ranks of the Boy Scouts was not exactly popularly approved by the Berryville gang, join it they did and very seriously went about their business of "one good deed a day." Their first kindnesses were bestowed on one another—by previous agreement. They decided that Dick should present Digby with a red tie and in return Digby was to purchase Dick one of those diamond sparkler rings from the five and ten cent store. One day, in climbing a tree with Digby, the ring caught on a branch and nearly tore his finger off. But he would have regretted the loss of the finger far less than he did the actual loss of the ring.

When Dick was twelve, his family moved again—this time to Little Rock, capital and largest city of the state. With the exception of parting with Digby, which the move necessitated, Dick was overjoyed with his change of locale. Compared to Berryville and Mountain View, Little Rock was a bustling metropolis.

Nor was Dick one to welch on the opportunities of city life which had come his way. He set about to study his lessons with a diligence born of ambition. His older brother, the studious one, was setting a very high-powered example for him. He was the editor of his high school paper, was taking piano lessons and French, and his fame as an all-state basket ball player rated his picture in the paper five or six times during ball season.

It was such glory as this that young Dick craved, and during his seventh and eighth grades in grammar school he studied like the very old Ned. Even a pretty girl named Elizabeth Weldon whom he might have fallen for hard (in a less serious and ambitious frame of mind) was merely relegated to the rôle of a cute kid to take riding on the handlebars of his bicycle.

Mr. Powell, Sr., had now risen to an excellent executive position with the Harvester company. Bonuses and salary raises were coming in regularly. And just as regularly did the Powells move. From Twenty-fourth Street they moved to 1723 Izrid Avenue, their first automobile appeared on the horizon, and the Powells were on easy street.

Where nickels and dimes had formerly been dished out to their son, Mr. and Mrs. Powell were now digging into their pockets for dollars. Dick boasted the loudest shirts and the tightest pinchback (*Continued on page 106*)

IF YOU MET MAX BAER

You'd be completely flabbergasted, that's what! Nothing exactly like him has ever been seen on the Hollywood horizon

By KATHERINE ALBERT

WOULD you rather I talked to you like I am—just in my shorts, Katherine, or should I go over to my dressing room and put on some clothes?"

It was a terrific problem for the pugilistic Max Baer. You could tell by the very bewildered way his forehead wrinkled that it was by way of being a big decision. Not being able to cope with it all by himself, he left it up to me. We had, incidentally, met just a second before.

Mind you, the question of modesty did not occur to Max. It was simply—and one can see his mind working as one may watch the inside of a clock (the only difference being that a clock is more complicated)—it was simply this: did he look more ravishing in the purple fighting trunks and loose flowing bathrobe or would he knock me cold quicker if he were all done up in his smart street clothes? Max couldn't decide. He likes himself both ways.

I decided in favor of the street clothes. It was not a question of modesty with me, either. I'd seen him in shorts—that's all. I thought a little variety would be fun.

It took him quite a while to change. After all, he had to be impressive, but in due time I found him seated opposite me in one of the offices in the publicity department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Max (remember that he had called me Katherine instantly and I didn't want to be outdone in informality) filled the chair and slopped over the sides. His personality filled the room.

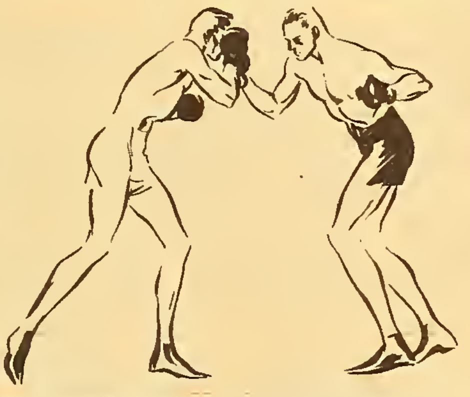
"Tell me about yourself," I began.

THAT approach—with the average movie actor—usually brings, "Oh, there's nothing to tell about me," or, "Well, what, specifically, would you like to know about me?" It is, as a matter of fact, an old and not very good approach any more. But looking at Max Baer I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Tell me about yourself," I had said. Max thought that was a fine idea. So he began to tell.

"My wife's eleven years older than me, see? We've been married two years and separated four times and divorced once. She's got money. But she's jealous of my success.

"Of course, when we walk down the street together I'm always followed by a bunch of kids who beg for my autograph. It's good business to sign for the kids. Besides, I liked kids. But she always stands by in a bored way while I'm writing my name. Just jealous, see? That's why we got a divorce.



"There hasn't been a colorful fighter since Dempsey. I've got color. I'm young—just twenty-four—I grew up on a California ranch. I'm colorful. Why, whenever I walk into a newspaper office and the reporters interview me, they always get a story. That's swell for a champ."

I murmured that I could get his point of view. And then I asked him how he liked working in pictures.

"Sure, they're okay. No, I wasn't a bit scared. What's there to be scared of a camera for? I was more scared of Myrna Loy. I'd seen her in all these parts where she knifes a guy in the back or shoots him in the head or something. When I heard she was working in my picture, 'The Prizefighter and the Lady,' I was scared. I thought she might kill me. Then I met her and I said to myself, 'What's wrong with you—a great big fellow like you scared of a little girl like her?' And I wasn't scared any more. See, it was just all those parts she plays. Now everything is swell.

"They want me to stay in pictures. They say I'm swell in my part. But I think I'd be foolish to sign up in pictures, don't you? See, there are lots of movie stars—but there's just one champ."

I asked, rather timidly, "You're sure you're going to win the title from Carnera next June, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm sure. I can win from Carnera. You see, we're having a fight in this picture. They wanted me to knock Carnera out in the picture, but he wouldn't take a knock-out. He said it was bad for a champ to do that. So I said, 'If Carnera won't take a knock-out, I won't take a knock-out.' They had to re-write the story. Now it's a draw."

He got up out of the chair and stretched himself.

"Well, Katherine, did I give you a story?" he asked as he ran his hand over his dark curls.

"You certainly did, Mr.—er—Max," I answered.

"Hope you see the fight in June," he said pleasantly. "Then you can tell people you met the champ."

In a second he was gone. And I sank back in my chair to ponder over Max Baer.

SHOULD I say he was conceited? Should I make the lead of my story, "Max Baer is the most conceited man who ever set foot in Hollywood"? No, it wouldn't be fair, for it really isn't conceit that permeates his personality. You couldn't possibly say that a little child with a bow of pink ribbon on her hair who preens before the mirror is conceited, could you? That's the way it is with Max. Nothing is sophisticated, nothing so civilized as conceit could ever be a part of him. It is just guileless, childish ego. Max Baer thinks he's good. He sees no reason for hiding his light under a bushel. And out on the M-G-M lot he has them gasping.

When he first came out he announced that he was engaged to June Knight. Somebody reminded that he had—at that time—a perfectly good wife.

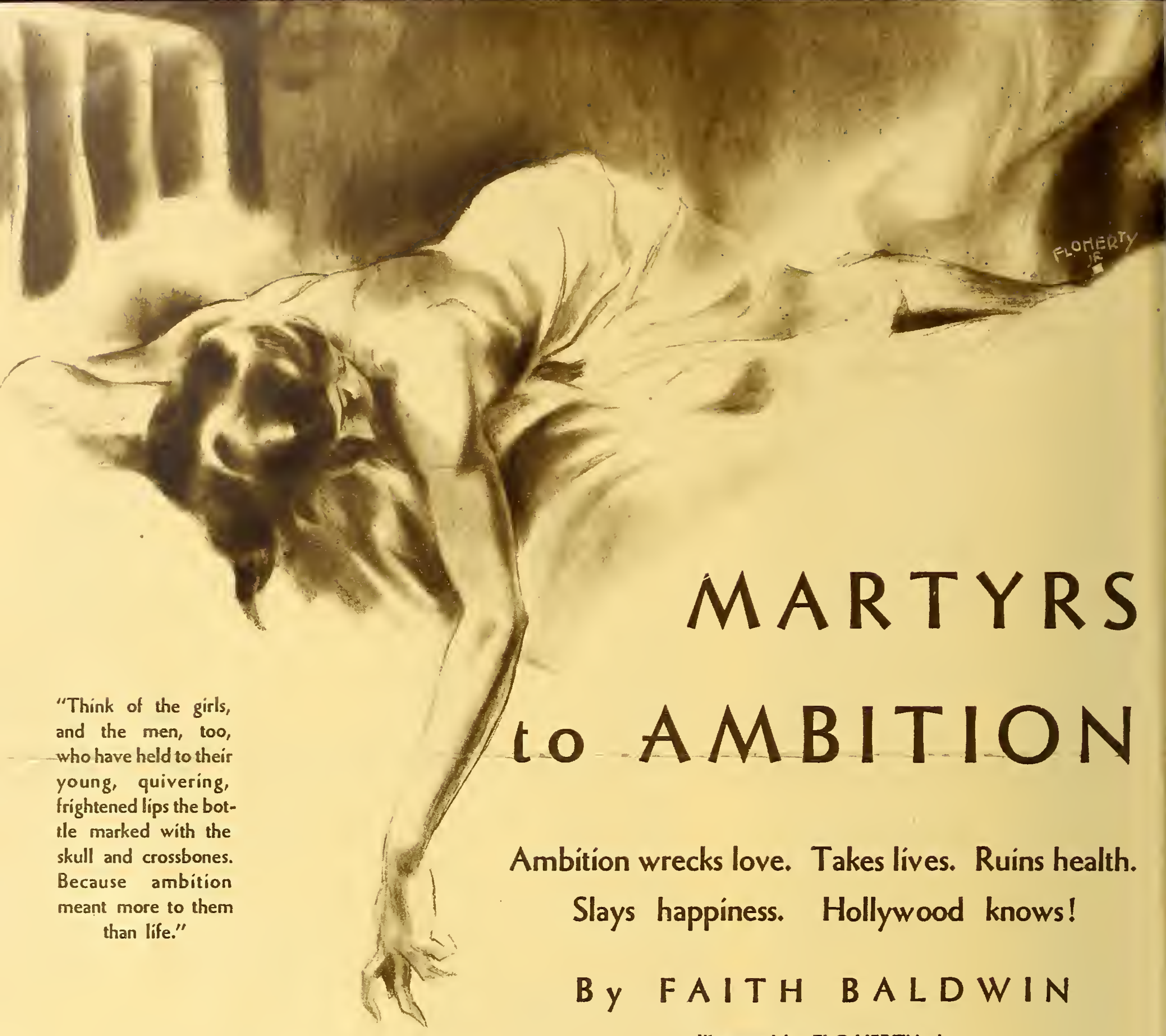
"Sure I know," Max said, "but we're separated." It was difficult to explain that, really, one couldn't be engaged to one woman unless one were actually divorced from one's wife. Max couldn't see it. Now he and Dorothy Dunbar are divorced. But in the meantime Max has seen so many pretty girls in Hollywood that he has sort of forgotten about June.

He has, for instance, seen Garbo. And what's more, he's seen her at work on the set—something that not even M-G-M's chief executives have seen.

Garbo, as you know, has her set guarded as if she were wearing the Hope diamonds. No outside eyes are ever permitted to look upon her while she works. In very intimate scenes not even the electricians and property boys are allowed to watch her. Black flats are placed around her—just out of camera range.

So you can imagine how everyone felt when Max suddenly announced. "That Greta Garbo is certainly a pretty girl. And it sure is interesting to watch her act."

"Watch her act?" (*Continued on page 86*)


FLOHERTY JR.

"Think of the girls, and the men, too, who have held to their young, quivering, frightened lips the bottle marked with the skull and crossbones. Because ambition meant more to them than life."

MARTYRS to AMBITION

Ambition wrecks love. Takes lives. Ruins health. Slays happiness. Hollywood knows!

By FAITH BALDWIN

Illustrated by FLO HERTY, Jr.

I HAVE no statistics to prove it, but it seems to me that ambition has killed, directly and indirectly, more men and women than bullets. Not that I deplore ambition. No one ever arrived anywhere without it, but an overdose is sometimes fatal. Ambition has not only wrecked the lives of the people in whom it has burned like a consuming flame but the lives of the other, innocent people dear to them. It has taken its toll of happiness, of body, of soul and of mind. It has become, at times, an obsession with men and women, not only of today but of all eras. It has brought success and failure, it has brought happiness and misery; it has been all things to all men.

Suppose we look at some of the people of Hollywood to whom ambition has meant the sacrifice of something dear to them. Let's take the long distance marriage first of all.

A lot of nonsense has been written, and spoken, on the subject of suiting one's marriage to convenience; about the "glamor" of a marriage which stays always fresh and new and ardent because the two most concerned see each other a good deal less than ordinary people; because they inhabit separate houses and thus manage to perpetuate an eternal honeymoon.

This may be true, in a sense, yet it isn't marriage. Marriage, if it means anything at all, means a partnership and a sharing and a *togetherness*. Of course people who are married in the "ordinary" way often quarrel and are sometimes bored, being human, and are forced to watch certain lovely things vanish from their union, but, if they are sportsmen and well mated, they watch, too, other things, just as important, take their place. Marriage as an institution has glaring faults, perhaps. But so far no real substitute has been found for it that is really satisfactory. And these long distance marriages of the screen and stage and other professions are not satisfactory. They can't be, because they defeat every purpose for which marriage was evolved.

THERE'S Katharine Hepburn, for example. She is married to an attractive and charming man, whose business keeps him in New York. Hers keeps her in California, for the greater part of the time. They meet, occasionally and briefly, and no doubt are very happy in these encounters. But love thrives only in a fertile soil, and this is barren ground, is it not? One gets so out of the habit of needing people, of wanting them. One's interests become diversified and one cannot possibly see eye to eye with (*Continued on page 94*)

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 3, NO. 4

HOLLYWOOD, DECEMBER, 1933

NEWS SECTION

MANY MOVIE MARRIAGES UNDER WAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE. THE VIVACIOUS PAULETTE GODDARD, ARE INVARIABLY AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MAYFAIR DANCES

MARY AND DOUG WILL RECONCILE

Hollywood's Famous Pair To Try Life Together Again

If reports of those credited to be "in the know" are correct, it won't be long now before Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will patch their temporary marital difficulties and take up life together again.

Steps toward a reconciliation were affected recently by transatlantic telephone, when Doug denied that he had any notion of becoming a British subject.

Doug plans to return to Hollywood.

George Arliss Hunts Home —To Play Rothschild

It begins to look as if George Arliss had become a true devotee of California's most-talked-of-town, for the British star is about to forsake hotel life in favor of a home of his own.

The star is slated to play Rothschild as his next for Twentieth Century. The colorful role of the renowned banker is a distinct departure from any of the parts Arliss has essayed recently.

Big "Shrubbery" Shower For Mary Brian's New Home

Something unique in the way of "showers" occurred recently when Mary Brian moved into her new home at Toluca Lake. Everybody came and brought a plant or a shrub. Quite a novel idea.

Margaret Ettinger thought it up and has earned Mary's gratitude. It will be sort of fun to point out Gary Cooper's fir tree and Carole Lombard's hedge contribution to visiting friends.

WEDDING BELLS SLATED TO RING FOR FILM FAVORITES

News of the Lupe Velez-Johnnie Weissmuller marriage—scooped by MODERN SCREEN—started Cupid clinching romantic deals in Hollywood. And cinema sweethearts, who once planned to tread the bridal path when they got around to it, are now purchasing four-karat sparklers and setting dates.

Gary Cooper and Sondra Shaw were among the first to raid the jeweler's and sally forth with a canary-colored diamond, which is the first step to definitely withdraw one of the colony's most eligible bachelors from circulation.

Undoubtedly, as you read this, several of the engaged couples will have taken the "for better or for worse" vows, only time divulging who will beat who to the post in the matrimonial sweepstakes.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard will reach the altar in June. The locale of their wedding is to be England, which country is also due to serve as the nuptial setting for Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. However, Tom Gallery and Madge Evans will wed much sooner. Their romance has almost become legendary. In fact, it has endured since Tom and Zasu Pitts came to the legal parting of the ways and Madge arrived on the camera coast.

Russ Columbo and Sally Blane plan to become Mister and Missus in the near future, as do Mary Brian and Donald Cook. It will seem strange indeed to see little Mary, who has been Hollywood's official belle for so long, devoted to one man exclusively.

The Doris Warner-Mervyn LeRoy nuptials are definitely scheduled for January and rumor hath it that Miss Warner's friend, Gwen Heller, is due to meet Dick Powell at the altar in the not-too-distant future.

Norma Works on First Film For Her Husband's Unit

Norma Shearer is all ready for work again. This, after that extended European vacation which she and her husband enjoyed last summer.

Mr. Thalberg will produce his wife's picture, an original story called "Rip Tide," from MacArthur's facile pen.

Flashes from Here and There

William Powell is going places and seeing things with the luscious-looking Margaret Lindsay.

George Raft's new "best gal" happens to be Shirley Grey.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., heart whole and fancy free for several months, takes Irene Bentley to the gay places.

Walter Disney's voice is heard in the Mickey Mouse pictures. Walt speaks up for Mickey.

Gary Wright, is now escorting Countess Frasso, who until recently was constantly in Gary Cooper's company.

Dorothea Wieck is that pleased that her husband is visiting her in Hollywood.

WHEN VIRGINIA CHERRILL RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM A VACATION IN HONOLULU, CARY GRANT WELCOMED HER AS SOON AS THE MONTEREY DOCKED

MISS STANWYCK RETURNS TO FILMS

Star in Hollywood Set to Start New Picture

Barbara Stanwyck is back in Hollywood, keeping very much to herself and wearing dark glasses. The star is not attempting a Garbo, nor anything approaching it. Fact of the matter is, Barbara suffered a nervous collapse during her trip east, which necessitated a two-months' rest period, and absolute quiet.

The star's next will be "Broadway and Back.

Bill Cagneys Credit Caption On News Photo for Romance Start

There must be something to this "power of suggestion" idea after all.

Bill and his bride, Boots Mallory, never knew how much they cared until they read a caption under a newspaper picture. Said cutline avowed their undying devotion and, 'twas from its extravagant phrases that the now happy newlyweds got the idea. A few weeks later the pair were wed.

Lona Andre Assures Herself a Gay Time at Her Own Party

There are several ways of insuring oneself of attention and apparently pretty Lona Andre knows all of 'em.

The young lady threw herself a Hallowe'en Party and invited four of her "steadies" and fifteen young male eligibles appearing in "Search for Beauty." There were no women, so Lona had all the dances. You'll have to admit it's a sound way to rate popularity!

Marlene misquoted? Well, Diamond Mae claims that she didn't start the fireworks

One believer in Santa Claus, anyway. Baby LeRoy, in ecstasy and pink flannelette, sings a small carol in praise of his new red automobile. For a whole day, he's free from studio worries and work on "Miss Fane's Baby."

The most discussed pair of newlyweds since Gloria brought home her Marquis. Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Weissmuller, on whose runaway marriage MODERN SCREEN scooped such a grand scoop, are now "at home."

J. B. Scott

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

GARBO is going to move. Her peace has been greatly disturbed ever since the publicity broke in the newspapers regarding a certain Oscar H. Brosi, who was nabbed by police as he was attempting to climb the wall at Garbo's home. Brosi stated he had been trying to see la Garbo for three years. Unfortunately the address of the star's home was given—1201 San Vicente Boulevard—with the result that a dozen or more people can usually be found outside the gate hoping for a glimpse of the famous Swede who refuses to be glimpsed.

So yesterday, garbed in white tennis shoes, white duck trousers, canvas gloves, a mannish polo coat, beret and huge black goggles, Garbo went house-hunting. Nothing suitable has been found yet.

THEY HAVEN'T MET YET!

● Paramount is still trying to get Mae West and Marlene Dietrich together for a photograph. They want to put an end, once and for all, to the battle that started when Marlene was quoted in New York as saying she had never heard of Mae West, and they think a friendly picture will turn the trick. They almost succeeded at the premiere of "I'm No Angel," but Marlene managed to slip in unseen. Mae declares she won't make the first move as she didn't start the fireworks and Marlene insists she was misquoted. So, for the present, the battle still rages.

● Gene Raymond was on his way to keep a date with Mary Brian one evening when his car suddenly came to a dead stop at a busy intersection. No amount of coaxing would get the old wagon to budge. The traffic signals changed from a red STOP to a green GO time and again, but the bus remained adamant. Finally a wise guy whizzed by and shouted, "What's the matter, buddy, don't you like the colors?"

DIX LIKES CHICKENS

● At last we've found out why Richard Dix spends so much time on his "hide-away" ranch. For years Rich and his "mystery ranch" have been the subject of much discussion in Hollywood. No one knew where it was located except that it was "somewhere in the Malibu Mountains." There is no telephone, no mail delivery. When Rich retires to his ranch, he is merely "out of circulation." At first, reports were that he was writing a novel or a life story or something. But now the secret's out: he is raising chickens. He started out with a few, as a lark, but became so intrigued by the "fowl" business that he's now operating on a big scale and a profitable one, too, they say.

● Never let it be said of Lilian Harvey that she throws her money away. During her lean days in Europe, before she became a successful actress drawing a large weekly salary, she learned the art of saving. Whenever she needed a new dress or a pair of shoes, she would lay aside a certain sum of money each week until the purchase price was reached. And even now, when any shop would only too gladly extend her credit, she still sticks to this method of buying. No purchase is made without first planning and saving toward it. Lilian laughs at her frugality, but claims she really gets a bigger kick out of doing it that way.

● Maybe not the most correct ensemble, but Marlene Dietrich wore a heavy red rough-neck sweater with a couple of diamond clasps at her throat at the Colony Club t'other night.

MASTER LE ROY TEMPERAMENTAL

● Baby LeRoy is acquiring temperament now that he's a star. It happened on the "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" set when the director ordered a tub of water for a scene in which Dorothea Wieck was to bathe Master LeRoy. The youngster took one look at the familiar object and put up a long, loud howl. He refused to be quieted until the tub was removed.

● Pity poor Katharine Hepburn. She has to learn seven long dramatic prayers for her next picture, in which she portrays a faith healer.

● While broadcasting over the radio recently on behalf of the proposed actors' salary control clause, Lilyan Tashman revealed the fact that she is the proud possessor of two hundred ermine coats. Lil must have forgotten, for the moment, that there is supposed to be a depression.

● A great deal of discussion has been aroused with the release of M-G-M's "Bombshell," co-starring Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy. While everybody admits it's grand entertainment, there are those who think it unwise to debunk Hollywood. They claim there are still people who idolize movie stars, think Hollywood a glamorous place, and to them, the

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(Above) At the Hollywood opening of "I'm No Angel." The star herself, Mae West, resplendent in lace gown, white fox, orchids and diamonds, makes her bow to the audience. (Right) Jack La Rue and the pretty little English actress, Ida Lupino, at the Mae West premiere.

J. B. Scott

(Right) It won't be long now. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, very much in love and practically ready for that march to the altar, at the "I'm No Angel" premiere.

J. B. Scott

picture will be a disappointment. On the other hand, it is hoped that they will see the humor of the thing and not judge everybody and everything in the picture business by this film, which after all, was produced purely for entertainment.

MAUREEN'S ENGAGED

● Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing a big flasher on the correct finger and Johnny Farrow is having his apartment redecorated in Mexican style. So, it looks like wedding bells in the offing for these two.

● Leave it to the studio heads to find a way out of most any situation. Recently, when George Brent walked out of the "Mandalay" cast, a hurried call was put in for Lyle Talbot to replace him. Lyle, who had just figured in a nasty automobile smash-up, appeared with a deep gash across his forehead. Every trick known to the art of make-up was applied, but the gash loomed forth in all its ugliness. Finally one of the "heads" got a bright idea. He sent for the scenario writer, and after a few minutes' conference, it was decided to have a paragraph written into the beginning of the script, which takes care of that scar in a most heroic manner.

● Hepburn's stand-in, secretary, seamstress, maid, cook and hairdresser are all wearing overalls now.

J. B. Scott

And so they were married. Andy Devine and Dorothy House. The pair were cast as sweethearts and the roles so appealed, they made 'em permanent.

● Here's some good news for you "Three Little Pigs" fans: This Silly Symphony has met with such tremendous success that Walt Disney is going to feature them (plus the Big Bad Wolf) in several other Mother Goose rhymes. In other words, they're going to become regular stars like Mickey Mouse. Incidentally, folks are seeing "Three Little Pigs" for the umptieth time and still enjoying it.

● Speaking of "The Three Little Pigs," a new café recently opened in Hollywood called the "Three Little Pigs Inn" and features the "Big Bad Wolf Orchestra." Cute?

● Wags report Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye (Sari Maritza's pretty manager) are looking at wedding rings . . . Doris Warner is being flooded with showers. Her wedding to Mervyn LeRoy is scheduled for January 3 . . . The Bob Kennistons (Billie Dove) are blessed-eventing, and the same is hinted of Thelma Todd and hubby, Pat Di Ciccio.

J. B. Scott

Yes, it's Polly Moran and her handsome new husband, Martin Malone. Polly's marriage was a surprise.

GEORGE BREAKSTON'S BREAK

● Hollywood is always flooded with yarns about new talent being "discovered." Many of them mere fabrications. But here is one that is really true.

For weeks Frank Borzage had been testing kid actors for the lead in "Paul Street Boys." It was an important part and Borzage was frantic. Pacing his floor one afternoon, he happened to glance out through his window and saw, crossing the lot, a young lad about eleven. "That's exactly what I want," the director shouted, and was through the door like a streak of lightning. His flow of questions . . . "Who are you, what's your name, how'd you happen to be here?" almost frightened the poor boy to death.

He finally managed to say his name was George Breakston and he was calling for his mother who worked at the studio as a hat designer. Funny part is, neither the mother nor the son were a bit thrilled about the prospect of George becoming an actor. Borzage had to plead with them before they finally consented, and then the mother declared it was merely to secure enough money for George to complete his education. Her boy, she said, was going to be an engineer!

J. B. Scott

Janet Gaynor and Jeanette MacDonald are all set for the "Little Women" preview, but obligingly pause to pose for our cameraman.

● John Gilbert's worries are evidently over. His picture with Garbo is finished and the entire studio is wreathed in smiles. There's a rumor afloat that he may replace Chevalier in "The Merry Widow," which would be the height of something or other for Jack. You will remember his decline started with the advent of talkies because officials reported his voice recorded badly. Now "Merry Widow" is a musical and if Jack draws the rôle, he will not only talk, but actually sing!

APOLOGY

● In connection with the article, "The Inside Story of Hollywood Feuds," in the November Modern Screen, we are in receipt of communications from George Brent, Ruth Chatterton (Mrs. George Brent), and Ralph Forbes which state that the details about them in this story are inaccurate and place them in a false and misleading light. Since they are the parties concerned in the paragraphs in question and are the only ones in a position to know the exact facts, we feel that it is only just that we make a retraction and apology at this time for these statements.

TOBY'S ALL SET

● You've probably been wondering, during these last few months, just who Toby Wing is. Truth of the matter is, Toby, the luscious-looking blonde, has been under contract to

Wide World

This is not Alice in Wonderland, but lovely little Maria Sieber, Marlene's daughter. You'll see her with her famous mother in "Catherine the Great."

Paramount for over three months without a single assignment. But she suddenly finds herself with two assignments. She'll make her debut in "Chrysalis" and "Search for Beauty" and is the gal excited! And her contract with Paramount was recently renewed.

● Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (the newlyweds) went furniture-shopping the other day. After paying for a swanky-looking bathtub, they discovered the state tax on it amounted to $15.

Joel looked at Frances and whispered, "A case where you're sorta cleaned before the bath."

● Speaking of bathtubs, Mae West never takes a shower. She prefers tub baths, heavily scented.

● Marlene Dietrich's pet Scotty Nicki, caused quite a stir of excitement when she upset the telephone in Marlene's room, threw the receiver off its hook and started barking for all she was worth. Central, fearing something was wrong, reported it to the police station and in a few minutes several coppers were pounding on Dietrich's door.

Nicki is in the dog-house now.

● A well-known wit says that ZaSu Pitts is different from most Hollywood gals. She acts dumb but is smart . . . while most of them act smart and are dumb.

● Hollywood is buried under such an avalanche of mail daily that most letters (bearing the stamp of "form letter") seldom get further than the office boy. So when a certain form letter suddenly hit the film capital like a package of T. N. T., no one was more surprised than the sender himself, a certain Jack Moss, hard-working insurance agent in Beverly Hills. The letter stated that anyone who could put his or her hands on $1,000 was a possible subject for abduction and went on to offer to pay any ransom up to $10,000 for the nominal sum of $8.35 per month.

Two or three of the stars, believing they were "on the spot," stirred up a big fuss. "Another racket," they cried. The district attorney is now investigating the matter while Moss, swearing he's on the level, sits in his office quite befuddled by all the sudden publicity and whatnot.

● There is no end to some people's talent. Ramon Novarro, who just finished a successful musical tour in Europe, plans to produce his own play in England next year. He will be author, producer, director and star.

JEANETTE'S IN DEMAND

● Jeanette MacDonald doesn't have to worry particularly if she doesn't get that rôle in "The Merry Widow." Maurice Chevalier has stubbornly refused to have Jeanette in the picture with him—professional jealousy is said to be the reason—and this has rather put the studio on the spot. However, several other studios are clamoring for her talents. Twentieth Century has put in a bid for her, RKO wants her for "My Gal Sal," originally slated for Irene Dunne, and M-G-M has another story in mind for her entitled, "The Goldfish."

J. B. Scott

He was all ready for a hunting trip, when the studio summoned Clark Gable for retakes. However, being un-temperamental, the star took it gracefully.

● Judith Allen and her mother are both left-handed . . . Myrna Loy becomes a star with her latest flicker, "Prizefighter and a Lady" and well she deserves it . . . Unlike Garbo, Katharine Hepburn doesn't mind having people watch her work.

● A certain taxi cab driver in Hollywood lost his best customer when Alice Brady bought herself a car. Until now, Alice has used his cab exclusively since she first lighted into the village.

● Maria Sieber (Marlene Dietrich's daughter) will have her first fling at picture work in her mother's next picture. She will portray Marlene as a youngster.

● Clara Bow, the original "It" gal, is now wearing spectacles. Doctor's orders.

● We are told the word "curvacious," derived from the two words "curves" and "vivacious," and especially coined to describe Mae West, will be included in the new edition of the dictionary. Mae should feel honored, to say the least.

● Since their divorce, Max Baer and Dorothy Dunbar go everywhere together. That's the new Hollywood custom, y'know.

● Mary Brian declares she's been in a fog ever since she was cast for the dreary (atmospherically speaking) picture by that name. The entire film was shot in a fog (composed of mineral oil), and the one and only day she had off, Los Angeles happened to be enjoying a real "San Francisco fog." A few days later, when the studio sent her out in a blimp to make some publicity pictures, the fog was so thick the pilot cruised about for five hours before he could see to make a landing. Ho, hum, such is life.

J. B. Scott

Pat De Ciccio, Dorothy Dunbar (Max Baer's "ex"), Max and Thelma Todd tune up with "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Something new in quartettes!

"WHY DOESN'T HE LIKE ME?"—GARBO

ON HIS KNEES BEFORE DIETRICH!

DICK CROMWELL

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

MAYBE you've read all this stuff about Richard Cromwell being a shy little country boy who doesn't know what to say nor how to say it—a lad who gets embarrassed when he's out in society. And maybe you've believed it. If so, get it all right out of your head, for beneath that boyish exterior beats the heart of a sophisticate.

Dick Cromwell—apparently the same shy, bashful lad of "Tol'able David"—has known and known well the most glamorous women of Hollywood. They have been his real friends. He has collected them as one collects autographs. What's more, all these women have liked the lad for his charm, his wit and his unconventionality.

The women in Dick's life? The glamorous women he has known? Just listen! Garbo, Crawford, Dietrich, Bankhead!

Dick had never said much about them until one afternoon, the two of us sat chatting and he began to talk. It was just one of those things that sometimes happen, for I know he has never told these stories before. But they were so amusing that I finally persuaded him to let me pass them on to you.

Let Dick tell it in his own words.

"Naturally, I've always had a crush on Garbo. Who hasn't? Even before I was in pictures—long before—I used to find out by devious methods the address of her house and ride up and down before it waiting for her to come out. She never came—and usually I'd discover that she had moved to another house just about the time I'd learned the last address.

"Then one day I was working in my shop and I saw Garbo drive up to a little candy and nut store. I dropped what I was doing and tore around to watch her. She bought fifty cents worth of nuts, looked in the bag and said, 'My God, that's enough nuts to last me a month.' And then she drove away.

"A couple of years passed before I saw her again. I'd gotten in pictures by that time and also by that time I'd told a lot of people how crazy I was about Garbo. Muriel Ames—the wife of Robert Ames who died—and Sulka Viertel (wife of Berthold Viertel) swore they'd fix it for me to meet Garbo.

IT happened at a cocktail party—one of the few Garbo has ever attended. I don't know what they had told her about me, but at any rate, when I walked in she beckoned to me.

"'You are the nice boy who like Garbo, yes?' she said. 'Well, just for that, sit by me and I'll see that you get plenty to drink.'

"She sat at the cocktail party all afternoon and didn't move out of her chair. Every now and then she'd say something and laugh that big laugh of hers, which sometimes means she is really amused and sometimes means she is just bored.

"A few weeks later, Muriel Ames came over to my house and began—as she always does—with 'Mercy, dear.' Well, 'Mercy, dear'—I was going to see Garbo again—on a yachting party. 'Mercy, dear,' Muriel said, 'Can you bear it?'

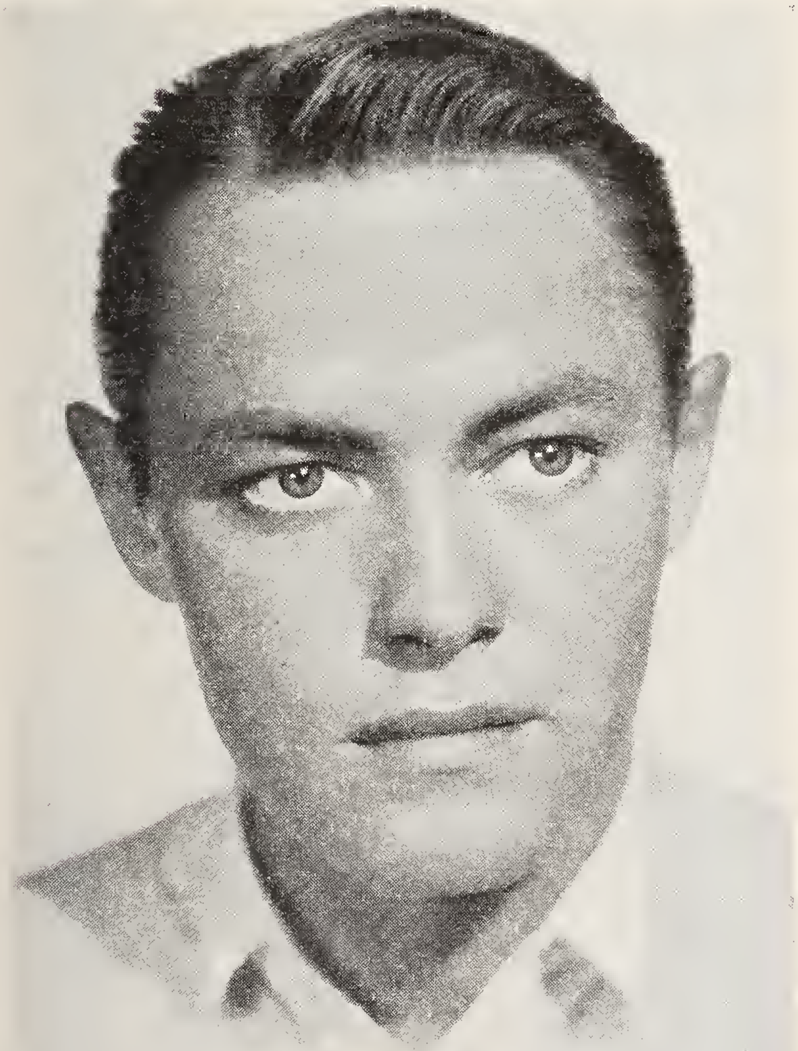
"I said I'd try.

"There were just a few of us on the boat and we were

"MY NAME'S JOAN CRAWFORD"

TALLULAH THINKS HE'S TOO DIVINE!

SURPRISES YOU



—with the fascinating stories of his friendship with four of Hollywood's most glorious women: Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and Bankhead!

in a state of jitters for fear Garbo wouldn't arrive. Then we saw her striding down the beach and sighed with relief.

"We set out and I think I saw what few people have ever seen. I saw Garbo really happy. Sitting in the prow of the boat, facing a stiff sea, with the wind blowing her hair, she was like some Viking goddess. But, unlike the Viking goddess, she kidded and laughed—really laughed as if she meant it—all afternoon.

"Her jokes are rather sly and dry. She has a brand of humor all her own and she loves to make a joke.

"Once she turned to Muriel and said, 'Why doesn't this boy like me?'

" 'Mercy dear,' Muriel answered. 'He's crazy about you.'

"The end of that trip was disastrous for me. I thought I'd be smart and show off before Garbo, so suddenly I jumped overboard and started to swim alongside the boat —but the damn thing went too fast. The next I knew it was almost a mile away and I almost caught pneumonia.

"Garbo is a strange woman. She works out her own life and lives it and does not know why she is thought strange. I know, however, of one very curious thing she

(Above, left) In "Hoopla," Clara Bow is supposed to "seduce" Dick Cromwell. The "seduction" scenes were acted so realistically that, first thing you know, gossips were saying Clara and husband Rex Bell were about to separate. Cause: Mr. Cromwell. Just how silly that story was is proven in the article. (Right) Dick and Kathryn DeMille, daughter of the famous Cecil. She and Dick are thick as thieves these days.

does. When she has been seeing too many people—when she has been dissipating her time —she punishes herself by locking herself in a dark room and staying there, sometimes for three days!

I HAPPENED to be present when Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead met. People have said that at that meeting she and Garbo insulted each other. It isn't true.

"Tallulah has more curiosity than a cat. She was mad to meet Garbo. Garbo, in her more silent way, has curiosity, too, and she was just as anxious to meet Tallulah. They had both heard much about the other so when Tallulah asked her to a party at her house Garbo, to everybody's surprise, accepted.

"Those two met. They were polite and charming to each other but intensely curious and it was amazing to see then eyeing each other from head to foot as they shook hands.

"However, it was a swell party and I have an unforgetable picture of Garbo sitting on Tallulah's bar swinging her long legs and laughing that hearty Swedish laugh.

"When I went to work at M-G-M they told me I'd never get a chance to see Garbo. They said that she goes from her dressing room to the set in a car with the curtains drawn and that even if you happen to see her and even if you have met her before she wants to be left strictly alone.

"But, strangely enough, I saw Garbo every day walking from her dressing room to the stage. Still thinking she wanted to be left alone, I did not speak to her. But one day she saw me and called out, 'Well, well, here's the boy who once liked Garbo and doesn't any more. He doesn't like Garbo so much that he dives off boats to get rid of. her. How are you, kid?' Everybody at the studio stood around in amazement.

"It's funny, but I always seem to be meeting these women at cocktail parties. That's where I met Marlene Dietrich, too. I have a lot of German friends and it was through them that I got to know her.

"When we met she said, 'Ah, "Tol'able David" is my favorite picture in America.' We chatted for a while. I wish I could have foreseen the circumstances under which I was to meet her next—and altered them.

"Joan Crawford had asked me to her anniversary party. I knew I would be working late at the studio, so I took my evening clothes to change there. As I put on my trousers a button that holds the suspenders came off and there was no time to sew it on, so I pinned my trousers up with a large safety pin and went to the party.

"The first person I saw there was Marlene Dietrich. I went over to speak to her and just then, like a gag in a comedy, I felt my trousers slipping. Well, I couldn't lose my pants there in Joan's beautiful living room so I dropped to my knees before Dietrich.

"Lots of people saw the gesture and I understand that I was called all kinds of a fool for trying to be so gallant. I never could tell anyone that it wasn't gallantry. I was too busy pulling up my pants and getting out of the room —with hand neatly poised on hip—to go upstairs and fix the darn things.

"I felt, however, that Dietrich thought I was a show-off so that's why I was so pleased when she asked me and the German friends to her house.

THE way Marlene shows you she likes you is to give you food and food and more food. I have never seen so much and such delicious things to eat—platter after platter, all heavy and German, but grand.

"Although on this day Marlene was being very amusing I was still feeling like an idiot because of the episode at Joan's and when she was called away by a long distance call from Germany and didn't come back for a long time and then seemed quite upset and excused herself, I thought she wanted to get rid of me. So the Germans and I left.

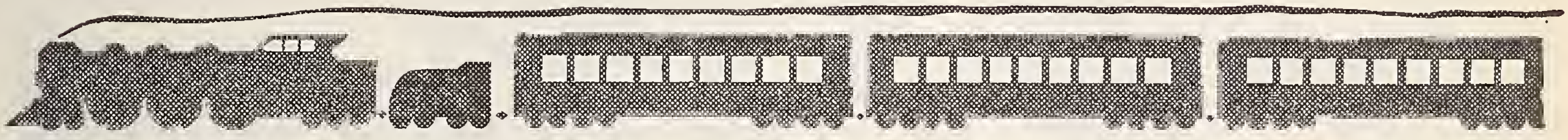
"Later I heard that Marlene—all apologies and carrying platters of food—had come to their house and I had gone home.

"Here's something that Marlene doesn't want known but I saw it in print not long ago so there's no reason why I can't tell you. She plays the musical saw—and plays it well, too.

(*Continued on page 82*)

ENTER JOAN CRAWFORD'S

"Dancing Lady" CONTEST *now!* —AND WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD



AND MANY OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES!

PRIZES:

- 1st—A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest, to meet her friends, who will then become your friends.
- 2nd—A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator (see picture).
- 3rd—$100 in cash.
- 4th—A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio (see picture).
- 5th—Ten prizes of a Max Factor make-up kit.
- 6th—Five prizes of $10 each.
- 7th—Ten prizes of $5 each.

ARE you in the swim—which means: how are you making out in the Joan Crawford contest? Everybody's in it, you know; for besides being a load of fun, think of the prizes! The rules are on the following page—but first read this!

Imagine a free trip to Hollywood as a guest of Joan Crawford. To go places and see things with this scintillating star. To meet other celebrities through her and have them become your friends. Well, all of that comprises the first prize.

There are other winners' gifts, too. Just listen. For the contestant who is second best awaits a most modern and efficient Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, handsome enough to grace and enhance anybody's pantry. Third, one hundred dollars in cash. Fourth, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio—an attractive instrument with a beautiful tone. Fifth, ten prizes each *(Continued on page 97)*

2nd PRIZE: A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. At the bottom of these two pages, there are four stills—cut up in segments—from "Dancing Lady." Last month four other stills—also cut up—were published. Reproductions of them will be found on pages 96 and 97, if you missed them. The eight stills (or facsimilies of them) must be put together correctly and neatly, and arranged in the order in which the corresponding scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." (Synopsis on the opposite page.) When you have done this, write a description of Joan Crawford, in ten words or less. Submit the eight stills and the description together.

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who put together and arrange most correctly and neatly the eight stills submitted and who, in the opinion of the judges, give the best descriptions of Joan Crawford in ten words or less.

3. The first prize is a free trip to Hollywood to visit Joan Crawford; the second prize, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the third prize, $100 in cash; the fourth prize, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio; the ten fifth prizes, a Max Factor make-up kit each; the five sixth prizes, $10 each.

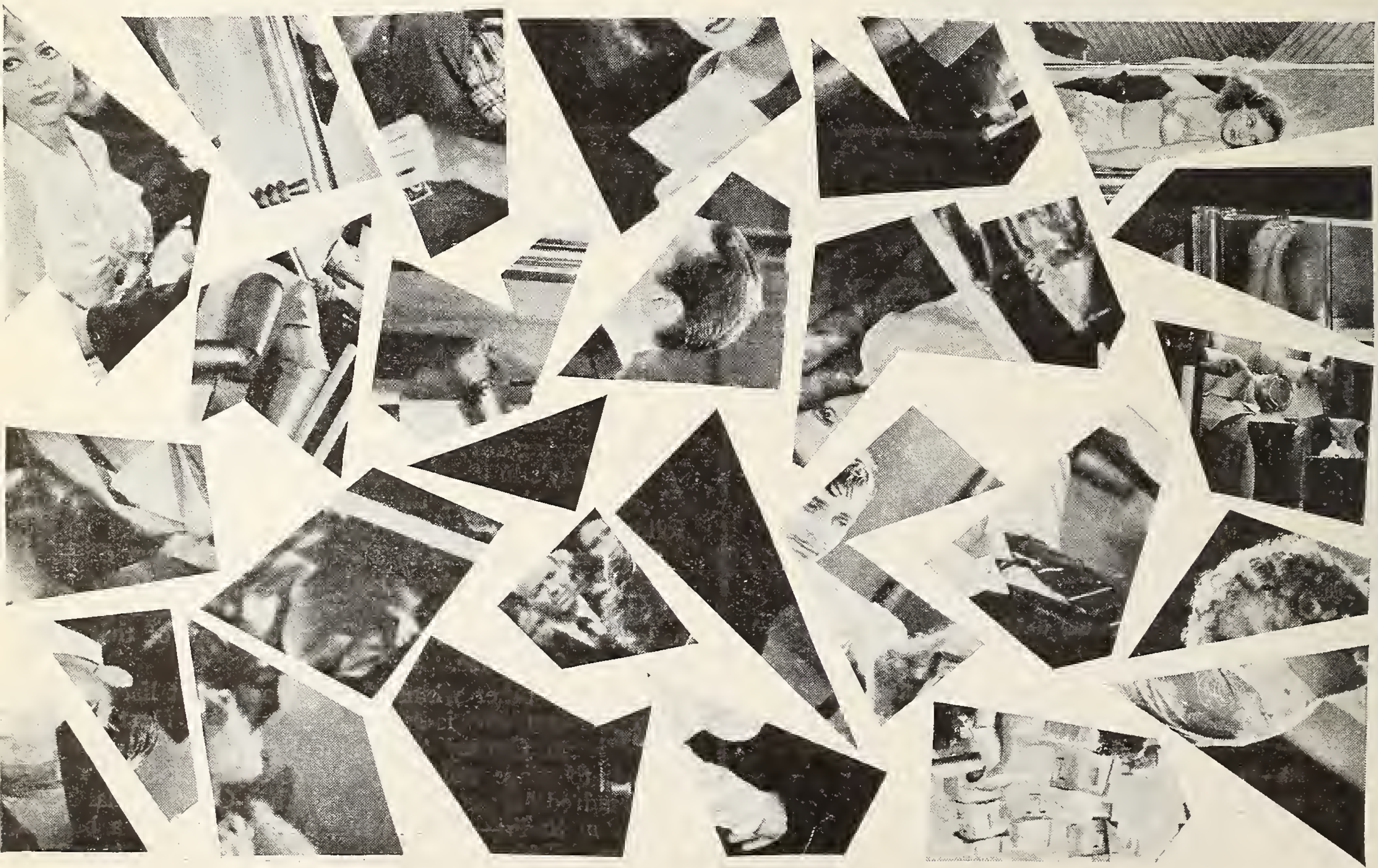
4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose.

5. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. Send all entries to Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.

CAN YOU PUT THE "Dancing Lady"



THE STORY OF "DANCING LADY"

Tod Vionet (Franchot Tone) liked wine, women and song. What is more, he could afford them.

When Park Avenue night life palled, there was downtown New York with its hectic side-shows and gaudy burlesques. It was in one of these that Janie (Joan Crawford, appeared.

One evening Tod and the police arrived at the notorious girl-show simultaneously. The latter had come to not-too-gently, but firmly, remove the scantily-garbed talent from the entertainment boards. Young Vionet paid Janie's fine at court. Which favor, he considered, entitled him to intimate and exclusive rights on the dancer. However, it did not take her long to change his mind.

After weeks of idleness, Janie finally secured a job with Patch Gallagher, (Clark Gable) director of Bradley's musical shows.

Meanwhile Tod continued to pursue Janie, who consented to marry him if the show should prove a flop. The ingenious youth assures himself of a nice break by buying out Bradley and closing the show.

At this point, Patch's ire is up. He has worked desperately hard for the show and decides to invest his savings in it and carry on. However, when he learns that it was Tod who queered its chances, he sets out on a spree to forget it all.

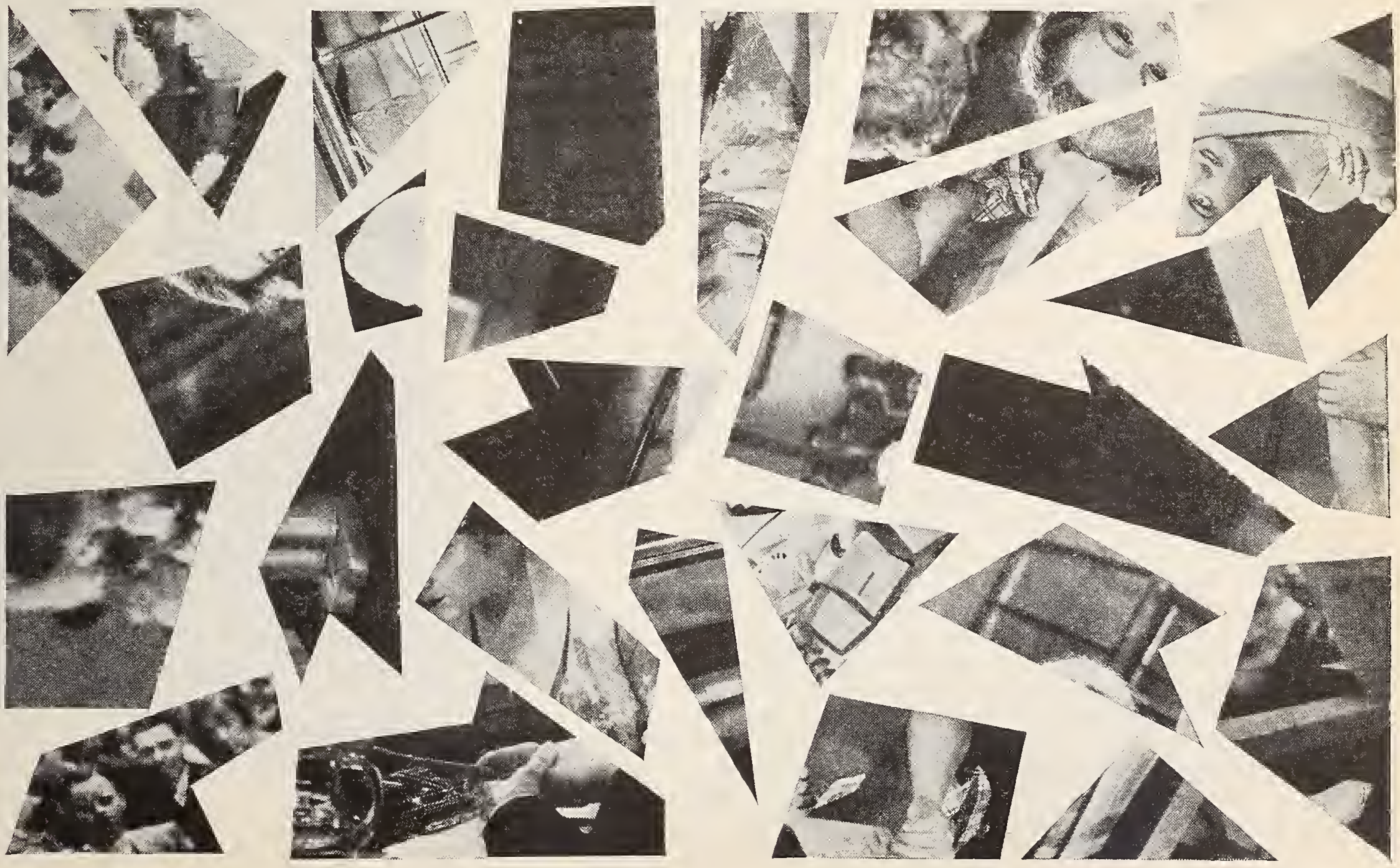
Meanwhile, Janie, Tod and their gay gang, just returned from a yachting cruise, are celebrating in a crowded bar. There, they discover a dejected and inebriate Patch, who, believing Janie has known what has happened and deliberately deserted the show to marry money, blurts out his side of the story. Which enlightening yarn promptly secures Tod his walking papers from Janie.

Janie takes Patch to his apartment, sobers him up and makes him promise to teach her the routines of the new show. The pair work like Trojans and finally whip the production into shape. Then, there is the matter of instating Janie in the principal role.

On opening night, Tod arrives laden with promises. Janie shall be his wife, share his millions and continue her career if she chooses. She doesn't. She chooses work, success—and Patch!

4th PRIZE: A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio

STILLS IN THE RIGHT ORDER?



Remember "Mrs. Rittenhouse" in "The Cocoanuts"?

COULD YOU "TAKE IT"?

By BARBARA BARRY

MARGARET DUMONT has been on the receiving end of more Marx mauling than she can remember.

Harpo wrestles with her. Groucho throws her for a ten-yard loss. Chico rides across the set on the train of her Patou model. And, when they can't think of anything else, they all climb in her lap and make collective love to the lady.

For five years, the Marx maniacs have been giving this girl a big hand—as well as an occasional foot—in the interest of good, clean fun. It's a rough life, mates, but Miss Dumont loves it because it is never monotonous. If you've ever watched the four brothers cavort, that last crack goes without saying.

Groucho calls her "Tootsie." Harpo cuts it to "Toots." But Chico and Zeppo get along with just plain "Maggie," much to the stately Miss Dumont's amusement.

At the time of her introduction to the Marx boys, Miss

Groucho calls the stately Margaret Dumont, Tootsie. Harpo—Toots, Chico and Zeppo—Maggie

Those mad, unpredictable Marx Brothers could make life miserable for you if you were their stooge. Read how Margaret Dumont takes it

Dumont had definitely given up the stage to fill a more important role as the wife of one of New York's wealthiest clubmen.

Previous to her marriage, she had acted as foil to such celebrated comedians as Lew Fields, and others. Sam Harris, the w.-k. Broadway producer, was so favorably impressed with her dignified "stooging" that, when the Marx brothers came to him for aid in securing the services of a capable "straight" woman, he immediately sent for Miss Dumont.

The boys liked her, gave her a contract, and rehearsals for "The Cocoanuts" got under way. And what a way!

"Every rehearsal was different," Miss Dumont smiled reminiscently. "I knew my lines, all right, but I might as well have been quoting 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' for all the attention those lunatics paid to the script!

"The opening night arrived and I was absolutely horrified! I went to Groucho and begged him to give me a coherent idea of the routine he intended to use. 'At least,' I argued, 'give me my cues!'

"'Don't expect any cues from me!' he replied cheerfully. 'It's every man for himself!' and he patted me on the shoulder before dashing out on the stage.

"THE time came for my entrance, and while the four of them romped about the stage, ad libbing hilariously, I stood in the wings with shaking knees. I strained my ears for some semblance of a cue. None came. Minutes ticked off. I had to get on, but . . . how? Finally, in desperation, I took the bull by the horns, walked on and simply forced myself in, somehow. It worked perfectly. Harpo dashed off in pursuit of another blonde, Chico and Zeppo disappeared, and Groucho and I had the center of the stage.

"What he was going to say, or do, I had not the slightest idea. 'Ah, Mrs. Rittenhouse,' he said grandly, gesturing toward a wicker settee. 'Won't you . . . er, lie down?'

"The audience went into hysterics! It was a good thing, too, because the prolonged laughter gave me an opportunity to get my bearings. That scene was the comedy highlight of the show. And it was as new to me as it was to the audience. Groucho had made up every word of it as he went along!"

But unexpected "gagging" is by far the least of Miss Dumont's troubles.

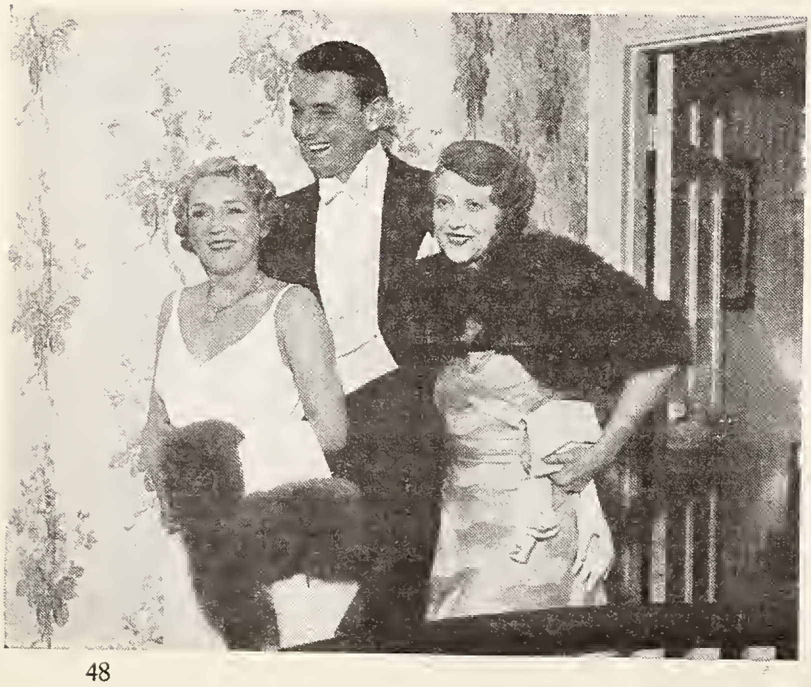
At the climax of a torrid love scene, in "Cocoanuts," Groucho wrapped his leg around the dignified lady's ankles and tried vainly to upset her. Somehow, she managed to keep her footing. But, Groucho vowed that before the season was over she was doomed to bite the dust.

"Right up until the last performance, I had the best of him in that particular struggle," she said. "And then, just at the last, he did it. Perhaps I was over-confident, or, possibly he caught me unaware. Anyhow, I went down, with a very undignified thud! (*Continued on page 102*)

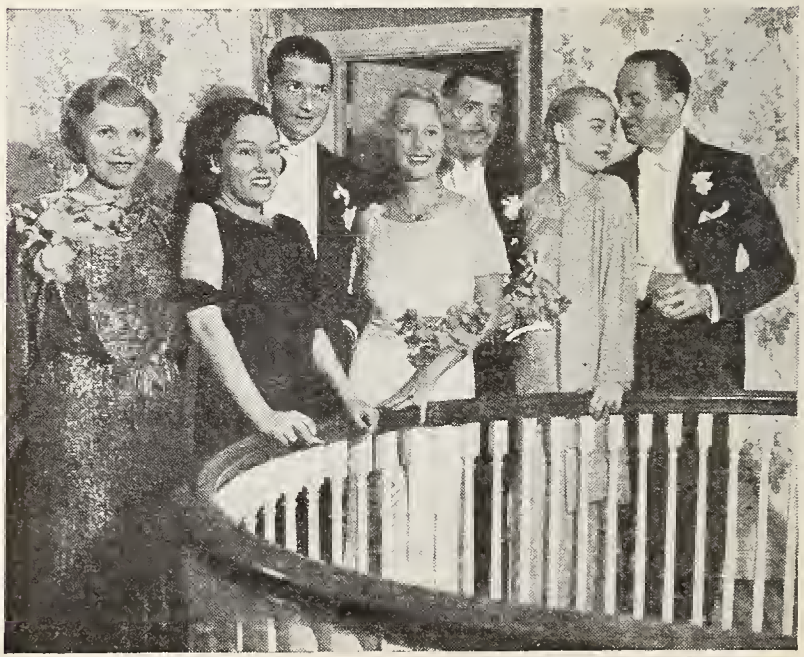
. . . Come on around Hollywood with Scotty, our exclusive cameraman, and see the stars in the full swing of winter gaiety and exciting social doings!

PICTURE NEWS!

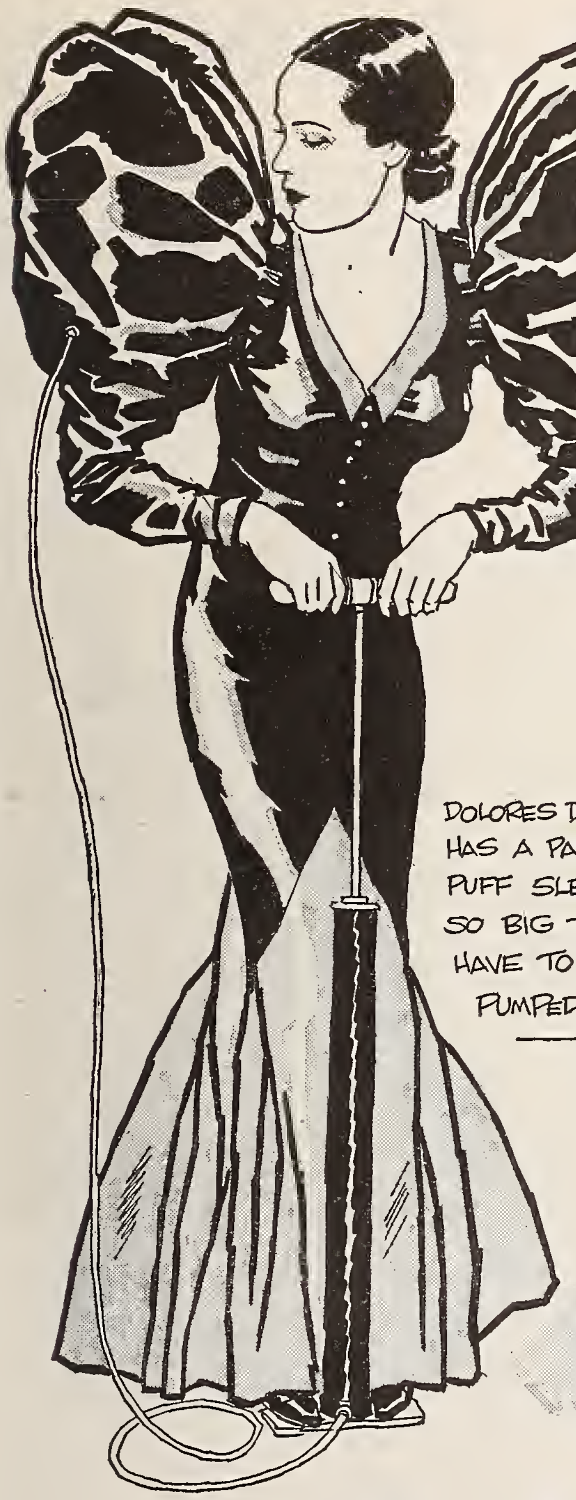
(Above) Gene Raymond and Mary Brian at the Embassy Club Opening. Gene had a party of twenty. (Below) Mary Pickford, George Brent and wife Ruth Chatterton at Mrs. Sidney Franklin's party for Grace Moore, the blonde operatic star.



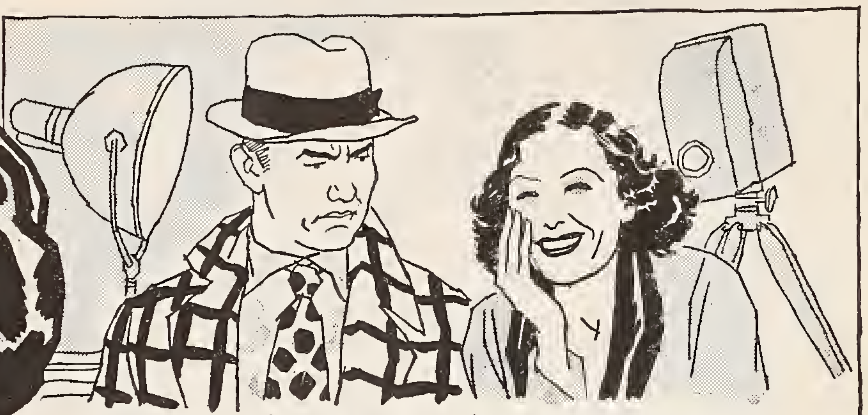
(Above) Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette MacDonald and Jimmie Dunn at the first meeting of the Screen Guild—(Below) The Franklin party again. Lef to right, the hostess, Gloria and Mike Farmer, Grace Moore and Valentin Parerra, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell.



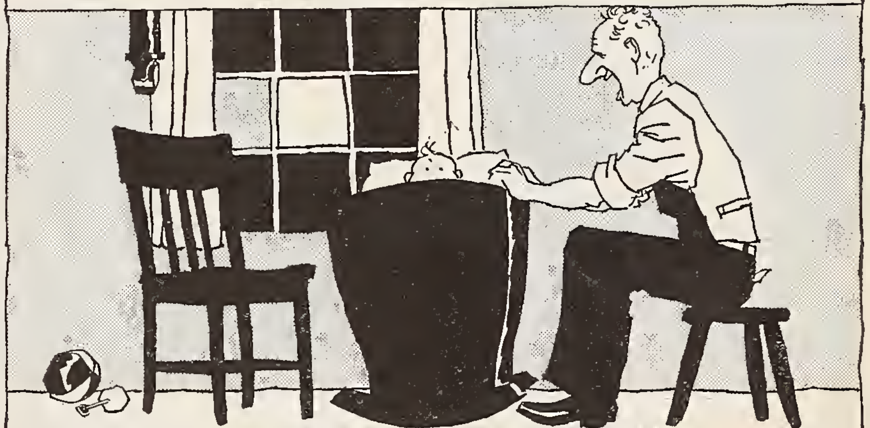
ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



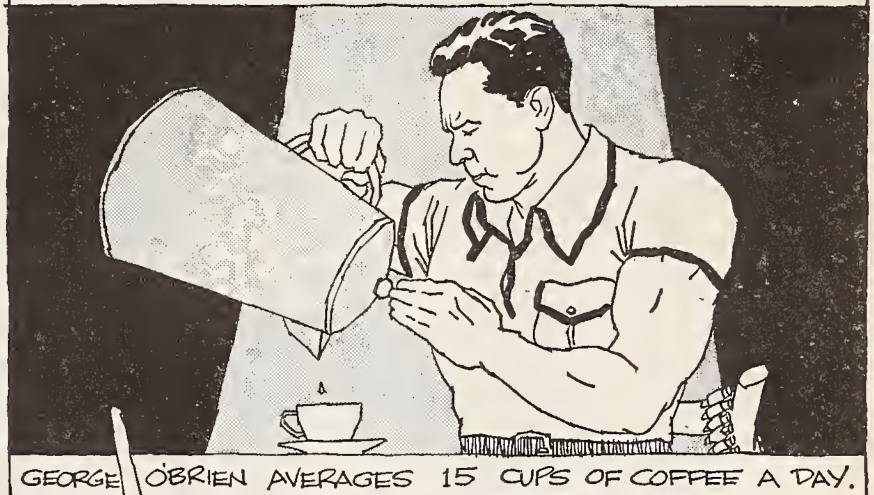
DOLORES DEL RIO HAS A PAIR OF PUFF SLEEVES SO BIG THEY HAVE TO BE PUMPED UP.



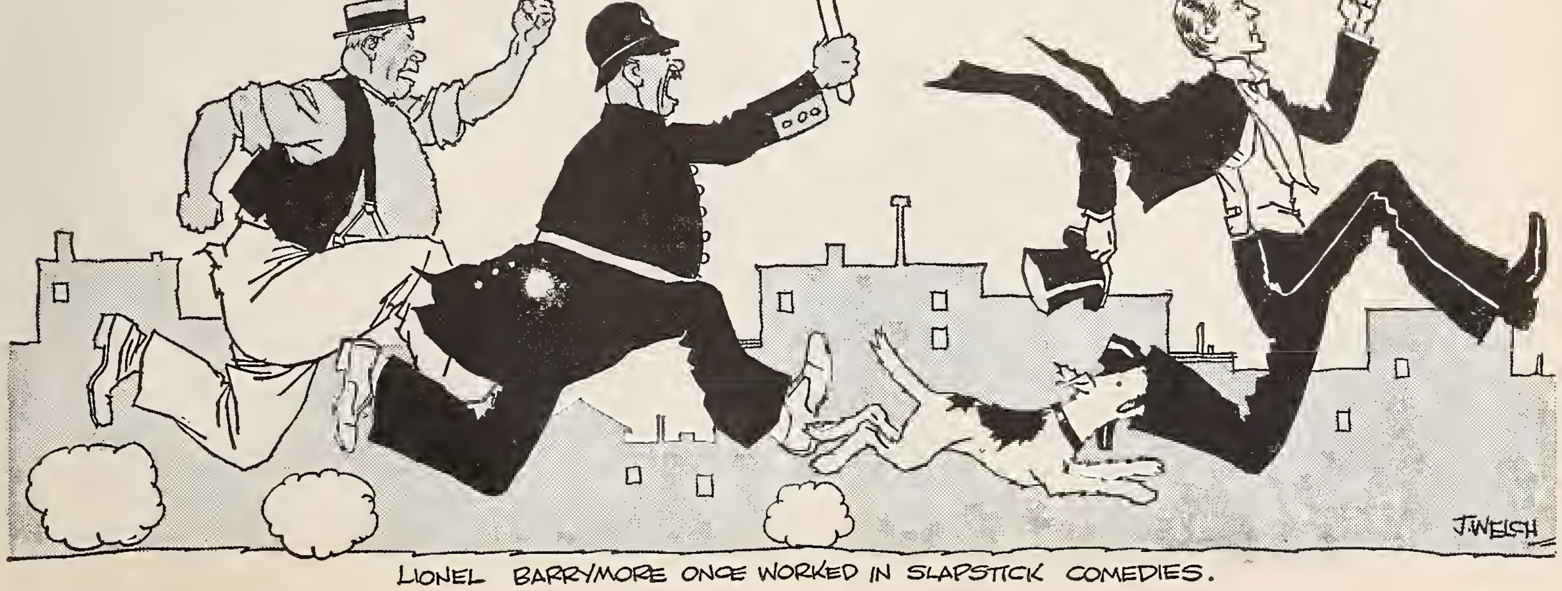
A SCENE IN "DANCING LADY" HAD TO BE RE-SHOT 12 TIMES BECAUSE JOAN CRAWFORD COULDN'T KEEP FROM LAUGHING EVERY TIME SHE LOOKED AT TED HEALY.



THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP JIMMY DURANTE FROM YELLING TOO LOUD INTO THE MICROPHONE IS TO SEPARATE HIM FROM IT BY THE WIDTH OF TWO CHAIRS.



GEORGE O'BRIEN AVERAGES 15 CUPS OF COFFEE A DAY.



LIONEL BARRYMORE ONCE WORKED IN SLAPSTICK COMEDIES.

HOW A STAR WAS CREATED

. . . It took tact, time and bitter argument to overcome the amazing Margaret Sullavan's perfectly sincere dread of Hollywood stardom

By CHARLES BEAHAN

Charles Beahan is responsible for Margaret Sullavan's entrance into the stars' ranks as the result of her hit in "Only Yesterday," with John Boles. He knows Miss Sullavan well—so well that he knew how to overcome her fear of Hollywood's habits with artists—"typing," poor pictures, fabulous salaries paid for indifferent work. Mr. Beahan is the co-author of "Jarnegan" and "Society Girl," and author of "Night for a Lady," and many other works. You will remember that, about a year ago, he married Sidney Fox, with whom, it might be added, he is ecstatically happy.

TRUMPETS sound in Hollywood, brilliant lights sweep heavenward, producers, directors, supervisors, cameramen, even office boys, are colliding with each other in the rush to take bows—for a new star has been born. With tinsel banners waving, broad grins beaming, a bright red feather for each and everybody's cap—the studio officials at Universal are patting themselves on their tummies in anticipation of a long, comfortable winter, and perhaps other winters to follow.

And why?

Because Margaret Sullavan, an unknown stage player, free, white and twenty-odd, not a raving beauty but a swell actress, came to Uncle Carl's sprawling studio carelessly tucked away in the California foothills, and gave such a performance in "Only Yesterday" as has not been seen in these parts since Garbo startled the natives in "The Torrent." Fairly bursting with pride, Universal feels that it has in Margaret Sullavan what is described in Hollywoodese as "the sensation of sensations," the makings of a household word and the runner-up for the uncrowned queen of the cinema.

And what does Margaret Sullavan think?

That blue-eyed, Southern Irish miss believes that she is a total flop in pictures, that she photographs like a pekinese (this is her own description) and that she had better stick to the stage if she wants her career to last. A courageous reaction from an actress, and yet Margaret Sullavan is sincere in her beliefs and she left the projection room at Universal after seeing a preview of "Only Yesterday" with the firm conviction that as a screen actress she would never make a go of it. On the other hand the entire screen world is proclaiming her performance and calling her the biggest discovery since Hepburn.

BUT Margaret Sullavan has always felt this way about herself in pictures. I recall our first meeting last spring. She had come to my office at Universal's New York office at my request, for I felt that she was the most promising young actress on the New York stage and potentially a great screen bet. It was my job to find personalities that would click at the box-office.

I recall her saying, "Listen, Charlie Beahan, why do you want to bother with me? I'll never make the grade in pictures. I'm not pretty enough."

"Nonsense," I told her, "you may not be a glittering Hollywood Christmas tree, but you are something infinitely more worthwhile, a fine actress—and that is what we want."

Margaret reached for a cigarette and spoke in that thrilling, husky voice of hers. "Perhaps some day I will be a fine actress if I work hard enough, but my chance will come on the stage, not in the pictures."

"Your chance will come more quickly in pictures if you get the right break—the right part."

"How can I count on that?" she asked. "You know I wouldn't sign any of those fool long-term contracts where a studio can put you in anything that comes along."

I tried to explain to her that this was impossible, that, on occasions when a studio had (*Continued on page 103*)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Margaret Sullavan for her astounding performance in "Only Yesterday."

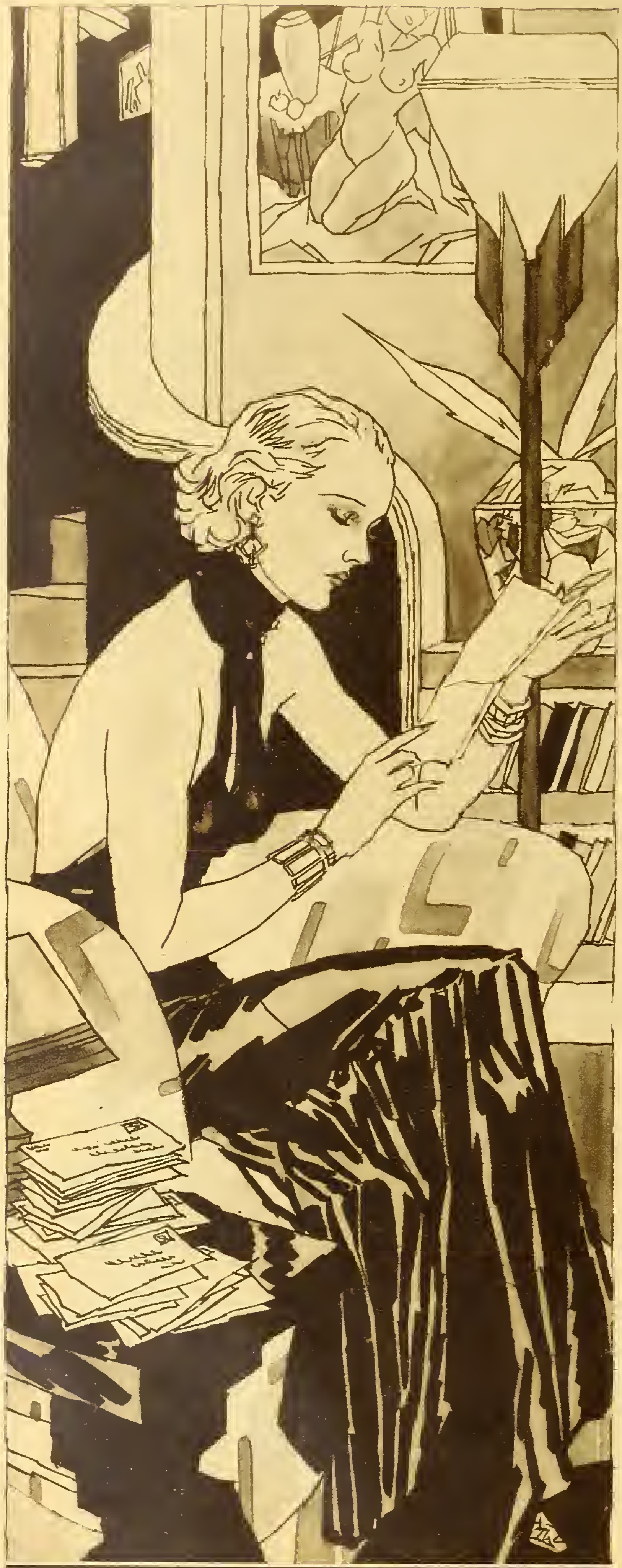
Elmer Fryer

We honor Paul Muni for his customary dynamic work in "The World Changes."

Otto Dyar

We honor Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy for their work in "A Man's Castle."

WITH HEARTBREAK



MISS HOLLYWOOD READS HER MORNING MAIL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

SOME of the stars receive as many as ten thousand letters a month. Most of these, of course, are nothing more than requests for photographs. Hundreds upon hundreds are begging letters. . . .

"Will you send me your old clothes?"

"Will you buy me a wooden leg?"

"Will you help me get into pictures?"

"Will you pay for an advertisement in the newspaper to help me find my lost dog?"

"Will you send me money so I can get a divorce?"

"Will you buy my paisley shawl that belonged to my grandmother?"

There is the very much-to-the-point letter Roland Young received:

"Dear Roland:

"I think you are swell in pictures.

"Please send me $317.50 at once. My wife and I live with her parents and it isn't very comfortable. The radio needs repairing and something must be done to the car.

"Respectively,

————"

However, other letters are to be found in those huge, bulging mailbags which have heartaches between the lines. Letters that wouldn't be sent anyone in the world but the stars. Letters as intimate and sacred as those things pious Catholics whisper through the grilles of confessionals. Sometimes a letter will tell more than you feel the correspondent meant it to. While another will be written with that utter lack of restraint that marks the human being who is desperate.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN hears regularly from an old couple convinced she is their daughter. It is a touching story you piece together from their letters. They are so lonely. Too late they realize how the restrictions they attempted to impose upon this child of their maturity irked and aggravated her until she reached her breaking-point and ran away. They admit they may have been over-conservative. But she was so dear to them. They always were so afraid she would venture too far, get hurt.

If their daughter could read the letters this couple write Maureen, firmly believing her to be their child, I think she would go back home.

They ask nothing, this old couple. But they send little presents. A jar of home-made apple jelly. "You always

BETWEEN THE LINES

. . . To look into the stars' mailbags is to look into human hearts. Hearts young and old. Lonely and hungry. Frantic and afraid. Desperation inspires the letters and sublime faith anticipates response

used to like apple best of all," they write.

Again and again both Maureen and her secretary have written this couple that they are mistaken in her identity, that her mother and father are in Ireland. But always their answer is the same. She need not be afraid, they tell her, they never will say or do anything that will interfere with her career. As one letter put it:

> "Both papa and I know how happy you must be playing in movies. When you used to say you'd be a rich actress one day we thought it was only talk."

Then, squeezed in at the bottom of the page, there was a postscript:

> "Don't forget Aunt Mary's birthday."

There are thousands of letters from young girls. They ask how to hold the love of boy-friends more loved than loving. They ask for dresses in which to graduate. And dresses in which to be married.

"Dear Miss Francis," a girl seventeen, writes to Kay, "Long ago I saw your picture in my friend's movie magazine. You are very beautiful. You are my favorite movie star.

"If you have any old dresses or just anything will you please, please send them to me. I don't mean anything that would be of any use to you. I mean old things. I could fix them. Then I could be a little like other girls.

"When we had a who's who contest in school I was elected the best sport and most popular. But now I can't go to school anymore. I have to stay home and help with the farm work. My father can't afford to pay for outside help. Anyhow I couldn't go anywhere. I have no clothes and no money. If you have ever been left out by the crowd you know how it is.

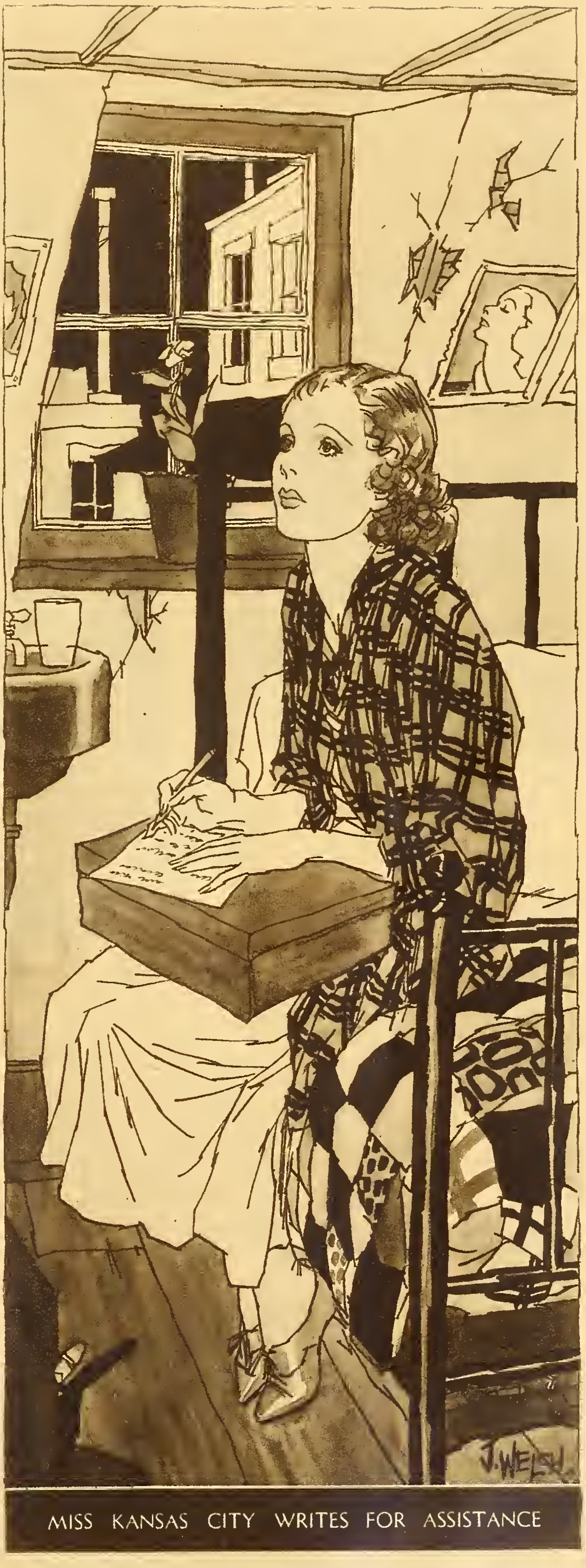
"You are the only one that can help me and if you can't I will be broken-hearted. Please send me something. You will be rewarded some day. Please. Please. I love you.

————"

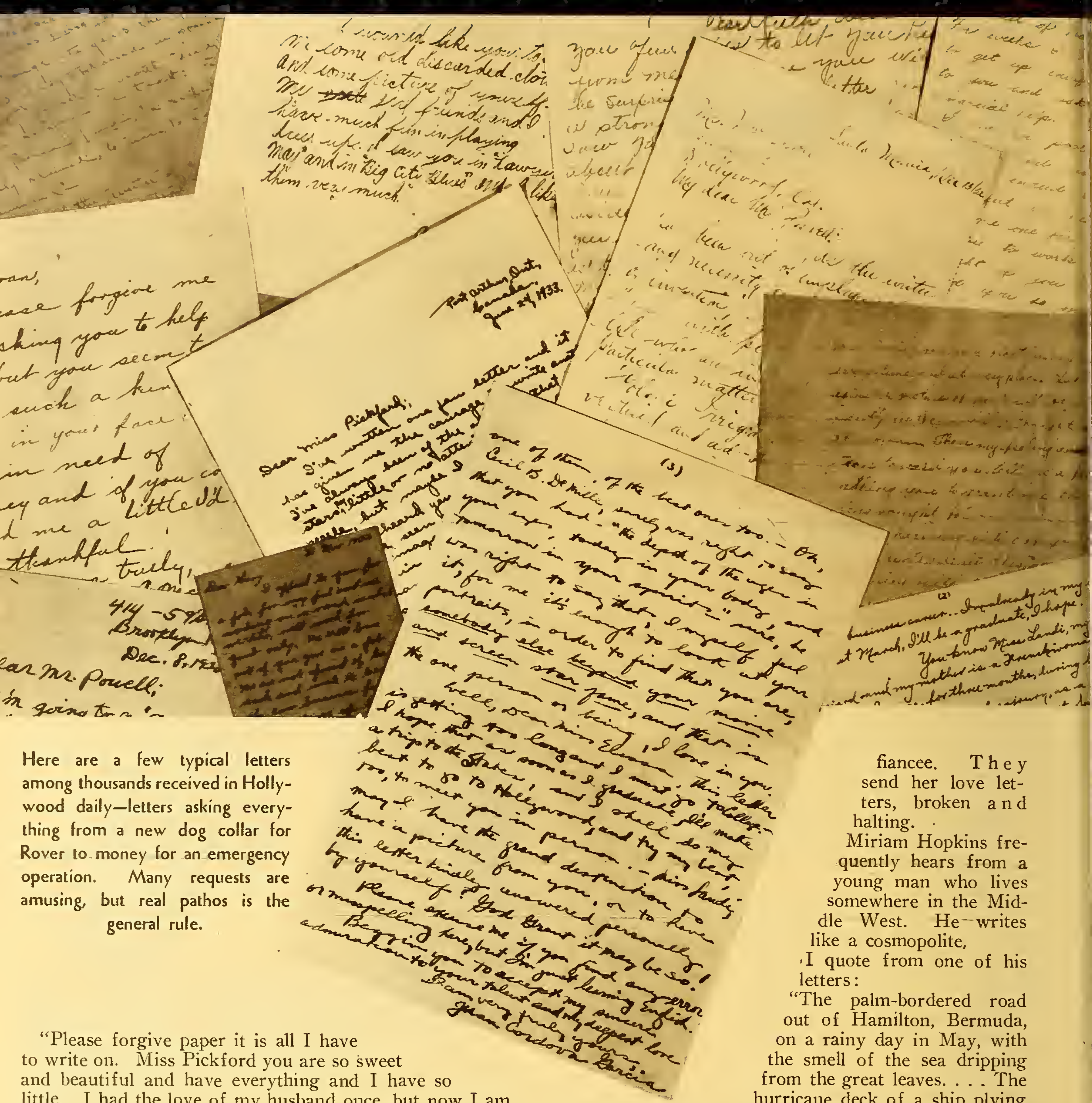
SINCE the depression letters like this have tripled. Reading them, you realize the greatest thing these last few years have cost any individual is their youth. And youth is the quality above all others that people strive to preserve.

Apropos of this is a letter, pencilled, on a page torn from a copy-book, which came to Mary Pickford.

"Dear American Sweetheart:



MISS KANSAS CITY WRITES FOR ASSISTANCE



I would like you to
... some old discarded clo...
And some picture of yourself.
My ~~...~~ girl friends and I
have much fun in playing
dress up. I saw you in "Lawyer
Man" and in "Big City Blues" and like
them very much.

...man,
...ase forgive me
...sking you to help
...but you seem t...
such a kin...
in your face
...in need of
...ey and if you co...
...d me a little I'd ...
...thankful.
... truly,

414 - 5th ...
Brooklyn ...
Dec. 8, 193...
...ar Mr. Powell;
...m going to ...

Port Arthur, Ont.
Canada.
June 24, 1933.

Dear Miss Pickford;
I've written one fan letter and it
has given me the courage ... write and
I've always been of the ...
Stars, little or no atten...
people, but maybe I ...

(3)
one of them. Of the best ones too. — Oh,
Cecil B. DeMille, surely was right in saying
that you had — "the depth of the ages in
your eyes, today in your body, and
tomorrow in your spirit —" mine, he
was right to say that. I myself feel
it, for me it's enough to look at your
portraits, in order to find that you are,
somebody else beyond your movie
and screen star fame, and that in
the one person or being, I love in you.
Well, Dear Miss Elissa, this letter
is getting too long and I must go to college. —
I hope that as soon as I graduate I'll make
a trip to the States, and I shall do my
best to go to Hollywood, and try my best
too, to meet you in person. — Miss Landi,
may I have the grand destinction to
have a picture from you, or to have
this letter kindly answered personally
by yourself? God Grant it may be so!
Please excuse me if you find any error
or misspelling here, but I'm just learning English.
Begging you to accept my sincere
admiration to your talent and my deepest love
I am very truly yours,
Juan Cordova Garcia

(2)
business career. I'm already in my
...t March, I'll be a graduate, I hope.
You know Miss Landi, my
...ed and my mother is a Frenchwoman
... for three months, during ...

Here are a few typical letters among thousands received in Hollywood daily—letters asking everything from a new dog collar for Rover to money for an emergency operation. Many requests are amusing, but real pathos is the general rule.

"Please forgive paper it is all I have to write on. Miss Pickford you are so sweet and beautiful and have everything and I have so little. I had the love of my husband once, but now I am getting along in years and my face is sagging. I used to have beautiful eyes but I have cried them dull. I still love my husband even though I know he is awful chaser after other woman. Oh Miss Pickford, if I could only win him back I would be so happy. What do the stars do to keep beautiful? Where do they get their faces lifted? Would you help me to do it? Your face looks so kind and I believe you will understand how I feel. Oh Miss Pickford if you would only help me.

Your Friend,
________"

Where else can this woman turn for help? Her friends, doubtless, are as prematurely aged by perpetual worry and hard work and not enough recreation as she is herself. But the movie stars. . . . Are they not possessed of beauty secrets greater even than those practised by the ancient Egyptians and fortunes like the biblical loaves and fishes, equal to any demands?

Mary also receives many letters from shell-shocked war veterans. But these letters never are retained. They are too tragic. Several of these men believe Mary to be their fiancee. They send her love letters, broken and halting.

Miriam Hopkins frequently hears from a young man who lives somewhere in the Middle West. He writes like a cosmopolite,

I quote from one of his letters:

"The palm-bordered road out of Hamilton, Bermuda, on a rainy day in May, with the smell of the sea dripping from the great leaves. . . . The hurricane deck of a ship plying noiselessly thru the blue of a Caribbean night with the intermittent click of the poker chips in the smoking-room and the orchestra below playing a waltz."

And then, further on:

"Eugene O'Neill tries on the whiskers of Strindberg and the results are singularly unfortunate."

Miriam was intrigued. Curious, too, as to why a young man with such a colorful life should write to a stranger. Surely he would have plenty of gay friends of his own.

ONE evening Miriam and a friend, visiting her, decided it would be a lark to call this young cosmopolite on the telephone. They put in a long distance call, sure that in his comparatively small community his name alone would identify him. They were wrong however. The operator reported she could not locate him. Whereupon Miriam became more curious than ever. Not long after this when a man she knew was to be in this correspondent's town she asked that he look him up. It was only with difficulty and through (*Continued on page 88*)

REPENTING AT LEISURE

Revealing Judith Allen's marriage, the reason for its concealment—and the reasons for her repentance

By MARTHA KERR

(Above) Gus Sonnenberg, former champion wrestler, was a most ingratiating chap. But so unstable! Always getting into financial scrapes and motor accidents. Judith Allen loved him dearly, but she knew she must escape for both their sakes. (Right) Her ballyhooed "romance" with Gary Cooper caused no end of trouble.

YOU know the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"? That's what Judith Allen has been doing—the Cecil B. DeMille discovery whose work in "This Day and Age," "Too Much Harmony," "Hell and High Water" and "The Thundering Herd" you remember. She's been repenting at leisure for quite a long time.

Like everyone who has been hurt by an unsuccessful marriage she swears she won't try it again for a long, long time. For the two years that she was married to Gus Sonnenberg left an indelible mark upon Judith's heart. They were the worst two years of her life.

She doesn't like to talk about them. She isn't the sort of girl who babbles her troubles to everybody. Young as she is, there is about her a New England reserve that makes it difficult for her to talk about the things that are close to her heart. But she has wanted to clear up some wrong impressions—principally, that she squandered her husband's money and then, when she signed a movie contract, threw him over.

As a matter of fact, she knew two months after they were married that it wouldn't last. She realized that all of the things that made Gus attractive as a sweetheart—his boyish charm, his gayety, his irresponsible good humor—were the things that did not make a good husband. She realized it during the first two months of their marriage—when he told her fantastic lies about everything and then, confronted with the truth, confessed he had fibbed—and thought he could make it all right by giving her an expensive ring or bracelet. She, who wanted the peace of a home, the stability of a good husband and children, found that she dared not have children for fear they might inherit their father's faults. In her own heart she knew that it was over in two months—but she also knew that she could not accept alimony (she has a New England conscience about that) and that she could not leave him until she was able to support herself.

IN order to understand the trouble that came into the home of Judith and Gus, one must understand Gus Sonnenberg.

I'm sure you've known men like him. He is the sort of lad that people like instantly. Judith's mother thought he was a dear lad and heartily approved of the match. His success as a wrestler had not gone to his head. When he walked into a room his charm instantly electrified everyone. But he was totally irresponsible. He could not tell the truth. He was happy only when surrounded by a group of gay, laughing people. And he could not resist the sociability inspired by too many highballs.

Nothing can so completely devastate a woman as life with a man who does not tell the truth. When Gus went out, Judith had no idea when— (*Continued on page 92*)

(Above) Chester Morris with Cynthia and Brooks Morris. (Center) Wes Ruggles and mama Arline put Charles Wesley in his walker.

Babes in

(Above. right) John Lachlan Brown makes faces at Johnny Mack. (Right) Patricia Hamilton and some of her art work.

(Below) Neil and Patricia Louise Hamilton are having a swell time. She's the little girl he and Mrs. Hamilton adopted.

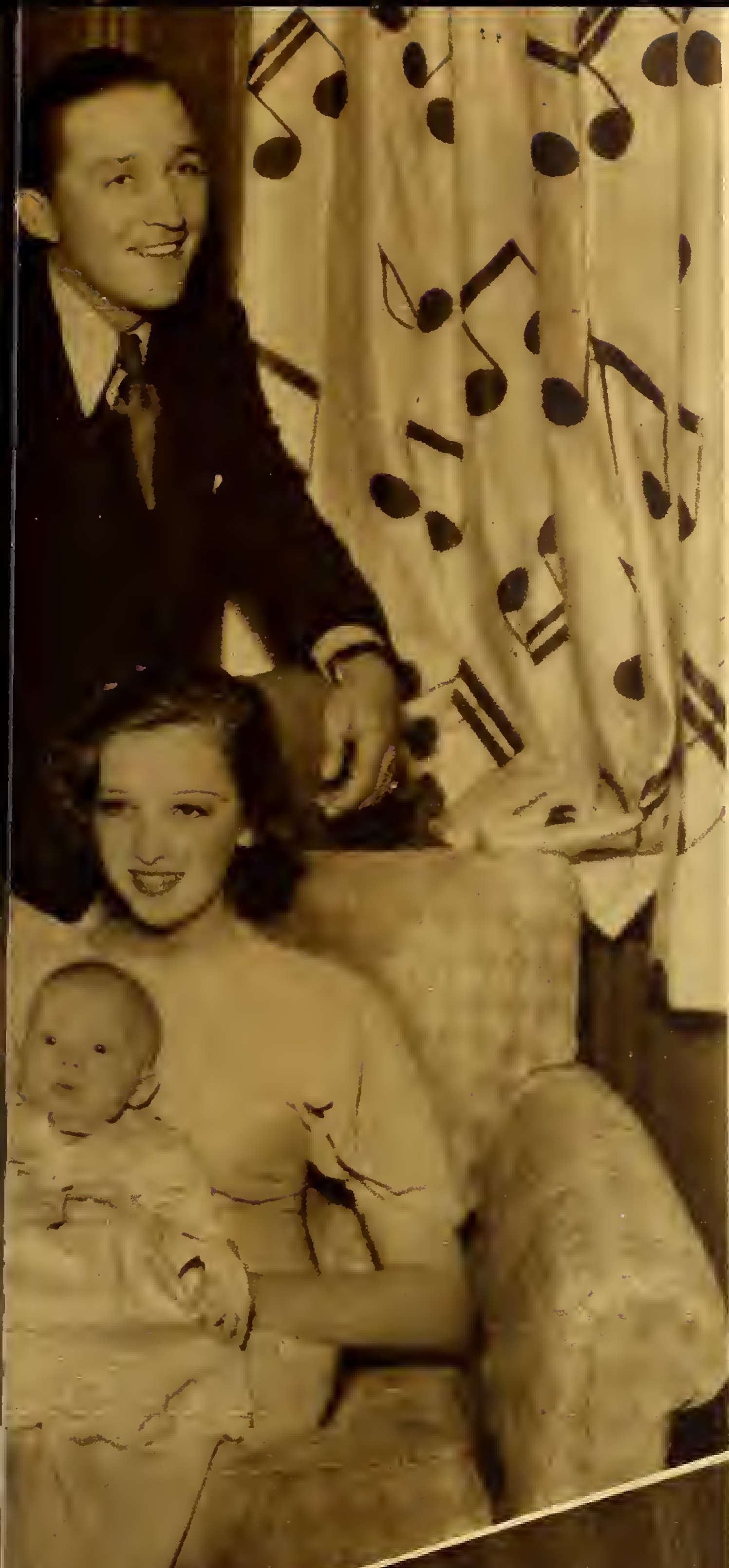
Joyland

(Above, left to right) Leslie Howard Gargan can't make up his mind whether or not to be jealous of small brother William Gargan, Jr. Isn't Jack Bryan Woody a sturdy little chap? His ma, Helen Twelvetrees, is positively popping with pride over him. The lady making cooing noises at Edward G. Robinson, Jr., is Anna Q. Nilsson. Mrs. Lucille Gleason is holding him. (Right) Oopsy-daisy! John Miljan and fourteen-month-old John, Jr. (Below) That's right! Geef daddy a smack! Stu, Stu, Jr., and June Collyer Erwin.

All Photographs by J. B. Scott

DOUBLE CHRISTENING

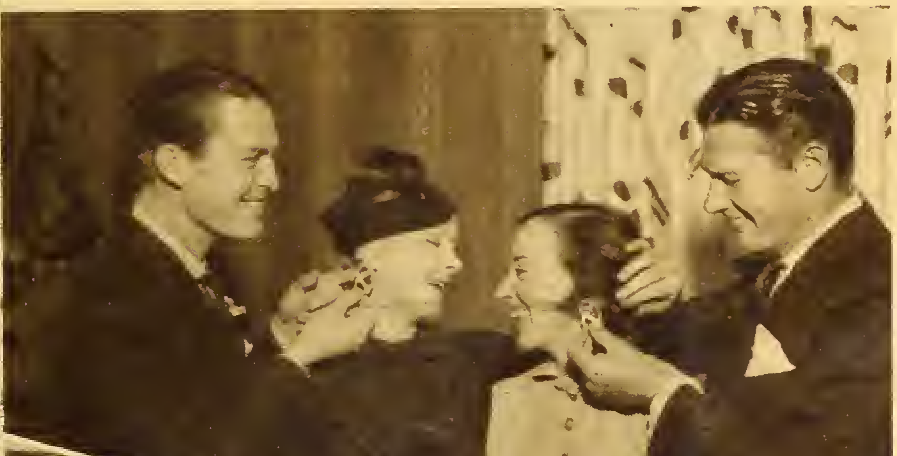
(Left) There they are. Both proud papas, both proud mamas, and both highly interested infants. (Below) Bing being an attentive host to his mother, Mrs. Harry Crosby, and James Cagney. (Bottom, left and right) Entirely too much harmony! Bing, Skeets Gallagher, Ed Sutherland and Ken Murray, singing a very loud lullaby for the two youngsters. Next, Arline Judge Ruggles, who has a very cute baby of her own, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Eilers to you) and Wesley Ruggles.

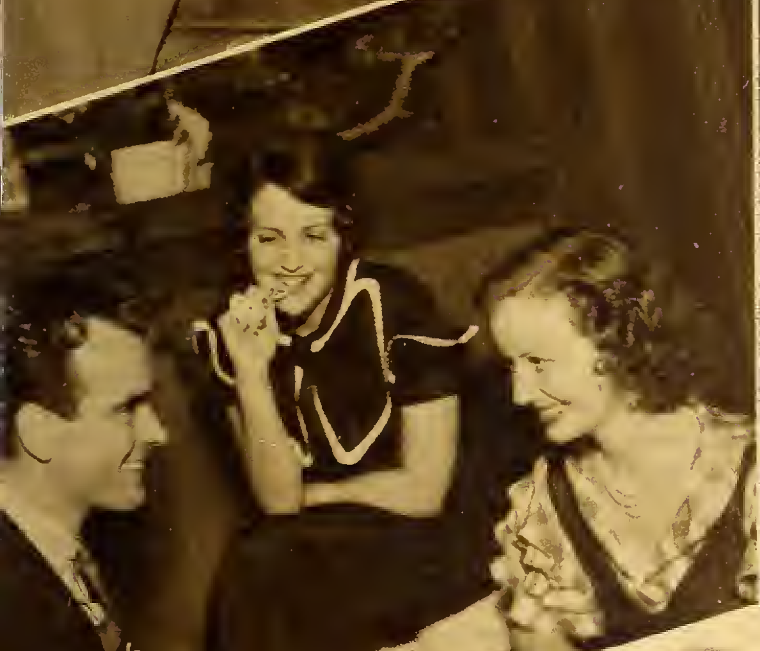


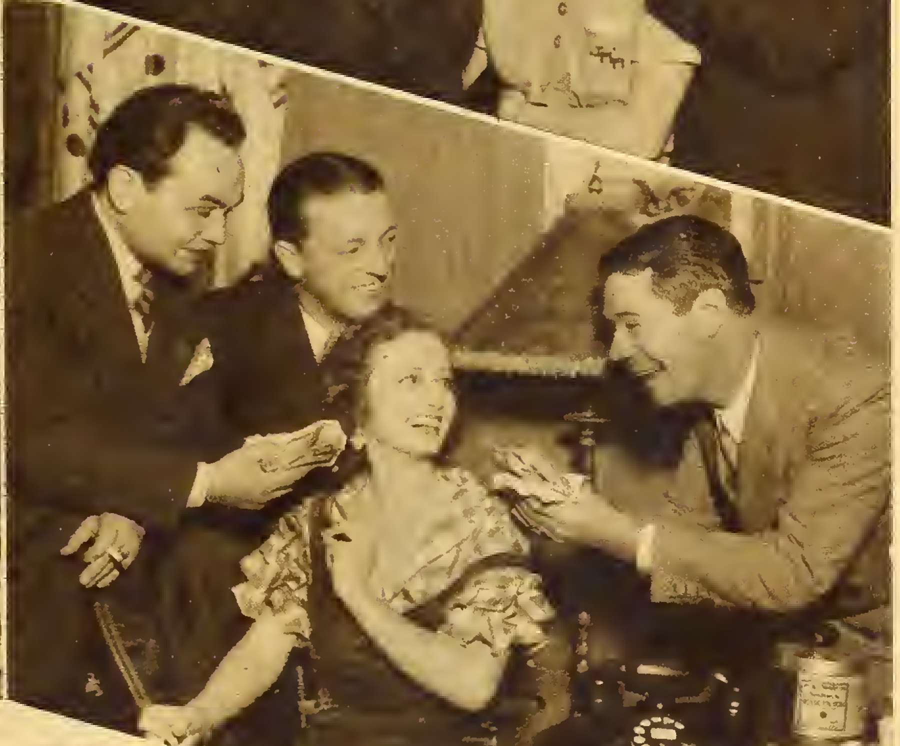
The Richard Arlens and the Bing Crosbys give a joint party in honor of Richard Ralston Arlen and Gary Evans Crosby

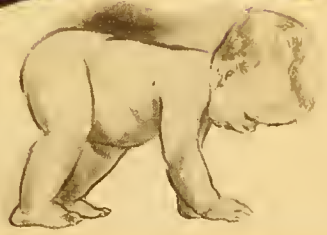
(Below) Chester Morris and Richard Arlen indulge in some foolishness with a couple of pretzels, while their wives, Sue and Jobyna, look amused. (Bottom, left and right) Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, that nice, friendly divorced couple, and Judith Allen. Sue and Ken Murray seem to be as devoted to each other as ever. In the next picture, Judith Allen is being positively smothered in attention and sandwiches by Ed Robinson and Joe E. Brown while Al Hall leans on the back of her chair.

Photographs by J. B. Scott









MARY PICKFORD

I'VE

JOAN CRAWFORD WITH THE AUTHOR

By HOWARD GREER

KAY FRANCIS

THE other day a friend of mine patted me on the shoulder and said, "Well, Greer, old boy, it's a sign that age is creeping upon you when you've lived long enough to write your memoirs."

Here I've been glancing through the autograph book that has reposed in my shop for years and jotting down everything I know about the stars who have inscribed their names, but somehow it didn't occur to me that I was writing memoirs. These aren't memoirs in the real sense of the word, are they?—since I've been skipping all over the book and am as apt as not to tell something that happened ten years ago and then in the next paragraph describe an incident that occurred yesterday.

Now here's a name written years ago, but its owner seems to have the spirit of eternal youth.

Mary Pickford has been one of my most particular and exacting customers. She takes an almost fanatical care in the choosing of models and materials but, once she has chosen, she does not change her mind. She is small in stature and knows that a dress which looks well on a

SYLVIA SIDNEY

RUTH CHATTERTON

MAE MURRAY

DRESSED THEM ALL

Hollywood's most important designer reveals intimate fitting-room secrets of his glamorous picture patrons in his series of delightful and fascinating memoirs

girl several inches taller than she will not look well on her unless carried out with proportionate changes.

Miss Pickford is almost maddeningly meticulous in her demands for cutting down the width of bands, belts and ruffles to two-thirds of their measurements on the original models.

I have seen my fitters stand beside her while she took the tape-measure in her own hands and checked up on the width of a belt and then compared it with the lesser width which we had cut for her.

She is extremely particular about clothes for her personal wardrobe—but a hundred times more so about her picture clothes. When we were making the famous tulle bouffant she wore in "Coquete," we had the dress photographed on the headless dummy figure used in the workroom. Back, front and side-views were photographed.

MISS PICKFORD made no attempt to give the dress anything of herself. "Of course it will look better in motion," I said to her one day, "and will have much more life when you are in make-up and in the part."

"I want to test the dress alone," she answered, "not to find its good points, but its bad ones. If it looks halfway decent on one of those dummy figures then naturally it will look infinitely better when it is seen on the human figure."

It was the first and only time that I have ever had clothes tested in a "dead" state so that their worst points could be discovered. But that's the way Mary Pickford works and, although I'm glad all my customers don't do it, I think it is a good idea.

One evening Miss Pickford was in the shop after closing hours. Bolts of material had been brought up from the stock room and unfurled before Miss Pickford in a fitting room. For a long time she compared them. At length she made her choice. The saleswoman and I left the fitting-room and waited in one of the show-rooms while Miss Pickford put on her hat.

We sat for what seemed an hour and at length I said, "Perhaps Miss Pickford has fainted. You had better go see what the trouble is."

The saleswoman came back to me in a moment, her eyes wide with astonishment. "What *do* you suppose she was doing when I found her?" she gasped. "She was down on her hands and knees busily wrapping the material up on the bolts. When I asked her why in heaven's name she was doing that she replied, 'But I know that it's after hours and I've kept you all late. There's no reason why I shouldn't help you put things in order.' "

I rushed in to try to stop her. There were still several lengths of material on the floor, but we could not get her to leave until she had helped us clean up the room.

It is a curious thing that Mary Pickford takes such pains with her clothes, yet Kay Francis who has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood is not at all clothes-conscious off the screen.

But here's a secret. Kay is much taller than most people believe so she has to resort to a little trick to make her appear smaller in scenes with leading men. Her screen street dresses are always made an inch shorter at the back and when she walks on the set she literally slouches an inch off her height, but because the back of her skirt is shorter it hangs even with the front when she slouches. It is not a thing I'd recommend to girls in private life, but it works before the camera.

HERE is Sylvia Sidney's signature and when I write of her I feel like lighting a fire on the hearth and turning up my coat collar. On the hottest summer days Sylvia can stand a fur coat. (*Continued on page 99*)

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these mad musicals!

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1. She helps to speed things up in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio." Her name is Monita Castenada. 2. The principles in RKO's beeyootiful musical extravaganza—Ginger Rogers and Gene Raymond. 3. Fred Astaire, dancer par excellence, is showing Ginger the new Carioca tango, introduced for the first time in "Flying Down to Rio." 4. Alice Stombs takes off for Rio in the new flying shirt, made of a yard of ribbon. 5. And now, "Roman Scandals," which threatens to be plenty mad, what with Eddie Cantor and all. The beautiful Roman lady is Gloria Stuart. 6. The "Slave Market Scene." 7. Grace Poggi dances the Roman Rumba, one of the reasons, probably, for the fall of Roman Empire. 8. Eddie does a Cicero. 9. The Archery Scene, against a very beautiful and authentic background.

7

DAVID'S LOST LOVE

By SONIA LEE

HOLLYWOOD has found in David Manners a challenge to its curiosity. And here is the story which will explain David Manners to Hollywood. It goes back to 1928.

David was returning from abroad and had made the shipboard acquaintance of a delightful English couple. They were on their way to Banff and David decided to go with them. At Banff, they collected supplies for a pack trip to Jasper Park. And a guide called Jim.

On the morning of departure, a fifth member joined the party. She was Jim's daughter, Mary, who frequently went with her father on excursions of this sort.

She intrigued David. Slender, clear-eyed, with a keen mind, she would have graced a drawing-room. She was a revelation to the boy who had known sophisticated women.

His admiration increased when she demonstrated her knowledge of woodcraft. She could handle horses and was adept at making camp.

For hours, David and Mary rode woodland paths together. And there were walks along the moonlit trails when camp was made. The third day, David knew he was in love; gloriously and completely.

He told the girl as they rode into the sunset. That night the air was balmy and no tents were pitched. The bedrolls were placed on balsam boughs in a clearing. And throughout the night they talked, too deliriously happy to even think of sleep.

Their plans were simple. Immediate marriage was out of the question. David had been suffering from recurrent attacks of pneumonia, and his trip abroad was during one of his recuperative periods. He would return to New York, solve the financial problems facing him, and then send for her. They would live happily.

Mary had too much courage to cry when the moment of parting came. They belonged to each other for always. They would wait for each other.

The trip had lasted five days and was destined to modify the pattern of David's life.

On his arrival in New York, he began counting the days before a letter from Mary could reach him. He had written her en route East.

But there was no word from Mary. Each succeeding day held an added note of uneasiness for him. He was sure of her love and no mistake.

Finally, in terror at her silence, he wrote to her father at Banff, begging for news of the girl—for one line assuring him that she was well. The days stretched into weeks. Letters and telegrams remained unanswered.

Then he heard from his English friends. They spoke of inconsequential things, which he skimmed in hope that somewhere would be a line about the girl. There was.

A postscript. And it read: "You will be distressed to hear that old Jim's charming daughter was killed in an auto accident the day she returned to Victoria."

David Manners was standing at a window of his apartment as he read that fatal sentence. The first snow of the year was falling gently. The world was in a shroud.

It was a love too perfect to have a happy ending in marriage.

MODERN SCREEN Miniatures

GAMBLING FOR FREEDOM . . . !

By JACK GRANT

IMAGINE breezing in late for dinner without facing the necessity of offering explanations to the little woman! Fancy spending an evening as you choose without manufacturing excuses about working overtime or sitting up with a sick friend!

Your wife doesn't even have to be in the country, if you follow John Miljan's formula for freedom. Visualize the advertisements! "Reduce your marital woes. No pills—no pain. Dr. Miljan's prescription guaranteed or money refunded."

You know John Miljan as the perpetrator of screen villainies. He is best known in Hollywood as a liberator of married men, an emancipator of henpecked husbands.

It is doubtful if John realized the import of his discovery when the formula was evolved, for it began very casually.

John and Mrs. Miljan had friends in for a quiet evening of bridge. John won and his wife lost. When the game ended, John demanded that Mrs. Miljan pay her gambling debt.

"I must borrow from you," she laughed. "I have no money. You might as well transfer the amount from one pocket into another and we'll call it square."

"Now is that right?" John protested. "If I lose, I pay. Winning, I break even."

"It's your fault for being the family's only wage-earner, John."

"There's no consolation in suffering for a virtue," John said.

So the argument raged. Mrs. Miljan offered her wedding ring for security. She thought of things she might do for her husband in lieu of actual cash. But John was adamant.

As a last resort, Mrs. Miljan suggested, "Suppose I give you a day to do just as you please. You can go fishing or anywhere you desire. Will that satisfy you, Shylock?"

"A day of freedom," John mused. "No explanations. It's a bargain."

Credit a man who knows when opportunity knocks and invites it in!

The Miljans bet upon any number of things, but mostly bridge. When they are alone, they play two-handed contract. If John loses, his wife collects the cash. If John wins, she adds the time in hours and minutes to his score. Deductions are made, as spent, from the time he has coming, but he is never allowed to draw in advance.

The only difference of opinion that has ever arisen came one night when John went to a prize fight with Wallace Beery. He was five hours ahead of the game and was gone nearly six. Mrs. Miljan inquired where he had been. John protested.

"I wasn't asking about the first five hours," she said. "Only the last one. You were fifty-five minutes late."

This incident brought a new rule into effect. Time is clocked for the full period John is away from home.

"What if I want to go to Caliente?"

"You travel on your own time."

Mrs. Miljan has observed the agreement that prohibits her from asking questions concerning her husband's whereabouts when free, for good sportsmanship on the part of the wife is imperative to the success of the Miljan's freedom formula.

WHY HOLLYWOOD SPURNED HER

By NANETTE KUTNER

EVELYN BRENT was all ready to leave Hollywood. She never wanted to return. This is her story.

"They wasted me. The producers seemed to think that because I played a crook, I was to play one forever.

"I suppose I made a mistake, but I couldn't play studio politics. I told people what I thought of them, and you can't do that if you want the right rôles. Most stars who stay on top put on a constant show. I couldn't.

"Eventually, I was out. I started watching the financial upheaval that was shaking Hollywood. I saw stars, who had let success go to their heads, afraid. I was afraid myself. I could still work for independent companies, but there was neither money nor glory in that. Then, I faced myself.

"I thought things over from the beginning. There was my first chance. It came with the rôle of Feathers in 'Underworld.' They planned to make the picture in ten weeks. But politics interfered. The director was told, after he had started, to make it in four. Before the time was up he was ordered to finish it in three days or they would scrap it. I worked for three days and nights without a wink of sleep. But we finished.

"When the picture was previewed, I heard important picture people say it was so bad it should be shelved. It was sent, without a line of advertising, to a theater in Los Angeles. The night after the opening, the papers called it the greatest gangster drama ever produced. Of course, the people who knocked 'Underworld' said they had known how wonderful it was.

"It was then they wanted to star me. I begged off. I knew I'd have a better chance surrounded by all-star casts and good stories. But nobody paid any attention.

"My first starring picture was adapted from a novel by Phillip Gibbs. The man who purchased it had never read the book. The rôle was for a shrinking type like Lillian Gish. I put up a kick, so they had it re-written. Besides the bad story, I was given a cast and director no one had ever heard of. I finally broke my contract with Paramount and went to Radio. Things continued.

"Two years ago I was offered five thousand dollars a week to make a personal appearance tour. I turned it down. What was five thousand then? The price of a car. Now, I know.

"I went into vaudeville to see if I could actually put on an act. We opened in Omaha. I had such stage fright I thought I never could go through with it. That same week the banks closed. We were nearly stranded. At the moment I was worried where my next meal was coming from, I knew I was a trouper.

"I've done away with pride. I know I could always get a stage part at fifty dollars a week.

"Understand I don't blame Hollywood. The people there simply had no vision. In one way, it's a good thing. It's good for that new crop of young people. They won't be elevated to stardom over night. They'll learn Hollywood has changed into a sane place."

And now Miss Brent is back again. At Universal, playing in "Cross Country Cruise." Lots of luck!

MODERN SCREEN *Miniatures*

HEAD OF THE FAMILY . . . By JACK JAMISON

YOU know who Cora Sue Collins is, although you may not know her by name. Few child actresses have aroused the interest she has provoked in a few months. You saw her in "Smilin' Thru," and there was a flash of her in "Silver Dollar."

I first met Cora Sue on the "Unexpected Father" set, where her work fascinated me. She was reveling in it. "When does my scene come?" she kept asking. When her scene did come the director took her on his knee.

"Now, here's what I want you to do, darling," he said. "You're lying in that bed, asleep. Daddy Slim and Aunt Zasu come in and talk together about you. You lie still as a mouse. Then they come over to the bed and Daddy Slim pats your head. Then he talks some more. And *then* you open your eyes, sit up, and put your arms around his neck."

When he put her down, Cora Sue was jumping from one foot to the other, so eager was she to try it. Laughing, she dodged her mother and ran to the bed. Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts went into their "business." Cora Sue went into hers.

"No retake!" called Thornton Freeland. "Perfect the first time."

How does she do it? What is the secret behind this astonishing baby? Mrs. Collins understands it no more than you or I. She can tell you she felt she had a child different from other babies when Cora Sue was three days old. She can tell you that after the same length of time, the baby would turn her head to listen if anybody played the piano. And she can tell you that she has always felt that her daughter would be an actress. But that is all she knows. However, there is a story behind Cora Sue!

The family lived in Clarksburg, West Virginia. Mr. Collins was a salesman for a hosiery company. There is no use in hurting anybody, so let us say merely that their home life was unhappy. Mrs. Collins wanted to take Cora Sue to Hollywood. There was no money. However, maybe the hosiery company, which owed Mr. Collins back salary, would advance the funds for the trip. It was a gamble, but she got $100. On the money, the three went to Hollywood, riding in day coaches.

Their only chance of more money lay in a sample-case which an executive at the mills had handed to the mother with the check. Perhaps she would be able to sell stockings here and there. She sold a few on the train.

They arrived in Hollywood with $5, enough to pay the deposit on a tiny apartment. Cora Sue needed a doctor. There was no money for food. None came from the father in West Virginia. A theater manager in Clarksburg failed to send a letter of introduction to one of the studios. And, now that she was within reach of the studios, Mrs. Collins didn't know how to get Cora Sue an interview.

That is the sort of predicament which ends with a caption in a newspaper: "Mother and babies found dead in apartment. Failure to find work the reason." Luckily, in this

(*Continued on page 86*)

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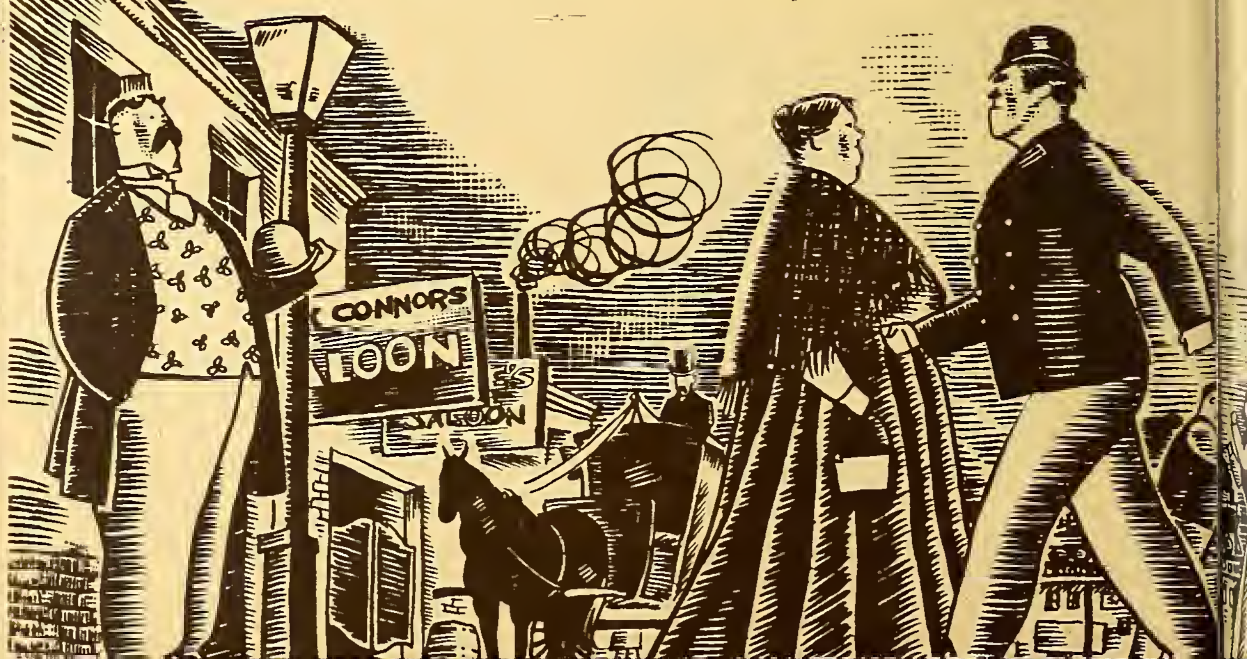
Decoration by Jack Welch

DRESSED FOR

"Oh, the Bowery, the Bowery"—what d'yuh mean, we don't go there anymore! At least, Hollywood's Vendome was filled to overflowing one recent night with celebrities garbed in authentic roughneck attire. 1. Ed Robinson and wife, as a couple of 1890 slummers. 2. Not Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Kay Francis—well, I never! 3. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, with moustache slightly cock-eyed. 4. Jean Harlow, George Raft, who amused the customers with some fancy stepping, and Arline Judge. 5. George Bancroft, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Richie—still Jeanette's fiancé, not her husband. (Or is he?)



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All photographs by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman

The BOWERY

6. They were the hit of the evening. Connie Cummings and her husband, Benn Levy. No foolin', it's really Benn. 7. The Countess De Frasso and Lyle Talbot. Lyle had an accident on the way home and suffered severe concussion of the brain, poor chap. 8. Karen Morley and her husband, Charles Vidor. 9. Harry Joe Brown, and his new wife, Sally Eilers, Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles. The Ruggles party caused quite a to-do by driving up to the party in a tallyho coach. 10. Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman (ain't she gudgeous?) with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Schallert.

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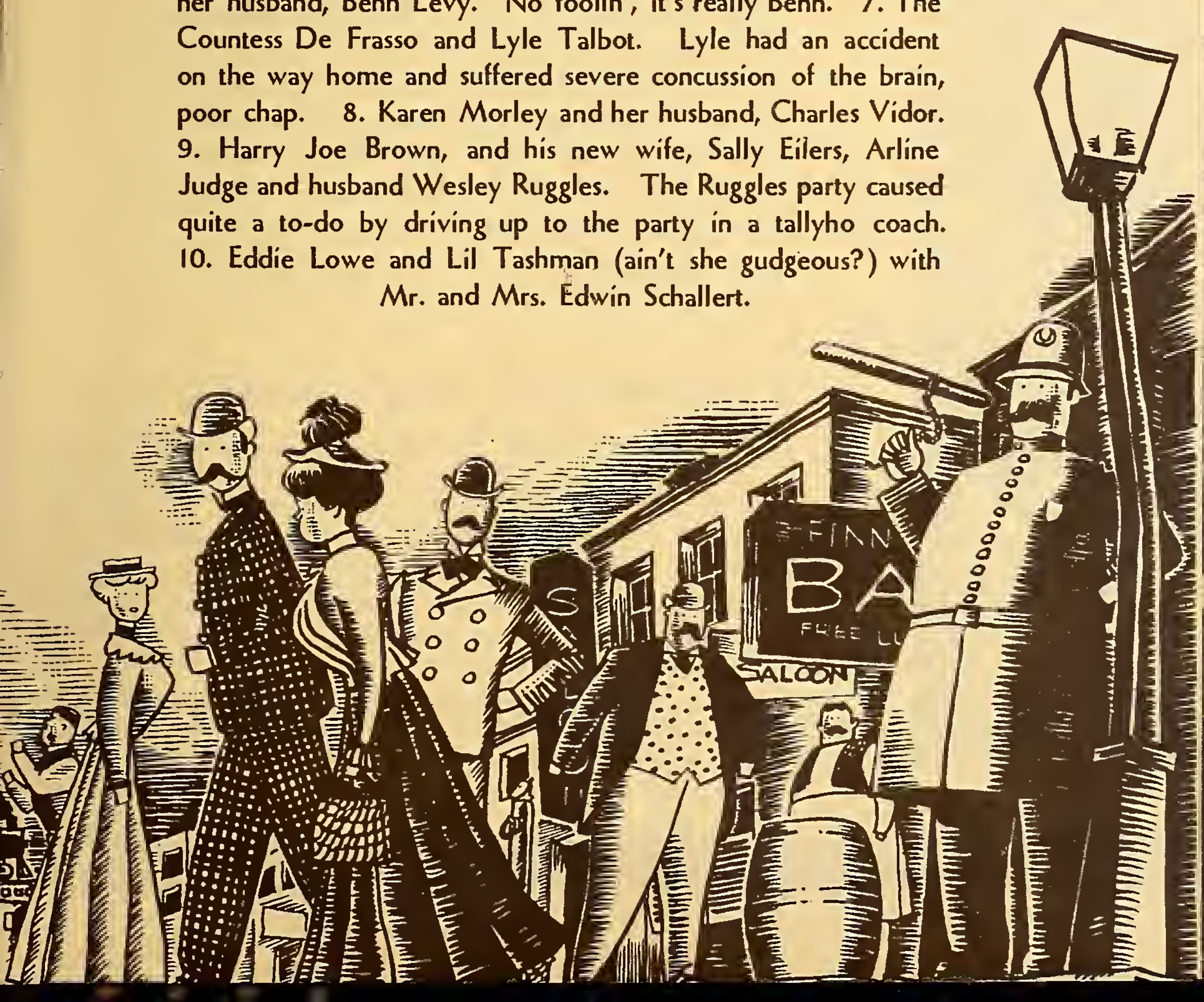

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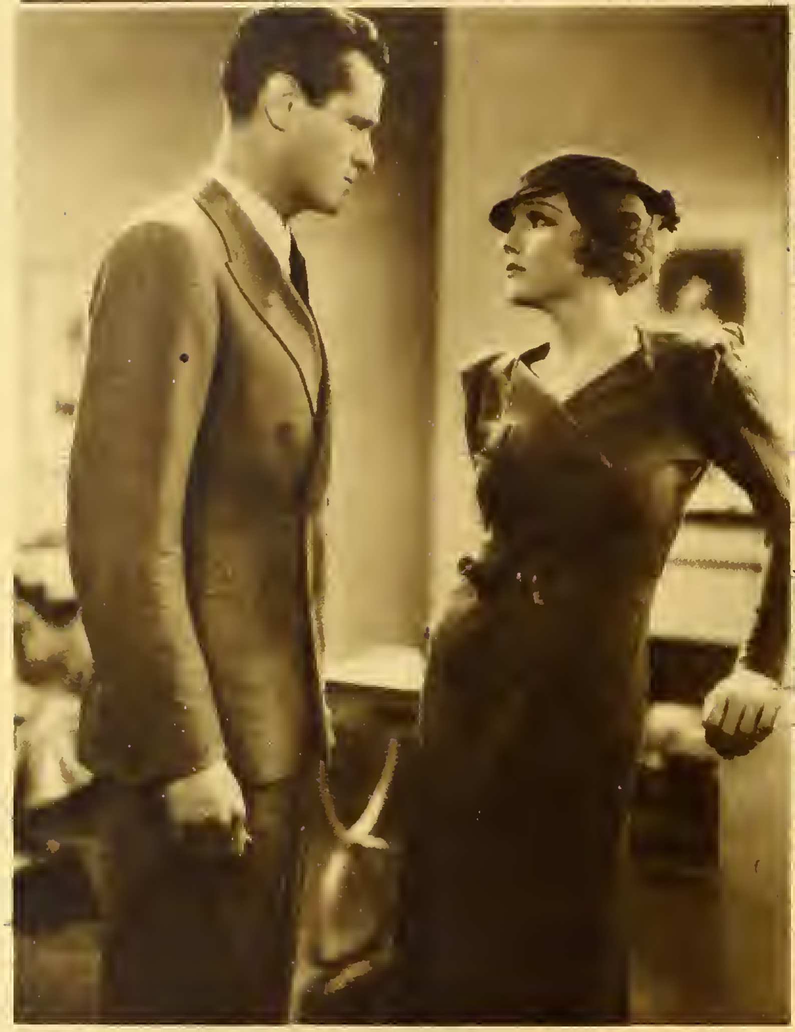
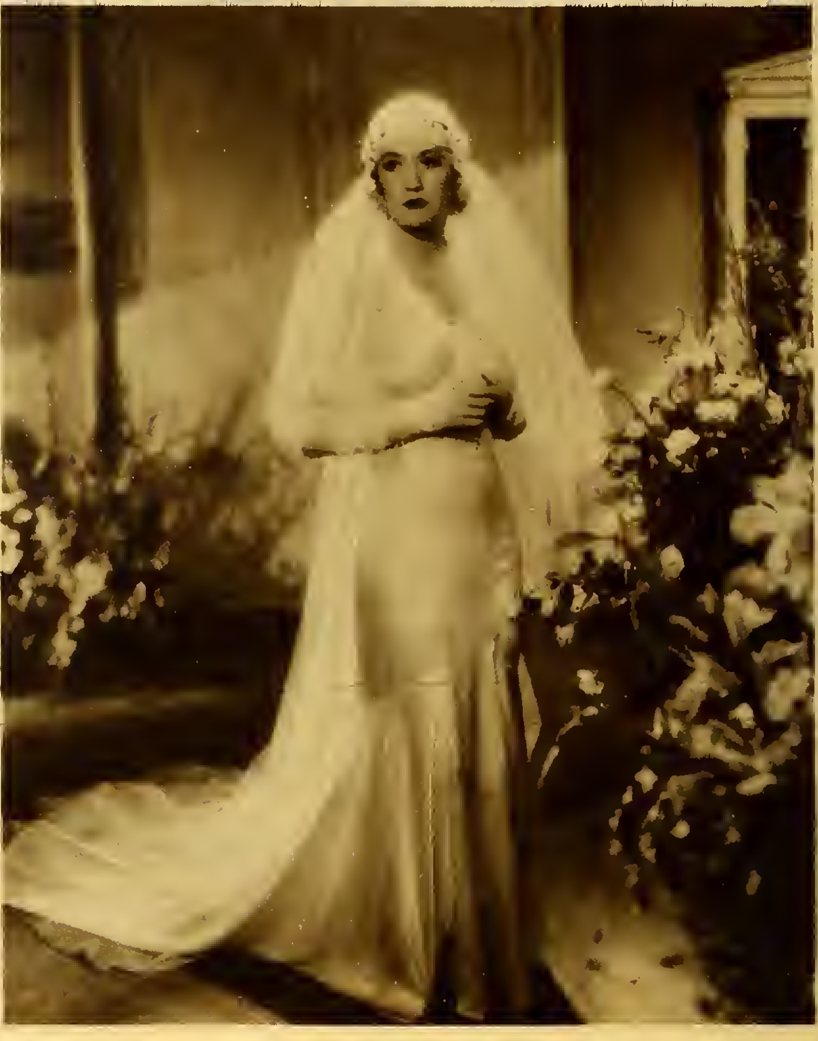
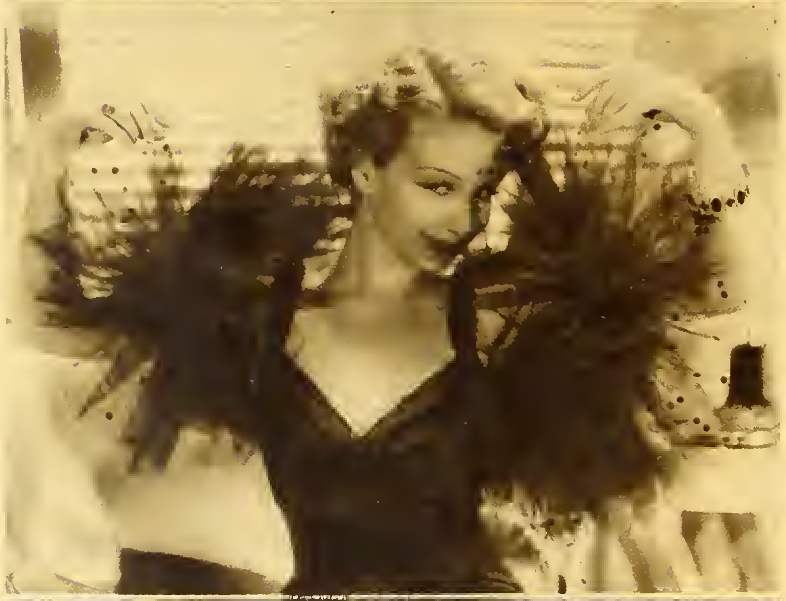
YOU CAN HAVE CLOTHES







CINEMA SHOP

The Cinema Shop (an exterior view is shown at the lower left) is a gift to girls who would own dresses exactly like the movie stars. All the dresses on these two pages are on sale at the various Cinema Shops throughout the country. (Left) Sari Maritza's black chiffon is accompanied by a pert circle of sequins which she wears for a wrap. Constance Cummings (above, left) in a woolen daytime frock which she wears in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." And Miriam Hopkins' bridal gown (above) which she wears in "Design for Living." You could, of course, wear it for an evening gown—without the veil.

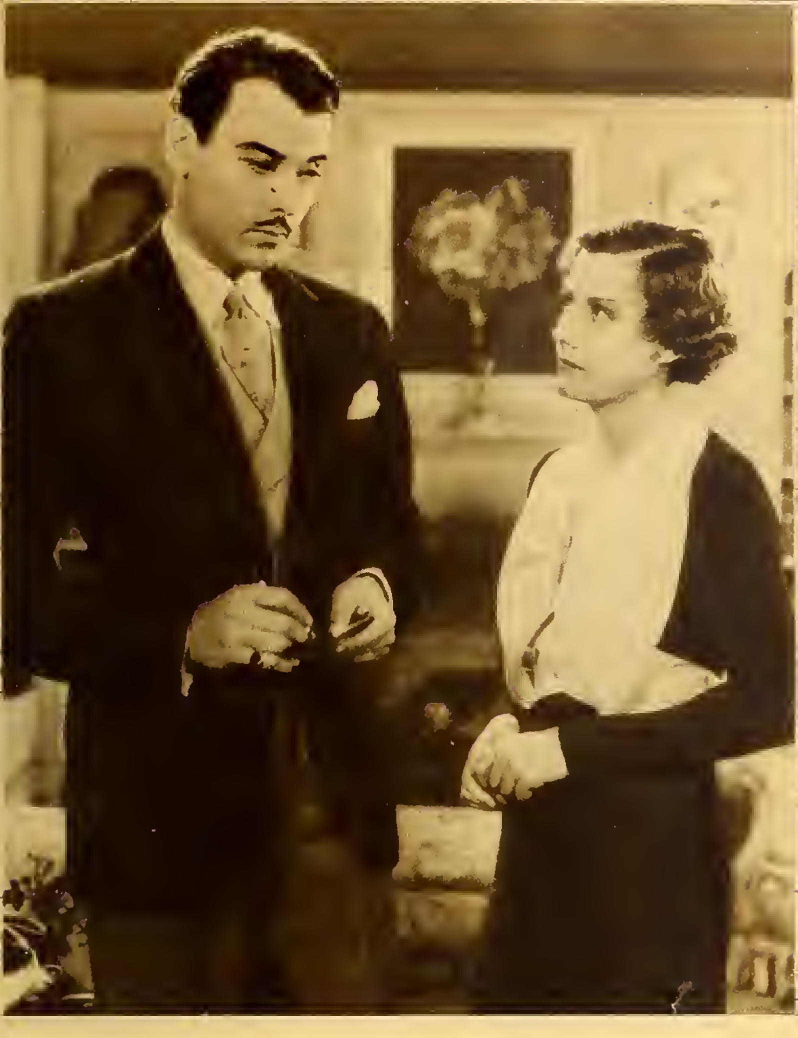
YOU CAN WIN A STAR'S DRESS!

Yes, indeed! You can win one of the four dresses at the top of these two pages. The dress worn by Constance Cummings, the one worn by Miriam Hopkins (which can be used, without the veil, as an evening gown) the one worn by Irene Dunne, or the one worn by Mary Howard.

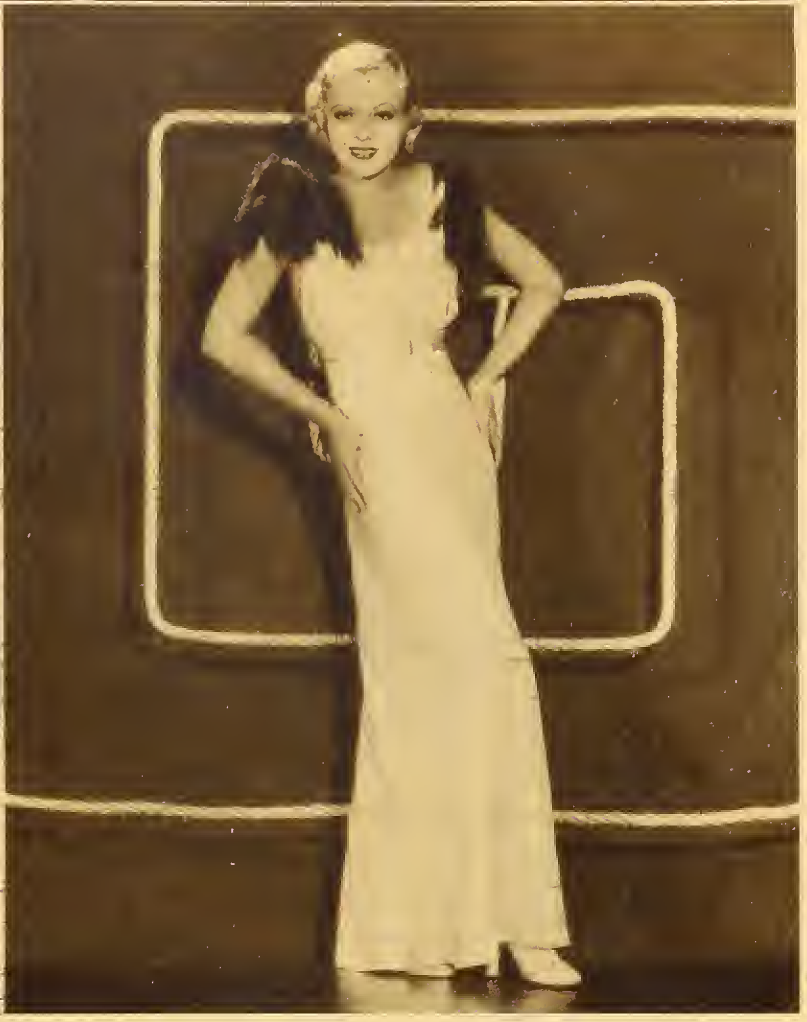
This is what you must do: Write your opinion in fifty words or less of the dress you like best of those four—and why. The four best opinions, with reasons, will win, in each case, the dress best liked by the writer. Send your letters to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. With your entry, please give the size dress you wear and what color you prefer.

YES, COPIES OF YOUR FAVORITES' GOWNS CAN BE BOUGHT AT MODEST PRICES

THE STARS WEAR...



You can follow the lead of Irene Dunne as she appears in "Behold, We Live," with a black crêpe dress, very much relieved by a white vest and jabot effect that buttons on over each shoulder (easily removable for washing) and has that chic quality of making a dark dress infinitely becoming. There is a long and narrow clip which is used to fasten the jabot at the pointed neckline. This is the sort of dress you can wear almost all day.



How would you like to have Mary Howard's white crêpe gown from "My Weakness"? It would be quite possible, if you shop at the Cinema Shop. This is the simplest sort of a frock, with perfectly uninterrupted lines, a square neck in front and a low back. Then, just for a dashing relief, tufts of fur are fastened over the shoulders, giving that broad look so much to be desired. A practical feature is that the fur can be removed when it grows tiresome.

By Margery Wells

POLLY SMITH wanted a dress like one Claudette Colbert wore in one of her recent pictures—wanted it till she ached. Polly knew in her heart that she was enough like Claudette to look the type exactly, if only she could lay her hands on that bit of perfect simplicity. But she had a feeling, too, that it couldn't be done. Stars' dresses were always so expensive and everything—top notch designers to create them; clever, trained fingers to make them.

"Dream on," mocked her fresh younger brother, "who do you think you are anyway? Don't forget you're only plain Polly Smith. D'yuh think we're millionaires?"

And then, one day, wandering through one of those big stores, Polly came upon a veritable doll's house marked "Cinema Shop." There were dresses on dummies in the little windows—dresses which looked strangely familiar. Certainly she had seen them somewhere before. She crept through the wide door cautiously, took a closer look around. To Polly, who had had her own insignificance rubbed into her by a scoffing family, it was as though she had stepped alone and unguarded into fairyland. For there before her gaze were ranged in breath-taking rows the very selfsame dresses she had seen some of her favorite stars wearing. Could it (*Continued on page 87*)

WHERE? HOW? READ ABOUT THE CINEMA SHOPS AND THE WORK THEY'RE DOING

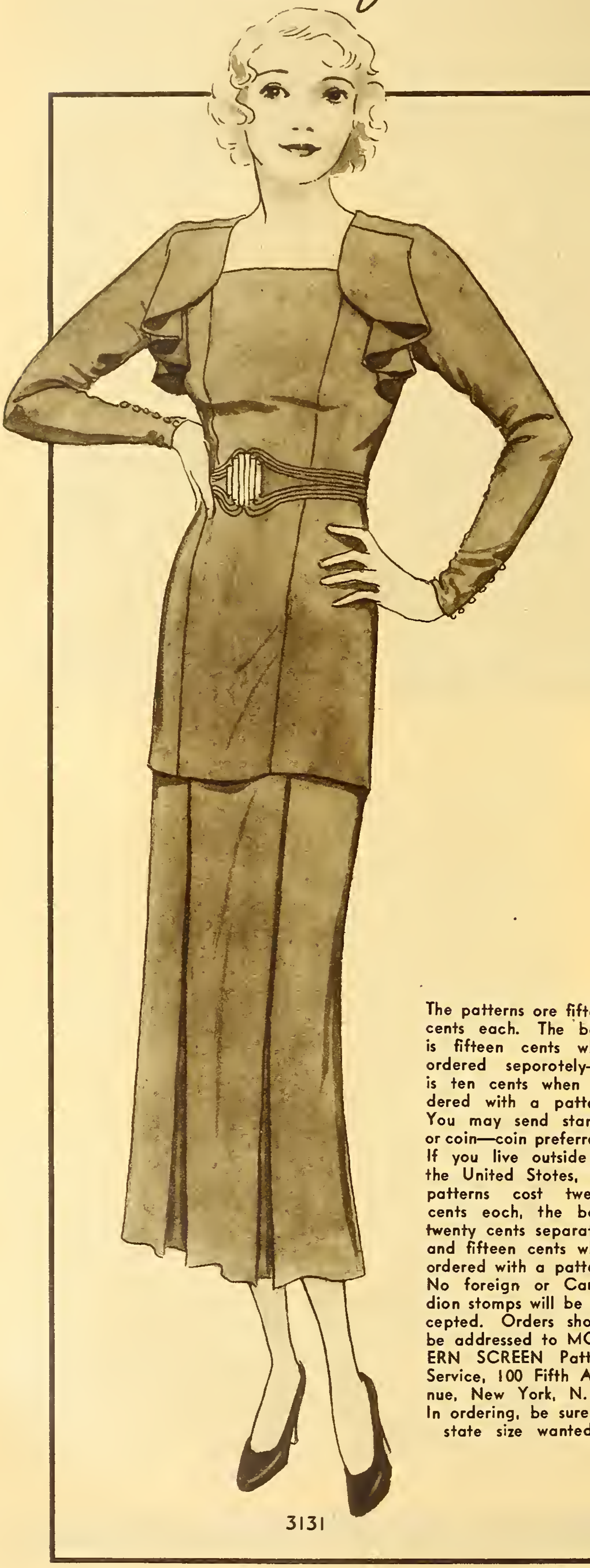
Patterns for Winter Dresses and

3131—Alice White, in Universal's "Kid Gloves," wears this dress of bright red wool embroidered with little gold dots. The sleeve top is novel, the kick-pleated skirt is practical, and the buckle setting off the belt is very modern. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

925—A distinctly smart dress of bronzeen green woolen with toning satin used for the drop-shoulder yoke. It has sheath-like lines that will make you look tall. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

300—Mandarin red crepe silk made this fascinating dress, smart for bridge or tea. It is cut along princess lines. It can have long sleeves, if you prefer. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

For back views,
see page



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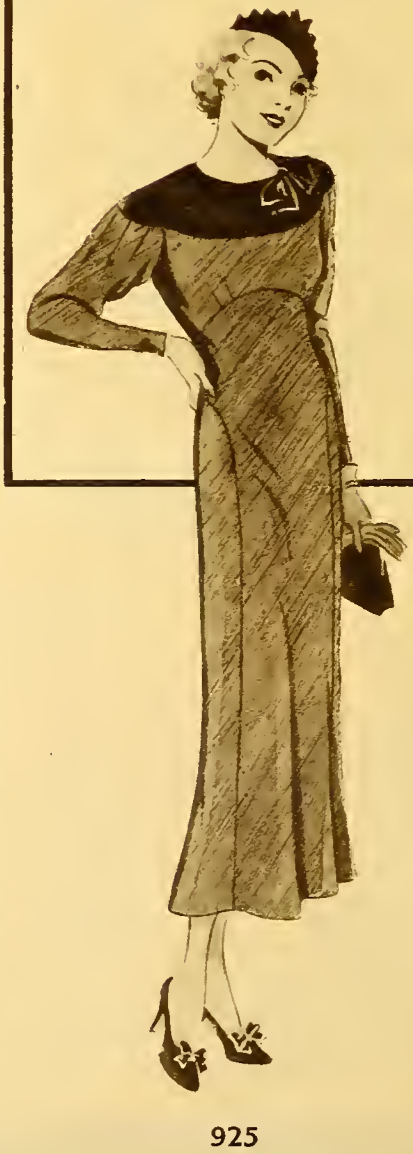
The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



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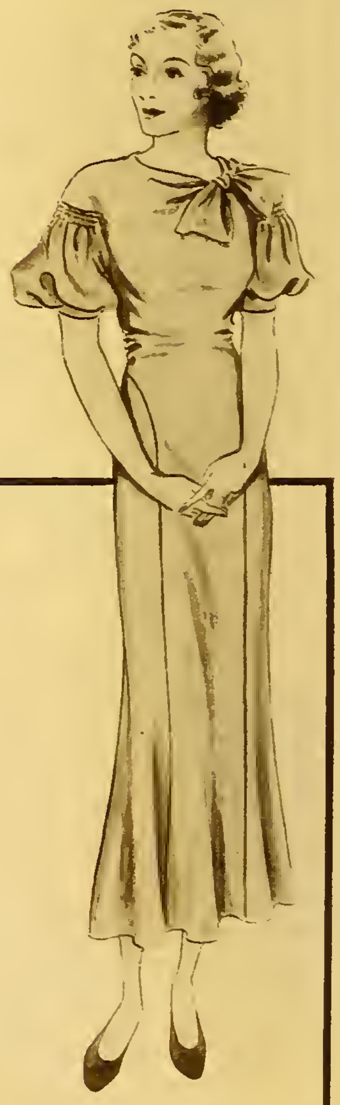
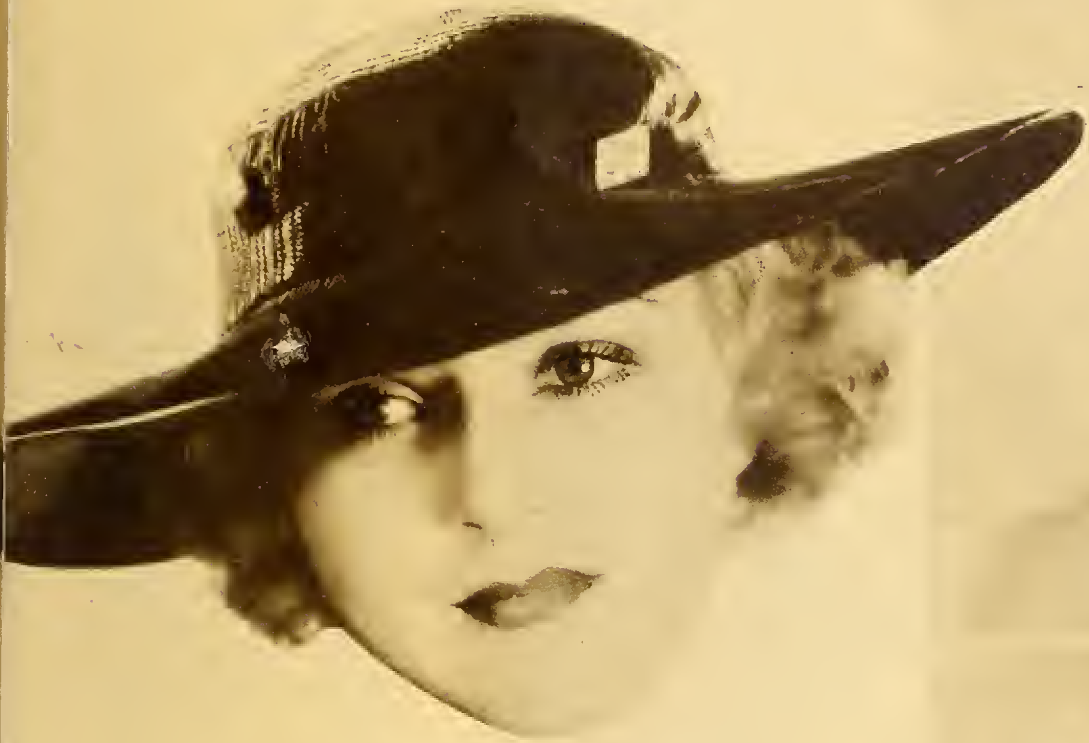
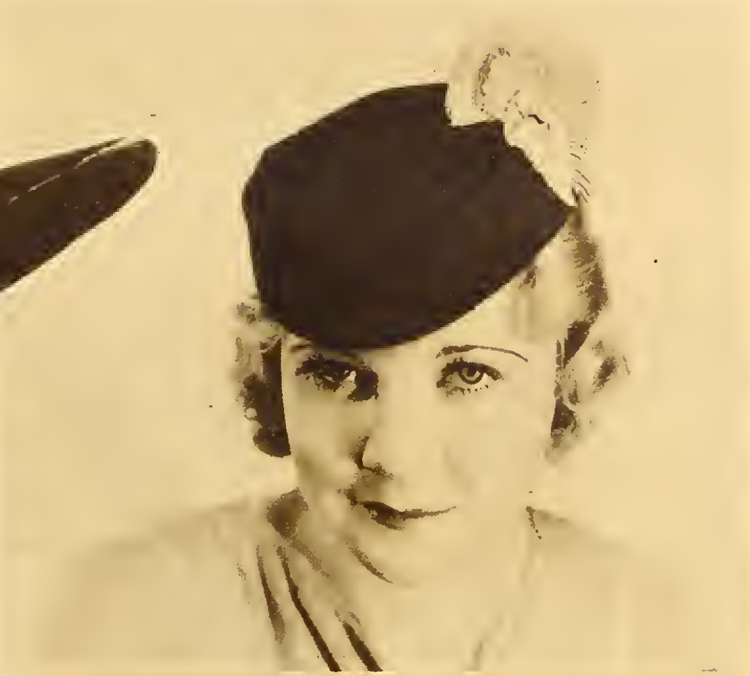


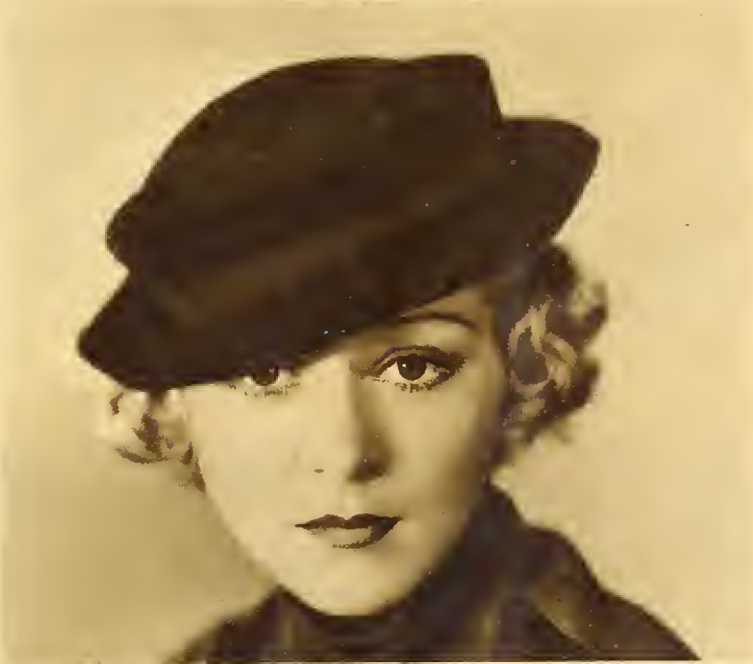
300

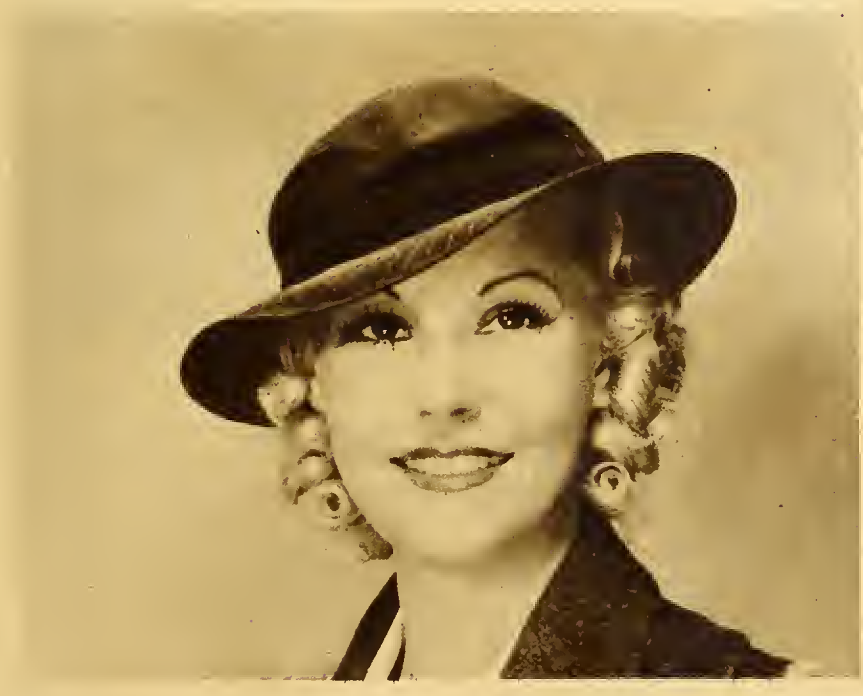
stunning hats to go with them

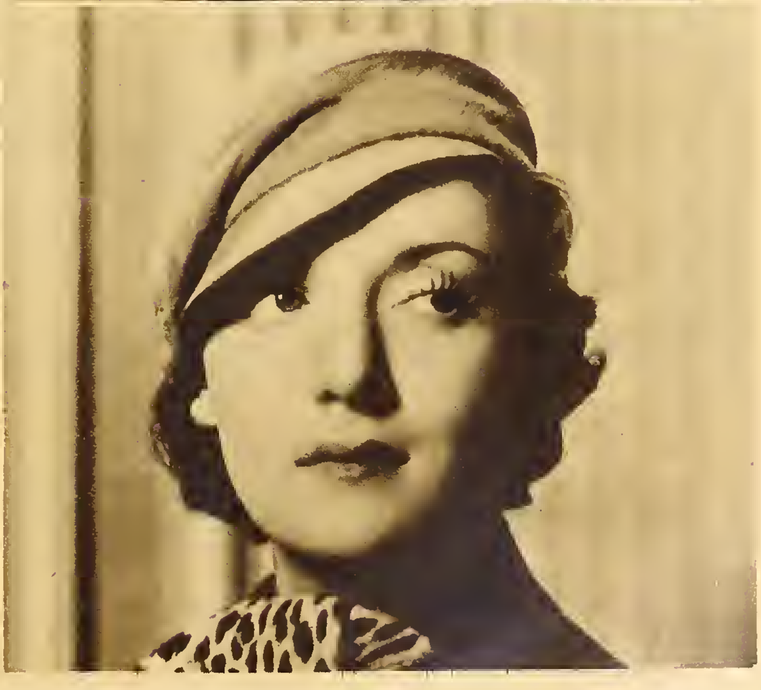




The Merry Widow hat has taken a definite hold on winter fashions. Claire Trevor shows one worn in the best manner (above). Black and white is the color scheme for Una Merkel's dress and hat (upper right). Then there is the black velvet brimmed hat worn by Claire Trevor (right). Dorothy Tree's visored hat is made from the same fabric as her suit (below, right) and is picked up by a scarf of leopard skin. June Knight (below) is strictly tailored in her suit and brimmed felt hat.







Hollywood charm gossip

INTRIGUING NEWS OF FRIPPERIES AND FOLDEROLS STRAIGHT FROM THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

Something new in shoulder straps. The material of Patricia Ellis' new evening gown—a luscious thing of corded white satin — is braided in very clever fashion to form straps.

MARY CARLYLE has a brand new hair style . . . thanks to the hairdresser out at Columbia studios. She has always had a yen to wear her blonde locks in a thick braid wound about her head, but somehow this style looked a bit too formal for a little gal like Mary. So she took her problem to the studio hairdresser, with the result that she has a coiffeur that leans toward the coronet but yet is very girlish. Instead of the braid, a row of little tight curls are formed across the top of the head. The back of the head from the nape of the neck to the crown is just one mass of ringlets.

● Dorothy Wilson has a rather unusual idea for dressing up her dark hair. In each wave she places a gold bobbie pin. The light pins against her dark hair are really very attractive.

● Speaking of hair, it's interesting to note that several of our well-known blondes are going natural! Helen Twelvetrees' blonde tresses are now a beautiful light golden brown. Very becoming, too. Glenda Farrell will soon follow Helen's example and one or two others are seriously considering the change. A tip from studio cameramen that dark hair photographs more flatteringly is probably the reason for all this ado.

● Mae West has the trickiest, neatest and most practical make-up box on the Paramount lot. The color is old rose (Mae's favorite shade) and it is so built that it combines vanity, beauty box, hamper and cabinet . . . and still retains beauty and simplicity in its lines. The center of the vanity is divided into compartments to hold her toiletries. The hamper is attached to one leg and the cabinet to the other. The mirror, which is hung separately, is equipped with make-up lights.

● We've just discovered something about Clark Gable. He can cook! His specialty is fried oysters—and here's his recipe:

Drain oysters. Take two cups of cracker crumbs finely rolled. Beat two eggs, add two cups milk and season. Press three or four of the oysters together, dip first in egg mixture then in cracker crumbs. Repeat, pressing into balls as you do so. Drop into hot deep fat and fry until golden brown.

Result: a messy kitchen, but a swell dish of oysters!

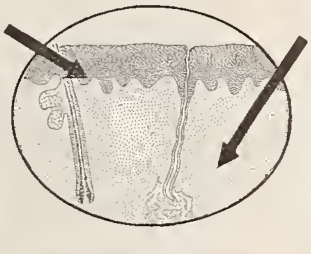
● George Raft has one of those new "tuck-back" suits that are the last word in men's apparel. The tucks appear on the back of the coat, starting from the shoulder line and disappearing into the narrow belt at the waistline. The tucks, very small in size, give that popular broad effect through the back. The coat fits quite snugly over the hips.

● Can you imagine putting *castor oil* in your eyes? That's what June Collyer does and she claims it's really the grandest thing in the world for giving the eye that much-sought-after luster. Its cleansing and protecting qualities are also wonderful. One drop in each eye will remove all stray bits of mascara, dirt or dust. June always uses it before working in a picture as it's a great protection against kleig eyes. (*Continued on page 90*)

To avoid *Wrinkles* treat your Under Skin

When Dryness *bothers treat your* Outer Skin

OUTER SKIN
which roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up—which tend to *dry out* its natural moisture.



UNDER SKIN
which shrinks when tiny glands fail, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here you help these glands to work properly.

WHAT *causes* wrinkles? What *causes* dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness . . . charm . . . Romance!

Today we *know* the answer to these old riddles.

How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness . . . Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into folds. Little lines form. Eventually, dreaded *wrinkles!*

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the *under skin.* Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream, your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—*instantly!* Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is the thoroughest cleanser as well as beauty builder.

How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the *Outer Skin!* That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure, it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the *Outer Skin.* It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughnesses *in one application!*

Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your make-up beautifully, and holds it for hours.

OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS
UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde skin the Pond's way . . . Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Now in lovely new jars
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
Finishing
POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR
Cleansing

Pond's Creams **in the new oval jars with smart jade-green tops are the SAME marvelous creams . . . in MORE generous quantities . . . and at the SAME blessedly low prices!**

The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT *society women use as told by*

MRS. THOMAS CARNEGIE, JR.

1 "At night I cream face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and the day's dirt with Pond's Tissues. A second cleansing tones my skin deep down.

2 "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream—so much better than sticky creams. It takes away roughnesses, dryness . . . and it's so *delicious* to use!

3 "In the morning, and in the day, Pond's Cold Cream again. Then Vanishing Cream to prepare for make-up and prevent chapping or drying. This 2-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling alive and glowing."

MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. A, 136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________State____________

NRA

Tune in on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

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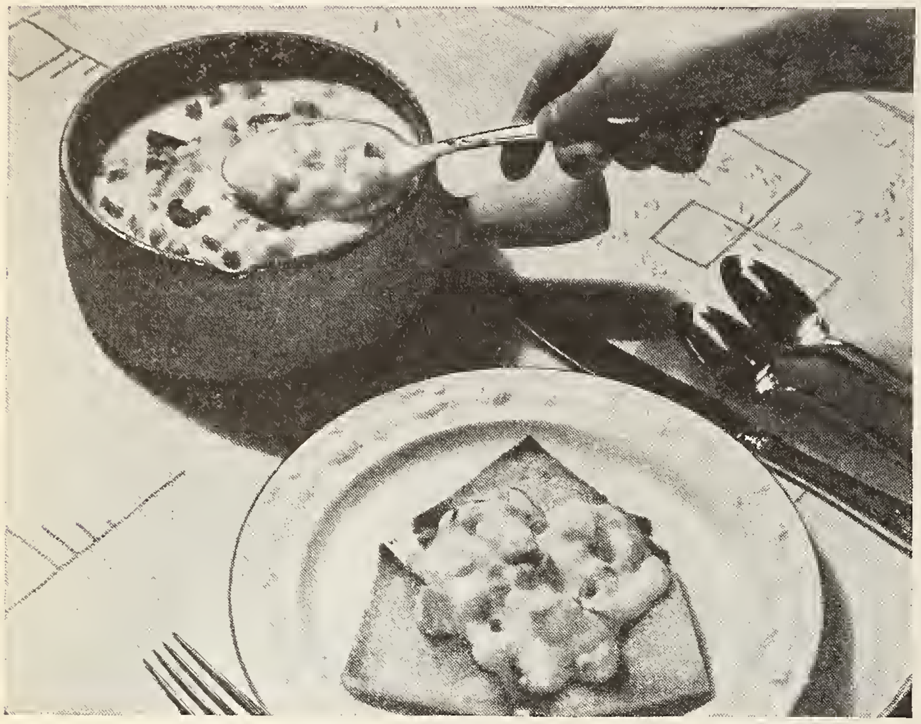
THE MODERN HOSTESS



(Left) "Chicken à la Gargan"—named for its creator. A tempting canned chicken combination, which the Modern Hostess is pleased to pass on to you. (Right) Bill Gargan raids the refrigerator in search of ingredients for a new after-theatre dish.

Courtesy of Richardson & Robbins

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

THE party was over and it was late. Six of us piled into Bill Gargan's car. Suddenly Bill said, "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm as hungry as the proverbial wolf. How about going up to the house for a bite of something?"

"What, for instance?" asked our escort skeptically.

"Don't ask Bill that," laughed Mrs. Gargan. "He never knows himself what he's going to produce until it's too late to do a thing about it. He crosses the contents of cans and bottles with whatever he happens to find in the refrigerator and expects you to eat the results—and like it! Oddly enough, folks generally seem to think it is great."

So we silenced our companion's protests and eventually wound up in the Gargan kitchen—and good and glad we are that we did—for we picked up some ideas for quickly prepared dishes which are going to come in very handy these winter evenings, especially during the holiday season when people are dropping in unexpectedly, just when one has the least time for cooking.

On this particular evening, Bill collected eggs and butter, a loaf of bread, a can of tomato sauce and a jar of little frankfurters from the well stocked pantry. He instructed us to remove the crusts from six slices of bread and then to cut out the centers, leaving a ring of bread about an inch wide all 'round. Meanwhile, Bill melted three tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and, when we had fixed the bread, he put the slices into the pan. Next he broke an egg into the hollow center of each slice. This cooked over a low flame until the bread was a golden brown on the underneath side. Then he grasped a griddle-cake flipper and deftly turned each slice over, egg and all.

Bill had opened the can of tomato sauce and the jar of frankfurters and put them to heat in separate pans. Then, when he deemed the eggs in the bread slices had attained the correct degree of hardness, he transferred one egg slice to each plate and poured hot tomato sauce over the lot of them. He laid a frankfurter along the side of each and bade us "fall to."

We've used this basic bread and egg idea in loads of ways since, using mushroom sauce or hot Hollandaise sauce instead of the tomato sauce, supplemented by crisp bacon or sausages or thin broiled ham instead of frankfurters. Served with corn bread and a salad, it makes a good luncheon or Sunday night supper dish.

AFTER the food had been devoured we sat around to have a good-night cigarette and we took this opportunity to quiz Mrs. Gargan further about Bill's culinary accomplishments.

"Most of Bill's stunts are worked out with canned stuff," she replied, amused that anyone should be interested in her husband's frying-pan adventures.

"But can I perform miracles with canned chicken?" interrupted Bill. "You think those eggs were good? Well, wait 'till you've eaten Chicken à la Gargan! If it wasn't so late I'd make some for you right now!"

"Don't you believe him," Mrs. Gargan advised. "Since the very first time Bill first got the idea for combining

(*Continued on page 91*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for January, 1934, at no further cost to me.

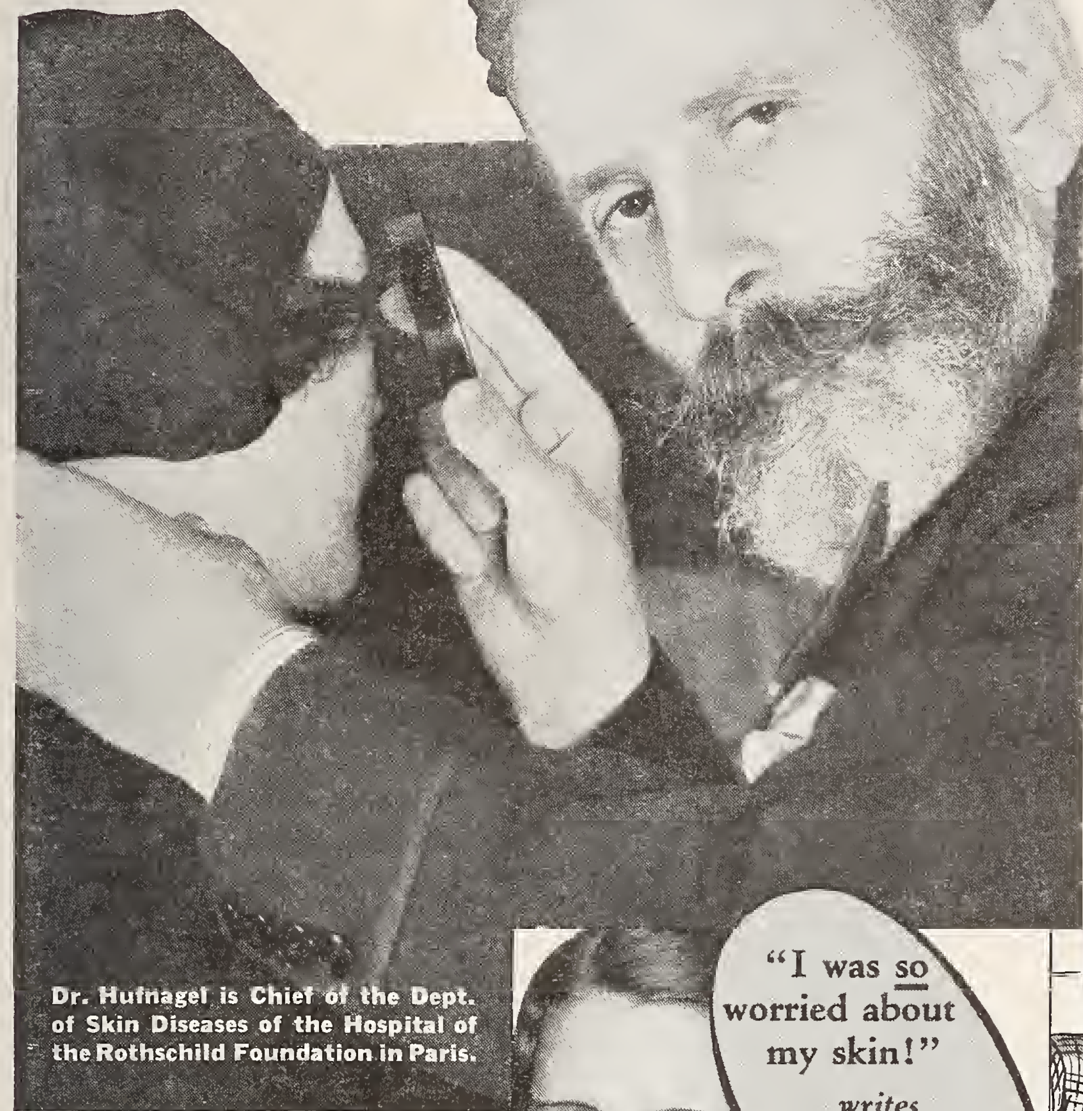
Name.......................
(Print in pencil)

Address.......................
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

• Bill Gargan, an impromptu chef, prepares exciting late supper dishes •

"It cleared her Complexion *surprisingly* quickly"



Dr. Hufnagel is Chief of the Dept. of Skin Diseases of the Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation in Paris.

says the noted
DR. LEON HUFNAGEL,
Paris Dermatologist

One of the best known skin specialists in France, Dr. Hufnagel, co-author of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie," describes this typical case:—

"MLLE. D—typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complexion muddy. Complained of headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks her evacuations became normal. Her skin eruptions dried up and no others appeared. Her headaches disappeared and her digestion greatly improved."

"A POOR COMPLEXION," states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough.

"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add yeast to their diet. *It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know.*"

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens the intestines—softens the clogging food residues—promotes the daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin and abundant energy.

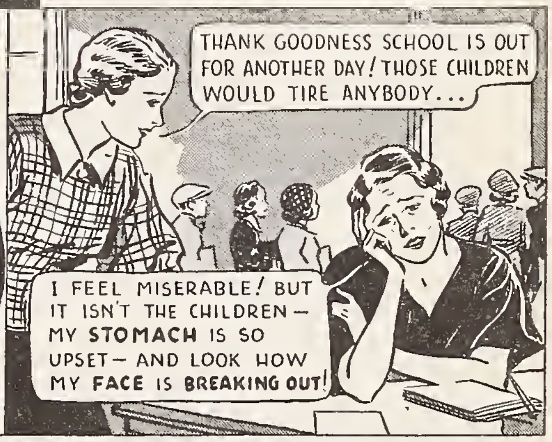
Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it—now!

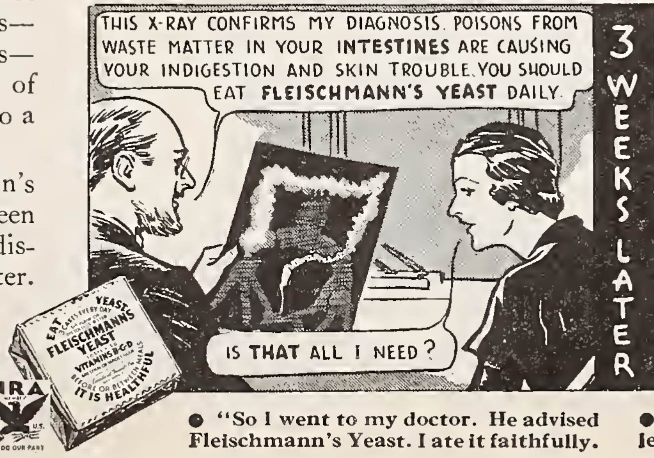
Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I was so worried about my skin!"
writes Emily O'Brien, Mount Vernon, New York

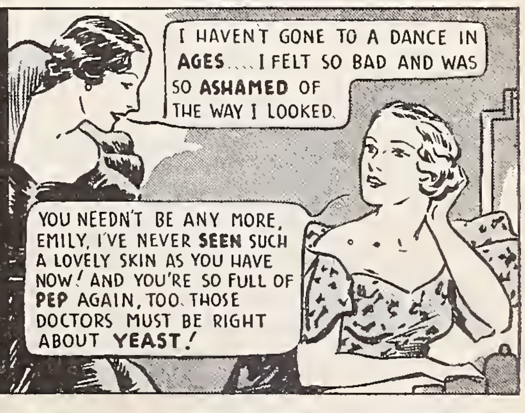
● "I am a teacher," writes Miss O'Brien. "I'd become run-down—had indigestion. Felt miserable...


THANK GOODNESS SCHOOL IS OUT FOR ANOTHER DAY! THOSE CHILDREN WOULD TIRE ANYBODY...
I FEEL MISERABLE! BUT IT ISN'T THE CHILDREN — MY STOMACH IS SO UPSET— AND LOOK HOW MY FACE IS BREAKING OUT!

● "Then my face began to break out in eruptions. I was horrified. I worried about it terribly . . .


THIS X-RAY CONFIRMS MY DIAGNOSIS. POISONS FROM WASTE MATTER IN YOUR INTESTINES ARE CAUSING YOUR INDIGESTION AND SKIN TROUBLE. YOU SHOULD EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DAILY.
IS THAT ALL I NEED?
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
3 WEEKS LATER

● "So I went to my doctor. He advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully.


I HAVEN'T GONE TO A DANCE IN AGES.... I FELT SO BAD AND WAS SO ASHAMED OF THE WAY I LOOKED.
YOU NEEDN'T BE ANY MORE, EMILY. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A LOVELY SKIN AS YOU HAVE NOW! AND YOU'RE SO FULL OF PEP AGAIN, TOO. THOSE DOCTORS MUST BE RIGHT ABOUT YEAST!

● "Very soon my health improved. Indigestion left and my skin cleared up. It was wonderful!"

BEAUTY ADVICE

Before you, you have some excellent lessons in correct posture. For standing—Kay Francis. Easy, graceful, and poised. Above, you see Dorothea Wieck in an informal, casual snapshot. Notice how straight her back is as she leans forward in that chair. Next to her, Carole Lombard is saying "Heads up!" And Florine McKinney, in her rowing machine, gives you a gentle hint about exercise that is good for shoulders.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

By MARY BIDDLE

I HATE to use the word "posture." I know that, in school, the word was dinned into you until you were heartily sick of it. I can remember when I went to school how that confounded word was screamed at me every time I turned around. Quite rightly, I admit, for, being taller than any of my friends, I was always trying to slouch off a couple of inches. A very silly idea, as I'll admit now. It didn't make me look smaller—it simply made me look sloppy.

However, whether you loathe the word or not, I'm going to talk this month about posture. And high time, too. Because the new fashions call attention so cruelly to our carriage and poise. Because the popularity of the débutante slouch, a few years ago, has left us with a disgraceful hangover of bad standing and sitting postures. Because a graceful, erect carriage is one of the first steps toward a good figure, toward *chic*, toward health.

Look at Kay Francis standing regally in the middle of this page. Look at the stately Dorothea Wieck sitting in a chair as a chair should be sat in. Look at the encouraging lift of Carole Lombard's chin and head. And look at young Florine McKinney at her rowing machine—a grand invention to pull the shoulders back into line.

You can improve your posture—maybe you'd like the word poise better?—by exercising, of course. And I'll give you some exercises later on in this article. But—most of all—posture, and poise) can be improved by daily concentration upon proper standing, sitting and walking. You must *think* about it.

And work at it. If necessary, tie a string around your finger which will mean "Check up on your posture!" I know it's difficult—we can stand and sit quite properly as long as we keep our minds on it. But as soon as something claims our attention, the shoulders droop, our middles slump and our heads duck forward. It takes time and concentration to maintain a good posture if we haven't been in the habit of it. So—let's get in the habit, before it's too late.

Considering Kay Francis again. Kay is a tall girl. Just about the tallest on the screen. Five feet seven. That's *awful* tall for the movies, you know. Occasionally, Kay must slouch a bit on the screen so that she'll be shorter than her leading man. But such a practice isn't advocated in real life and you'd never catch Kay doing it in real life. No, sir!

IN trying to figure out why people don't stand and sit properly, I have come to the conclusion that one of the reasons is that they don't know how. They think, many of them, that "correct posture" is a stiff, unnatural, uncomfortable bolt-uprightness. It isn't. Here's what it is: stand on your own two feet, with the weight evenly distributed on the two of them. Balance the greater part of the body weight forward—so that the balls of the feet take it. Now—pull in on your abdominal muscles. Hard. If you pull hard enough, you won't have to throw your chest out or pull your shoulders back. Because you'll find that the chest will naturally lift itself as the stomach is pulled in, flat and hard. And as the chest lifts, the shoulders go back where they belong. Now, check up on the rear of yourself—you don't want that prominent enough part to be sticking out grotesquely, do you? Well, then, pull it in—as you would pull it in if someone were going to spank you. Keep the stomach muscles taut. And don't give me the excuse that you can't hold your stomach in and pull your derriere in at the same time. You can, if your muscles are good enough.

Now, with weight properly distributed, tummy in, back as flat as possible and chest properly lifted—start to "grow tall." Stretch up, as if you were trying to pull yourself apart at the waist. Lift your arms, sideways, up over your head and stretch, stretch, stretch. Do this five or ten times every morning—just to remind yourself to hold a good pose throughout the day.

If you want to vary this correct posture a bit, you may flex one knee on occasions—it gives a graceful line to your clothes. You'll notice that all the movie stars, when having their photographs taken, flex the knee nearest the camera.

I think your sitting posture is probably worse than your standing posture, isn't it? I know that it's easier to stand properly than sit properly. Especially if you sit a great deal. In an office. It's almost impossible not to slump occasionally when you're working over a desk all day. But—if you'll

(*Continued on page 98*)

"Catchy" Fingertips-
WHY?

Those dry splinters of skin come from strong suds in your dishpan...

Change to IVORY for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week...

Watch your hands smooth up. Ivory has no free alkali to dry and redden your hands. Although Ivory costs so little, it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"

THE *Lure* OF LOVELY EYES

can be yours with

Maybelline

Eye Beauty Aids

Now obtainable in 10c sizes

Maybelline

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world.

× ×

Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry.

× ×

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW

Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

× ×

Maybelline
Eyelash Grower

Maybelline Eyelash Grower pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

× ×

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but—insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations—for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

● RECOMMENDED ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO)—Yarn of a gal who likes her men to be tough. When her first love is sent to prison for beating up three coppers she takes on a wealthy scamp and develops him into her ideal. William Gargan, Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts. **Quite funny—okay for youngsters over 14.**

● ● **ANN VICKERS** (RKO)—Sinclair Lewis' novel has been made into an excellent drama. The story has been followed with (for the movies) rare faithfulness. Irene Dunne is splendid as the prison reformer and Walter Huston excellent, as usual, in the role of Judge Barney Dolphin. **Splendid—not for children under 16.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—Story of an interfering mother-in-law and a young bride who stands up for her rights as a wife. The late Louise Closser Hale, Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes are in it. **Very good—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—The lives and loves of several beauty operators, a successful business man and his fickle wife. Madge Evans, Alice Brady and Otto Krueger with an excellent supporting cast. **Good—not for youngsters under 16.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A fanciful tale of a modern young man who is magically transferred to the 18th century. Leslie Howard is the modern and Heather Angel the exquisite little 18th century lady he falls in love with. **A charming and different love story—dull for young folks under 16.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—A mirthful and boisterous beer comedy. Joe Cawthorne, Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. **An entertainer for the whole family.**

BITTERSWEET (United Artists)—A rather dull romance of a wealthy and beautiful English gal who elopes with her music teacher. **Not much interest for anybody.**

THE BOWERY (20th Century)—There are some awfully good spots in this, mixed up with a great deal of vulgarity and considerable bad taste. Wallace Beery, George Raft and Pert Kelton are excellent. And Jackie Cooper, too. If you can shut your eyes to the vulgarity and bad taste, you'll enjoy this rough-and-tumble—and incidentally, nicely authentic—picture of New York's tough district in the Nineties. **Good—a bit too raw for young children.**

● **THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS** (Warners)—About that interesting but little known part of the police department. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell. **Informative and exciting in spots—children under 16 will not be interested.**

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A powerful and moving war love story. Most of the action centers around a German prison camp. Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—boring for children under 16.**

● **A CHANCE AT HEAVEN** (RKO)—Vina Delmar's simple and delightful little story about a boy and a girl in love. Complications arise when a rich girl from the city appears. **Entertaining—for everybody.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—A murder mystery in a circus tent. **Good mystery—too exciting for youngsters under 16.**

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of these comedy series with Charlie Murray and George Sidney. **Good—particularly for kids.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Laughs, crooning and plenty of entertainment on a college campus. Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle. **Good—for young folks, too.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (Fox)—A grand plot involving the exciting intrigues of a group of people invited to a fashionable dinner party. A superb cast with John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morey, Franchot Tone, Jean Harlow and others. **Excellent and sophisticated drama—send the kids to a Western.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Horse-racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. **Fair—dull for youngsters.**

● ● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—A very nice girl (Ann Harding) tricks a devil-may-care bachelor (William Powell) into marriage in order to make him into a successful business man. Then she falls in love with him. When he discovers her trickery he leaves her for another woman—almost. **Sophisticated entertainment—not for children under 18.**

DOCTOR BULL (Fox)—Story of an old-fashioned but excellent doctor in a small town. He is the target of a lot of gossip and criticism because of bis disregard of petty conventions. **Slow moving but good if you like Will Rogers—okay for tots.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Drama of the horror and brutality of war. Fredric March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard. **See it by all means—but leave the very young folks at home.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a good baseball yarn. **Take all the kids.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Behind the scenes in a hospital. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. **Good of its kind—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

F.P.1 (Fox-Gaumont)—Deals with a mysterious menace tbat hangs over an airport built in mid-ocean. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. **A different and rather exciting picture for grown-ups—but not for tots.**

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)—Moving drama of an American girl (Barbara Stanwyck) and a German boy (Otto Krueger). Their marriage is sacrificed to the World War. There is a tragic ending. **Good if you like this kind of tragedy—not recommended for children.**

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a government agent who joins up with a gang of thieves to get his man. **Exciting Western—send the kids.**

● ● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners)—Another grand musical. You'll like it even better than "42nd Street" and "Gold-diggers." Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and James Cagney and others make the superb cast. **Excellent entertainment for everybody.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—A rather uninteresting crook story. Joan Bennett and Jimmie Dunn. **Dull.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—A good race track yarn. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **Take the whole family.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—A musical that people are still raving about. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. **Don't pass it up if you haven't seen it already—youngsters will enjoy it, too.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—A sophisticated comedy about a brilliant author, his ex-gal friend, and his secretary. **Wordy, but good—send the kids to a Western, though.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—All about the exciting and hectic life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. **Several good shots of earthquakes, fires and floods—children will go for it.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A peppy little yarn about a sugar daddy, his chorus girl sweetie and the bodyguard he employs to keep off his rivals. Eddie Lowe and Wynne Gibson. **Good comedy—kids will laugh, too.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville teamed again. **One big laugh for everybody—see it.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—A post war depression story about a veteran down on his luck. Dick Barthelmess' acting is excellent. Aline MacMahon plays opposite. **Very depressing.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—And how Jean Harlow holds him! Clark Gable is the man. Jean and Clark are topnotch as always. **Good—not for those young folks under 16, though.**

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of the power and influence a mistress wields over the man she loves. Kay Francis is the mistress, an opera singer, Edward G. Robinson the man and Genevieve Tobin his wife. **Certainly worth seeing—not for youngsters under 16.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—People are still going to see this one. Very smart and sophisticated love comedy. Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **I'M NO ANGEL** (Paramount)—And she isn't! She's a lion tamer this time, and she tames 'em! Mae West at her best, this time as a sideshow burlesque queen who moves up in the world and finally marries a Social Registerite. **You'll like it if you like Mae—pretty rowdy for kids of any age.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—A good Western all about a cowboy who turns sleuth. Ken Maynard is the cowboy detective. **Send tbe kids.**

● ● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—Apple Annie (May Robson) kids her daughter, away at school in Spain, into believing her mother is a social queen. When the daughter decides to come see her mama, things happen. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee complete the cast. **Swell—for grown-ups and tots.**

● **LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY** (Universal)—A struggling young lawyer and a pretty stenographer can't get married because they have no money. So they frame the girl's boss who is crazy about pretty stenographers for a breach of promise suit. **A riot of amusement—kids will think so, too.**

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—A comedy of married life. Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles. **Very funny—older children will like it.**

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and a very entertaining family of mountain lions. **Good Western—take the tots.**

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical sketch dealing with the life of the late mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak. Preston Foster plays the role of Cermak and Zita Johann is bis wife. **Good of its kind—too advanced for young folks under 14.**

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Story of a woman doctor who rises above a very tragic love affair and wins out in the end. Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. **Fair—dull for all the children.**

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role involving politics and love. Elissa Landi plays opposite. **Good—not for young folks under 16.**

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—James Cagney and Frankie Darro in a yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. **Good—kids will enjoy the excitement.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—All about a gang of high powered London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Allison Skipworth and George Raft. **Fairly amusing—not for anyone under 16.**

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)—A story of naval cadets. Bruce Cabot is the upper classman who doesn't always practice what he preaches. Betty Furness plays opposite. **Good of its kind—for everybody.**

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—Katharine Hepburn in a vital drama of a wistful little country girl who becomes a great actress. Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan complete the cast. **Don't miss this one—but send the children under 16 to a Western.**

● **MY WEAKNESS** (Fox)—You see Lilian Harvey for the first time in this one. An excellent little musical with some grand numbers. **An entertainer for everyone.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—That's what Richard Dix, a cagey, wise advertising man, decides. But that doesn't exclude love. Nor fast answers and amusing gags. **Very good—not much in it for young children.**

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Neil Hamilton as rivals for Fay Wray. Cooper's revenge mounts for years after Neil wins her. And then, one Sunday afternoon, comes the crisis. Frances Fuller, a newcomer, is excellent. **Excellent drama—not for children under 16.**

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Story of a brilliant doctor who sacrifices a successful career to become a plain country practitioner. He gets his reward when his skill surpasses even the specialists' in saving the life of the girl his son marries. Lionel Barrymore, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan and May Robson. **Splendid drama—tots will not sit through this picture, though.**

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—They just won't let Gaynor grow up. This time she is the romping young daughter of an Irish major. She saves her sister from marrying for money and repairs the family fortunes herself. Warner Baxter, Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly complete the cast. **You'll like it—take the youngsters.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Deals with the everlasting remorse of a mother who sends her son to war to separate him from the girl he loves. Norman Foster, Marian Nixon and Henrietta Crossman. **A woman's picture—very weepy.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—A surprising and different picture beginning with a much hated railroad man's suicide. Then his life is told in flashbacks. Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore. **You will be interested in this one—too advanced for anyone under 16.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—A not so hot crook yarn. Only the excellent acting of William Powell recommends this. **Fair—young folks will be bored.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Ginger Rogers is a radio entertainer who is billed as America's Purity Girl. This bores her no end, until she falls in love with a hick admirer, Norman Foster, who believes she's really as pure as the publicity department states. **Good—for the whole family.**

● **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE VIII** (United Artists)—The colorful life of this much married king of England. You'll he crazy about Charles Laughton as Henry. **By all means see this one—take the kids along.**

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—When a couple of young things can't pay their rent, an obliging landlord figures out a way to help them. He rents the same room to the chap (who works all night) and to the girl (who works all day). George Sidney, Norman Foster and Marian Nixon. **Go and take the tots to this comedy.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M) — Very sophisticated comedy about exiled royalty and mad, romantic love. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard, with an excellent supporting cast. **Superb. You can see this twice over—but put the young folks to bed first.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal) — Melodramatic love yarn on a continental express train. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. **Kids will like it.**

● **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS** (Universal)—All about a cocky football star who wins the game in spite of a broken hand. Robert Young is the star, Leila Hyams provides the heart throbs and Mary Doran the complications. Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and Johnny Mack Brown complete the cast. **The kids will think it's swell.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—Whoever sleeps in a certain room of a certain castle is murdered. Very scarey. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **There is plenty of mystery to the very end in this one—not for the very young tots.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—Spencer Tracy as a United States Army officer who disobeys an unfair order. He is discharged. Goes to China, gets mixed in a war and falls in love. **Only fair—children over 14 will enjoy the excitement.**

● **SOLITAIRE MAN** (M-G-M)—Speed, action and plenty of mystery in the cabin of a fast traveling airplane carrying a gang of jewel thieves. **One of the most exciting and thrilling mysteries in a long time—kids will go for it in a big way, too.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—An extremely emotional love drama. Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne. **Some will like it—not for young folks under 18.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A rather dull beer story. Dick Arlen and the cast do all they can with the plot. **Boring.**

S.O.S. ICEBERG (Universal)—The adventures, the extreme privations and dangers endured by a scientist and his expedition in Greenland. Rod LaRocque, Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet. **The spectacular Arctic scenery recommends this picture—educational for children.**

● ● **STAGE MOTHER** (M-G-M)—An unsuccessful actress determines that her daughter shall be a great star at any cost. The mother almost sacrifices her daughter's love and marriage but she relents in the end. Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan are superb as mother and daughter. Franchot Tone and Philip Holmes are also in the cast. **Excellent—not for the young folks under 16.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M) — Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther in a vigorous war love drama. **Good drama—those under 16 will be bored.**

(Continued on page 98)

1 "Get wise, sister! Stop yearning for a complexion like mine. Why not use the same pure soap I use?"
IVORY
2 "Yes, and don't forget to use Ivory for your bath, too. Winter's so tough on your skin."
3 "Whew! I'm glad she got rid of her fancy 'beauty' soap. Now that she's using Ivory her skin will stay smooth as a baby's."

Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

Lashes

WERE MEANT TO BE

Curly!

NO HEAT

NO COSMETICS

NO PRACTICING

No one knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else—. Now there's a gadget: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break the lashes or hurt them in any way. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. If it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store or beauty shop, send $1 with the coupon. And after you've curled your lashes, you'll probably want to take other steps too.

Kurlene: keeps your lashes and brows in condition. 50 cents and $1.

Shadette: gives mystery, depth to the eyes; four shades, brown, blue, green, violet. $1.

Lashtint: darkens your lashes; waterproof. $1.

Lashpac: compact mascara. Three shades. $1.

Tweezette: to arch your brows painlessly. $1.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
Gentlemen: Here's one dollar. Please send Kurlash and a copy of your booklet, "Fascinating Eyes."
In Canada, Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto.

Name________ Street________
City________ State________

Dick Cromwell Surprises You

(*Continued from page 42*)

"Joan Crawford was really responsible for my going in pictures. She never knew it. I never told her. But this is what happened.

"Like most kids, I was unhappy with what I was doing. I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't getting anywhere. And then—one night—I sat in a theatre and saw Joan Crawford in 'Untamed.' I never dreamed then that I'd ever meet her, but something came out to me from that screen. She created excitement. She made me want to accomplish something.

"I went looking for picture jobs right after that. But if it hadn't been for seeing Joan in 'Untamed' I never would have done it.

"Shortly after I had gotten into pictures I met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a few nights later I went to a preview of Joan's picture, 'Paid.' I had never met her but I saw her in the lobby of the theatre and I wanted to tell her how much I'd liked 'Paid' but I felt she'd think me just another fan and pay no attention.

"And then I saw her coming over to me. I should have congratulated her on the picture. Instead she said, 'I want you to know how happy I am about your success. Douglas told me and I read in the papers about "Tol'able David." My name's Joan Crawford.'

"Shortly after that she called me up and asked me to go with her and Douglas and Vincent Allan to the opera. Instead of having a secretary or someone do it, she called me herself.

"The opera was dull. We left early and I asked them if they'd stop by my house. They did and we sat there and talked until morning.

"Every now and then I want to write Joan a letter—when I don't see her for a long time—and tell her what a great person I think she is and maybe that I've thought she was fine in a certain picture, but she always answers those notes herself and I know how busy she is, so I hate to take up her time.

"Tallulah Bankhead is another of my favorite people but she is completely mad. I had heard about her first from a lot of friends who said, 'Oh, you must know Tallulah.' You know those people. I thought I wouldn't like her.

"And then, one night, when I was in bed, my doorbell rang. I was annoyed—as who wouldn't be?—and, groggy with sleep, opened the door a little way and yelled, 'Who's there?'

"Before I had an answer the door was pushed open and in walked a couple of friends of mine and Tallulah. Before we were introduced she walked all over my apartment saying, 'Well, my dear, it's just *too* divine.' And then she turned to me and said, 'Don't you think I'm divine?'

"If any other woman would say that you'd hate her—but with Tallulah it's different. I've seen her sit by the mirror for ages and then turn and say, 'Don't you think I'm beautiful?'

"Tallulah is one of the most supreme egotists, but because it is Tallulah and because she has so much real charm it's okay. It is a part of her like her beautiful eyes and you accept it as such.

"One day I went to see her and found her curled up on a couch, very contrite about something. 'Listen,' she said, after she had asked me if I didn't think she was divine, 'I've a secret to tell you, but don't tell Edie.'

"Edie is her companion-secretary and is the one person of whom Tallulah is afraid. Tallulah, who is lord of all she surveys and when she walks into a room takes it by storm.

"'Listen, I lost a thousand dollars gambling last night. Edie would be furious. I can't think why I lost it. I can't think why I'd gamble that much. But I really did it to impress the people who were standing around watching.'

"It sounds incredibly mad but that's Tallulah. Once she said, 'When I'm with nice people, sane people, I'm nice and sane, but when I'm with mad fiends like you—who do insane things—then I'm a fiend, too.'

"TALLULAH is always cynical, witty and bitter when she is in a group. Egotist that she is, she cannot help showing off before a crowd. She is nicest when she is with just one other person. Then she is utterly charming."

Dick paused for breath. I suddenly remembered I had a tea date—but I didn't care.

"And now?" I asked, "Who's next?"

"Hepburn—Katharine Hepburn. I want to meet her."

"Good luck," I said. "And more fine stories."

Two weeks later, the papers reported that Clara Bow and Rex Bell were about to separate and that one of the contributing causes was young Dick Cromwell.

Here's what Dick has to say about Clara. "She was swell when we worked together in 'Hoop-la.' I think the reason that someone decided the worst about us is that a smile from her is like a kiss from anybody else. She has that tremendous personality that magnifies her every gesture. I think she was pleased that I didn't make her nervous. When it came to our love scenes, it looked like the real thing to some gossips and they started the works. A crack came out in the papers and was denied by the Bells. Rightly, too—for when Clara and I did the scene where she seduces me in the picture, Rex Bell was right there on the stage."

So what can you do with a boy like that? For one thing you need never let anybody tell you again that he is a shy, country lad who goes around with the home town gals and is terrified of sophisticated, glamorous women.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 10)

and, thanks to the great Garbo, that incomparable team, Garbo and Gilbert, are together again. There never has been a pair quite like these two. I have always championed John Gilbert and feel sure he will make a great come-back. Then, those who thought he was through for always will doubtless say they knew all along he'd return to his former place on the screen. Well, I suppose that is only human nature asserting itself and, after all, nothing succeeds like success.

Incidentally, why do you suppose Garbo persists in her refusal to have informal sentimental pictures taken of herself and Gilbert?

(Your question may be answered in "Garbo Falls in Love" in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

OTIS COOPER of Stamford, Conn., writes:

Have just seen "Night Flight" and am full of praise for it. I hope every fan sees it. Lionel Barrymore is overshadowed by John in this, Myrna Loy and Bill Gargan give excellent accounts of themselves and Leslie Fenton makes one hope to see more!

EVELYN McCLATCHEY of Riverton, N. J., says:

When it comes to handing out orchids, mine go to Jack Oakie for his comedy work in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony." His southern dialect in the latter was simply priceless. Jack is certainly a picture-stealer.

VIRGINIA DUBBS of Cairo, Ill., writes:

Why don't they make "The Sheik" again with Ramon Navarro and Myrna Loy in the leading roles? They were splendid together in "The Barbarian" and are just right for colorful, romantic stories. By the way, the "Wax Museum" was both thrilling and interesting.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON of Little Rock, Ark., says:

Let's cheer Jean Harlow for her success in "Bombshell," which proves she can make clean pictures if they'll only let her. That was one that could be graded on its acting and not on its eye appeal, which is a rare treat.

BARBARA WOODWARD of Bridgewaters, N. Y., writes:

Fay Wray deserves a medal for her picture progress. She has developed into a fine little actress through a series of mediocre roles. And another thing:—Miss Wray has managed to keep her private life to herself, which is something of a novelty in these days of newspaper headlines divulging celebrities' most intimate and revealing moments!

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood

I COULD MAKE THAT GIRL A STAR IF HER SKIN COULD STAND A CLOSE-UP!
DARLING IF YOU'LL FOLLOW MY ADVICE YOU CAN CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN IN NO TIME!
OH, PLEASE TELL ME HOW!
AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL HELP MY COMPLEXION?
DRUGS
I'M SURE OF IT! I'VE SEEN WONDERFUL RESULTS AND THIS KIND OF YEAST IS SO EASY TO TAKE!
6 WEEKS LATER
THERE'S JUST THE TYPE IF SHE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS WELL!
WHO-ME?
LET'S TRY HER, CHIEF—COME HERE BETTY!
SHE'S MARVELOUS AND BOY—WHAT SKIN!
HURRAY! SHE'LL BE OUR NEXT BIG STAR!
SUCH SKIN-AND THEY SAY SHE'S ENGAGED TO HER LEADING MAN!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DEAR!
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
PREMIERE TO-NITE!

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM1
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

City________________________State___________

Miss Marjorie Sheerin *of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—*

"My cough is gone already—
"I'm so glad I took my Doctor's advice!"

● **"I had to stay home from the office,"** *writes Miss Sheerin,* **"my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!...** ***Next morning my cough was gone!"***

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their *natural moisture* out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. Your throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

●

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

Jean Harlow's Trousseau

(Continued from page 27)

night. You want to be exciting and glamorous, *then.*"

As if in direct answer to that last sentence, The Wonder appeared. Jean named it that at first glance. It was an evening ensemble of that very new "sauvage" velvet in a luscious deep green jewel shade. The kind of costume that speaks for itself in soft-shaded hours. There's something about a princesse frock with a train that makes you remember romance isn't just an illusion. This one was cut to the waist in back, moulded, and had a draped-shoulder effect. The only ornament was a jeweled buckle in front. The sleeveless coat accompanying it also held to the princesse line but fell in gentle folds to the ankles. Around the armholes were corded rolls of the sauvage velvet.

"Oh, oh!" came an exclamation from beside me, *"there's* my formal 'picture' gown." Every trousseau needs one. For those occasions when you want to be outstanding at a large ball or at the theatre. And there simply isn't anything like corded gold lamé. It's striking without doing sharp things to the figure. And pictorial—oh, my dears! Especially when it just hints at being an Edwardian court dress like this one. Get out the plush album and look at those pictures of mother-as-a-girl. Likely as not she'll have buttons skipping down the front and a ruffle around the bottom. Then look at the 1933 version of an old and honored style—"zipped up" to be in tune with modern times. Tantalizing, isn't it?

IN this case the buttons skip down the back with only the top one actually buttoned—and they emphasize the very snug fit of the gown. Adjustable kinds of necklines are the newest thing for both day and night. With this gold lamé, you can either close it high in front or leave it to fall into a soft rever that ends in a sun-pleated ruffle. You have to be well poised to wear a gown of this variety with distinction. All picturesque gowns demand poise and good posture. So do trains. Ah, these trains. You find them on house coats and long sleeved dinner dresses as well as formals.

The best way, if they're not too long, is to catch the dress in back just above the knee and lift it until the train is out of harm's way when you dance. Otherwise carry them over your arm. The ruffled fish tail kind that adorns Jean's "picture gown" is particularly popular. And that little shoulder wrap would add an exciting touch to any frock. It's straight cut, you see, and folded over on one side for about three inches. The idea is to join it high in front and let it drape, cowl fashion, down the back. The stiffer the material, the better the cowl effect.

Naturally, as soon as Jean saw that black velvet and ermine creation it was as good as sold. She can't resist it. Ah me, who could? Charming . . . dramatic . . . dazzling. That's black velvet with touches of white fur!

First of all it has that stunning new décolletage that rises serenely about the throat under the chin and goes sliding down to the waist in back. It's slit in such a way that you can wear it open for dancing and closed for dinner. A rhinestone clip gives the bodice a very slight draped look. And notice those dropped shoulders again. They're considered a shade smarter than bare shoulders. The gown smoothly suggests that you've been poured into it and tapered off—until you come to the bottom, which ends in a devastating train. There are two startling slits in the front hem which make it even more exciting but they have a very practical purpose—to give you freedom of movement. And don't overlook that huge double bow in back. It's grand to effect lissom lines on slender people—but if you're a bit thickish through the hips better leave it off. The sandals you see Jean wearing are black and silver.

Usually, for evening, you want to look *so* poised—at your glamorous best. Then let me tell you, get either one of the latest fascinating "monk's capes" that hint that you're in a dashing mood, or a three-quarter length fitted coat similar to Jean's black velvet. Yes, it's part of the above mentioned ensemble but you can wear it as easily with pale chiffons or slinky white satin. The ermine collar has self buttons and there are magnificent ermine cavalier cuffs.

You see, short jackets and flares are *young* and sprightly. Perfect for co-eds who want to look perky enough to capture football heroes. But hardly in keeping with the "grand dame" air.

LOOK how youthful and seventeen-ish Jean appears in that cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed. The high collar of the mink-brown satin blouse is the one sophisticated thing about it. Tweed and satin! They're doing astonishing things together this winter—and going innumerable places. To luncheon, on to the matinée and tea, to make that Sunday afternoon call when you don't want to look too "dressed up." The suit has a soft, not-so-tailored look. Padded shoulders, wide lapels, a single link button closing the coat. And an unusual stitched treatment that winds up in three inverted pleats in front makes the skirt *different.* A tiny mad hat with a band of mink around it strikes a corresponding note with the mink muff.

Oh, there are a lot of things you can do with a suit like that. Have you noticed the coat is collarless—which means your fox skin can swirl around it one day and your neat little kidskin jabot set it off the next. Or you might just let it serve as a complement to the collar of your blouse as Jean does.

Collars—dress necklines—they do for your face what frames do for pictures.

The thought crystallized suddenly when I saw Jean in that little black velgrana frock with its small stand-up collar accented by the most feminine of fly-away lace bows.

But supposing you wanted to give a worldly wise air to the frock. Take off the lace. Supplant it with a daring flare of ribbon or one of these white satin collars that goes off at bizarre angles and has equally bizarre cuffs.

With a little imagination, there's no end to what a bride can do with her trousseau.

But let's be quite frank for a minute. No clothes in the world will give charm unless there is *personal daintiness*. Elsewhere in this magazine there is a whole department devoted to it. An expert advises on the finest method of cleansing the skin, of arranging the hair, of using depilatories.

"Personally, I believe more thought and money should be spent on interesting daytime clothes than on formal ones," observed Jean. "Somehow, evening things always manage to look intriguing—but it's difficult to make *everyday* ones romantic!" Which was why she decided on that scrumptious Scotch plaid and logwood seal outfit.

It's the sort you'd choose for gala days with *him*. Comfortable and just right to put you in a gay gypsy mood. The swagger coat is of the seal, lined with plaid woolen to match the wrap-around skirt. Then, just to retaliate, the skirt sponsors a pocket trimmed with a band of the logwood seal. The angora sweater blouse is the last word in slipovers. And have you noticed that most of the sports hats are brimmed now? That brown felt one is and young Mrs. Hal Rosson certainly knows how to wear it at a dizzy angle!

"Hal and I actually fell in love during our first golf game together," mused Jean. "I think I'll get that green wool golf suit to commemorate the occasion!" It would be a tribute to any such occasion—that suit. So trig and tailored with its wide stitched collar and trim lines. Jean wears the newest type of oxfords with it, those with side closings, and her sweater is of green angora with two-tone crochet ties.

She bought the accessories along with each costume—which, after all, is the most satisfactory way to shop. It occurred to her that a brown corded wool suit she had purchased needed a very special kind of topcoat—and she found it in a loosely woven tweed in brown and white check. An awfully swanky coat that flared around the bottom and tucked snugly under the chin.

Then came the riding habit. Unquestionably they *do* bring out a certain fascination in a girl! Jean's final choice was beige and brown. A beige suede slipover that fastens down the front, with brown leather buttons and has the new laced collar and cuffs; a coat of the same suede that has enormous buttons and patch pockets; beige cavalry twill breeches; brown boots that match the buttons and ribbon on the hat—and you have symphonic splendor for the bridle trails!

And so we came to the end of a glorified day—and Jean's glorified trousseau.

HINDS CREAM
HINDS CREAM
NRA

GIVE YOUR HANDS, TOO, A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

Allure starts at the finger-tips. Only lovely, smooth hands invite caresses! How vital they are to screen stars ... how much more vital to you! For your romance is real romance. And it's so simple to give your hands a lovely complexion, in spite of work and weather. After exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**. Other lotions that are thick, gummy, quick-drying, merely "varnish" the surface. Hinds heals, softens, protects, because it is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form. And it costs so little!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Lovely DOLORES DEL RIO has exquisite hands. With Raoul Roulien in R.K.O.'s film, "Flying Down to Rio."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too ... by the same makers. Delicate, light ... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! ... 10c, 40c, 65c.

Reduce YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR . . . it won't cost you one penny!

• This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ________ State ________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

If You Met Max Baer

(Continued from page 33)

everyone shouted. "How do you know?"

"I just been watching her all morning," Max answered.

They wouldn't believe him until he had told them exactly what scenes had been taken and what costumes she had worn. They checked up with the assistant director and found it was all true.

This is how it happened: Max had thought it might be amusing to watch Garbo work. He didn't know one had to have a drag with the heavenly fathers to be allowed on her set. So he just went up to the door of the stage and asked to go in. The guard on the door explained that there was no admittance. And then Max looked at the guard and the guard looked at him and suddenly they began shaking hands and thumping each other on the back. Seems the guard had once been Max's sparring partner, so he said Max might go in and look at the set but the minute Garbo and the rest of the company arrived he must leave.

Max promised, but he had no more than gotten inside when Garbo appeared. He hid behind a flat and stayed there all morning peeping out at intervals to see The Garbo emote. And what was the poor guard to do? Go in and haul the future champ off the set? Well, it didn't seem feasable—so Max, his second day in Hollywood, saw what few people who have been in the studio eight years have ever seen.

MAX fought his first fight when he was nineteen. It was an impromptu battle at a school dance. He knocked his opponent out and the next day bought a sandbag and boxing togs. With these came his decision to become a fighter. In Oakland, California, he trained at the famous old Jimmy Duffy Gymnasium and while there was picked up by a manager. In his first professional fight—with an Indian, incidentally—he knocked the fellow to the floor four times in the first round and knocked him out in the second. Altogether he has fought forty-seven ring battles. Thirty-five were won by knockouts, seven he won by decisions and five he lost.

Jack Dempsey is Max's closet friend. Dempsey tells him what to do—as much as anyone can tell him what to do.

In the ring Max has one idiosyncrasy. If he sees a pretty girl at ringside he can no more help showing off before her than his friend, Garbo, can help running from people. So he prances around and looks over his shoulder to make sure she's watching his every move. In doing that he leaves himself wide open to his opponent's fists. But instead of being a bad thing, it's a very good thing. When he is actually hurt he begins to get mad and when he's mad he forgets the girl and starts in to fight.

On the set, during the first scene, he and Carnera played like a couple of kittenish lions. Max is a great one for a joke and thinks it's a scream to put tacks in the director's chair and things like that.

They told him—just before the divorce—that he was talking too freely about his wife, that it was wrong for him to say she was jealous of his career and older than he, etc., etc.

Max was surprised.

"I shouldn't talk like that?" he repeated.

"No, you shouldn't," his adviser said.

"Okay," said Max. "My mistake. I'll never do it again."

Head of the Family

(Continued from page 67)

case, it didn't happen. Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien met the little girl, fell in love with her and gave her pretty dresses. Then Nancy Smith, a top-notch publicity woman, ran across the family and volunteered her services. When Cora Sue finally got her "break," it came through a stranger. A year after Mrs. Collins had come to Hollywood, she was standing on the Boulevard one day with Cora Sue. A woman touched her arm and asked, "Is the little girl in pictures?" Mrs. Collins confessed that was why she had come to California.

"Wait a minute," said the woman. Stepping into a drugstore, she telephoned Alice Calhoun. In a few days Cora Sue had an agent. And, within a few more, he had given her a chance at a part. Mrs. Collins was selling stockings when the call from the studio came, and the little girl had her first interview with a casting director alone. She vamped him shamelessly! And got the part.

And, of course, then other casting directors saw her on the screen—and other offers came.

Not that all these tales you hear of Hollywood's rich rewards are true. No. Cora Sue still lives in a tiny apartment and rides on street cars. But they're happy, that family. Cora Sue chatters of the day she will buy a home for her mama, a course at an art school for her sister and a trip to Europe for all of them. Six years old, she answers her fan mail herself, sitting at her own desk and using her own fountain pen. She has a kitten named Cuddles and a boy friend who lives next door. But, though romance is all very well, she has her career to think of, Cora Sue feels.

"Well, goodbye," she says abruptly to her beau. "I have a call in the morning and must get my sleep."

All of which tells you that she's a sweet lamb. But which does *not* tell you where she gets her astounding ability. As for that, there's no telling. She's a born actress, that's all there is to it, I guess.

Garbo Falls in Love

(*Continued from page 12*)

a man who had once loved her as few men have loved any woman. And who now, once more, but in such a different way, was dependent upon her for his life—for with Jack, his professional life is vital.

How different this is from the days when Gilbert and Garbo made "Flesh and the Devil," "Love" and "Woman of Affairs." Then he was in love with her, and he thought she returned his love. It was not difficult, then, to perform love scenes convincingly.

But now, when he is not before the camera, he sits in a far corner of the set and watches, watches this woman now so obviously, so intensely, in love with another man. And she does not care that he notices, even seems to flaunt this thing before him.

He can tell himself that it no longer matters to him what Garbo does, whom she loves. He has a devoted wife of his own. But say what you may, it is a keen, crushing blow to his vanity, and no one has ever said that Gilbert is not vain.

M-G-M holds an option on his services in case his performance in "Queen Christina" is successful. Will it be? Can the fire that he once possessed spring up again under such disquieting circumstances? Well, already they are talking of casting him in "The Merry Widow," for which Maurice Chevalier is scheduled.

But time alone will tell!

Clothes the Stars Wear

(*Continued from page 71*)

be possible that the Claudette Colbert dress would be among them?

Her trembling fingers reverently pushed back one dress after another where they hung on the rack. She expected, it must be confessed, any moment to be waked from her dream. And there—the last one—believe it or not, was the Claudette Colbert dress with all the cuts and stitches just as Claudette had worn it. But, of course, Polly knew she could never afford it. Her slender clothes allowance only admitted of a fifteen dollar dress now and then—perhaps, sometimes, for a very special occasion, she could go as high as twenty. So, pondering and longing, she fumbled for the price ticket.

Then she felt certain she must be dreaming. She couldn't believe her own eyes—$15.75. She was sure it said that. But she'd make certain. She wasn't going to make a fool of herself right out in public.

She dropped the tag like a hot potato and timidly, almost beseechingly, she begged the salesgirl near her, "Please tell me the price of this dress?" she asked. That was the price, the same one she had seen on the ticket.

The Smartest Women Use
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

—*yet they cost*
ONLY 10¢

FAOEN
FAOEN
FAOEN Poudre

You can pay $1 or more for your lipstick, rouge and face powder. BUT, you *cannot* buy greater purity or finer quality than that found in Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢! Does that sound unbelievable? Then read this report from a famous Research Laboratory:—"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 or $3." No wonder, in this new age of common-sense buying, smart women everywhere are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids!

FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ each at
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TO STOP A COLD QUICK

—Treat it in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. A cold is an internal infection—keep that in mind. It is an infection that usually passes thru three stages.

The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third, the Mucous Secretion stage.

The 4 Effects Necessary

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is expressly a cold remedy and it does the four things necessary.

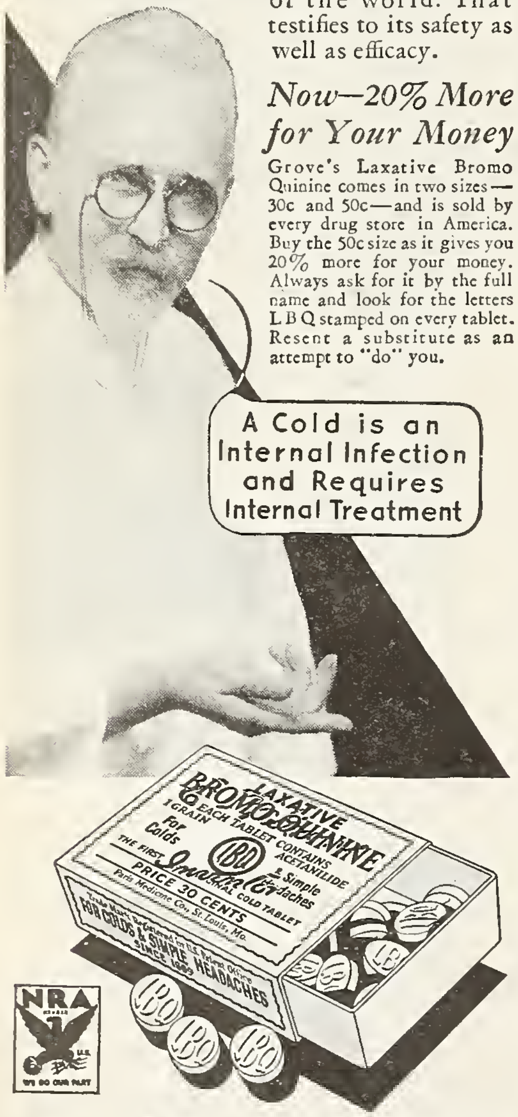
First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

"Does it come in size 14?"

"Yes, certainly," was the prompt reply.

Well, that evening, Polly's family looked upon her with a new respect. She had got her wish, and in spite of themselves, her folks could not help but admire her appearance. She had been right after all, had chosen well, and more than that she *did* look a little like Claudette Colbert, though they hated to admit it.

WHAT was more, Polly Smith knew in her heart that this wasn't the last movie star's dress she would own. She meant to go on indefinitely dressing as the movie actresses dressed. There was that shop and there she would do her buying, or she'd know the reason why, for every last stitch she wore from that day on.

Polly had a lot of sense, really, for behind the creation of the star's wardrobes lie a lot of skill, originality and knowledge of what is good taste in style. It must be so, for they lead the younger world of fashion and they cannot afford to make a misstep. Young American eyes are too quick to pick a flaw, too sensitive to any lack of style sense.

Over this broad American country are scattered three hundred and fifty cinema shops, tucked away here and there in larger emporiums, shining like jewels in varied settings. There you can find selected fashions from popular screen plays—something, many things, in fact, to suit the types of all of you. And you can be certain of their fashion rightness. No need to ponder over that. They have the sanction of fashion wise people behind them. They have been worn by those who know how to choose and how to carry them. They are right from every angle.

They say, in these shops, that customers come in with pages from MODERN SCREEN gripped in their hands, asking, "Do you have this dress or that, shown in the illustration?"

What a relief to have fashion responsibility removed from your shoulders. Another thing! Stars' clothes are not necessarily seasonal, meaning that as far as style is concerned, they can go on from summer to winter and through the between seasons. You see, the movies are that way. They're produced in the North, the South, the East, the West, throughout the period of a year, maybe two. The clothes the stars wear must be so fashion-right that they will be knockouts over all that area and period.

I hate to say, "I told you so," but that is what I have always been preaching. If a dress is absolutely O.K. for style, it will last. You don't have to be so horribly seasonal when you know your style. Well, the stars and their fashion advisers really do know, so all you have to do is to follow the lead, and that's a happy enough thing. You want to do it, so enjoy yourselves. Now it *can be done*.

When you realize that most of the dresses in these Cinema Shops (and don't forget there is one near you) can be bought for from ten to twenty dollars—a few go as high as thirty-nine fifty, then you know they are in your class, and perfect they are in every detail.

If you want to know the name of the Cinema Shop in your own neighborhood, or the prices of the frocks shown on these pages, write to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, and the information will be sent to you.

With Heartbreak Between the Lines

(*Continued from page 56*)

perseverance that he found him. For the young man turned out to be not a travelled cosmopolite at all, but the son of an obscure butcher, a boy who never had crossed the boundaries of his native state.

Are this young letter-writers' phrases the phrases of someone else which have appealed to him, or is he so drenched in the travel magazines he reads that he knows intimately both things and places he never has seen? It would be difficult to say. But this much seems certain:

Hungry for intellectual companionship and eager for stimulating contacts, this young boy writes Miriam hoping to establish a correspondence with her which will in some measure compensate him for the limited boundaries of his existence.

Human beings hunger for other things than food.

Any number of charities, for instance, offer shelter and medical care to people who are in need of these things. But charity robes at best are ugly. And young girls long for soft, fine things. So, like all the rest, these two write to the movie stars in Hollywood, that land of plenty.

"Dear Marlene Dietrich," their letter goes:

> "We are a couple of poor girls and we have been in a sanitorium for a year. Our parents haven't been working since the depression started. We are in need of clothing that you wear in a sanitorium, for instance, bath robes, pajamas, sweaters and etc. Things that you don't need. Will you kindly notify your friends and see if they could spare a few things. We will appreciate it very much if you do us this favor.
>
> ____________"

Sometimes letters come from men and women a little mad. Like the man who writes Myrna Loy insisting he is a descendant of a high priest. He claims to have received messages to the effect that Myrna is the reincarnation of a princess dead for centuries. It is vital, he says, that he be near her inasmuch as her people constantly send her messages and letters through him.

THERE are begging letters by the hundreds. Some of them come from professional beggars. Others come from men and women in need. Like the man who wrote Richard Dix.

"Dear Sir," his letter read:

"Please do not be angry when you read this letter as I am not what you might think. I have a nice job coming up the 15th of this month. Which will be the first steady job in 14 months. The job calls for neatness and fairly good clothes. Will be running an elevator, wages $100 per month.

"I beg you to loan me enough to get myself in shape so I can accept the job. I know I am taking a desperate chance by doing this, but I have nothing except what is on my back.

"I really need a pair of shoes. And I could get a suit of clothes for $11.90. I don't think your clothes would fit me as I am only 5 ft. 4½ inches in height, 47 years old.

"If you think you can help me by sending me enough to get myself in shape for the job I will be ever thankful to you. Whatever amount you send me I will pay back part of it twice a month.

"Won't you please give me a fighting chance to get out of the breadline and back in life where I belong.

"Yours respt.

————."

SOMETIMES a secretary is so touched by a letter that the star to whom it is addressed sees it. Occasionally this letter will make an equally strong appeal to the star, it will be investigated, and something done about it.

Not long ago Mary Pickford received an air-mail letter from a woman in an eastern state. This woman wrote that she had been awakened at midnight and advised by the press that her son in Los Angeles had shot himself. She pleaded with Mary to go to see her boy, to try and cheer him up. She wrote Mary, she explained, because she always had been impressed with Mary's love for her own mother.

Immediately Mary wired that mother, penniless and powerless in her little eastern village, that she would do what she could. She put her secretary to work locating the boy. Eventually they found him in the psychopathic ward of a Los Angeles hospital. When he recovered sufficiently Mary arranged for him to work on the United Artists' lot and finally for him to return east to his mother.

Other stars have done similar things.

Marie Dressler is very careful about answering the scores of letters she gets from young girls asking her advice in regard to their personal problems.

The late Louise Closser Hale received innumerable letters from elderly people. Women mostly.

"Dear Mrs. Hale," one mother wrote:

"I am writing to ask if you could get me some work to do in the

Charlie Chase and a player in "Arabian Tights"

"Ah, Sahib, you Legionnaires are so Mysterious!"

SHE: . . . Tell me, how did you ever come to join the Foreign Legion and forsake your pleasant country for this hot desert?

HE: That, mademoiselle, I can never divulge. And please don't speak of it again, for I am trying hard to forget. I have cut myself off completely from my native land, and I want nothing to remind me of it.

SHE: Absolutely nothing?

HE: Well—er—nothing except my monthly copy of

FILM FUN

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine

Attention! Don't forget to buy your January issue now at the nearest newsstand

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED

SATURDAY
GOOD NIGHT . . . SEE YOU NEXT WEEK–
PECK!
–THOUGHT–
HE KISSES ME LIKE I WAS A POST . . . AREN'T MY LIPS ATTRACTIVE?
SUNDAY
JEAN SARGENT, THE BROADWAY STAR, SPEAKING– "FOR ALLURING LIPS THE MOVIE STARS AND THE GIRLS IN THE BROADWAY SHOWS USE A SPECIAL LIPSTICK . . . CALLED KISSPROOF . . . THEY COULD PAY ANY PRICE . . . YET YOU CAN GET KISSPROOF LIPSTICK IN THE 10¢ STORE JUST TRY IT!"
SHE DECIDES TO TRY KISSPROOF
NEXT SATURDAY
OH, I COULD EAT YOU UP . . . YOUR LIPS ARE IRRESISTIBLE TODAY . . .
WELL, DEAR, THEY'RE THE KISSPROOF KIND . . .

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

movie studios. I could play mother parts. I am sixty-eight and have white hair.

"My two sons are married. I don't see much of one because he lives in Canada and has two children and he can't afford to come to see me. My other boy does well but his wife is selfish and I know he has a hard time even to spare me what little he does.

"I am not afraid of hard work. We never had much money, but I used to manage so we could live in a good neighborhood and my boys could have a nice home. My boy met his wife in that neighborhood I saved to live in. I'm not narrow, but it worries me to see the way things are going. They drink too much. It would be better all around if I could earn a little something for myself.

"Please excuse this letter, but I had to write to someone and I can't let my friends know the way I feel. Sometimes they criticize my daughter-in-law and I have to stand up for her. My boy loves her.

"Your Friend,

——————."

So it goes. . . .

There is the weary wife, sick at losing her husband's love, seeking to recapture her lost beauty. . . .

There is the once popular girl of seventeen unable to leave a farm now because she must do the work of a hired man and she has no pretty clothes. . . .

There is the obscure butcher's son who dreams of the sights and tastes and smells of far lands. . . .

To look into the stars' mail-bag is to find heartaches between the lines.

Hollywood Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 74*)

● While we're on the subject, Mary Brian, whose gorgeous violet eyes have enchanted many a lad, believes a natural eyebrow line is more becoming to her type of person than the narrow plucked eyebrow. This latter, she believes, should be worn only by exotic gals like Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow. Mary's eyebrows are quite wide and, incidentally, always innocent of any makeup.

● Joan Crawford's favorite gown is plain satin in that new luscious shade called Wild Blackberry . . . Carole Lombard has a pair of gloves to go with every costume, usually made of the same material . . . Jean Harlow has a beaded evening bag shaped like a miniature muff . . . Irene Dunne fastens a twisted gold chain at her neck, with two clips, to lend decoration to a severe street outfit.

● Fay Wray's new earrings are really a sight to behold. Platinum encrusted with diamonds and emeralds. They extend all the way around the ear, following the natural curve of the ear. Naturally, when Fay dons these sumptuous ear gadgets, her hair is worn well back of her ears.

● Open-work sandals continue to be the smart footwear for evening, even though it be winter. Gold and silver are the most popular, and are worn with any and every shade of gown. The heel is getting much attention. Rhinestone or diamond studded ones are gudgeous for evening, and colored ones are good for either evening or daytime. Marlene Dietrich has a pair of black patent leather shoes with spiked red enamel heels that are veddy smert.

● Dolores Del Rio wears two rings, exact duplicates, one on each hand . . . Pert Kelton has a new snappy little hat patterned after the football helmet. It's called the Gridiron Bonnet . . . Ann Harding has a green wool street dress with the hugest metal buttons in Hollywood. They're exactly four inches across.

● We can't figure out why, but we know for a fact Dorothy Tree (Columbia's new protegé) dabs a wee line of rouge from the tip of her nose to the top of her upper lip.

● Mae West in full formal attire—now *that's* something to walk a mile for! She appeared at the Colony Club in a black net gown that sprayed out over the arms and around the bottom and set off the West—er—personality to distinct advantage. The bodice and flares were studded with rhinestones and she wore an ermine wrap lined with silver crepe.

Not long after that, your "look-out" spied her at a very swanky party given by a studio executive. She was poured into a pomegranate red velvet that had one of those push-up bosoms (Mae hasn't gone in for high necks, you know) and a train that she carried attached to a little loop about her wrist when she danced. That loop demanded investigation. Mae told us she has them snapped on to all her trains so that it's a simple matter to handle them when the music starts.

● Seen at the races: Lyle Talbot in a long, belted swagger coat of brown antelope suede. Warren William in a checkered cap and the loudest of red scarfs, tied bandana fashion around his neck. (Why is it the most conservative of men like brilliant colors?) Clark Gable in a yellow sweater vest and dark brown suit. And over against the rails, Joan Crawford, shouting encouragement to her favorite, was in a black wool jacket that was all ridged and puckered. It accompanied a black wool frock and her ascot scarf was brilliant red.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 76)

canned chicken with tomato soup, noodles, mushrooms and half a dozen other things, that dish has graduated and it is now something which, far from being made on the spur of the moment, is fixed ahead of time.

"Another of Bill's triumphs involves eggs and canned corned beef hash," continued Bill's wife. "This dish is made by removing the hash from the can so that it comes out in one piece. Then you cut it into slices about an inch and a half thick. Butter these slices on each side and fry them and, when they are done, park a poached egg on top of each slice. With this, serve plenty of chili sauce and hot rolls."

"And don't forget my Chili Con Carne. Why that dish is a stroke of pure genius!"

SO, you'll find it in this month's collection of Modern Screen Star Recipes, which includes, besides the Quick Chili Con Carne and the Corn and Tomatoes, a recipe for a really easy dessert—Apple Butter Roll. Everyone in the family will adore this and the Chicken à la Gargan pictured at the beginning of this article.

Doubtless you will discover that the secret of the success of these dishes is *seasoning*.

Not only are there many canned foods, but many ways in which they can be pepped up. Canned cream soups, for instance, attain instant magnificence when topped with a spoonful of salted whipped cream and a dusting of minced parsley or paprika. Canned spaghetti achieves distinction with the addition of bits of chopped celery, green pepper, pimiento or onion, and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Combinations are important, too, such as serving noodles with chipped beef, peas with creamed canned salmon on toast, brown bread (which can be purchased in a can) with baked beans. These are but a few suggestions for quick, hunger-satisfying meals.

HERE is a recipe for an excellent luncheon, supper or late-at-night dish. But don't forget, there are four more recipes just waiting for that coupon. We're sure you'll enjoy each and every one of the Gargan treats and that you will find them useful every time you want to assemble something tasty in a short time. So be sure to send for them now.

ASPARAGUS AND EGGS PIQUANTE

Canned asparagus
Poached eggs
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups scalded milk
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup grated cheese
Toast
Canned pimiento

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

Do You CATCH COLD Easily?

Do Your Colds Hang On ..AND ON?

If you have one miserable cold after another—if you have four or more colds a year—you're what medical authorities call a "Colds-Susceptible." Very important to you, then, is the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Used at that first nasal irritation or sneeze, they aid in avoiding many colds altogether.

If you have much trouble in 'throwing off colds . . . you're a Colds-Susceptible! To help reduce the severity and duration of a cold, use the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. Just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime. Like a poultice it "draws out" tightness. And all night long its medicated vapors bring soothing relief.

To PREVENT Many Colds

VICKS NOSE DROPS

Welcome News For COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES!

In thousands of clinical tests . . . supervised by physicians . . . Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds, has cut their *dangers* and *expense*. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.

To END a Cold Sooner

VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER **CONTROL OF COLDS**

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Our big FREE Book in colors tells how. New methods of home decoration simply explained so anyone can learn quickly without previous training. Book contains many handsome color illustrations. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful, finished art objects right from the start by our new three step method. We show you how to begin making money *at once*.

No Canvassing New "Automatic Salesman" furnished you. No selling or canvassing necessary. Assures immediate income opportunity up to $35 a week and more. Everything furnished including Complete Artist's Outfit FREE OF EXTRA COST. Write now for Book and full details—absolutely FREE. Be the first in your community!

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LISTEN—I'LL WINK AT YOUR GIRL ANYTIME I FEEL LIKE IT! I'D SMASH YOUR FACE, SKINNY—ONLY YOU MIGHT FALL APART!
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY.
OH, DON'T BOTHER, "LITTLE BOY"!.... WELL, GOODBYE.
DARN IT! I'M SICK OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! LOOK HOW THOSE MUSCLES BULGE!...... THAT BIG STIFF WON'T DARE INSULT ME NOW!
WHAM!—NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO "FALL APART." NOW BEAT IT!
OH MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
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(Actual Photo)

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They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension.* It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days* that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy

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133 East 23rd Street, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."**

Name..
(Please print or write plainly)

Address..

City................................State....................

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Repenting at Leisure

(*Continued from page 57*)

or how—he would come home. He had had innumerable automobile accidents. Judith was frightened stiff every time she knew he was driving a car. One of the accidents ended in a manslaughter trial—to which Judith went with him—and stuck by him—and helped him in every way she could.

Argue with him she would, of course. There was the time for instance, when he came home eager with enthusiasm.

"Listen, baby," he said to her, "I'm going to be rich. You're going to be wearing diamond bracelets up to here—and you'll be swathed in sables. We've got to take all the money we have and put it in a fine investment that a friend of mine just let me in on."

With her heart sinking Judith asked, "What is the investment, Gus?"

He smiled—that charming, ingratiating smile. "I know it sounds like a sucker game, baby. But this one is on the level. It's a marvelous gold mine!"

The next morning she was out early consulting with their lawyer. He began work on it immediately and in a couple of days she had all the data to show Gus that it was just a fantastic scheme.

She had the absolute proof. But would he believe it? Would he believe her? He would not! Time and time again he invested his money in fake schemes.

NOTHING could dampen his good spirits. Each time he had an accident, each time he lied to Judith, each time he made her hopelessly miserable by staying out all night, each time he lost his money he would promise solemnly that this was the last time.

At first she believed him. She would say, "He has changed—I know it." And for a few days he would be an angel. But he could only keep his promises for a few days. And those maddening nights when she was alone and the ring of the telephone sent a knife of terror through her heart would begin again.

Then she knew that she must do something to make a living so she could leave him. She went back to dramatic school. She wanted nothing, as I've said, but a home and a good husband and children. But these things apparently were not to be for her.

Gus disapproved of dramatics. He wanted her to go on parties with him all the time. He couldn't understand why she insisted upon studying. And all the time she was learning an art that would, she felt, eventually release her from the bondage of marriage to such a charming but thoroughly irresponsible person, her heart was torn by the continual uncertainty of life with Gus.

She had married in haste—fallen for his sweetness and charm. She was repenting now.

It was while she was in New York trying to crash Broadway that she secured a screen test. And that led to a contract with Paramount. Then—at last—she was free. She was independent of him. She could get a divorce without having to accept alimony.

But was she free? How could she be sure? Gus had promised to give her her freedom. But Gus had promised so many things—and had kept so few.

In this state of mind she arrived in Hollywood. To the studio she explained the situation and they told her it was best to keep quiet about her marriage.

ONE day she met Gary Cooper on the lot. She saw him several times at the studio and chatted with him and he seemed to be a nice sort of lad—quiet and understanding. So one night, at a party, she sought his advice.

She told him something about Gus and asked him, "Do you really think the studio is doing right in demanding my silence? You know much more about Hollywood than I do. I don't want to jeopardize my career when it's only just beginning!"

Gary sided with the studio. He thought a policy of secrecy was best.

But while they were talking a photographer snapped their pictures together. You could tell by that picture that they were in earnest conversation and since every time Gary Cooper is photographed with a new girl, it's news—that photograph went out over the country and was printed (with appropriate captions) in most of the newspapers and magazines.

In the East Gus saw it and read the caption: "Gary Cooper's new flame." "Hollywood's latest romance," etc., etc. And the next thing that happened was that Gus appeared in Hollywood.

For he had not believed Judith when she said that she wanted her freedom. He had thought that this going to Hollywood was just a lark and that, of course, she would come back to him.

When he saw the picture of her and Gary in the paper he thought that it was time to stop this Hollywood lark. But when he arrived in Hollywood he found that Judith had changed. She was no longer the little wife who would forgive him his lies.

She was free now—and independent. She had made a remarkable success, considering that she had been in Hollywood so short a time. This was what she had been waiting for, for two years—this moment when she could assert her freedom. And there was no budging her now—no matter what he did.

So, at last, Judith is free. Living a new life. And although she is free from worry, one could not say she is happy.

Two years of misery and unhappiness she has had and although she is her own woman now she has been left embittered.

"I repented at leisure," she said. "I know something about marriage I didn't know before. I am skeptical of everyone. I believe nothing. Perhaps I'll change—but right now I feel that I never, never want to be married again."

Ten Hollywood Stories

(*Continued from page 17*)

through stating my side and then I'll lisshen to you. You go 'round saying you know more people in this club than I know, don't you? Just answer me that!"

"Why, I never said any such——"

"Kindly lemme get a word in edgeways, if you please," said the actor with elaborate politeness. "You say you know more members of thish club 'en I do—more than anybody knows? A'right, then, you answer me thish: Do you know Jerome Lawrence—he'sh member here?"

"Certainly I know him," said the badgered one. "As it happens, I also know his brother, Oscar, who looks so much like him."

"Ah, hah!" exulted the intoxicated one, with the air of having led an unwilling witness into a damaging admission. "You say you know Jerome Lawrence and you say you know his brother Oscar that looks so much like him? Well, then you know so mush, tell me thish: Whish one of 'em looks the most alike?"

● For two hours, pausing only to catch his breath, a certain he-idol of the silver screen told Frank Case of the Algonquin Hotel, how good he, the said he-idol, was. The subject seemed to fascinate him. He went on and on and on, for reel after reel, relating the picturesque details of his glamorous career, describing the high lights of his own overpowering personality, listing the tally of his own successes, quoting from memory copious extracts out of favorable press notices. Finally the patient listener began to fidget.

"And now, Mr. Case," exclaimed the actor, "I've talked long enough about myself! It's your turn to give me *your* views. Tell me, what do you think of my latest picture?"

● As one may gather who reads the despatches from Hollywood, not all the kings and queens of the movie world are heavily burdened with education. In fact, I violate no confidence but merely reveal a somewhat commonly known trade secret when I say that some of our screen stars really do not write the articles on art and culture and kindred subjects which appear from time to time in moving picture magazines under their famous names. The press-agent does the work; they merely take the credit for it.

There is one rarely beautiful creature whose earlier mental cultivation was somewhat neglected. There are still a good many topics upon which she is ignorant. In fact, one man said of her once that the only word of two syllables that she knew, was fillum; and another, who had known her before she became illustrious, declared that they had to burn down the schoolhouse in order to get her out of the second grade.

This young woman was sitting in a Beverly Hills restaurant giving the

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ANTISEPTIC
For MOUTH WASH, GARGLE and general use. A powerful, safe antiseptic in powdered form. Penetrating, pleasant-tasting . . . combats halitosis.
JUST MIX WITH WATER
MAKES ONE PINT
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A WILDROOT PRODUCT
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Thousands no longer pay high prices for mouth wash. They have learned that Five Star Antiseptic is safe, pleasant tasting, amazingly effective, yet goes *three to ten times as far.*

Scientists who tested this new discovery against other well-known antiseptics were amazed at its extraordinary penetration.

A leading bacteriologist said: "Five Star Antiseptic not only kills germs rapidly, but *has a far more lasting effect* in preventing bacterial growth in the mouth."

Yet because it is a powder—you mix it with water yourself—Five Star Antiseptic costs you only 10c a pint. Get a package today!

SHE stared into the muzzle of his gun and her eyes were dark with excitement. Her lips were slightly parted, the nostrils dilated.

"A stick-up?" she asked.

"A stick-up," he answered, "and if you'll be so kind, please hand over that purse."

She made a little grimace.

"Why pick on me?" she asked. "There are so many others who have more and . . . "

He pushed the muzzle of the gun towards the bare flesh of her perfectly formed throat.

"No argument," he said. "Pass over the purse."

She handed it to him. Her fingers went to the clasp of a diamond ornament.

He shook his head.

"No," he said, "you may keep that."

Her eyes showed astonishment.

His left hand extracted a lacy handkerchief from the purse. His eye caught the embroidered letter.

"Your initial?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," she said. "It's A for Anita."

"Ah! And the last name?"

"Is that," she asked, "any of your business?"

He bowed and his even, white teeth glinted under the line of his black mask.

"It is always so much more satisfactory," he said, "to know the identities of the persons one robs."

"I feel under no obligations to add to your satisfaction," she told him icily.

"Very well," he said, prowling around in the purse, "perhaps I can find a card. Ah, here. Miss Anita Sendwick."

She gave him an icy stare of disdain, doing nothing to acknowledge or deny her identity.

He took the card and the handkerchief, dropped both in his pocket, closed the purse and returned it to her.

"All right," he said, "you may drive on."

Her face showed utter incredulity.

"Drive on where?" she asked. "You're not taking me with you?"

He shook his head.

"You don't mean," she exclaimed, "that this is all you want?"

What was his reply? And what did this amazing stick-up man really want? Yau'll find the thrilling answer in "Behind the Mask," a complete navelette in the December issue of ALL DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. Get a copy today and enjoy the many other first-rate detective staries in this absarbing magazine. It's at the nearest newstand now—and only 10c. Ask for ALL-DETECTIVE!

Hands That He Adores — Cherish Their Charm!

Always, men are sensitive to the allurement of soft, fair, smooth-textured hands . . . Wise is the woman who *keeps* her hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be!

With Pacquin's, that is easy! This marvellously penetrating cream actually restores to the skin the natural softening oils which are constantly being lost by exposure to water and weather. You'll be delighted at the way it preserves the supple, youthful texture and fairness of the skin! (Doctors and nurses, whose hands need constant sterilization, use Pacquin's for its soothing, softening protection.)

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crowd, as the saying goes, an eyeful. Her fragile loveliness showed to particular effectiveness in the costume she wore.

A professional rival was stirred by the spectacle to pay the vision a sincere compliment. She arose from her place, crossed the room and, bending over the star, said to her:

"My dear, you look tonight like a bit of Italian Renaissance."

"Is that so?" snapped back the beauty. "Well, just lemme tell you something—you don't look so doggone good your own-self, neither!"

● Into the "brain room" of his studio marched a celebrated independent producer and on the table before his staff of directors, editors and technicians, he slapped down a thick sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, after a short but dramatic pause, "in twenty years experience producing moving pictures, this is unique. This here is absolutely, positiffly the only poifect script I have ever seen in my life. And I tell you that before we start altering it!"

● At one of the big plants they were making a movie dealing with Scriptural times. One scene showed the court of a savage potentate. For the role of the monarch a huge, coal-black Afro-American was selected. He made his entrance, scantily garbed in barbaric trappings. For added realism, it was decreed that over his shoulders should be draped a live leopard. Just before the animal was brought out of her cage, her trainer gave her a shot of morphine to keep her docile and quiet. She was a lady-leopard.

A small negro, newly arrived in California from Texas, was detailed to accompany the giant on his triumphant entry and to fan him with a huge ostrich-plume fan. The costume of this supernumerary consisted of a breech-cloth and an ankle-bracelet. He took himself and his role very seriously, which, of course, was exactly what the director desired. In advance, he was warned that no matter what happened, he must continue to fan the savage king until ordered to leave off. A slip on his part might ruin the whole film.

Midway of the scene, the leopard suddenly woke up. Presumably, the dope was dying out in the spotted beast. She emitted a snarl and began to wiggle off her perch upon the big black man's shoulders. With one hand he grabbed her by the neck and held the spitting, squalling creature at arm's length.

There was an instantaneous scatteration. The director, the cameraman and the supporting members of the cast, beat it for places of safety. Only the little darky held his ground. Mindful of his instructions, he continued the fanning operation; but the fan trembled and quivered in his grip, and his rolling eyes were focussed on the struggling leopard, and out of the corner of his mouth, with all the fervor of which he was capable, he entreated the big negro over and over again in these words:

"Do not cast her aside, brother! Tha's all I asts you—do not cast her aside!"

● Probably most of the readers of this periodical are familiar with the story of the negro who worked as an extra at one of the Hollywood studios, and who, in the filming of a scene purporting to show an African jungle, was called upon to enter a camouflaged cage containing a performing lion. The prospect did not appeal to the candidate. He demurred.

"What's the matter with you?" said the assistant director. "That lion's not going to hurt you. That lion was brought up on milk."

"So wuz I brung up on milk," said the unhappy darky, "but I eats meat once in a while now."

Martyrs to Ambition

(*Continued from page 34*)

the other absent person.

I have no doubt that all these lovely and talented young women are very much in love with their absent husbands, but I am wondering how long it can last. After all, habits are so easy to form. You can make the habit of getting along without the person you love best in the world. You can forget each other's language. And you can find that, after all, the major part of your existence is your work, your own set of friends, the language *they* talk, and your ambition—while love and a husband can prove to be only a minor affair, an interlude—charming, delightful and exciting, but just an interlude.

You can't think in terms of—I—I—I—which is the language ambition speaks and not sacrifice both love and friendship. Friends, perhaps, will understand, they will know the job comes first. But the man you marry won't understand. How can he? It is ingrained in man's nature to believe, whether he knows it or not, that the marriage must come first, the man, the home, the children. And, after all, whether you agree or not, it is a pretty sound idea, for it is the idea which has kept the world turning for a number of centuries.

AND here's another case, an interesting one, which has nothing to do with love. It's the case of Garbo. If, as has been said, she suffers from that shyness, that authentic fear of people which is a disease to which the medical men have given the long term of agoraphobia, then her career must be a torture to her. Never to have any privacy save that for which she fights! Never to have any real holiday away from the curious, save those spent in Sweden! She spent a while at home not long ago, didn't she? *But she came back.* Of course she came back! Ambition is a bright torch burning through her lovely body and in her strange eyes. She would rather suffer than give up that ambition.

But I am not concerned so much with the stars. I am concerned with the people who never reach headlines, and rarely get work, the people no one knows, the hundreds of people driven by ambition, who suffer and sweat and fail. The girls and boys who leave home, family, friends, jobs, for ambition. Who very often sacrifice moral standards to ambition. Who give up everything and get nowhere, martyrs to ambition, misguided, pathetic, tragic.

Ambition is good. It can be a clean flame. But never let it consume you. And I recently came to the conclusion, after reading many biographies of great people, that the happiest person in the world is the obscure person, living a balanced, hard-working, serene and normal life, the person whose ambition will never lead him or her into the dangerous byways and highways upon which so many great men and women, and men and women not so great, have been led; and upon which not a few of them have perished.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 8*)

MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia)

Excellent. Directed by the same master hand that turned out "Seventh Heaven," this film is another beautiful, poignantly human romance. A bouquet to Frank Borzage for another masterpiece.

Spencer Tracy plays Bill, the happy-go-lucky chap who works just long enough to provide himself with a roof over his head and a good meal now and then. Luxuries he knows nothing about. In the park, while feeding the pigeons, he meets Trina (Loretta Young). Her pathetic, "Wish I could get down there with the pigeons" softens his heart and he takes her to a restaurant . . . . and later to his shack in Shanty Town, which becomes their "castle." They marry . . .

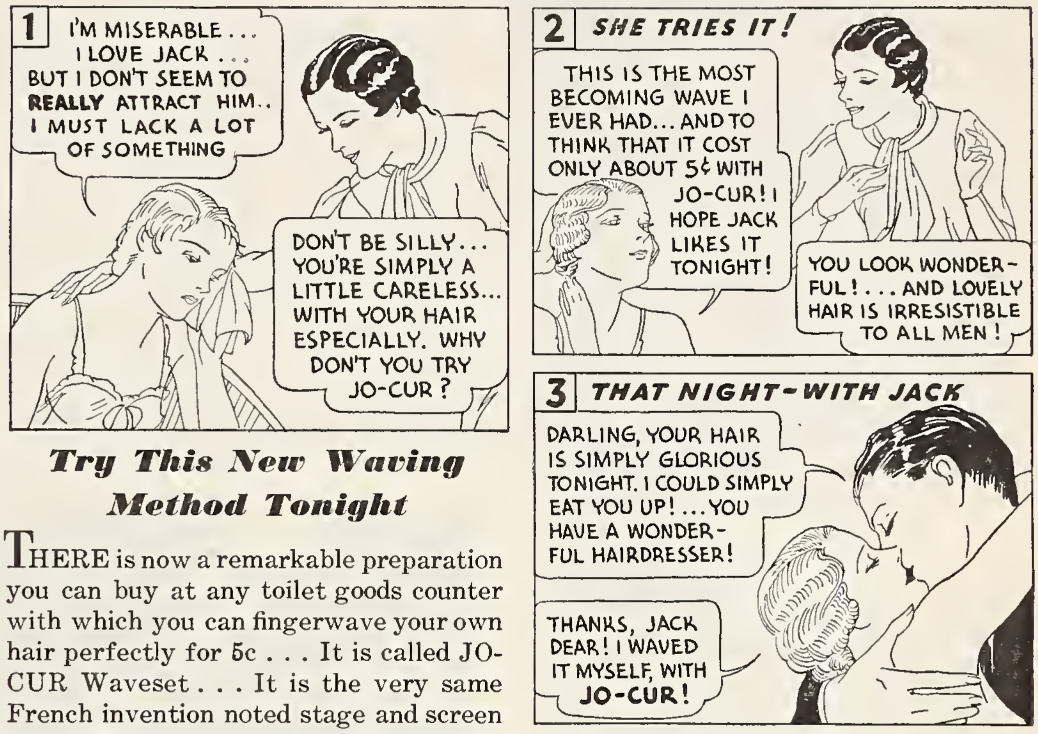
Spencer Tracy gives a sincere, natural performance. He makes the character of Bill so real that you feel you have known him all your life. Loretta Young's Trina is her best. She gives a brilliant and inspired performance which she has never before equalled.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount)

Swelegant. A rollicking comedy, chuckful of delightful banter, amusing situations and perfectly grand acting. Ernst Lubitch's latest rates top in entertainment.

Gary Cooper, an artist, his playwright pal, Fredric March, and Miriam Hopkins, also artistically inclined, live together after first making a gentlemen's agreement that sex shall not en-

What Jo-cur Did for "Discouraged JANE"


1
I'M MISERABLE . . . I LOVE JACK . . . BUT I DON'T SEEM TO REALLY ATTRACT HIM.. I MUST LACK A LOT OF SOMETHING
DON'T BE SILLY . . . YOU'RE SIMPLY A LITTLE CARELESS . . . WITH YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY. WHY DON'T YOU TRY JO-CUR?
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3 THAT NIGHT-WITH JACK
DARLING, YOUR HAIR IS SIMPLY GLORIOUS TONIGHT. I COULD SIMPLY EAT YOU UP! . . . YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL HAIRDRESSER!
THANKS, JACK DEAR! I WAVED IT MYSELF, WITH JO-CUR!

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ter into their design for living. All's well until March leaves and Gary and Miriam are thrown together—more closely. Miriam solves the problem by contending she's no gentleman so the agreement doesn't hold after all! When March returns, she realizes she loves him, too. So she runs off with Edward Everett Horton!

The four principals turn out delightful performances. Gary Cooper shows a surprising talent for comedy. He's excellent. Miriam Hopkins gets better and better. March is at his best and Horton delivers, as usual.

THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners)

Splendid. Another picture that deserves superlatives. It can be called the American "Cavalcade" and is placed in the same ranks as the original picture by that name. It is another triumph for Paul Muni who handles his role, which ranges from youth to old age, like a master.

BROADWAY THROUGH THE KEYHOLE (20th Century)

Entertaining. The first picture ever to come close to backing up sensational advance publicity. Hollywood says the front page headlines on the Jolson-Winchell fight were worth a million dollars. If so, the picture should be worth considerably more!

Story is about a gangster (Paul Kelly) in love with a night club entertainer (Constance Cummings). When their lives are endangered by his rivals, he sends her to Miami, where she meets and falls in love with Russ Colombo.

Kelly does some admirable work. Colombo is as good an actor as he is a singer, which is plenty good. And Constance Cummings, beautifully photographed, does her best to date.

Enter Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady" Contest!

(*Continued from page 43*)

of a Max Factor make-up kit. Sixth, five prizes of $10 each, And seventh, ten prizes of $5 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Now—where's the little chore you have to do to win one of those elegant prizes? Just turned back to pages 44 and 45. There you'll see a number of cut-up pictures. They are four scenes from Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Dancing Lady." You are to put the pictures together again, like Humpty-Dumpty, arrange or number them in the proper order (the order in which the scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." See the synopsis on page 45.)

Then, if you have not already put together the pictures in last month's MODERN SCREEN (December issue), look below on this page and also on page 96 and cut out those reproductions and arrange them in the correct order. All of these pictures—when in order—will tell the story of "Dancing Lady." Then, write a description of Joan Crawford—in ten words or less. Send the eight stills, together with your ten-word description of Joan Crawford to the Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All entries—remember, the *complete* eight pictures and description—must be mailed before midnight of Jan. 15, 1934.

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First Prize, $150.00, Edith Robertson, Rockford, Washington. Second Prize, $75.00, Mrs. E. M. Harvey, San Francisco, California. Third Prize, $25.00, Margaret Acker, Rocky River, Ohio.
50 other contestants won $5.00 each.

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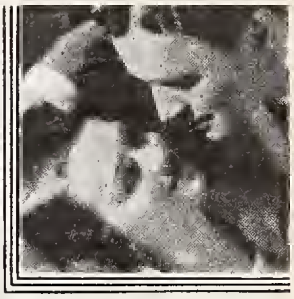

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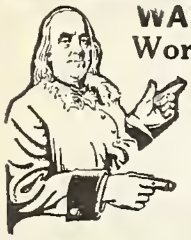

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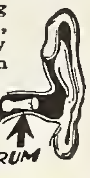

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SEALTEX

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 81*)

● SUNSET PASS (Paramount)—Pep, action and excitement. **A good Western—kids will okay this one.**

● ● THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount)—Vigorous and dramatic action takes place when a crowd of high school kids take the law into their own hands. Charles Bickford, Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen are included in the excellent cast. **Extremely good picture—for young and old.**

● ● THREE CORNERED MOON (Paramount)—A family of snobbish, spoiled brats find out what real life is when their dear mama suddenly loses the whole family fortune. Claudette Colbert and Richard Arlen are the lovers. Mary Boland is the mother. Tom Brown, Wallace Ford and William Bakewell are in it, too. **A hilarious entertainer for everybody.**

● TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount)—Zip, pep and wisecracking tuned up with Bing Crosby's crooning. Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks complete the cast. **Worth seeing—kids will think so, too.**

TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount)—A Western dealing with family feuds. A boy and girl of enemy families love each other but are true to their traditions until everyone is killed off but themselves. Esther Ralston and Randolph Scott are the lovers. **Fair—only the young kids will enjoy the excitement of this Western.**

● ● TURN BACK THE CLOCK (M-G-M)—Which goes to prove you would never be any happier if you had your life to live over. One man gets just such a chance and finds out it is far from what he planned or expected. Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger and Mae Clarke. **Very good—too advanced for children under 16.**

● ● VOLTAIRE (Warners)—A biographical sketch of the great writer, wit and cynic of the 18th century. George Arliss, Reginald Owen, Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—nothing in it for youngsters under 16.**

● ● THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier as a carefree tramp of Paris whose chief and only ambition is to be a guide. Love interest develops when he rescues a little waif from her employer in a knife throwing act. **Excellent entertainment plus some knock-out musical numbers—for the whole family.**

● ● WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M)—Two very intelligent and lovely women and two attractive men make this picture a delightful and most sophisticated love triangle. Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Frank Morgan are the triangle. Robert Montgomery and Alice Brady provide amusing comedy. **Be sure to see it—young folks under 16 won't understand it.**

● WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Story of a spoiled society deb and a young engineer. **Good—not for the tots.**

● WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners)—Bands of depression-bit youngsters who take to the highway when there are no jobs and their parents cannot support them. The tragedy of these youngsters make you stop and think for a moment. **See it and take the children—it will be good for them.**

● THE WOMAN SPY (RKO)—A thrilling and romantic war story. Connie Bennett as a Russian spy and Gilbert Roland as an Austrian spy fall desperately in love. Then they learn each other's identity. You will enjoy finding out the ending of this one for yourself. **Very good—not the kind for children under 16, though.**

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 79*)

concentrate upon it, you'll find that you won't be nearly as tired at the end of a day.

Look at Dorothea Wieck again. She has obviously been interrupted by the cameraman in the reading of her letter or telegram or whatever it is. She had been leaning forward while she was reading. But notice *how* she leans forward. Her back is straight. She does not—as many of us do—slump in the middle and bend the shoulders and head forward.

NEXT, there is the little matter of holding the head up. Many otherwise good figures are spoiled by that ungraceful ducked-forward position of the head. Watch it—this winter—when you are tempted to shrivel down inside the collar of your coat, and avoid the cold. Watch it when you're reading or sewing—hold your book or your work up to *you*. Don't bring your head down to meet what you have in your hand. You see, pushing the head forward makes that little bone stick out on the back of your neck. Later on in years, when you may put on weight, that bump becomes covered with fat and makes a very ugly line. You've noticed it, surely on older women. Bad, isn't it?

Here are the posture exercises.

Stand facing a mirror, with your back against the wall—head, shoulders, buttocks and calves touching the wall. Knees should be easy and relaxed, not stiff. Now do the "growing tall' business. Return to original position. Stomach should be pulled in, of course. How do you look in that position? Better? Go through the following exercises five times each, every day for a week, and then check up on yourself again and see if you haven't improved.

Stand about eighteen inches from the wall. Place palms of hands on the wall, fingers pointing toward each other, elbows bent at shoulder height. Push against your hands with your body. At the same time resist the push with your arms. This strengthens and straightens backs.

Stand with the feet slightly apart. Drop your body, from the waist up, down, down, down—so that your head bobs against your knees. Swing your body—slightly—keeping relaxed—just as limp as a rag doll. Now begin to pull your upper body up. Begin the pull right at the base of your spine. Lift, lift, lift—very slowly—until you are back in standing position again. Stretch—hard—then relax. And repeat.

Sit down in a straight chair. Your stomach should be pulled in, your back lightly poised against the back of the chair, your head up. Now rise, without looking down at your feet, without changing the position of your upper body. Stretch, return to correct standing position and sit down again.

Stand and drop your head back—absolutely relaxed—between your shoulders. Rotate it in a complete circle—several times. If you feel dizzy, reverse the rotation.

There—as usual, I've talked too much. I promised to tell you about some new preparations, didn't I? And I've left myself very little space. So I'll have to make it short and snappy.

In the first place, there's a new miniature lipstick set—three lipsticks selling for the price of one good one—that ought to provide you with a lot of fun. Three different shades—a gay one for daytime, a glamorous one for evening and a third one—for a change. Makes a nice gift package or prize, too.

There is a complete beauty kit available in the very reasonable price range. It contains all the essentials for freshening up—and making up—attractively packaged. The sizes are generous.

Then, there is a more expensive—but still reasonable—beauty kit containing fourteen beauty essentials in a very well-known brand. Very compact and convenient and the pouch container is gay and smart.

I've come across a paste rouge that is easy to apply. Really. Comes in an attractive pottery container and the grandest shades. Not cheap—but one purchase will last you a long time.

Have you noted down my new address? It's MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Cheerio!

I've Dressed Them All

(*Continued from page 63*)

She is always cold and shivering.

The first time we made clothes for her she stood for a fitting in an extremely décolléte evening dress. She was wearing a gold locket, about the size of a dollar.

"Of course, the dress will look better," I said to her, "without the locket—or perhaps a more elaborate necklace."

Sylvia smiled at me very sweetly, but answered firmly, "I *always* wear this locket with everything."

I still wanted to argue. "But not with an extreme evening dress like this. In the first place it would be out of character."

"It doesn't matter," she replied. "I have always worn it in every scene and I'd be afraid to take it off."

She never would tell me its sentimental significance, but I later learned that that locket had been the despair of every director for whom she has worked.

Sylvia does things which many people don't understand. Once she told me a strange thing that had happened to her.

One night she had been lonely and got into her roadster and went for a long drive. In a particularly deserted section of the country she ran out of gas. No one, these days, dares to stop at midnight when someone signals.

Sylvia stood for a long time, but dozens of cars passed her up. At last, when she had no success, she started to walk to the nearest town. A rickety old wagon caught up with her. She hailed the driver. Politely he stopped and waited for her to climb upon the seat beside him. It was not until they had started off that she realized she was sitting beside an old colored man. For miles the two rode together, chatting in the glow of a California moon. And he never knew who she was. I cannot imagine independent little Sidney being frightened of anything but a draught.

IT'S a curious thing about Ruth Chatterton. I know her well and am very fond of her, but I never call her anything but *Miss* Chatterton. It isn't that she is snooty. She just has a certain dignity that commands respect.

One afternoon about two years ago I went to Ruth Chatterton's house with a saleswoman, two of my mannequins and an assortment of our newest models. Her house was an ideal place in which to show clothes. The girls dressed in her bedroom upstairs, came down a winding stairway and made their entrance into the salon, where Miss Chatterton sat.

On this day there were two visitors present—Lois Wilson and Helen Hayes, whose first picture had but recently been released. They were about to leave when we arrived but, like most women, couldn't tear themselves away from the treat of an impromptu fashion show.

When a dress appeared, Helen Hayes would say, "Now, that's no good for me, but it would be just right for Lois." Or Lois would say, "There's a good dress for you, Ruth." Once Miss Chatterton said, "That's the kind of thing I've always loved, but I don't dare wear it. My husband hates to see too much bare back—and there's practically *no* back in that."

Ruth Chatterton is one of my greatest favorites. That old word "intelligent" is so often loosely thrown about, but it is the only word which defines Chatterton's attitude toward everything with which she comes in contact. She has the logical reasoning of a business man and is rarely wrong in her decisions. She is inordinately fond of two widely divergent things—travel and the peace and quiet of home-life. She likes people for their accomplishments and for what's inside their heads, which has made a great many people who can do nothing and who think about nothing, believe she is a snob.

It is quite a jump in personalities from Ruth Chatterton to Mae Murray, but both names appear in my book. Mae Murray hasn't been in pictures for a long time but she keeps her name in print for it seems as if she is always being sued or is suing someone.

She made a long-to-be-remembered visit to my shop. She was sent by a studio to choose a chiffon dinner gown. She found a dress she liked and asked to have it copied in black, in white and in a color.

WHEN Miss Murray came for her first fitting she gave orders that no underslips were to be made. She informed the fitter that she was not going to wear a slip, but a brassiere and pair of trunks, spangled with sequins! That practically threw the fitter into a

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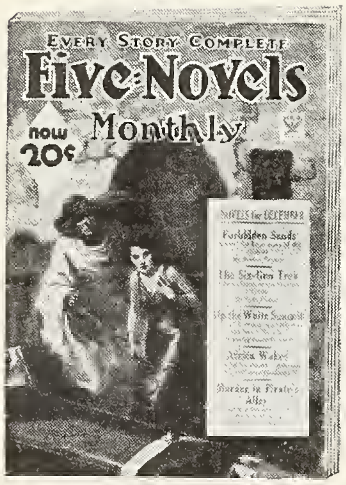

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case of nervous prostration, but since Miss Murray was the customer, she did not argue.

At first fittings the wisps of material are always held together with basting threads and pins, so that changes can be easily made. The fitter changed her pins on one side, taking in the dress where it needed to be taken in. She then moved around to the other side and began alterations.

Slowly, methodically and for the moment unknown to the fitter, Miss Murray began pulling out the pins and dropping them to the floor. The fitter began to wonder why the dress sagged and crawled on her knees to the side she had first worked on.

Unable to believe her eyes and thinking, perhaps, that she was going mad she saw no pins in that side at all. Again she did not question—just put more pins in. During this time, Miss Murray was busy taking out the pins on the other side, so that the fitter was going around in circles trying to put the pins in faster than Miss Murray could pull them out. The episode remains the high point in my fitter's career and yet it is not so mad as it sounds for, I have known women who liked to do their own fitting. It is, I suppose, a form of back-seat driving, a mania which eventually sends the real driver into a lamp post.

Joan Crawford is probably the most thoughtful person who has ever come into my shop. So many stars have their secretaries call and say, "Please send some dresses out for Miss X to try on this evening." Others are considerate enough to send their own chauffeurs for the things. But often when the clothes are returned there is not so much as a little note saying, "I'm sorry but none of the dresses suited me." Sometimes the chauffeur is not even given a message to deliver. He simply dumps the gown—wrinkled and turned inside out—upon a chair.

Joan goes to the other extreme. She even sends regrets when she finds that she will be unable to attend a public opening to which she has been invited.

I know that Joan has changed a lot in the last five years, but she has always been a thoughtful person. Years ago she was sent to the shop to pose in some of my gowns for publicity purposes. She was much more excitable then than she is now. She had less poise. Her hair was bobbed short and she had a cute tom-boyish way of tossing her head but even then she was patient and did not complain during the task of getting from one dress to another, waiting for lights to be shifted and cameras set up. Afterwards she asked me to pose with her and now one of my most prized possessions is a picture of the two of us with Joan—in this day of long skirts—looking almost grotesque in the sadly "dated" frock of five years ago. (See page 62.)

I'VE dressed numbers of opera stars but Lily Pons is the most glamorous and dynamic. I know she isn't a movie star and perhaps the editor will bawl me out for including her here, but I feel that enough people have heard her over the radio to be interested in her.

Lily is a great shock at first because one thinks of opera singers as being robust and dramatic. Pons is very tiny—I think her actual weight is a hundred and five pounds—and she is as quiet and as shy as a mouse.

She was brought into my shop by Jetta Goudal and all during that session the two of them conversed in French. I designed a dress for Mlle. Pons to wear at her Los Angeles concert and, after the order had been placed and the measurements taken, we discovered that none of the dummy figures—upon which the clothes are draped—were small enough.

When the dress was finished I sent one of my fitters to the theatre so that she could see that everything was all right before Mlle. Pons stepped on the concert stage.

This is a little honor which we usually save for brides—having the fitter who made the bridal dress on hand to pat into place the last fold of the bridal train.

Mlle. Pons came back after her first series of songs and said to my fitter, "But I cannot find my voice. I do not know what is wrong." To the audience, her voice was as brilliant as usual, but there did seem to be a change during the second half of the program. Pons became radiant and sang so beautifully that the audience almost stampeded toward the stage.

When she finished the concert she came back to her dressing-room and sank down upon a chair. She confessed, to my fitter, that during each concert she often lost as much as five pounds—from worry and exertion!

* * * * * *

Next month Howard Greer continues his fascinating memoirs. Almost every star in Hollywood—the great, the near-great and the once-great—has crossed the threshold of Greer's shop. Now he's confessing all the secrets of the fitting-room. Don't miss it!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN 1934?

Marriage, divorce, scandal, accident, death!

For Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and others, the stars hold some happiness, some dire misfortune in the next year.

Read about it—in Dareos' Prophecy for 1934.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Clara Bow Goes Garbo

(*Continued from page 13*)

When she was in man-trouble it was some unknown man who had, shabbily, passed himself off as unmarried.

This luscious, red-headed, brown-eyed girl never goes to parties, never gives them. She said to me, "I don't know how to act when I'm with people I don't know awfully well. I feel self-conscious. I feel embarrassed.

"I don't say, 'I tank-I-go-home.' I just go home and stay there. That's where I like to be best of all. *I always do what I like to do.* I always obey my own impulses, my own instincts, my own desires. I don't know whether this is commendable or not. I don't care. I used to care. I'd be hurt when unkind things were said about me and written about me and plenty have been. Now, I am simply leading my own life in my own way and I can't help *what* people say about me.

"I like to be home because there I can be myself. I never wear make-up off the screen. I wear old clothes. I never curl my hair. I don't care how I look. I've just learned that, from now on, I'll have to wear glasses. An astigmatism. I don't care about the glasses. I do care because I may not be able to read very much any more.

"I always go to bed at ten o'clock. I've never found anything worth staying up for after that. If we ever do anything at all we have a couple of old friends in for bridge or rummy. I love the few really old friends I have. *I can't make new ones. I've lost the knack.*" (Ah, Garbo!)

"A man from the Fox publicity company happened in on me the other night. He found me as is, without make-up of any sort, neither mascara nor lipstick nor rouge. My hair was straight. I had a house dress on. *He didn't know me.* My eye-lashes are long, you see, but rather pale. My eyebrows are light, too. I haven't much color in my lips. The result was that he told me I looked like some young school-marm or the wife of a local Babbitt. I know that I bear, in real life, *no physical resemblance to the Clara Bow of the screen.* This goes for more ways than the merely physical——"

ON the set where Garbo works at M-G-M there is that sign which reads NO VISITORS. It means what it says, that sign. Madge Evans, also on the Metro lot, recently stumbled by mistake onto the Garbo set. And Madge or no Madge, she was forcibly and forthwith ejected.

On the Fox set where Clara Bow works there is the same sign—and it means what it says, too. It is as fearfully and as scrupulously observed as ever the Garbo sign was, or is.

Clara said to me, "I really hate to talk about things like these because I know people will say I am trying to copy Garbo. Nothing could be farther from the truth. If I tried to copy anyone it would be, more typically, Mae West. Certainly I've always done her sort of thing on the screen, more or less. I've always been like this, only—I haven't always been able to have my own way.

"I simply have to have, I absolutely demand *privacy* before the camera. When a scene is finished in my picture, when the other players have said their last lines they must leave the set immediately and stay away until they are needed again. If I could work with a troupe of robots I'd like it better and give better performances.

"I like all of my fellow players. It isn't that. Preston Foster, who plays the spieler with me in 'Hoopla,' is a grand person. Richard Cromwell who plays my sweetheart is a lamb. And Minna Gombel is a pal of mine—but I can't have them watching me while I work. I like the extras and the electricians, too, but I do not want them peeking at me. Their eyes would tear holes in whatever I was trying to do. If a stranger comes on the set, I go cold all over. I can't 'give' one single thing. We tried it for one whole day at the beginning of the picture and it was one of the most miserable days I ever lived through—I *had* to 'go Garbo' and put down my foot, both feet, on any more visitors of any sort or kind.

"I think the basic reason for this is —not that I am temperamental—but that I am telepathic. I always have been and I've always known it. I've studied mysticism for a long while and I know what I'm talking about. *I can tune in on the thoughts of other people.* I've been able to do this, to some extent, ever since my childhood. When I am surrounded by a crowd, particularly when I am working, I get the thoughts of the spectators as easily as I can tune in on a radio station.

I'M making these statements to you now because I may never say them again. I may never say anything again —for publication. I don't know. I never know what I am going to do from day to day or from week to week. That's why I wouldn't sign a contract for more than two pictures at any one time on any one lot for all the money in the world. I can't depend on myself, how can I hope or want any company to depend on me? I walked out on 'Hoopla' for a week. I'm apt to do the same thing tomorrow, I simply have to feel free, to come and go, to work when I want to work, to be idle when I want to be idle. I have to feel independent. The usual arguments can't prevail with me. I mean, if some agent or some producer tells me that I should do such and such a story, whether I like it or not, because 'it would do me good,' I won't do it. The kind of 'good' they mean doesn't mean anything to me. Fame? Money. Publicity.

"I never go to openings because I'm afraid of crowds. Though I did go to 'Hoopla.' After all, I had a right to be curious about that. But there was

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that telepathic fear again. I nearly die of embarrassment. I hate to stand in a theatre lobby and autograph albums.

"I never go to movies. *I've seen one picture in the past two years.* And that one was Mae West's 'She Done Him Wrong.' I only saw that because I happened to be at Mr. Sheehan's house one night and he ran it in his private projection room.

"I don't go to movies chiefly because *I'm afraid I'd lose what I have.* I mean, I'm a natural mimic and I know that if I saw a Katharine Hepburn or any star do some particular bit of business, use certain mannerisms, I'd copy them. I always do. If someone comes to our house and spends the evening and talks in a deep voice I go about with a baritone for days afterwards. Then, too, my yen for the old days and the old ways and the old stars comes in again. I used to love Norma and Constance Talmadge and Florence Vidor and Valentino and all of them. I miss them. I can't make new friends—even on the screen. There, too, I've lost the knack.

"I don't care anything about money. I don't know anything about it. I like to have enough to feed my dogs properly and to have a few nice, pretty dresses. *That's absolutely all I expect from life.*

"I'm crazy about my little boy cousin who is living with me. I hope to keep him for always and I will unless he gets homesick. I like to talk to him, to play games with him, to make friends with him. At first he felt about me as I feel about other people, strangers. He'd never met me until I took him. He'd heard me talked about as an actress. He's seen me on the screen. He couldn't get used to—me. It was hard for him to forget the screen me and be natural and at ease with the real me. I'll feel more sheer triumph out of making this boy feel close to me than I could possibly feel out of any screen achievement or triumph. I'd love to have kids of my own for the best of all possible reasons—I love 'em.

"I've got what I want out of life. I've got things arranged the way I like them. I never have to go anywhere. I never have to meet people. I work only when I feel like working. I haven't 'gone Garbo'—I've gone Bow and now I can—and will—*stay here.*"

Could You "Take It"?

(*Continued from page 47*)

"I don't think Groucho really expected it, either. He stood there looking down at me, absolutely speechless, and with tears running down his cheeks from suppressed laughter!

"When the scene was finished, I didn't say a word. Just walked away from him and up to my dressing room. He followed, apologizing between chuckles.

"'Tootsie,' he insisted, 'that was an accident. I didn't think I could do it. Honest, Tootsie, I swear it was my new shoes!"

Do you remember the scene at the bridge game with Harpo and Chico, that ends in a free-for-all?

"Every time we played that scene, Harpo managed to throw me about four feet. One night, I threw first, and down he went! It was very pretty. Climbing back on his feet, he rushed for me and we went into a clinch.

"'Gosh, Toots!' he hissed over my shoulder. 'Don't be so rough!'"

HARPO, Miss Dumont assures me, is the most mischievous of the lot. One evening, he received an unexpected invitation to a masquerade. It was too late to rent a costume and he wanted to go badly. What to do?

After the show, Miss Dumont went to her dressing room to change into street clothes. There were no street clothes. Immediately realizing what had happened, she grabbed a dressing gown and dashed out. Harpo, wearing her dress, hat, and slippers, was just hurrying out the stage door!

"Harpo!" she called excitedly. "You come back here! My dress. . . !"

"Yeh," the culprit grinned with beautiful nonchalance. "It's a little long, isn't it? But it'll do. Thanks." And he kept on his merry way.

"Come back here!" she begged. "What do you suppose I'm going to wear home?"

"You've got a fur coat, haven't you?" Harpo tossed over his shoulder. "That'll cover you. Don't be fussy, Toots." And he was gone. Leaving the statuesque Miss Dumont to get home as best she could, wearing a flimsy pair of wardrobe pumps and with nothing but a lacy slip under the none-too-long fur coat!

"I can't get angry with them," she confided, as we sat in her dressing room on the Paramount lot. "They're just like a bunch of school boys. Not in the least malicious. Everything they do is in the spirit of fun and I always try to be a good sport, even though I generally get the worst of it. Honestly, I enjoy every minute of it!"

They were rehearsing a scene in "Duck Soup," their most recent production. Groucho is on his knees before Miss Dumont, proposing to her—as he usually is. Chico enters, looking for Groucho.

"Oh . . . there you are!" Chico explains. And, during the several rehearsals, Groucho merely turned quickly, giving the intruder a startled look.

But, in the recorded shot, at Chico's "Oh . . . there you are!" Groucho took a flying jump into Miss Dumont's lap, nearly knocking the surprised lady over.

Everyone on the set doubled up in soundless hysterics. But one member of the crew could not contain himself. He turned loose a rousing guffaw that nearly shattered the sound mechanism and, of course, ruined the take.

Life, on a Mad Marx Brothers' production, is just full of those things.

Not all the horseplay occurs on the set, however. When they were coming out from New York, they kept the entire train in an uproar.

One evening, Miss Dumont was in her drawing room, preparing to retire, when the door burst open and three of the pajama-ed brothers, Groucho, Harpo and Chico, fell in. Ignoring the lady's protests, they all piled into her single berth and settled themselves for the night!

Tootsie begged, pleaded, cajoled, and even called in a porter but, through it all, the harum-scarum brothers snored away peacefully.

"When they make up their minds to cut a caper," Miss Dumont raised helpless hands, "you might as well resign yourself to the inevitable! Cross them and they only redouble their efforts!"

The "Duck Soup" company rented a beautiful Pasadena estate for some impressive exterior shots in the picture. The wealthy and genteel owner kept a watchful eye on proceedings, from a safe distance.

Between shots, Miss Dumont and Groucho rested in two comfortable chairs on the verandah. Suddenly, Groucho flung a leg across Tootsie's knees.

"Scratch my leg!" he murmured wearily.

At the other end of the verandah, the owner observed the indignity with amazed eyes.

"If I had refused," Tootsie deplored, "Groucho would simply have shouted: 'What's the idea? You've scratched it before. Don't be coy, Tootsie!' So—I scratched it!"

Her embarrassment was not lessened in the least, when she heard the dignified owner remark to a servant:

"You see what's going on over there? That's why show people have such bad reputations!"

A great many people are under the impression that Miss Dumont is Groucho's wife. Such is not the case. When the company made a personal appearance in Detroit, a local paper carried an article verifying their "marriage," in private life.

That night, Miss Dumont, commenting on the story, remarked that it was a trifle embarrassing.

"Embarrassing?" Groucho exclaimed. "I've just written a story about my wife and the magazine's running a picture of her. I'm liable to be hung for bigamy!"

Miss Dumont wouldn't change places with Greta Garbo. Life, with the Marx Brothers is, verily, a psychopathic shambles. But—thanks to a grand sense of humor—she can take it!

How a Star Was Created

(*Continued from page 50*)

been lenient with its stars and given them the privilege of selecting their vehicles, much grief had resulted.

Margaret cocked her pert little head with its mass of wavy brown hair and eyed me suspiciously. "Now you're making a noise like a motion picture executive," she said, "and we know each other much too well to hand out lines."

I knew that no amount of persuasion would alter her attitude. I knew that she had already turned down offers from Paramount and Columbia because of the long-term contract bugaboo. She would rather remain on the stage for one-tenth of the salary she would earn in pictures than be handed parts for which she was unsuited. Naturally I was aware of the fact that Junior Laemmle would never agree to such an arrangement as the adamant Miss Sullavan was demanding, especially from an unknown player, but so convinced was I that this girl had the stuff of which great screen stars are made that I decided to spend some of the company's money in testing her.

"What's the use of wasting the money?" she said. "They won't take me and, besides, if they do want me, they will have to accept me at my terms and I'll have to know what part I'm going to play first."

I CEASED arguing and began to tell her what I had up my sleeve. I told her about a part as big in emotional scope as "Madelon Claudet"—the part of the heroine in "Only Yesterday." I began to tell her the story and as I went on describing scene after scene she dropped her casual air and became intensely interested. When I was finished she was on her feet, enthusiastically asking if she could play the part. I told her I was not sure, but it was my fondest hope that she would play it; that aside from Helen Hayes (whom the studio could not obtain), she was the one person who could do it.

Like the good little trouper that she is, Margaret took home scenes from "Only Yesterday" and studied them day and night. Finally the test was made and it was truly magnificent, because Margaret had put her heart and soul into it. I wired Laemmle, Jr. A few days later, after the test had been sent out to the studio, Junior wired me to start negotiations with Miss Sullavan. However, John Stahl, the famous director of a number of pictures, "Back Street" among them, was not thoroughly convinced that Margaret was the right heroine for "Only Yesterday." He would not agree to her as a final selection until she had come to the coast for additional tests. So eager was Margaret to do the picture and so imbued was she with my confidence that she would secure the part, that—wonder of wonders—she left for Universal City.

It was no surprise to me when two

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weeks later I heard from the studio that Margaret had come through her additional tests with flying colors and was set for the leading role in "Only Yesterday." Her contract provided that she was to do that film and one other picture, the story of which she must approve. The contract contained additional options, but in every instance she had partial approval of her stories and furthermore, it contained a clause giving her the privilege of returning to New York and appearing in one Broadway play each season. Quite an unusual contract for a totally unknown stage player, yet it was the only one Margaret Sullavan would sign and Universal needed her so much that they quickly acceded to her demands. If they had not come to terms Margaret would have just as readily kept on playing in the theatre and possibly gone into some stock company for the summer, as she had done in seasons past, at a weekly salary of twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. She worked fourteen weeks in "Only Yesterday" and earned $25,000.

HER attitude is difficult for the layman to understand. It is totally impossible for picture executives to comprehend. They do not seem to realize that an actress, if she is truly an artist and sincere about her work and her career, must have the satisfaction of appearing in roles which give her pleasure and an opportunity to develop. Margaret means to get to the very top of the acting profession. Money itself holds no lure for her and in her efforts to acquire the place she already has in the theatre she has undergone struggle and privation—and would cheerfully do so again.

The daughter of Cornelius Hancock Sullavan, a broker, and Garland Councill, a lovely Southern belle, Margaret made her first appearance in Norfolk, Virginia, on May 16, 1911.

Even in her early days at the Walter Taylor grammar school, the redoubtable Peggy had determined upon becoming an actress. She kept her ambition pretty much of a secret because her parents had a holy horror of stage folks.

They spent money lavishly on her education and fondly hoped that when she was "finished" she would marry one of the nice young men who beaued her about. To this end they sent her successively to St. Georges private school, Chatham Episcopal Institute and finally to Sullin College at Bristol, Va., where Margaret majored in art, dramatics and studied dancing.

After she had finished at Sullin's, Margaret calmly announced that she was going on the stage. Her father and mother stormed and protested to no avail. They found they could not break down her determination.

Finally, they effected a sort of compromise and Margaret was permitted to go to the Copley Theatrical School in Boston. She was an exceptional pupil and worked industriously day and night to learn all she could about the technique of acting. E. E. Clive, the director, was so pleased with her sincere efforts that he helped her secure a job with the University Theatre at Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

About this time, her father and mother worried themselves sick over the idea of their daughter prancing about on a stage, and they decided to take drastic action. They appeared in Cape Cod and practically forced her to come home.

Without funds, as she had earned practically nothing from the Cape Cod engagement, and without further support from her folks, a strangely silent Margaret Sullavan returned to Norfolk and spent one solid year as a dutiful daughter.

It took that year for Margaret to convince her parents that her place was in the theatre. Rather hopelessly, they finally recapitulated in the face of her continued and persistent pleadings and soon thereafter Margaret was on her way to rejoin the University players in New York. Later on in the season she was engaged by Brock Pemberton to go on a tour of the South as Isobel Parry in "Strictly Dishonorable."

TO retrace our steps a bit . . .

While she was at Cape Cod, there was a young actor in the company by the name of Henry Fonda who fell madly in love with her. He was tall, dark, slender and he more than appealed to Margaret.

Because their interests were the same, because they felt that together they could rise to the heights, they made the mistake of believing they were ideally mated. They were married. Now they are divorced. No one quite knows why.

Margaret's eyes grow soft and misty when she speaks of Henry and she always praises him in the highest terms and he speaks tenderly of her and is deeply sorry that they could not make a success of it. Neither will say more than that. No one will ever know whether it was just another case of a youthful romance gone on the rocks, or if it was the age-old problem in the theatre—that of two artists unable to remain married because of professional jealousies in their work.

And now Margaret Sullavan has put all thought of marriage aside until her career has reached the lofty heights to which she is gravitating. Romance thrills her and there is another man at the present who holds her admiration and respect and possible love. But her career comes first.

While she was in Hollywood during the making of "Only Yesterday," she did not engage a swanky mansion in Beverly Hills with a series of hot and cold running servants, marble swimming pools and cooks imported from Paris. Instead, she lived very modestly and quietly in an apartment in the Garden of Allah, which in spite of its name, is really a very sedate hotel with community swimming pool and tennis court.

INTENSELY disliking the manner of picture making because of the long tedious "takes" and "retakes," the dreary and uncomfortable business of trying to emote under hot lights, Margaret was, however, resigned to her fate and because she liked her part she put her whole heart and soul into it and tried hard not to complain. However, one day she and John Stahl, the director, had a fierce argument and Margaret

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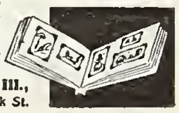

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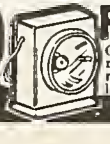

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determined to leave the place and the picture flat. She walked off the set, leaped into her battered old Ford, drove to the Garden of Allah, packed her belongings, drew her money out of the bank and was engaging passage on an airplane to fly East when a perspiring Universal official caught up with her and literally, on his bended knees, begged her to return.

The upshot of it all was that Margaret did return. And won her point, apparently, because after this incident she and Stahl worked together amicably.

In spite of Margaret Sullavan's firm conviction that she will never make a popular screen star, it is my opinion that "Only Yesterday" will bring an immense public to her feet. In spite of what Margaret has to say against herself, a new star *has* been born to sit in the starry firmament beside such foremost and outstanding luminaries as Garbo, Hepburn, Hayes and other glittering goddesses of the cinema whose astounding salaries you help to pay.

We predict that the little Southern girl who fought so hard to become an actress, and whose ancestors way back in Ireland turned Episcopalian and changed the family name to Sull*a*van in defiance of the banshees or something, will not stand for long in bewilderment and wonder at the thing which has happened to her. After she has carefully thought it out with her good sound reasoning, she will, like her ancestors, defy the banshees of doubt and take her rightful place on the screen.

No Romance Ballyhoo, Please!

(*Continued from page 15*)

The frantic manager trailed them shouting, "What is the meaning of this?"

"I'll tell you," said Frances, "if one word is said about Joel and me and our feelings for each other, or mention is made of 'another Hollywood romance,' neither of us will set foot on this stage. We are willing for the master of ceremonies to say anything about our careers or what he thinks of us personally—but no romance ballyhoo."

And what's more, she meant it and has gone on meaning it. They won't have pictures taken holding hands, no interviewer has been able to get a story "Love As We See It," not a single pet name has been published. And when the studio suggested a film story in which they would co-star—because it would be such a "natural" tied up with their private life romance—both Frances and Joel vowed they would tear up their contracts first.

DOES Frances think ballyhoo romances in the past have turned out badly or does she believe that her private life is her own and nobody else's business? This is what she says:

"It isn't that I feel Hollywood love has been talked about too much or that my private life is my own business. I don't believe any actress can think that. We are public servants, working for the entertainment of the public and they are rightly entitled to know as many of the details of our private lives as we can tell them.

"That's just the point with me. I can't tell anything that is close to me. It just isn't my nature. Ever since I was a little girl, I've found it impossible to communicate things that belong to my inner self. Not even to my mother or my closest friend have I mentioned how I feel about Joel. The giving of confidence is something I have never learned. And if this is true with my most intimate friends, how could I possibly discuss for publication what is close to my heart?"

Though Frances would tell you nothing of this, the McCrea romance started at the studio during the filming of "The Silver Cord."

And somehow Hollywood knew that this was different from the other McCrea romances. He has been Hollywood's official beau for years. He has escorted almost every glamorous, exciting star in the colony to openings, to the Mayfair, to the Cocoanut Grove. But all the time that he was playing Beau Brummel he was stoutly maintaining, "I'll never marry an actress. Those glamorous women are exciting to take around. It's thrilling to be seen with them. And I've found them grand company and very regular people. But no actress is the type of girl I'd marry."

Shortly after he met Frances he said (and didn't have any idea he was giving away a romance secret), "Of course, I would marry an actress if I could find a girl who would share my views of not leading a Hollywood life. If she would be content to live on my new ranch and forget there was such a place as Hollywood after the day's work was done. If she wouldn't be swayed into doing exactly what everyone else was doing just because 'it was being done.' If I were lucky enough to find such a girl, I would certainly beg her to marry me, for I would know that she would be one in a million."

He didn't realize, when he was saying this, that everyone knew he was giving a perfect picture of Frances.

And now they are married. And now they are back in Hollywood. And still they are stoutly sticking to their original code—no romance ballyhoo.

And, maybe I'm just an old romanticist, but I feel, somehow, as if this marriage has a better chance than most of those Hollywood weddings. Both Frances and Joel are so sane, so sensible and—whether they'll tell you about it or not—so much in love.

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The Private History of a Crooner

(*Continued from page 31*)

jackets in town. His preference in hats ran to straws with bright bands. Even before his grammar school days were over, Dick Powell was a leading "jelly bean."

HE had been graduated from grade school with the highest honors they could confer. He was pledged to the P. I. E., which meant (believe it or not) Perfect in Everything. And do not think that this honor sat lightly on him. Combined with the thrill of his first pair of long trousers, it developed such a case of swelled head on the Powell shoulders that he flunked all four subjects during his first half year in high school!

Gone were those days of tender musings, philosophy and ambition. Mrs. Powell's little boy was himself again as he rounded the corner into sixteen—a very cocksure young gentleman who considered himself quite the largest "spud" that ever hung around a drugstore corner and watched the girls go by. It was his own private opinion that he was quite a devil with the ladies. The fact that he could get his father's car every evening greatly increased his popularity with the local belles. Though it never occurred to the head-swollen Dick that it was the car, not the boy that went over so big.

ONE evening, parked cozily on the side of a road that lead out of Little Rock, a pretty little blonde nestled in the crook of his arm, Sheik Powell tilted back his head and began to sing softly to the moon—or was it to the lady? It sounded so good, even to him, that he repeated the chorus several times. "Say," remarked the little blonde, "you sing real well. Did anybody ever tell you?"

Practically the same idea had been dawning pleasantly upon Dick. No, strictly speaking, no one had ever thought anything about his voice.

The idea that he might actually have a voice was so novel and pleasing to the young man, that he perfunctorily kissed the blonde good-night and returned home to mull over the possibilities it presented.

The day following Armistice Day he was kicked out of high school. He and a couple of other fellows had swiped a car for the purpose of riding in the parade. The school simply couldn't get it through their head that they were planning to return the vehicle. So out they went. Because several football stars were among those kicked out, they decided to organize their own professional football club. A club which advocated smoking for football players—just to spite the coaches.

Dick's father was furious and his mother broken-hearted at the action the school elders had taken. When they heard additional news that their pride and joy was not only out of school by invitation but was actually a member of the Smoking Football Team (professionals at that), they nearly died of humiliation.

"Your conduct is making your mother frantic," stormed Powell *père* as he strode up and down in front of his son. "Are you going to spend the rest of your life getting in and out of mischief? Haven't you any ambition?"

"I'd kinda like to sing," he offered softly, lest this wild suggestion should bring a premature stroke on his already angry father.

"Sing?" repeated Mr. Powell in amazement. "Can you sing?"

"I think I could if I studied. . . . I mean. . . . I think maybe it might be something to occupy me now that I've been kicked out of. . . . I mean now that I have so much spare time on my hands. Maybe I could get a job singing in the choir . . . or something."

That crack about the choir had merely been a shot in the dark—a reference of "refinement" which might pacify his family. Not only did it pacify them, but his pleased mother and father actually promoted a choir job!

It was the beginning of Dick Powell's singing career in Little Rock. Every Sunday morning his clear tenor voice rang out over the Presbyterian congregation ($15 per Sunday). Every Friday night he sang at the Jewish Synagogue which netted him $10 and on Wednesdays at the Scottish Rite Consistory for another $10. Besides these, there would be an occasional funeral or wedding which meant $5 a song.

HIS church singing was proving very lucrative. Money was coming easy to young Powell. Truly, he was becoming a man-about-Little Rock. He went to dances at the Capital Hotel, sent his girl friends corsages, bought a saxophone and played in the jazz band.

He became so ambitious that he actually wanted a daytime job—and got it with the Cox Grocery Company. He did so well by the grocery company he was offered the management of one of their branch stores, but by this time a job with "more dignity" had presented itself and Dick turned it down. For one entire summer he was secretary-office boy to Gilbert T. Owens, state senator. When fall came on he was so burning with ambition that he consented to enroll in the Little Rock College Catholic Military School, where he played in the band and studied voice.

Vacation time came and Dick once more found himself a daytime job at the power house. Though his first work consisted of drilling holes through concrete, he was later promoted to testing meters. Evenings, he would sing at public places and once he even organized his own jazz band called the Peter Pan Orchestra. "It was," he says, "as lousy as it sounds."

But bad as it was, Dick's singing attracted the attention of a small time booking agent who arranged for him to make a trip to St. Louis in a real honest-to-goodness professional theatre. Along with the act went two other local Little Rock "artists," the Allen Sisters.

They departed in a blaze of glory for St. Louis. It was the biggest moment of young Powell's life.

Came the big night of his first theatrical debut!

Of course, an open air picture show wasn't exactly what he had planned for himself—but anyway, it was a theatre and beginners couldn't be too choosey, he assured himself.

So he sang and sang well. By the time he finished he could hear the burst of applause in advance! They'd probably go crazy about him (he decided) as he drawled out that last "you." He finished . . . he bowed . . . and he waited!

Exactly *three* sets of bored hands applauded. He swears he counted them. Just three . . . and a very feeble three.

It wasn't until later, discouraged and blue, in his dressing-room that he discovered they had been holding a singing contest at that same theatre for three weeks . . . and those folks were just all worn out with singing, good or otherwise. The manager was sympathetic. He said, "Kid, don't feel bad. You've really got a future. You'll get along."

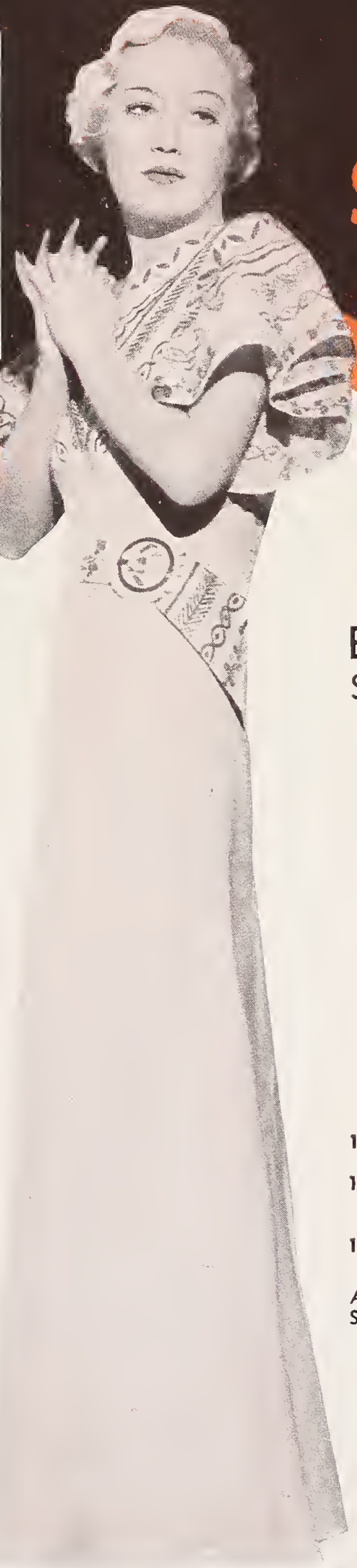
But for the moment the cocky Mr. Powell was defeated!

It was years later that Dick Powell of "Forty-second Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933" fame returned in person to that same theatre and met that same manager. Only now it is the largest picture show in St. Louis and Dick Powell was getting $3500 per week for his personal appearance there.

Don't miss the second installment of Dick Powell's fascinating life story. Read how he loves—and loses love. Read the inside story of his amazing rise to overwhelming success. And—is there another romance? In our next issue!

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company at Dunellen, N. J.

COULD YOU LOVE TWO MEN



...*at the* SAME *time?*

GILDA COULD . . . AND DID!

"I love you, Gilda," said Tom.

"I love you, Gilda," said George.

"And I love you both," said Gilda . . . but she married Max!

Which was very disturbing for the boys, highly gratifying to Max, and perfectly screaming for the world at large.

The same world has been enjoying itself immensely ever since Noel Coward revealed his hilarious "Design for Living", the gayest, most amazing romance that has ever come your way.

Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Edward Everett Horton are currently delighting motion picture audiences with this very amusing story—and at the same time, the latest SCREEN ROMANCES brings you the complete story of the picture!

You'll howl at this eternal triangle which became a quadrangle! And you'll gulp a little at the underlying sincerity beneath the hectic love-lives of these amazing Bohemians. Read this perfectly swell story; there may never be another like it! And enjoy as well the complete stories of eleven other new motion pictures in the same issue of the screen's only story magazine:

ENJOY these 12 screen stories in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES

1. **Design for Living**—Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins
2. **Hoopla**—Clara Bow, Preston Foster
3. **If I Were Free**—Irene Dunne, Clive Brook
4. **Counsellor-at-Law**—John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels
5. **A Man's Castle**—Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young
6. **Tarzan and His Mate**—Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan
7. **Meet the Baron**—Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Zasu Pitts
8. **The Cat and the Fiddle**—Ramon Novarro, Jeannette MacDonald
9. **Female**—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent
10. **The Kennel Murder Case**—William Powell, Mary Astor
11. **Blood Money**—George Bancroft, Frances Dee, Judith Anderson
12. **College Coach**—Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak

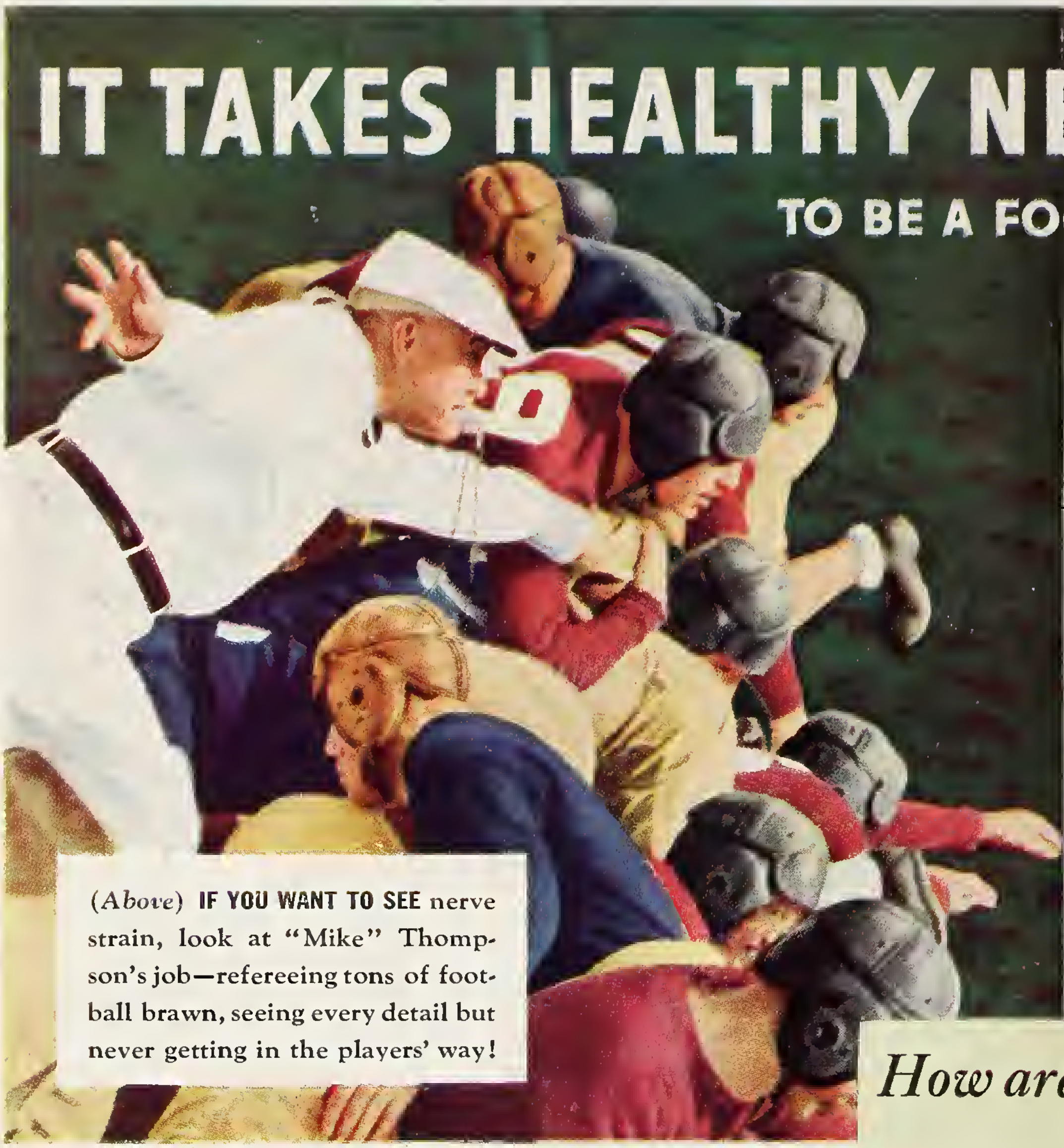
All Stories Profusely Illustrated with Scenes from Hollywood Productions!

Screen Romances

12 COMPLETE SCREEN STORIES IN EVERY ISSUE!

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE



(*Above*) **IF YOU WANT TO SEE** nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

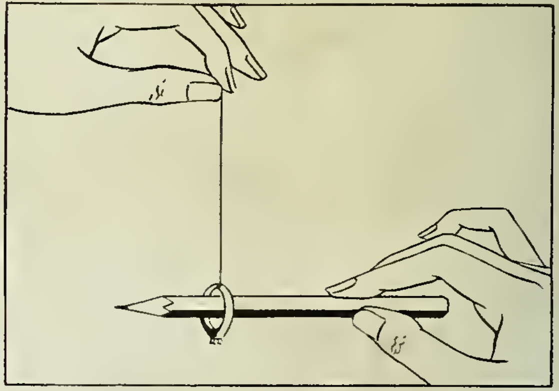
"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the longer I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

* * *

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous... irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up... and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

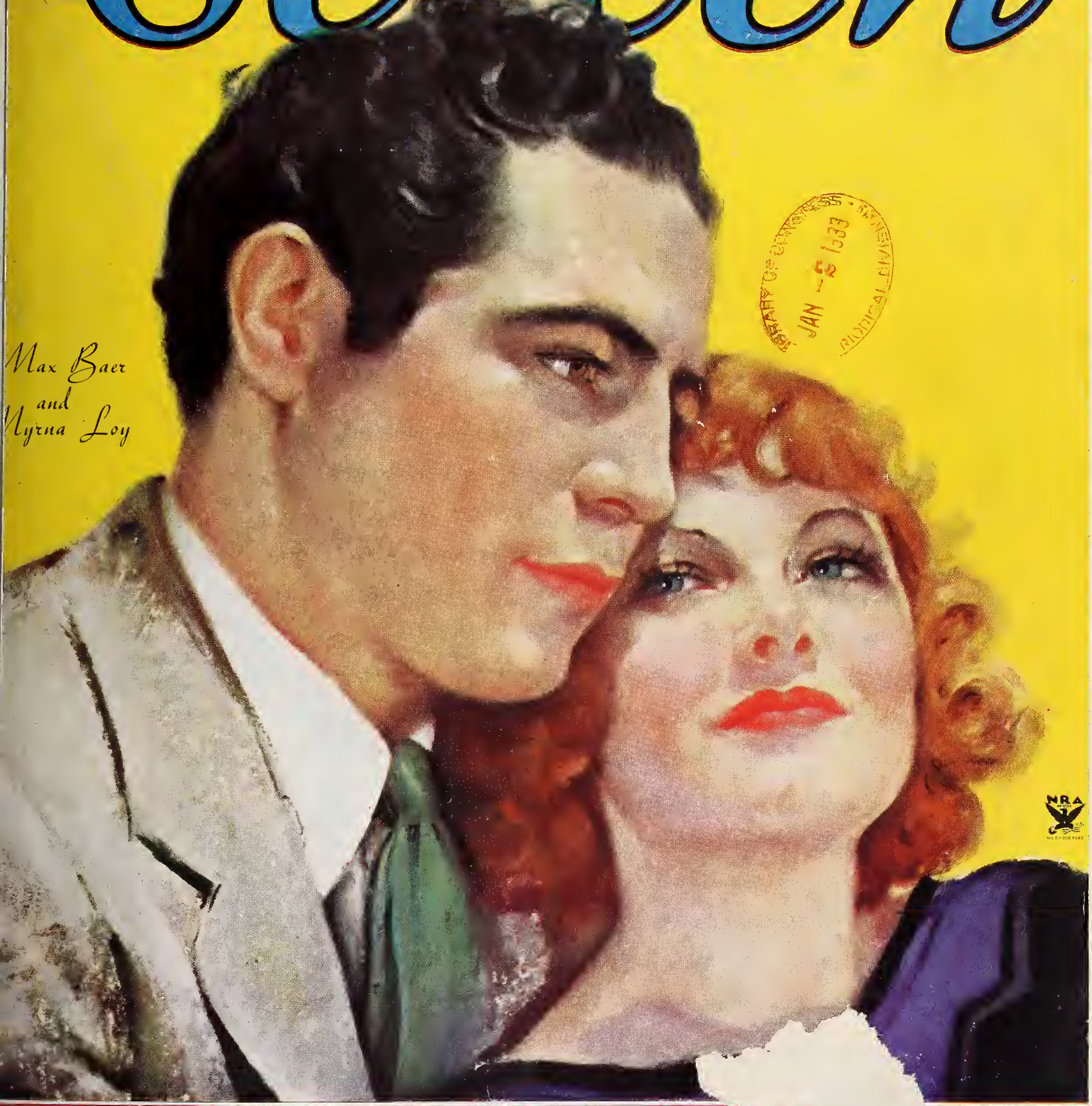
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
QUALITY

—THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

10 cents

February
34

MODERN Screen



Max Baer
and
Myrna Loy

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JAN -5 1933

Marriage? Divorce? Scandal? . . . Dareo's' Startling 1934 P[illegible]ns for

GARBO · HARLOW · HEPBURN · MAE WEST

and many others—see page 26

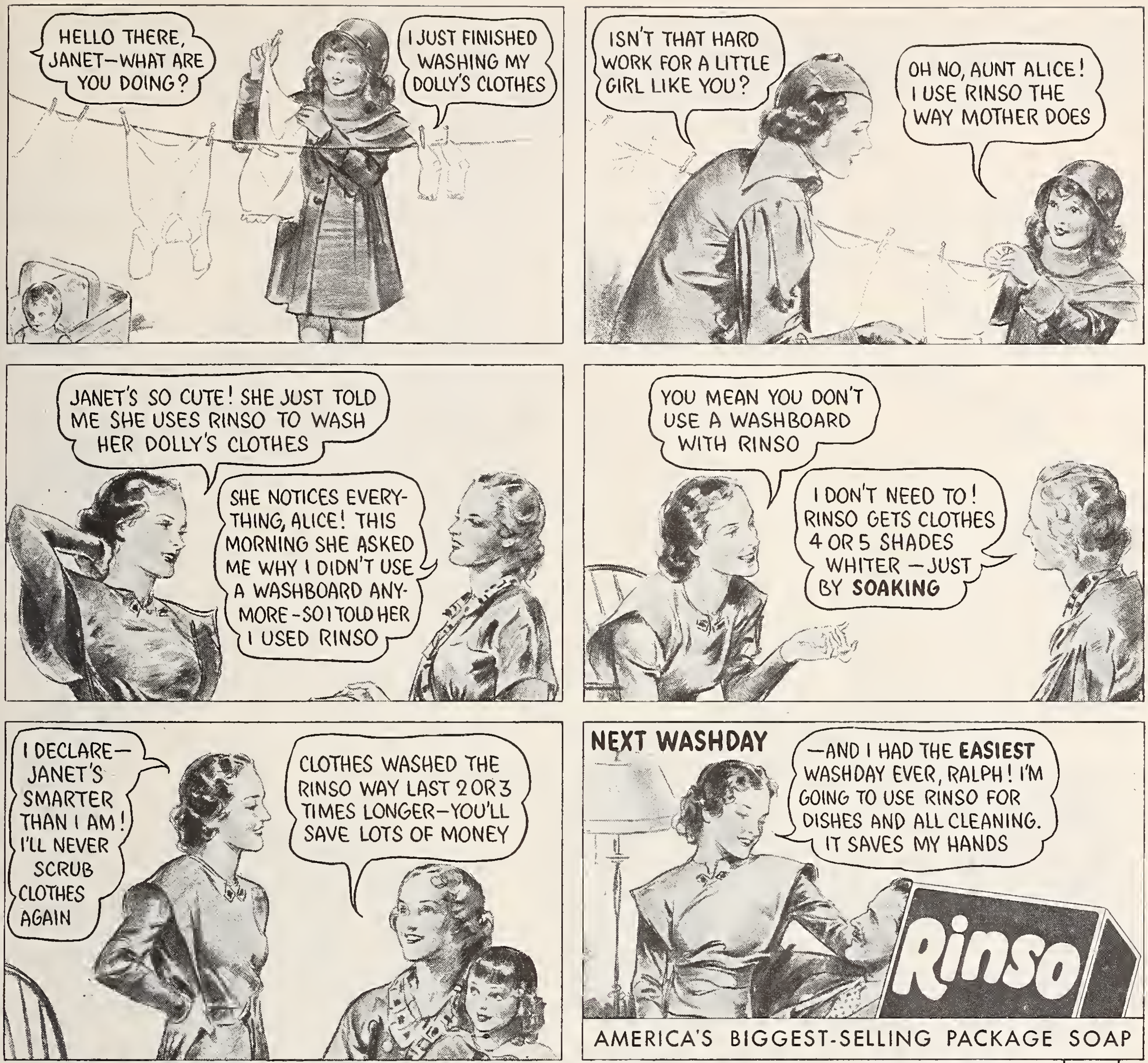
LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

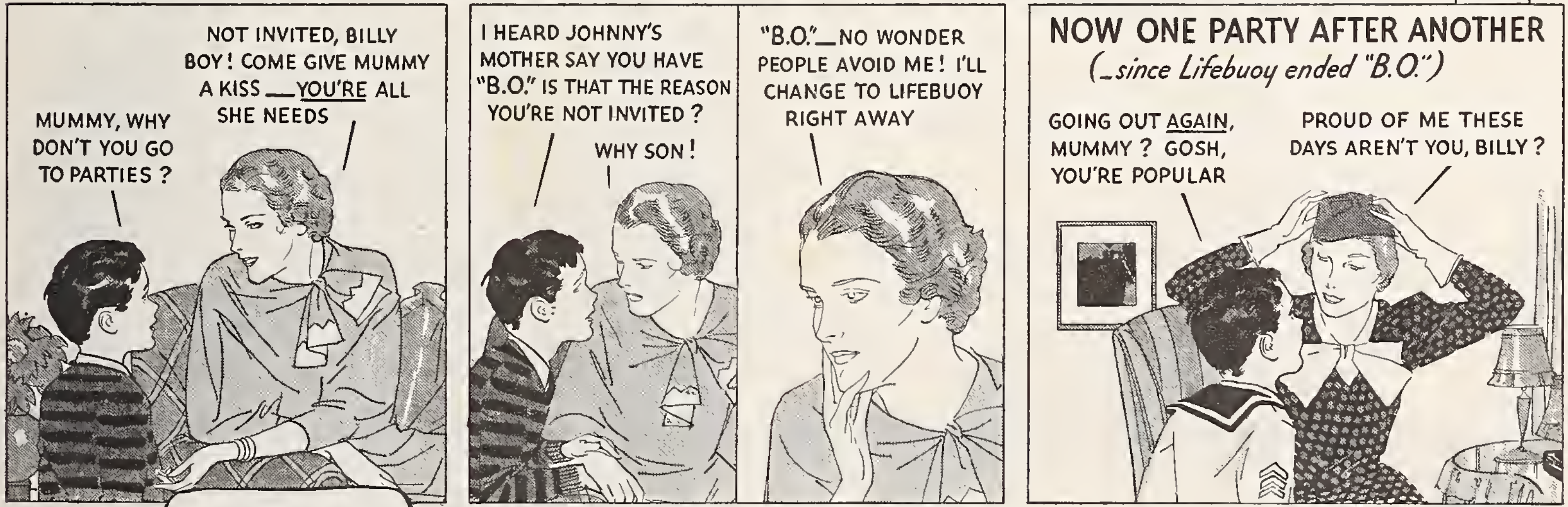
GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER


HELLO THERE, JANET—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I JUST FINISHED WASHING MY DOLLY'S CLOTHES
ISN'T THAT HARD WORK FOR A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU?
OH NO, AUNT ALICE! I USE RINSO THE WAY MOTHER DOES
JANET'S SO CUTE! SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE USES RINSO TO WASH HER DOLLY'S CLOTHES
SHE NOTICES EVERYTHING, ALICE! THIS MORNING SHE ASKED ME WHY I DIDN'T USE A WASHBOARD ANYMORE—SO I TOLD HER I USED RINSO
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T USE A WASHBOARD WITH RINSO
I DON'T NEED TO! RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—JUST BY SOAKING
I DECLARE—JANET'S SMARTER THAN I AM! I'LL NEVER SCRUB CLOTHES AGAIN
CLOTHES WASHED THE RINSO WAY LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY
NEXT WASHDAY
—AND I HAD THE EASIEST WASHDAY EVER, RALPH! I'M GOING TO USE RINSO FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING. IT SAVES MY HANDS
Rinso
AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

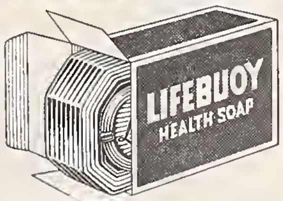
PROUD OF HIS MOTHER NOW


MUMMY, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO PARTIES?
NOT INVITED, BILLY BOY! COME GIVE MUMMY A KISS — YOU'RE ALL SHE NEEDS
I HEARD JOHNNY'S MOTHER SAY YOU HAVE "B.O." IS THAT THE REASON YOU'RE NOT INVITED?
WHY SON!
"B.O."—NO WONDER PEOPLE AVOID ME! I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY
NOW ONE PARTY AFTER ANOTHER
(since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")
GOING OUT AGAIN, MUMMY? GOSH, YOU'RE POPULAR
PROUD OF ME THESE DAYS AREN'T YOU, BILLY?

ITS PURIFYING LATHER IS FINE FOR THE SKIN, TOO

Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is *extra cleansing.* Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

These winter months, watch out! Windows are kept closed; rooms get hot and stuffy. The merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Refreshing, delightful—and it gives *extra* protection.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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JAN -2 1934

MODERN Screen

It can't be done!

—BUT MODERN SCREEN DOES IT!

Does what? Why, gets a story from Norma Shearer that no one ever expected to get. No one ever expected Norma Shearer to talk so honestly and bravely about certain definite physical handicaps which she has overcome.

But—for MODERN SCREEN—Norma has talked about these things. And just how fearlessly she has talked you can discover for yourself on page 14.

Watch for another "It Can't Be Done" story in MODERN SCREEN. The most daring film magazine series in years!

FEATURES

NORMA SHEARER'S PERSONAL REVELATION .... Maude Lathem 14
A story we never expected to get! Norma talks more frankly about herself than ever before

BEHIND THE NEWS OF GARY'S ENGAGEMENT .... Katherine Albert 17
The lone wolf, Cooper, and Sandra Shaw are engaged. But—now what?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN 1934? .... Harry Lang 26
Some of Dareos' prophecies are almost unbelievable! But see how accurate he was about 1933

OUR MODERN MARRIAGE

IT'S A GREAT MISTAKE,' SAYS CLAUDETTE COLBERT .... Adele Whitely Fletcher 30
So says this lady of her "separate establishment" marriage

IT'S OKAY, SAYS NORMAN FOSTER .... Katherine Albert 31
So says this gentlemen of his "separate establishment" marriage

NEW MEN! WHERE ARE THEY? .... Faith Baldwin 40
Oh, yes, there are a few new male attractions. But they lack something. What is it?

YOU LEARN TO KNOW THEM—WHEN THEY'RE CLOTHES SHOPPING
You bet you do! And the famous designer has sold clothes to them all! Howard Greer 44

LEE TRACY'S EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT TO MODERN SCREEN 47
His straight-from-the shoulder opinion about himself and that Mexican business

THE GREAT GOD STUDIO (Illustrated by Jack Welch) .... Gladys Hall 54
The demands of this deity are always met—or else!

WHAT GINGER OWES HER MOTHER .... Jim Tully 56
What doesn't she owe this devoted pal and parent!

MYRNA LOY IN MARBLE .... Jack Hill 59
She was perpetuated in a beautiful monument. And she never said a word!

BEHIND THE SCENES OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" .... Jack Jamison 62
One of the sweetest stories that ever came out of Hollywood

JOE SAYS A MOUTHFUL! .... Nanette Kutner 65
Joe E., of the slapstick Browns, is a very different chappie offscreen

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A CROONER .... Walter Ramsey 66
Concluding the adventures, romantic and financial, of Dick Powell

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THESE CHARMED GIFTS? .... Virginia T. Lane 69
It isn't a coincidence when it happens a dozen times!

DOUBLE-DUTY OUTFITS .... Margery Wells 72
Make your clothes serve you twice over. It's really easy!

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Some plain talk about escaping plainness

THE MODERN HOSTESS .... **Phyllis Deen-Dunning** 8
What to serve when the gang drops in after the party

BETWEEN YOU AND ME 10
What the fans think

THE HOLLYWOOD TIMES 35
We hold the presses for this news page

GOOD NEWS! 36
All the Hollywood chatter that's fit to print

REVIEWS—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES 48
Read 'em before you spend your money on movie-going

ALL JOKING ASIDE 50
Bet you didn't know these facts before!

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Designs you'll simply ache to try for yourself

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DIRECTORY OF PICTURES 82
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DIRECTORY OF PLAYERS 84
Where they work and all the other facts about them

And also: Portraits, 19; Boy! Are they Happy!, 29; It's Always Summer at Palm Springs, 32; Love Birds, 42; Gallery of Honor, 51; Lovers, 60; What Lovely Clothes, Sylvia! 70.

ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

MARY BURGUM, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

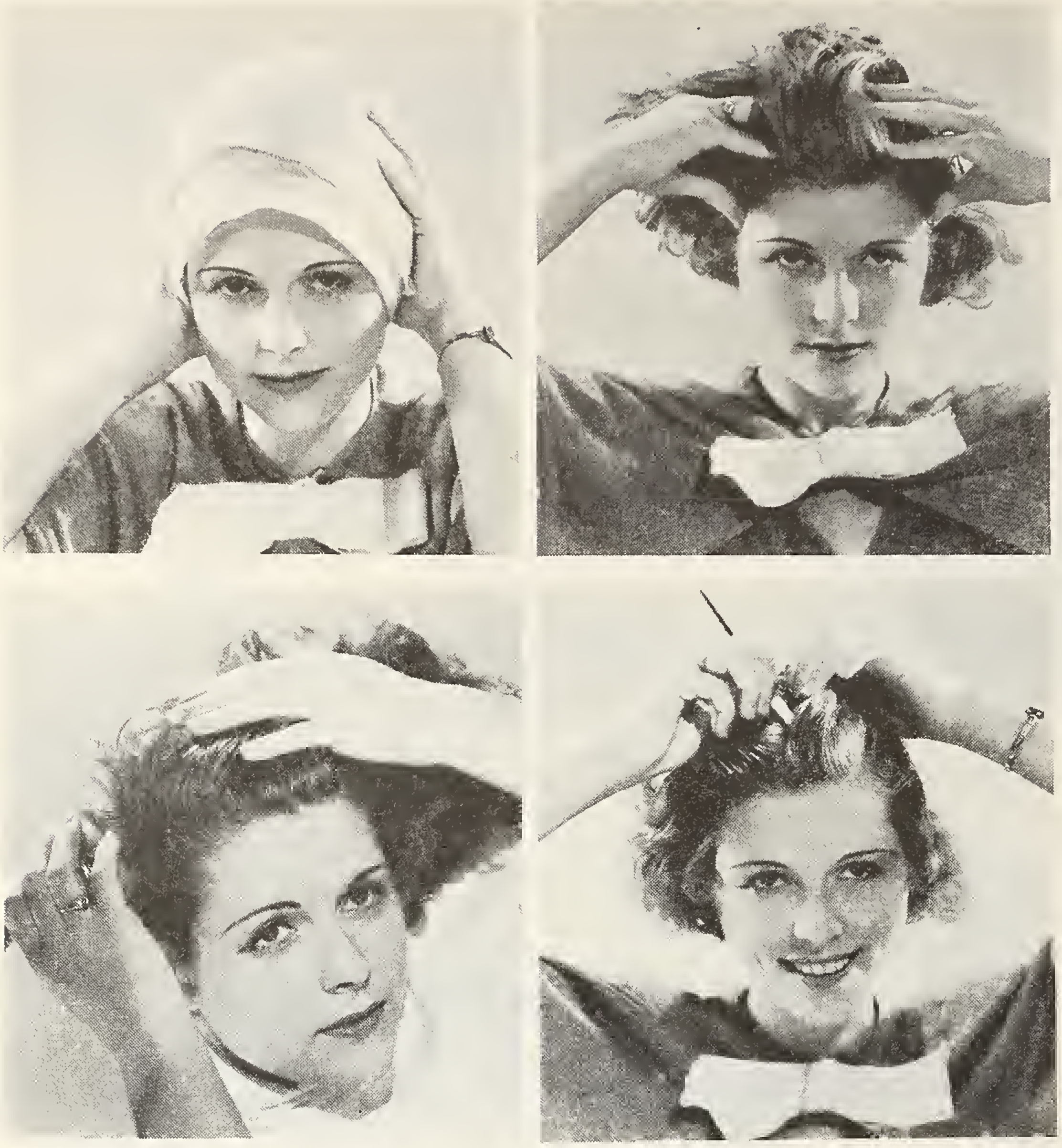
Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.

NO MEN ALLOWED

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover — Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town



At our left, we have an illustrated primer of hair beauty. Pretty Irene Hervey shows you the neatest and most efficient way to apply hot oil to your scalp—with a cotton-wrapped stick. Then, she massages that oil well into the scalp. Third, she steams her hair in a hot towel. And finally, after her shampoo, she rinses away every particle of soap with a handy hand spray.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address
Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

I AM wondering if, maybe, the Mae West vogue and the interest in 1890 attire is going to do anything to styles of headdress. It's just an idea of my own, by the way. I haven't heard anything from Hollywood or seen anything in the papers about pompadours coming back in style. I've just been wondering, that's all . . .

You see, hair has remained about the same for quite a spell now. There have been minor changes—from extreme bobs to softer, more feminine bobs; bangs; foreheads and ears have been exposed to view and covered up again. But there has been no big, radical change in hair style as there undoubtedly has been in dress style. And so, I was just wondering . . .

I was wondering if maybe it wouldn't be smart if we started in to pay a whole lot of attention to our hair. Don't let's be satisfied with a minimum of hair beauty and hair chic. A that's-good-enough attitude. As I have said before, nothing can more easily make a plain girl pretty or a pretty girl beautiful than a really scrumptious head of hair. And vice versa. I know a very pretty girl whose hair usually looked like a golliwog's—and one day I saw her with the old topknot beautifully waved and groomed and she was a hundred percent more beautiful.

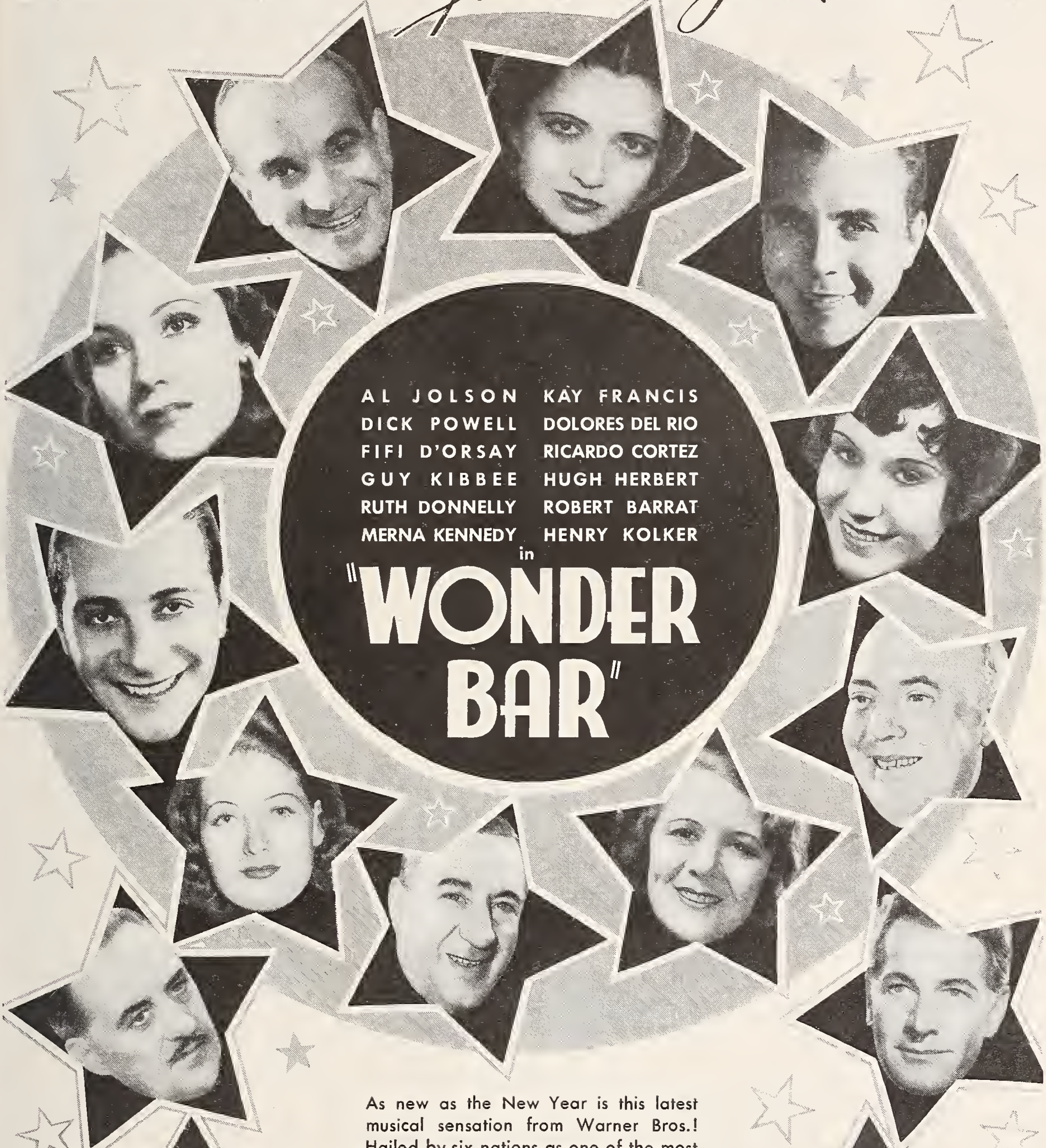
Mark my words: you can have attractive hair, no matter how hopeless it seems at the start, if you'll only keep working at it. And it's much easier to work on than a bad skin or a lumpy figure, too.

You can see "by de pitchers" on this page four fundamental steps toward hair beauty. First, Irene Hervey—a cute new M-G-M player—is applying warm oil to her scalp in one of the two correct ways. She has wound a swab of cotton on the end of a stick. With this she is parting her hair—closely, all over the head—and applying oil to her scalp. The other way is to moisten a sponge of cotton in the oil—quicker, but slightly messier.

Then, the sensible girl massages her oiled scalp with her fingers. She ruffles the hair up so that it stands on end. She may even pull it a little—pulling in moderation is good for the hair and the scalp. Then she ties a hot turkish towel around the old bean and leaves it there as long as there is any heat in it. In beauty parlors, they turn the drier whoozit on your oiled self and leave you to your own devices for ten (*Continued on page 112*)

HAIR-CHATTER AND SCALP-TALK—AND HINTS FOR GREATER HAIR BEAUTY

Now see *all* these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....



AL JOLSON
KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL
DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY
RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY
ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY
HENRY KOLKER
in

"WONDER BAR"

From
the Directors of
"Footlight Parade"—
LLOYD BACON and
dance numbers created and directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

5
Brilliant New Songs
by "42nd Street's"
Famous Composers—
AL DUBIN and
HARRY WARREN
A First Nat'l Picture

THE MODERN HOSTESS

(Above) You can imagine just how long that famous raisin-squash pie lasts when Dick is in the party. (Right) You certainly better have an extra supply of these little sandwiches on hand, for when your guests once taste them—

Beechnut Packing Company

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

OUR own parents were so imbued with the idea that the hours after midnight are steeped in sin that, whenever their darling chee-ild stayed out after that hour, they had themselves a snappy time pacing the floor while they restrained one another from rushing out into the night or organizing searching expeditions. While all this was going on, we would be sitting calmly and contentedly in some bean wagon or lunch room, happily consuming scrambled eggs and discussing the night's doings. Really odd, that bean wagon complex—as we've grown older we have frequently wondered why it is that people of all ages joyously sweep into quick lunch places late at night when nothing short of acute starvation could induce them to enter one in the daytime. Of course, there's nothing wrong about it, but there are pleasanter surroundings amid which to satisfy the nocturnal craving for food which inevitably besets one after a dance or the theatre.

So, if you are a parent given to agonizing over the delayed home-comings of a son or daughter, or if you are the one being agonized over, or if you are just one of those sensitive souls who rebels at the unaesthetic atmosphere of a lunch cart, harken to the words of Richard Cromwell whose favorite place in which to partake of midnight snacks is his own home.

As you probably know, Dick has a charming new house up on a mountain top, where his sister Anne keeps house for him. Dick's and Anne's conception of the perfect way to wind up an evening's merry making is to invite the gang up to their house for something to eat. And don't get the notion that there is anything fancy about the food provided, either. As Dick says, "About the only things anybody ever wants to eat late at night are hamburger, eggs or cheese and so Anne's specialties play up these favorites in a big and, incidentally, a slightly different, way. The things she can do with them are nobody's business."

"WELL," we replied, "we intend to make them *our* business. And," we continued challengingly, "we want to know what you can possibly do with hamburger except put onion in, or leave onion out?"

Dick smiled pityingly.

"You can make really grand sandwiches out of hamburger by adding other things besides onions—the way Anne does," (*Continued on page* 101)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for February, 1934.

Name........................
(Print in pencil)

Address........................
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

Dick Cromwell gives you some swell new ideas for those midnight snacks

"Save Your Hands!"

Avoid careless use of Steel Wool and prevent scratched fingers and infection.

To get the greatest benefit from Steel Wool in scouring pots, pans, aluminum utensils, enamelware, glass dishes, knives, forks—everything scourable, use

SKOUR-PAK

THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Handy rubber holder enables you to use SKOUR-PAK down to the last inch. No waste. A little pack yet it outlasts two packs of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10¢ stores.

RIDGWAYS INC.
60 Warren St., New York City

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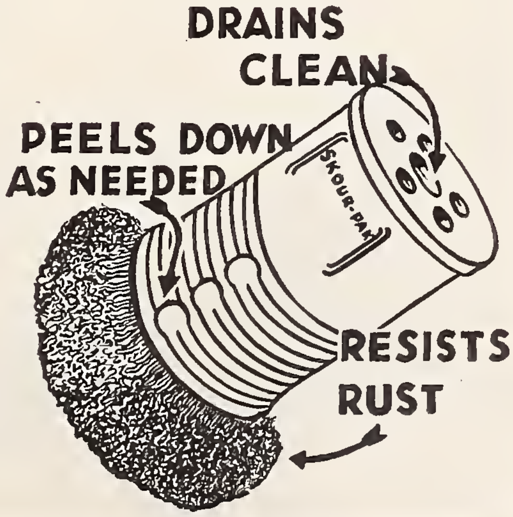
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART



BETWEEN *you* AND *me*

Marvelous!
LEO TOM
OTTO
GEORGE
500

$250 for Tom and $250 for George

EDITH CLAPP of Washington, D. C., wonders what it's all about and writes to ask why:

Maybe I am a little slow—and let's say for sake of argument that I am. But, nevertheless, why do movie companies buy plays and books and then deliberately turn around and produce them in a manner which bewilders the author?

"Design for Living" was a lot of sweetness and light when it reached the screen. They even changed the names of the two leading male characters from Leo and Otto to Tom and George. Why?

(Probably so that some enterprising adaptor could earn his $500 per. Or are we being too hard, too?)

"Duck Soup" Gets D-Minus

RUTH MILLER of Newark, N. J., turns amateur critic and writes:

Well, as the girl said to the soldier, "I may not know art, but I know what I like!" And "Duck Soup," the Marx Brothers most recent celluloid effusion—or offense—is a dish I could do without. In fact, could I locate those four bright boys en route from Hollywood to New York, I would present a subpoena apiece to 'em by way of a belated Christmas gift. Then they'd have a chance to be presented at court—and believe me, it wouldn't be the Court of St. James—and tell the judge why innocent bystanders should be separated from part of their weekly salaries in exchange for this quartet's "entertainment."

Of all the stupid slapstick stuff replete with hackneyed situations and time-worn gags, "Duck Soup" takes the consommé. It is as unfunny as it is vulgar and elicited so few laughs from the audience that a morbid Russian "meller" might have been being enacted on the screen.

Who Isn't?

BABY LEROY FAN of Connellsville, Penna., is positively popping with adoration:

This is a very sappy letter. I can't say anything except "Isn't Baby LeRoy adorable?" And that doesn't make very exciting reading, does it? But *isn't* he adorable? And he's getting *so* big. I bet when he grows up he'll be a great big husk, don't you think? Oh, my! This letter is so fatuous. But all my friends are getting sick of my raving about the old precious—so I'll just have to rave to you.

(It's okay by us, Fan. We feel the same way. The walls of our office are actually plastered with pictures of 'im.)

Dear Friends,

I've been asked by *Film Daily* to list my choice for the Ten Best Pictures of the Year.

Since I'm limited to films released between November 1, 1932, and October 31, 1933, I can't include "Little Women" or "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Remember that, when you start raking me over the coals. But write me and tell me which of mine you'd have left out, which you'd have added in their place: "Cavalcade," "Private Life of Henry VIII," "Maedchen in Uniform," "State Fair," "Stranger's Return," "42nd Street," "Lady for a Day," "Sign of the Cross," "Farewell to Arms," and "Blonde Bombshell."

Would you have included "I Am a Fugitive"? How about "Hold Your Man" and "She Done Him Wrong"? (I liked them all.) Space prohibits my telling you here why I left out "Christopher Strong," "Topaze," "The Story of Temple Drake" and "Voltaire." I didn't see "Zoo in Budapest," but perhaps you'd put it on your list. Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Sorry darling!

From "The Other Side"

PATRICIA BRYANT of London, drops us a line:

I want you to publish this about Alison Skipworth. Isn't she marvelous and can't you imagine how lovely she must have been a few years ago?

While walking down Piccadilly last week, we were thrilled to meet H. B. Warner and he was so very sweet about being held up for his autograph. Rather different from Charles Laughton, whom we saw in Hyde Park. All he did was to rush past saying, "Sorry, darling, I never give autographs."

(That was naughty of him, wasn't it? But these artists must be humored we suppose.)

Just Sweet Enough for Her Taste

LILLIAN RALSTON of Cooghan, N. Y., finds only one incongruity in "Little Women."

I have just seen "Little Women," and it is simply grand. That childhood story with its adult philosophy unreels enchantingly and convincingly. Surely much credit is due the director and scenarist for turning out such a vibrant, vital piece of work that could have gone saccharine and sentimental in the wrong hands. The cast was uniformly excellent, I think, with the possible exception of the mother, who was a bit maudlin and therefore, out of tune with the piece.

However, the one incongruous note in an otherwise perfect production was the scenery of the playlet the March girls put on, and the beautifully printed program. How could they have obtained them? Couldn't possibly!

(We agree with you. The fans generally have criticized this obvious error. Maybe the wealthy Mr. Lawrence sent to the city for "them thar props.")

We Can't Keep the West Letters Out

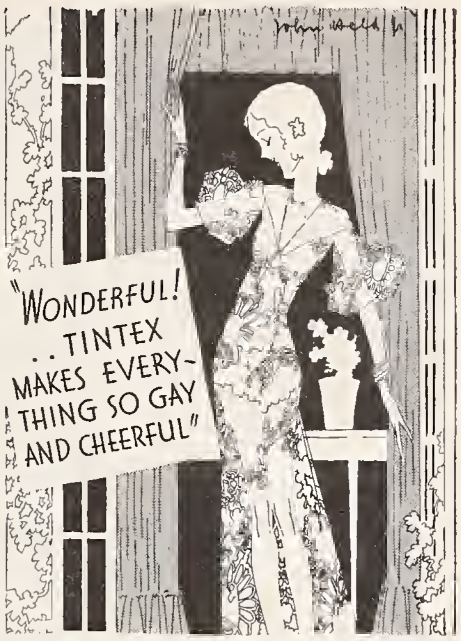
C. R. DOOLEY of Miami, Florida, is slayed:

I'm slayed. Positively slayed! By none other than Mae West. Just roll Theda Bara, Pola Negri, Clara Bow, Connie Bennett and Garbo into one big roll and start them down the hill

(*Continued on page 12*)

"ISN'T IT A LOVELY COLOR? TINTEX DID IT!"

Banish Faded Color with TINTEX!


"WONDERFUL! . . TINTEX MAKES EVERYTHING SO GAY AND CHEERFUL"

● **These famous Tints and Dyes bring New Color Gayety to your Wardrobe and Home Decorations**

HERE'S *how Tintex works!* It's *easy* . . . a child can use Tintex. It's *quick* . . . takes but a few minutes. It's *perfect* . . . only expensive professional work can equal its results.

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Now—here's what Tintex does! It restores the original color to any faded fabric, or it gives an entirely different color, if you wish. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex colors from which to choose.

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And—here's what Tintex is for! Use Tintex for dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, underthings, negligees, children's clothes, etc , etc. For curtains, drapes, table-scarfs, dinner-cloths, cushion covers, etc., etc.

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There's color-beauty and money-saving in every package of Tintex!

"TINTEX HAS TINTED IT JUST-LIKE-NEW!"

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

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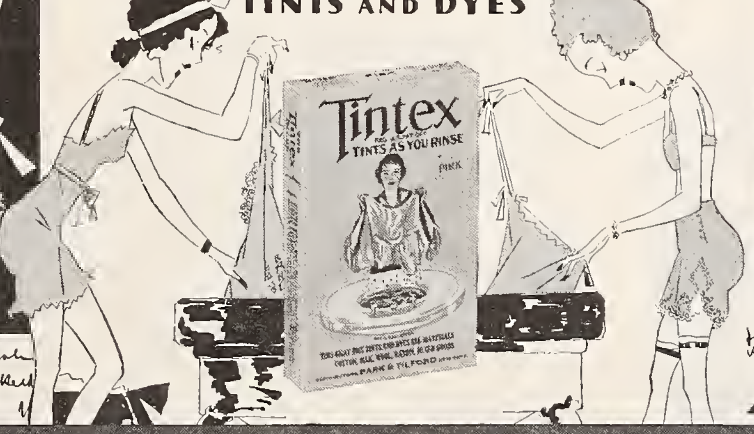
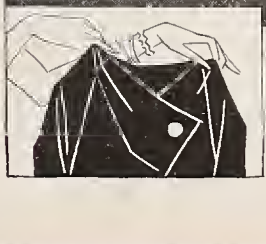
TINTS AND DYES


Tintex
TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK

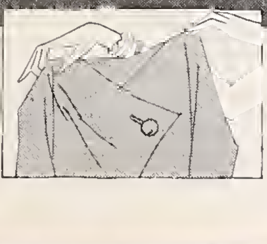
"TINTEX IS SIMPLY PRICELESS!"

To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER

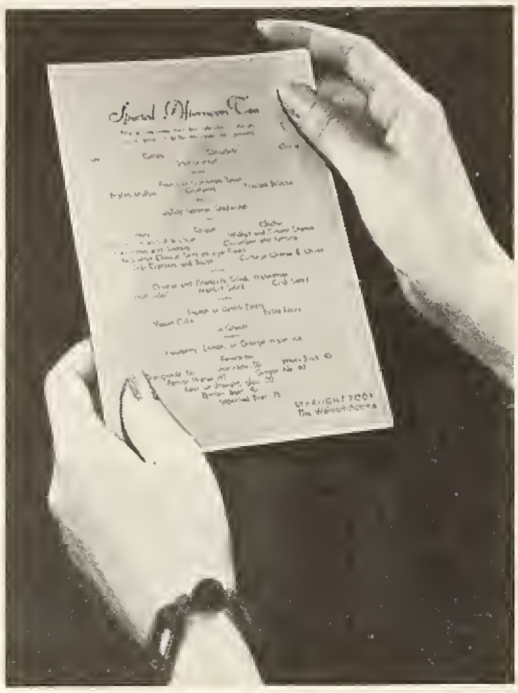


Supposing you have a dark dress (or *any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.



... and his eyes are saying—

"What Lovely Hands!"

In all the sum total of a woman's charms, what is more alluringly feminine than the soft loveliness of fair, smooth-textured hands!

Now, with Pacquin's, even busy hands may have the beauty men adore and women envy. Because Pacquin's unlike most creams, doesn't vanish — it *penetrates,* carrying into the skin precious natural softening oils, so necessary to keep your hands youthfully smooth and supple. It counteracts the drying, oil-robbing effect of exposure to water or weather—the chief enemy of hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's for a week. You'll rejoice at the way it softens and whitens your hands—you'll find it *different* and pleasantly economical, because a little pat goes such a long way. *Don't try to hide your hands—use*

Pacquin's

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 10*)

into the discard—or the bay. And give me just Mae West.

Reader Does a Faith Baldwin

MISS JERRY PETTIT of Flint, Michigan, would like to meet:

Joan Crawford—because she is my favorite actress.

Frances Dee—because she's so sweet and pretty.

Franchot Tone—because he's a very good friend of Joan Crawford. (*Friend, sez you? Sister, it's more than friendship!*)

Bing Crosby—because he thrills me so with his singing.

Jackie Cooper—because he makes me cry—and I love it.

Dorothy Jordan—because she has such a sweet face.

Greta Garbo—because I would like to find out for myself just how mysterious she really is.

Mae West—because she makes me laugh, even though she is very naughty.

One of Hollywood's Best-Dressed Men Gets a Rave

GEORGE SWEETMAN, Yonkers, N. Y., thinks Monsieur Powell is elegant:

Here's to Bill Powell! In my opinion, a marvelous actor. Not boisterous, nor one who uses he-man tactics, but the cool, calm gentleman always. I am anticipating with great eagerness seeing his forthcoming picture, "King of Fashion."

Bravos for a New Baritone!

LILLY D., of Astoria, L. I., is glad that America discovered Columbo:

Congratulations and three hearty cheers to the one and only Russ Columbo. Folks, there's a crooner for you. His singing comes straight from the heart. He was a sensation in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

She's Worried About Gable

JENNIE MAY W. of Toronto, Canada, thinks he's had a raw deal:

Up pops the biggest box office sensation since Valentino. He's no second Forbes-Robertson when it comes to acting, but he has appeal, vitality and under a capable director he turns in a good performance. What's most important, he's exciting —after a long, dreary run of namby-pamby movie men. What happens? He gets a few good pictures—then he's pushed into supporting roles. Even those get weaker and weaker. Why, you'd hardly know the old Clark Gable today! It makes me mad. Why is M-G-M wasting this good man in poor roles?

. . (*There's a powerful lot of truth in what you say, m' dear. We suspect M-G-M wanted to "build him up"—in other words, they didn't want to ruin him by starring him too quickly. They've gone to an extreme in doing this. However, chirrup—chirrup. Clark really gets a chance to do "China Seas" after all this time.*)

Just a Few Prejudices

JOHN HENRY of New York City talks out in meeting:

Maybe I'm getting to be an old crab, but, honestly, I'm getting awfully sick of some of the movie people and some of the types of pictures that others continue to rave about. F'rinstance: I'm tired of musicals. Never did like 'em much, anyway. I admit the new crop are one hundred percent better than the old, but they're all the same. And I'm tired of Lionel Barrymore. He's always the same. I think he *can* do excellent work—I've seen him do it. But it's time for a change in style now. And I'm not impressed with huge, stellar casts unless the people in them do stellar work. I thought "Night Flight" was a great waste of money.

Who's a Big Bad Wolf? Garbo

JERRY HERR of Philadelphia, Pa., says:

I have just read an article in MODERN SCREEN that human beings frighten Greta Garbo. Well! Isn't that just too bad. If you want to ask me, I think that big bad wolf, Greta, frightens us. Especially when she wore that short dancing dress with her long, lanky legs, and feet like canal boats in "Grand Hotel." And when Garbo did that dance and flitted around like a long giraffe our whole party laughed out loud. I would like to shoot the guy that picked Garbo for that kind of a role, or any role. Take her away, I tank you send her home.

Believe It or Not, She Likes Bow

MARLENE SMITH of Detroit, Mich., sends highest praise:

Orchids to the one and only Clara Bow. Have just seen her latest picture, "Hoopla," and I certainly don't think anyone could have been any sweeter or more adorable than Clara was. She has such beautiful and expressive eyes. But what's the use of description and praise, I couldn't put into words my true opinion of that gorgeous star. If Clara Bow should ever leave the screen, as rumored, I should feel as though I had lost someone whom I loved dearly. Beautiful, adorable, alluring Clara Bow.

Let's Go Natural for a Change

ELLEN HONE of Cleveland, Ohio, storms at us in this letter:

I am just sick and tired of reading praises, praises and more praises for every kind of garden and hothouse variety of actor and actress of the screen. Every darn movie fan magazine that one picks up reveals nothing but how wonderful they all are. Really, one would never guess that these people are truly human. That they have any of the natural emotions that are the very opposite of praise begetting. I'll bet plenty of them slap their kids in a fit of anger (that isn't artistic temperament, either) and scream at their husbands and wives. All the pretty-pretty pictures and all the pretty-pretty stories get just a bit nauseous at times.

Wants Serials Back in the Picture Diet

MARY CUSHING of Chicago, Ill., makes a plea:

I have been a great movie fan for many years. I see all the shows. Why not change the movies once in a while? Why not bring back some of those serials, good clean pictures like "Dollar Down," starring Ruth Roland. Let's have a good old serial anyway. The public needs a change. Why not give it to them?

Well, for Art's Sake!

MARGARET TEDFORD of Santa Ana, Calif., thinks a little goes a heck of a way:

Except for the occasional picture, I do not believe in the following out of the expression "art for art's sake." Once in a while a production, such as the unforgettable "Sunrise," is made in which artistic photography, mood and story are perfectly harmonized; art becomes the primary interest and no one would question its right to supremacy. The forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" will be, by the nature of its subject matter, fantastically imaginative and primarily artistic. It is impossible to conceive of its being handled in any other manner.

As a rule, however, I am convinced that art as it is used in motion pictures should not be isolated from life. Rather, it should express and interpret life and be in some way definitely connected with human experience, either physical or mental.

Which Comes First—Star or Story?

LILLIAN CORDWELL of New York writes:

Give us more stories and pictures like "Back Street," real, honest-to-goodness, possible pictures.

Star our own Irene Dunne and Warner Baxter in such pictures. The stars playing in a picture make or mar the whole story.

And This Means Somep'n—When You've Seen 'Em All

C. R. DOOLEY of Miami, Fla., writes us:

Well, suh—I've seen it all! Yes, suh, everything!

When those "can't-be-beat" producers way out there across the continent make more brilliant productions than "42nd Street, "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade,"

(*Continued on page 116*)

Kleinert's
THRIFT
GUARANTEED
MADE IN U.S.AMERICA
JIF 3 390

Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS

give all your dresses guaranteed protection • • •

You—as well as Hollywood stars—will find that any intense emotion instantly increases underarm moisture even in the *coolest* weather.

Kleinert's Dress Shields protect your frocks not only in such emergencies but also from the friction of daily wear and the deteriorating effects of strong underarm astringents.

It is the truest kind of economy to insist on this guaranteed protection — especially when 25¢ will buy genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields *in the store where you purchased this magazine.*

Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

as low as 25¢ *a pair*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Today, she is unquestionably one of the screen's loveliest ladies.

NORMA SHEARER'S *personal* REVELATIONS

FOR several years all of us in Hollywood have known what terrific handicaps Norma Shearer has had. We have known that Norma was not always the beautiful, radiant, glamorous woman you now see on the screen. Her muscular legs and upper arms, her long neck, her crooked teeth and the cast in her eye—yes really!—were things we who know the stars so well had whispered about.

But, of course, it never occurred to any of us that she, herself, would ever talk about these handicaps. Stars are supposed to be perfect. They cringe when their defects are even hinted at. It's supposed to be bad business. Therefore, I want to say that Norma proved herself the courageous, honest, fine person she is when she frankly discussed these things with me. My hat's off to her, for she has talked for what I think is a noble reason. She has talked to me, told me things that editors have said for years it would be impossible to get her to admit, for one reason only. Because I told her that if she allowed me to write about the struggles she has had, with her handicaps and the marvelous way in which she has overcome them, it would inspire others, would show the thousands of women readers of MODERN SCREEN that one should not be discouraged by physical defects and that they can be overcome.

She was anxious that, in quoting her, I did not make her sound sure of herself. She is not sure of herself, not setting herself up as a perfect example by any manner of means. Merely this—she started out in pictures with more physical defects than almost any star has had. She has overcome them with courage and fortitude and, because I think her story told in her own words is a beautiful message of hope, I am going to pass it on to you.

Spectacular as this story is, amazed as other fan magazines will be to see it here, it is printed, I assure you, for one reason only—because it is an inspirational document. Norma would not have talked thus to be sensational. She has told the truth about herself at last because I said that you and you and you would be encouraged in your own daily struggles by it.

So this is Norma's story.

"I don't mind at all talking about the kind of fight I have had, if it will help anybody else with their problems.

"The biggest trouble I have had is that I was an athletic girl. Most English girls are. I came from Canada and I had a brother who thought it was fine for me to match my physical strength against his, and I was proud of the muscles I developed. I played tennis like a fiend. I golfed and walked and ran and skated and swam, which gave me a pair of biceps a prize fighter might have looked

You thought she dare not—but at last this great star frankly discusses her

The teeth she straightened!

The eyes she had to control!

It can't be done!

—BUT MODERN SCREEN DOES IT!

You thought: "It can't be done; Norma Shearer would never talk frankly and fearlessly on the delicate subject of the physical handicaps she overcame."

But Norma Shearer does—exclusively for MODERN SCREEN.

When you and Hollywood say, "It can't be done!" MODERN SCREEN does it. Watch for the next feature in this thrilling series.

By MAUDE LATHEM

at with envy and the muscles of my legs were all out of proportion.

"In addition to this, I am fairly tall. When I decided to try my luck at pictures I hadn't the remotest idea of what was ahead of me. Of course, I knew I was not beautiful but I thought then, and I think now, that that indefinable something which we call charm is so much more important than mere beauty. I thought maybe I could cultivate charm.

"When I got one look at my first screen test, I discovered as ungainly a sight as you can imagine. It was not so much that the features of my face were magnified into something terrible. There was nothing special about the face one way or another. Of course, it wasn't a stylish face, but I hoped by and by the screen would use more than one type of face—which they now do.

"But my figure and walk! I, being the athletic type, love the long stride and easy walk of the athlete, but for a girl who might aspire to ingénue rôles on the screen then, this was out. I wouldn't advise any girl to do strenuous athletics while in her teens, if she plans a screen career later. Of course, if you mean to be an eccentric dancer like Charlotte Greenwood or if you are born with the glamor of a Garbo, that is okay. But I didn't come under either head. I simply had a muscular figure and an ungainly walk—on the screen!

"You may think dieting to reduce weight is pretty bad, and I agree with you, but it is nothing compared to trying to get rid of *muscles* and at the same time to eat a sufficient amount of tissue-building foods so your resistance and vitality are not lowered.

THIS was one of the greatest battles of my life. There were days when I thought I simply could not go on, days when I thought no goal would be worth the fight.

physical handicaps—so that her methods of overcoming them may help you

"You have read the criticisms of my ugly legs, haven't you?" asks Norma—the girl to whom a handicap is a challenge.

Of course, there was never a moment when I was not conscious of gnawing pangs of hunger, but, in addition to this, I could take no exercise except the simplest stretching movements about ten minutes in the morning. I, who had walked miles every day of my life!

"It seemed as if my arms and legs would atrophy from disuse. But I did keep on. If I meant to be a picture player, I must go on.

"When the muscles of my legs were shown at the wrong angle, a storm of criticism followed. You have read the criticisms about my ugly legs, haven't you?"

We were stretched out on the sand by her swimming pool. I turned to look at her in her vivid yellow and blue bathing suit and it occurred to me that I had never seen a lovelier pair of legs than those belonging to Norma Shearer.

"So many of my scenes," she continued, "were ruined because I forgot to cross my legs properly or place them in the right position to hide the muscles from the camera. This was no easy task, because sometimes dresses were short and anyway it was hard always to think about your legs.

"I would tell the director I didn't think I had done my best with a scene, and ask to be allowed to take it over. In reality, I remembered that the legs had probably ruined the scene. Of course, every time there was a chance to wear a longer dress in a scene, I did so.

"My upper arms were large enough to the naked eye, but you should have seen what the camera did to them! I always planned dresses that had a portion of a sleeve so the upper arm would be covered. I was so sensitive I didn't want to talk to the wardrobe woman about it. I would say I didn't like the color of the dress, or the texture or make any criticism, while I was hastily looking over everything else in the wardrobe (then I was not a star and I took what the wardrobe had) until my eye lighted on one with sleeves or half sleeves. I always begged for that one, no matter what the cut of it was. The wardrobe woman must have known, but she never said a word.

IT was three years before those muscles in arms and legs actually gave way. Three years of almost starvation and inactivity. I had begun to think I would give way before the muscles did. Then as the muscles softened, they had to be gently massaged so they wouldn't sag. After all these years of struggle you can imagine what a thrill it gives me when someone I meet for the first time says, 'My how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.'

"Another great battle I had was with my teeth. As I grew up, I took good care of my teeth and it didn't disturb me that the two little teeth on either side of my front teeth were somewhat irregular. In fact, in real life I rather like a slight irregularity in the teeth, similar to Marilyn Miller's. I think it gives one personality. But when I saw myself on the screen I knew what had to be done. The other teeth had to be pulled back so these smaller teeth could fit perfectly into their rightful places. You know the kind of braces children sometimes have to wear to adjust their teeth. Oh, if I'd only worn braces when I was a child! I was about twenty when I began.

"When you can wear the braces continuously, as the dentists always insist that children do, the pain becomes almost negligible after a few days, for putting in the brace is what causes the hurt. But in my case, I couldn't wear the brace during the day because of working or trying to get work. I could only put them on at night which meant, while I did not lose all of the effect during the day, *each night the pain was as great as the first night I put the brace on.* As I look back now, I know only youth and a good constitution would get one through that. Just imagine putting your head on a pillow and making yourself sleep, with a throbbing toothache every night of your life.

"I started the dental work in New York and came to Hollywood and had a fearful experience. There weren't so many dentists familiar with orthodontia then as now and the man to whom I went put braces on my teeth that just reversed the process. The teeth were actually drawn back together as they were in the first place!

"When I sat in the projection room one day looking at some rushes and saw some peculiar shadows cast across my front teeth which made them look as if they were out, I was frantic. I could endure anything while I was getting results, but when I discovered that all my suffering had been for nothing I was half crazy.

EVENTUALLY I found a marvelous orthodontist who gave me proper braces, but so much harm had been done by that time that I had to wear a brace on the lower teeth as well in order to get best results.

"Eight long years it took me to gain a semblance of regularity. Eight years of terrific pain every night, because the braces had to be removed when I was working!

"But this is just a part of the struggle. I have a funny, long neck. At one time photographers said that kind of neck and shoulders indicated youth. What I saw my neck look like on the screen was enough to make one jump into the river. Every time I had an emotional scene (I will never get over *feeling* my scenes) I found myself becoming so tense that the muscles of my neck became taut and stood out like whipcords.

(*Continued on page 108*)

BEHIND THE NEWS OF GARY'S ENGAGEMENT

. . . They're engaged, yes. But will they marry? Hm—well, here's our guess! And what's yours?

Mr. Gary Cooper of Montana and Hollywood. Miss Sandra Shaw of Park Avenue and Southampton. Is their engagement a "hush press" measure?

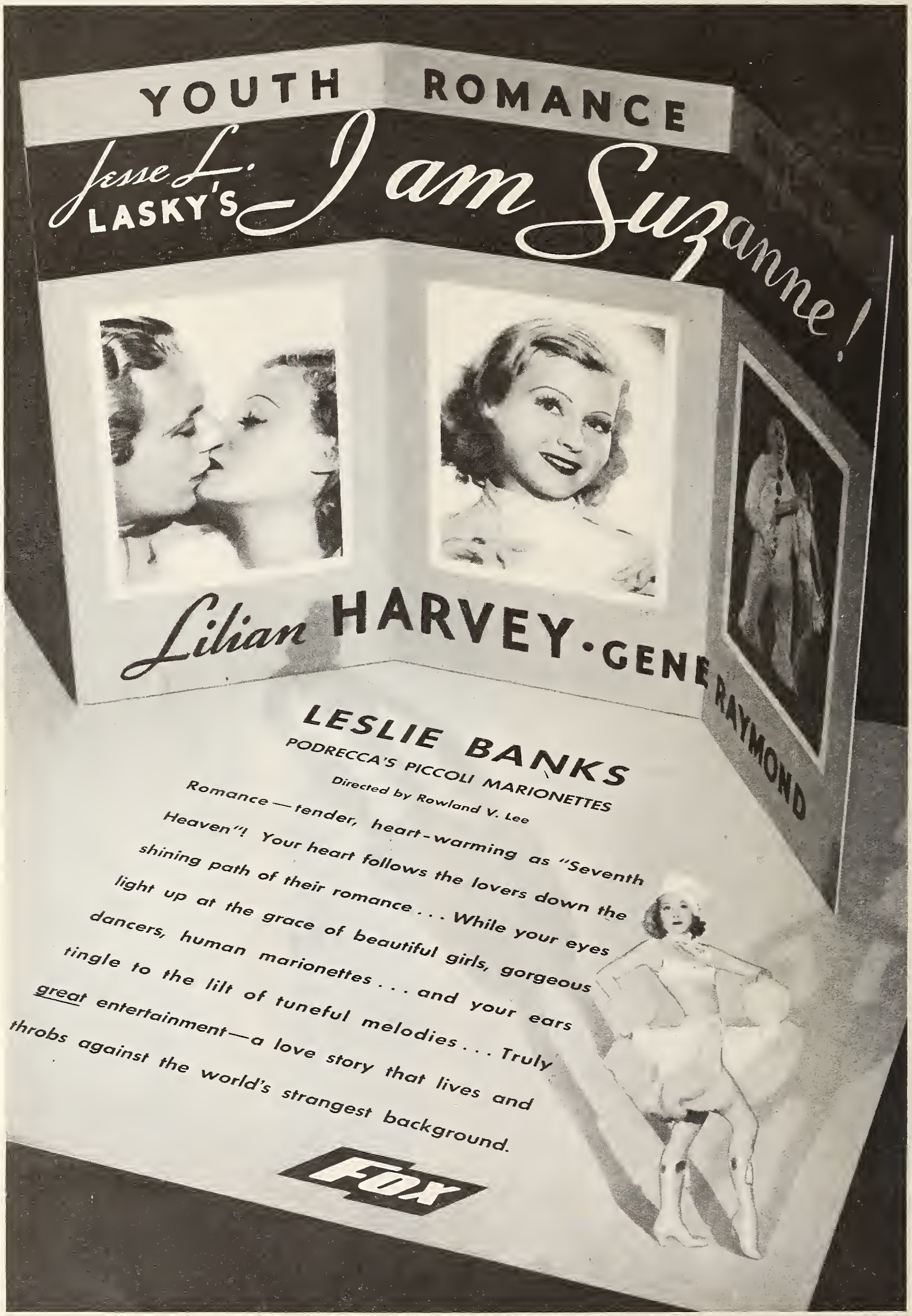
By KATHERINE ALBERT

MAYBE in a couple of months I'm going to feel so doggone silly for speaking out in meeting like this and telling you exactly what I think about the Gary Cooper-Sandra Shaw romance. And maybe MODERN SCREEN is going to have to do a lot of plain and fancy word-eating, but I do want you to know all of the inside facts in the case and then you can do what I've done—draw your own conclusions.

Despite the fact that metropolitan newspapers carried large, toney announcements of the engagement of Veronica Balfe (Sandra Shaw to Hollywood and Walter Winchell) to Gary Cooper, and despite the fact that said announcements were accompanied by large, toney photographs of Miss Balfe—or Miss Shaw, as you will—I think there's a strong possibility that they may never be married. Gosh! How wrong I may be. But if I'm wrong, I'm in good company. For the famous psychic, Dareos, says in his story on page twenty-six of this magazine that, despite all rumors, Gary Cooper will remain single, at least for another year. And an awful lot can happen to an engagement in a year, when one of the parties is a famous male star and the other is a daughter of Park Avenue.

Now I'll tell you what I know of the behind-the-scenes story of Gary and Sandra.

It's hard enough to get that strong, silent gent, Gary Cooper, to tell you he thinks it's a pleasant day. Imagine, then, how infinitely more difficult it is to make him talk about what lies closest to his (*Continued on page 110*)



YOUTH ROMANCE

Jesse L. LASKY'S I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

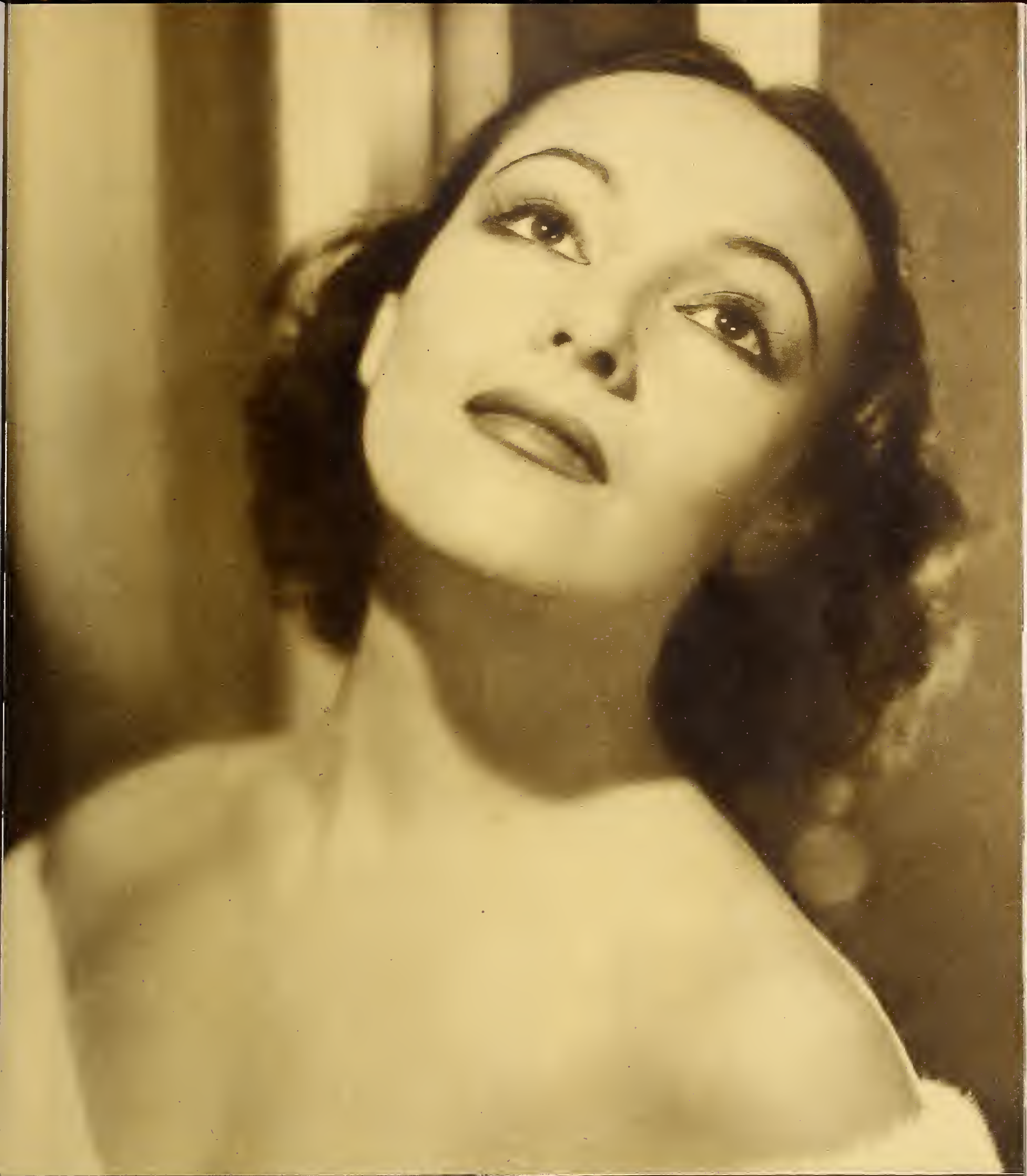
LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

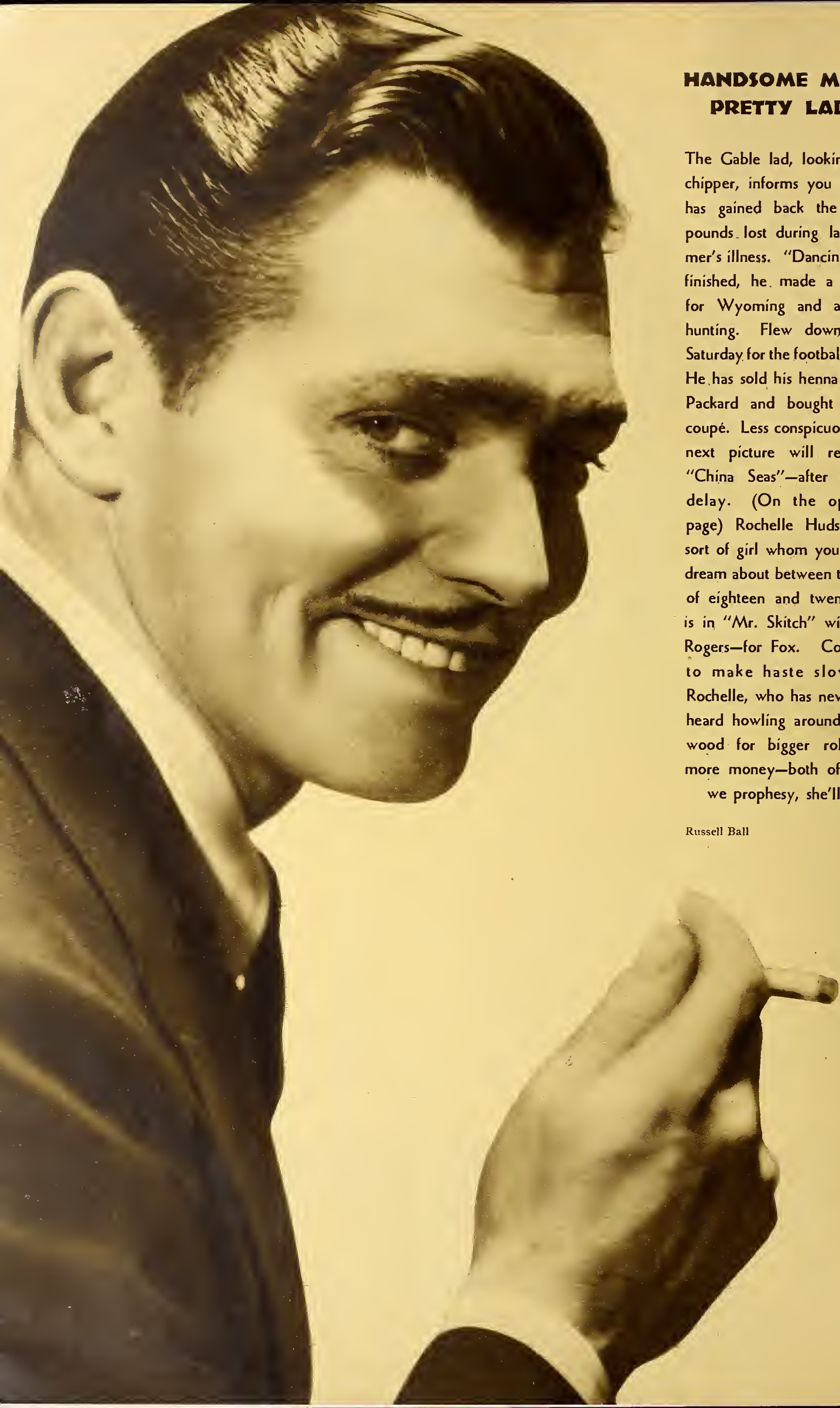
Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX



Portraits

The beauteous Dolores Del Rio is the cameraman's idea of a picnic. She photographs perfectly, you see, from any angle whatsoever. She has the most pampered dog in Hollywood. There's a special trainer, if you don't mind, to keep him physically fit. Dolores wears no make-up off screen. She dresses very plainly, sticking pretty closely to black and white. With "Flying Down to Rio" completed, Dolores is doing "Dance of Desire" with Joel McCrea.



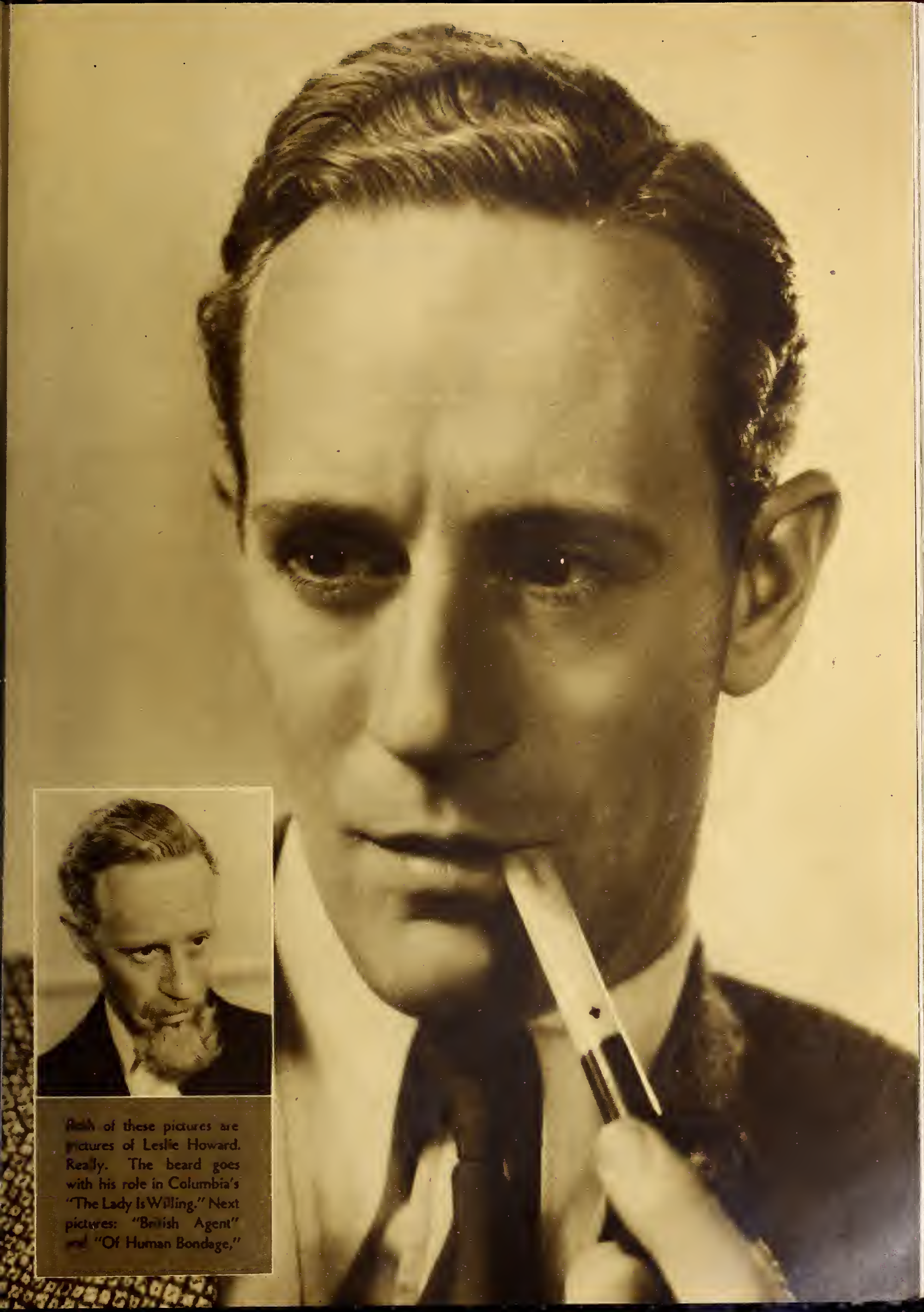
HANDSOME MAN--PRETTY LADY

The Gable lad, looking quite chipper, informs you that he has gained back the twenty pounds lost during last summer's illness. "Dancing Lady" finished, he made a beeline for Wyoming and a bit of hunting. Flew down every Saturday for the football games. He has sold his henna colored Packard and bought a Ford coupé. Less conspicuous. His next picture will really be "China Seas"—after all this delay. (On the opposite page) Rochelle Hudson, the sort of girl whom young men dream about between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, is in "Mr. Skitch" with Will Rogers—for Fox. Contented to make haste slowly, is Rochelle, who has never been heard howling around Hollywood for bigger roles and more money—both of which, we prophesy, she'll get.

Russell Ball

WHAT SEX APPEAL!

The blond sort—as portrayed by Carole Lombard in "Bolero"—and the brunette sort—as portrayed by Lupe Velez in "Joe Palooka" and "The Hollywood Party,"



Both of these pictures are pictures of Leslie Howard. Really. The beard goes with his role in Columbia's "The Lady Is Willing." Next pictures: "British Agent" and "Of Human Bondage,"

Our motto is: At least one picture of Baby LeRoy in every issue! And when it's a picture like this, with the darling clasped in the arms of lovely Dorothea Wieck—who's allowed to hold him in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"—well!

GIVE YOUR HANDS AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers . . . reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in Winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTT

How enchantingly WYNNE GIBSON'S lovely hands play their role!
With CHARLES FARRELL in RKO's film, "AGGIE APPLEBY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. Del
cate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65

RETIREMENT ?

SCANDAL ?

SUCCESS ?

NO MARRIAGE ?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN 1934?

By HARRY LANG

Illustrated by FLOHERTY, JR.

UNLESS Dareos' survey of the planets is all haywire, then 1934's going to be the dizziest year Lil Ol' Dan Cupid has ever had in Hollywood!

Between marriages on the one hand and divorces on the other, Cupid is going to be busy. He's going to score some big shot hits with those marital arrows of his—Carole Lombard, Janet Gaynor, Bill Powell, even Joan Crawford, among others, face new weddings in 1934 or early 1935. *But*—at the same time, the divorce judges are going to give Danny the toughest sledding in all his Hollywood experience.

All that—and plenty more—is part of the 1934 cinemaland prophecy of Dareos, that famous Hollywood fortuneteller whose annual forecasts in MODERN SCREEN for the last two years have been correct to an amazing degree.

By this time, certainly, you don't need to be told who Dareos is—the man to whom more Hollywood stars have gone for advice and predictions than anyone else in movieland. If you want to see how Dareos' past prophecies have hit the ball, take a look at the summary on page 30 of his last year's prognostications in MODERN SCREEN and how they clicked.

And now look at what he promises will happen in Hollywood in the twelvemonth to come:

First, about that marriage and divorce business. He lists in detail in this story some ten to twelve startlingly interesting marriages that will occur, say the planets, either in 1934 or very early in 1935.

But—even the sensational divorce record that 1933 hung up will be utterly eclipsed by the wave of divorces and separations that 1934 will see in Hollywood! Two famous, beautiful stars—one a decided blonde, the other an equally decided brunette—both of whom have consistently and vigorously denied that divorce is even possible in their homes, will file divorce suits in 1934 against their hubbies. And for a clue, neither of those hubbies is a screen player now. Besides these two outstanding ones, there will be a perfect Niagara of 1934 divorces among outstanding film players, including three other top-ranking female stars, and two male stars of the first magnitude. Hollywood's 1934 divorce total will far exceed 1933's.

(Incidentally, if it interests you, this divorce wave will be not purely a Hollywood manifestation, but will be reflected in a nation-wide sweep of divorce, smashing all previous annual divorce records in the United States, says Dareos.)

SOMEWHERE in this welter of marrying and divorcing, Cupid will have time to conspire with his old buddy, Doc Stork, who will, as a result, visit quite a few star homes. And—if not before the end of 1934, certainly before 1935 is three months old—there will be three sets of twins born to prominent picture people, says Dareos, after his squint at the planets. To whom? To Clara Bow! And to John Gilbert! And to Stu Erwin and wife June Collyer!

What else?

Garbo will retire forever, either in late 1934 or early 1935, and go back to solitude in Sweden.

Jean Harlow hasn't yet escaped woe, and 1934 is cloudy for her happiness.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will quit England and return to Hollywood and picture-making.

(*Turn to page 28*)

Amazing prophecies for 1934 by Dareos, the uncanny seer of Hollywood

FATHER OF TWINS?

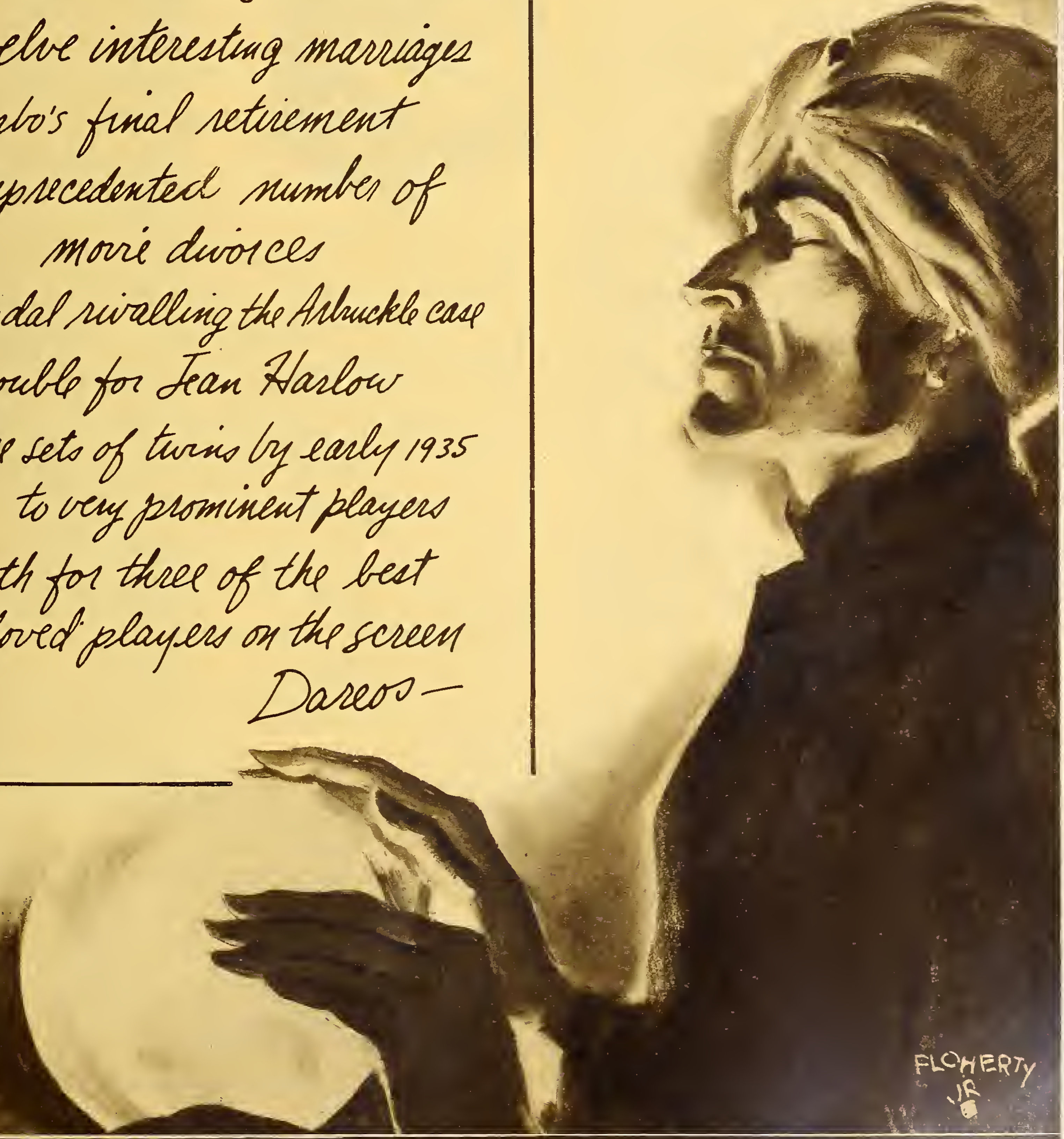
THREATS?

ILLNESS?

MARRIAGE?

Some of Dareos' Amazing 1934 Predictions

Twelve interesting marriages
Garbo's final retirement
Unprecedented number of
movie divorces
Scandal rivalling the Arbuckle case
Trouble for Jean Harlow
Three sets of twins by early 1935
to very prominent players
Death for three of the best
loved players on the screen
Dareos—



What portent is in the stars for your favorites? This man tells you

Aviation accidents menace Gary Cooper; and Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe face a possibility of being very seriously injured in one plane crash. They can, of course, avoid this by staying out of planes.

Scandal looms hugely, with all likelihood of a scandal-burst that will rival the famous Arbuckle case in that it will center about one of the most famous stars in the industry (the stars don't show now if it's to be a man or woman). It will be as headline-messy as was the Arbuckle case, and with the same result—that the involved star will be forever banned from the screen.

On the business front, 1934 will gladden the hearts of executives, for the year will at last see the return of prosperity to the industry. There will be new companies, new stars, work for many extras who have been starving, black ink in the ledgers instead of red—in short, a tremendous renaissance of the movie industry, after these long, lean years.

But, blackly tragic against that background of business brightness, will come Death, stalking three of the most prominent and best loved players on the screen today. Also, one of the top-rank producers will pass on.

There in summarized form, is an outline of what 1934 will bring to Hollywood's people, according to Dareos' interpretation of occult signs.

AND now, let's get down to brass tacks, and find out what the prophecies are for specific individuals you all know:

For Carole Lombard, 1934 is a new year of romance. Her love-life is surrounded with good omens. More than one offer of marriage will come to her, one of them from a prominent producer official. However, when she does marry—*and it will be in 1934 the stars say definitely*—the man to whom she gives her heart and hand will be one whose interests lie entirely outside of the movie game. And Dareos adds a bit of advice to Carole: "By the stars, it is shown that your marriage will be even happier if it takes place during the last three months of 1934, rather than earlier."

And strange as it may seem, 1934 has the (*Continued on page 98*)

WHAT DID DAREOS PROPHESY FOR 1933? AND WHAT CAME TRUE? COMPARE—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW AMAZINGLY ACCURATE HE IS

What Dareos Prophesied	What Happened
Two "star" divorces.	Of all the 1933 divorces, two and only two involved "star couples": The break-up between Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and the Lombard-Powell split.
At least five other big name divorces.	Dareos was right—but too moderate. There were more than five—all involving big names on either side. Dix, Eilers, Nixon, Gaynor, Ayres and Holt, for example.
Two violent deaths of picture names.	Not true as this is written.
One noted star to die.	Correct—but, again, an underestimate. Fatty Arbuckle and later, Renée Adorée died.
One movie executive to die.	Sam Rork, producer of Clara Bow's pictures, passed away.
Two married women to be publicly talked about because of their "goings-on" with male actors. One of these marriages to break up.	Connie Bennett was so talked about when she went around with Gilbert Roland that she even sued certain publications which noted it in print. The Adrienne Ames-Bruce Cabot-Stephen Ames triangle did end in divorce—and remarriage for Adrienne.
Studio fire early in 1933.	Universal had a disastrous fire which cost five figures in damages.
Seven scandals, of which hush-up methods might keep all but one out of open court.	Because of libel laws, those in the Hollywood know cannot list the instances which show how right Dareos was. The Claire Windsor scandal broke in open court, however. And you know about Lee Tracy and his Mexican trouble!
Attempt to kidnap female star in middle part of the year.	Because of kidnap threats against herself and her adopted daughter, Lupe Velez for months was forced to go armed and protected by armed escorts.
Change in production line-ups.	Assuredly correct. The most outstanding change involves the formation of Twentieth Century Pictures.
Joan Crawford: Continued professional success. Scandal-talk involving actor. Sudden and great trouble. No baby in 1933. No divorce from Doug, Jr.	Right on success. Much talk about Joan and Franchot Tone. "Sudden and great trouble" was her own characterization of the divorce. No baby. Wrong on divorce.
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: year not so good professionally.	Correct.
Garbo: Return to M-G-M; personal life to continue as is, with no romances. Health in danger. Attempt to kidnap her near the end of the year.	She did return. There is much talk of her romance with Rouben Mamoulian. No danger to her health or person as this is written.

What Dareos Prophesied	What Happened
Dietrich: Continued success. Much gossip about her. Professional parting with Von Sternberg. Remain Mrs. Rudolph Sieber despite rumors. To visit Germany.	Almost 100 percent correct. She went to Europe but did not visit Germany—because of conditions in her country.
Gable: Professional career okay. Threat of accident. Probability of divorce, with Dareos warning strenuously against it.	Right on professional status. Accident may have been his breakdown in midyear. No divorce.
Jean Harlow: One new love. Two proposals—one from an actor, one from non-actor. Possibility of wedding late in year. New heights attained in career.	Virtually 100 percent correct. We say "virtually" because it cannot be told whether she got that proposal from an actor or not. She probably did!
Marie Dressler: Uneventful year, with great necessity of guarding health.	Correct.
Maurice Chevalier: Complete letdown in popularity. Resentment against him even in his own Paris.	Correct.
George Raft: To be one of the foremost stars of 1933. To have a big love.	Only half right. He didn't click that big professionally. But the romance. . . . Ah, there, Margery!
Sylvia Sidney: To have the big romance of her life, to go on long sea voyage. Accident or illness during year.	Quite correct.
Gary Cooper: To make good screen come-back after 1932 fade. Heart affairs to be complicated. Danger of being named in divorce case. May wed toward end of year.	Right on screen record. Varied talk of heart affairs. He was named in print in connection with the Lombard-Powell split. But that was undoubtedly gossip as is self-evident since his engagement to Sondra Shaw. So that may come true, too.
John Gilbert: Through as great actor. Danger of domestic stress.	Career still problematical, in spite of break in "Christina." No sign of domestic woe.
Clara Bow: To make two more pictures because of public demand, even though she'd rather not. Marriage happy. No more scandal headlines.	Correct.
Janet Gaynor: No divorce. Death of relative or dear friend.	She did divorce Lydell Peck, Mr. Dareos! Relative in the East passed away.
Mary Pickford: No great screen success in 1933.	Correct.
Doug Fairbanks, Sr.: Health threatened.	Yes—he has not been well, although there has been no serious illness. (Dareos failed to predict the Pickford-Fairbanks split.)
Ann Harding: A new romance, the man to be a non-professional. Possibility of marriage. Talk of reconciliation with Bannister, but nothing doing.	There was talk of reconciliation and it came to nothing. Ann is rumored that way about a writer. No marriage as this is written.

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1933, there were 68 items. Of these, 48 came true. 8 were incorrect. And 12 are inconclusive as this is written. Dareos' score: 70½% correct; 11¾% wrong; 17¾% inconclusive.

Boy, are they happy!

(Above and right) Marie Dressler's birthday party. Russell Hardie celebrates with Madge Evans and Una Merkel. Miss Dressler getting attention and a kiss from Clark Gable and Joe Schenck. Her two good friends, Carrie Jacobs Bond and May Robson, were there. (Left) Mary Pickford and Charles Farrell at the party given Grace Moore after her appearance in "Pagliacci." (Below) Hey! Hey! Repeal party at the Vendome. Gregory Ratoff with June Gale and Hoot Gibson. Mike Farmer, Gloria Swanson, Jeanette MacDonald and Lila Lee.

Scott

• • OUR MODERN

a great mistake—Claudette

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BEING a modern woman, being independent financially and socially, maintaining (as she does) a separate establishment from one's husband, Claudette Colbert insists is a mistake. A great mistake. All of it. Or any part of it.

According to Claudette, the modern woman is out on a bad limb . . . and she knows it.

"In our desire to be modern and independent," says Claudette, "we women have given up more than we realized. Actually, we have sacrificed our rightful realm. And now—too late—we're aware, subconsciously if in no other way, that we've made a bad bargain."

I could scarcely credit my ears. This from Claudette, of all people, a modern among moderns, was amazing.

It started like this.

Claudette, her mother, and I were waiting for Norman Foster to arrive for dinner. The living-room in which we sat was very lovely, with its white walls, its pale gray rug, the chairs and sofa upholstered in light grays and champagnes, with white lamps, with white taffeta curtains drawn across the French windows, and a bright fire burning.

It might have been a scene from one of Noel Coward's smart drawing-room dramas. The attractive modern wife waiting for her husband to come from his separate establishment. The correct butler. All that sort of thing. I couldn't help marking what a very delightful and *apparently thoroughly satisfactory* pattern of sophisticated living Claudette had evolved for herself. I marvelled at the long way the former little French tutor had come.

Where Mrs. Colbert, an extraordinarily beautiful woman, sat, the firelight cast warm shadows on her white hair.

It was Mrs. Colbert who started it really, and innocently enough.

"The new clothes remind me of my youth," she said, smiling, setting her ruby cocktail glass on a little satinwood table and smoothing the folds of her long, flowing black gown reflectively. "Taffeta petticoats. And high waistlines. Boas. Low décolletages."

CLAUDETTE laughed.

"The couturières are very wise," she said. She planted her heels on the edge of her deep chair and encircled her blue pajamaed knees with her arms. "They knew that, fed up with our independent attitude, we women would revel in clothes so romantic that, being the born actresses we are, we'd simply have to forget our efficient gestures and be romantic when we wore them.

"Are you serious, Claudette?" I wanted to ask. "Do you truly think modern women rue their bargain? Do you? Personally?"

But at this moment Norman Foster arrived from his house at the beach, and dinner was announced.

It wasn't until a few days later that I had another chance to talk with Claudette alone.

"Did you mean what you said the other evening while we were waiting for Norman?" I asked. "About modern women finding the independence they were so eager to have, something of a burden?"

"I did," Claudette said emphatically. "None of us go around making nearly as many fine speeches about there being no reason why women shouldn't have the same freedom men always have

(*Continued on page 103*)

MARRIAGE • •

it's O'Kay — Norman

By KATHERINE ALBERT

YOU'VE just read Miss Fletcher's amazing story about Claudette Colbert in which Claudette admits, for the first time, that her modern marriage with Norman Foster was a mistake — that she would have been better off had she been completely feminine, less independent and more romantic—that living in a separate home from her husband is nice and modern but that she missed a great deal by so doing.

It takes a big person to admit a mistake and Miss Fletcher has given you an unforgetable picture of the crisp, modern, independent woman—Colbert—who wants more romance in her life than she has.

But what is the other side of the story? What is Norman Foster's side? Does he feel that being a pal to Claudette instead of a cavalier is wrong? Or is he satisfied with things as they are?

Foster and I were speaking one day of travel—a hobby of his—and of the wonderful journey he and Claudette took when, just at the height of their careers, they chucked it all and went on a tramp steamer around the world.

"That's the only way to travel with a woman," said Norman, "just bumming around. And you mustn't let her take too many clothes. They'll drive you crazy—women will—packing and unpacking their damn trunks, if you'll let 'em. When you go on a trip with the average woman, what do you see? A couple of smart bars, the swankiest hotels and clothes, clothes, clothes. They pack all the time. Drives you nuts. I wouldn't let Claudette do that when we took our jaunt. That's what made it so swell.

"We had a grand time. Adventure. Excitement. Seeing new things. Grand. Claudette stepped on a snake once in India. Most women would have yelled their heads off and gone into hysterics for an hour. Claudette didn't. She just stepped off the snake again. Later we discovered that it was the most deadly snake known in India. She said it made her a little sick when she found that out, but she wasn't a bit afraid at the time.

IN Shanghai we went to the Zoo. I was looking at one of the big chimpanzees. I got too close. It reached out and grabbed me. Did Claudette yell and make a fuss? You bet she didn't. She just ran and got the keeper of the Zoo to help me. Before they got back I was out of the chimp's arms. He was just playful, that's all. But Claudette didn't know that. Most women would have carried on like hell."

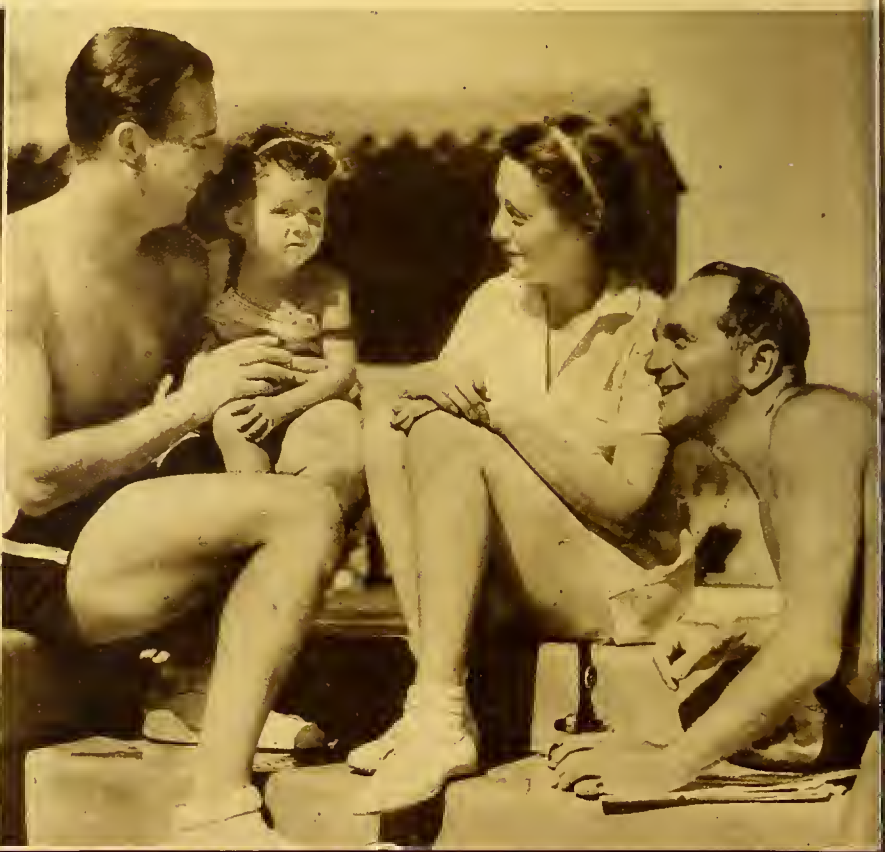
Now what do you get from these anecdotes, told in Norman's own words? Don't you see that while Claudette is languishing by her own lonely hearthstone, wishing that she had leaned upon her husband like the clinging vines of the 'nineties; while Claudette is adoring feminine clothes—the kind you've got to have a lot of those "damn trunks" to hold—her husband is admiring her greatly for the very thing she doesn't want, her independence, her lack of feminine wiles, her modernity in her relationship to him.

Norman is an impatient, decided young man. His hates far outnumber his likes. "I can't stand all the bunk in Hollywood," he said. "Actors—God!—I hate actors, riding around in their swell cars, strutting around in their swell clothes, putting on a lot of ritz they don't know in the least how to use.

(*Continued on page 87*)

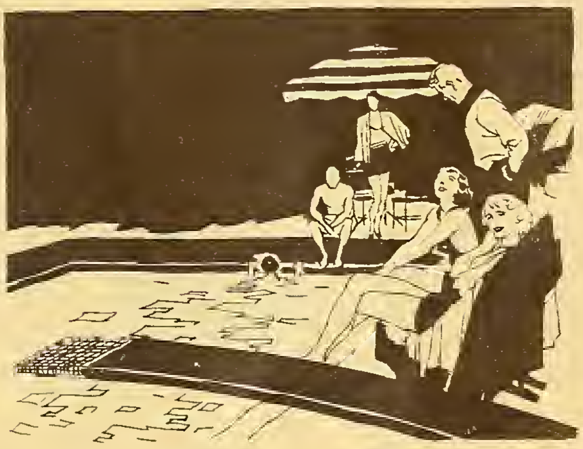
IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER

Scotty, our exclusive cameraman, loaded all his traps onto the old bus and popped off to Palm Springs to see what the "between picture" stars were doing. He found (above) the Richard Arlens en famille—Joby, Dick, Jr., and papa—having a swell time in front of their bungalow. Also, Johnnie and Lupe Weissmuller, looking like a staid old married couple. There's a name for you, incidentally. Lupe Weissmuller. Let's hope if they ever have a daughter they don't name her Conchita. (Below) The Harry Joe Browns—Sally Eilers as was—ambling comfortably around, near the Desert Inn, in their ol' clo'es. Also, the Ben Lyons, with Al Jolson at hand to sing a mammy song if necessary. Barbara Bebe gets cuter every day. Do you think she resembles papa Ben or mama Bebe most?



AT PALM SPRINGS

(Above) Just a pair of young, attractive women—but, there, ladeez and gentleman, is a powerful lot of high-C power. Lili Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Jeanette MacDonald; cooing over a couple of armfuls of chow puppies at the El Mirador. To their right, Miss Barbara Bebe Lyon again, with a young swain named Duke Gallagher, son of Skeet. When questioned by reporters, they said that they were very good friends but as for any talk of a romance—well, their parents thought them a little too young. (Below) That charming actor from Budapest—Paul Lukas, holding hands quite unashamedly with Mrs. Paul Lukas. And to their right, Dick Arlen is proudly demonstrating to you that his son isn't a bit afraid of the water. Shouldn't be surprised if he were a second Weissmuller, Dick.



(Above) Well, if it isn't Connie Bennett on one bicycle and Gilbert Roland on another! They had a bungalow apiece at the El Encanto. Connie had Master Peter and his nurse with her. Kept the child closely guarded from reporters, of course. (Left) "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" So sing the three gentlemen under the shower—Buster Collier, Al Jolson and Ben Lyon. (Below) Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. Next, Sidney Blackmer, Mae Clarke and Alan Edwards. And last, the harmony kid himself—Bing Crosby, umpiring a baseball game.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 3, NO. 5

HOLLYWOOD, JANUARY, 1934

NEWS SECTION

ALICE WHITE AND CY BARTLETT WED IN MEXICO

Alice White and Cy Bartlett have gone and done it. Taken that trip up the bridal path at last.

The tying of this marital knot did not come as a surprise to their intimates, for Alice and Cy have long been that way.

Only one minor rift occurred to interrupt their long-time friendship, during which time Miss White went about with John Warburton—which she later learned to regret—and Writer Bartlett consoled himself in the company of the lovely Boots Mallory, since become Mrs. Bill Cagney.

The newlyweds took the vows in Magdalena, Mexico, with Gov. Rodolfo Calles and Mayor Robert Urias as guests

Joan Blondell and Also Richard Dix Convalescing

A new high in devotion was hit lately when George Barnes rented a room in a Hollywood hospital in order to be near his wife, Joan Blondell.

Joan's appendix became obstreperous at a most inopportune time and, after working with an icebag at her side to complete a picture, an operation was vital.

Richard Dix, too, has been on the sick list this past month. The star has been confined to his home with pneumonia, but is now on the road to recovery.

Lilian Harvey Sues Her Producing Company

Lilian Harvey has a couple of complaints to register against Fox and recently took her grievances to court.

Item Number One is in regard to foreign versions of her films. The diminutive star does not want to make French and German recordings of pictures originally done in English.

Secondly, there is that little matter of billing. It seems Lilian was promised stellar type and didn't get it.

Wide World

The collegiate gentleman is none other than our own Jackie Coogan, all set to make a series of two-reelers during vacations from Santa Clara College

Wide World

Hollywood Boulevard, looking for all the world like Santa Claus Lane, during the exciting Christmas season. This brilliant picture was taken at the height of a nightly celebration

BREAK FOR KATHARINE HEPBURN'S HAIRDRESSER

The Hepburn is a true girl scout for, if she can't get around to doing a good deed every day, she makes up for it by doing a swell one whenever the opportunity arises.

Katie's hairdresser out at RKO has always expressed a desire to see Broadway, little old New York's Main Street. And so, when the star got settled in New York and began rehearsing "The Lake," the stage play in which she is appearing, she sent for the gal who wields the curling iron so expertly. Wotta thrill! And what a considerate and generous action.

Flashes from Here and There

Donald Cook has suddenly found himself in a breach of promise suit for $100,000. Maxine Lewis claims the actor promised to marry her last August, but now refuses to do so.

Joan Crawford was having a grand time in New York recently, while the folks back home in Hollywood whispered that she was seriously ill in a Connecticut sanitarium.

Sue Carol and Ken Murray are soon to wed; that is, as soon as each becomes legally disentangled, which is to be in the not-distant future.

Sylvia Sidney's real father, Victor Kosow, has dropped his "adoption" suit without receiving any money.

Clara Kimball Young, old-time cinema siren, is to play Jackie Coogan's mother in his two-reel collegiate shorts.

Jack Oakie and his mother are vacationing in Hawaii.

MARY FILES SUIT FOR DIVORCE AGAINST DOUG

It has, as you know, happened at last. Mary filed papers with the Los Angeles Superior Court for a divorce from the man she has loved for thirteen years—Douglas Fairbanks. She charged mental cruelty and desertion, citing the many instances when Doug had left her completely alone for many months and the humiliation and embarrassment she has suffered on his account. It all came out—all the heartbreaking, soul destroying experiences Mary has covered up and gallantly lied about for so many years.

Pickfair is up for auction. Doug, they say, will wed Lady Sylvia Ashley as soon as she can obtain a divorce from Lord Ashley.

Lee Tracy Under "Gentleman's Ban," Hays Office Admits

Lee Tracy is going to take time out to cool his heels and behave as a good boy should. If he comes through this "ordeal" like a little gentleman, all may be forgiven.

Tracy is under what is called a "gentleman's ban" by the Hays office at present.

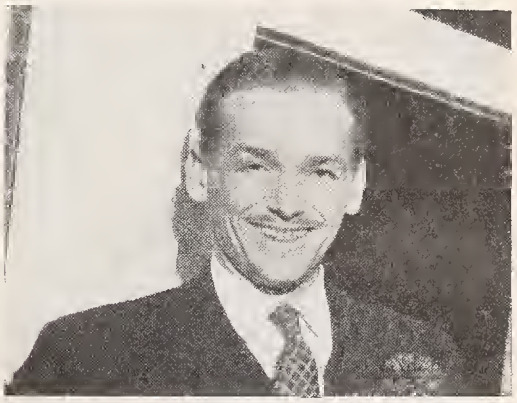
Meanwhile, the rumor that Lee is playing in "The Baby in the Icebox" for Paramount is erroneous. However, his Hollywood friends gave Tracy many cheers and no razzes on his return from Mexico.

Dorothy Jordan, Mother-to-be, Now in Social Register

Dorothy Jordan, who is Mrs. Merian Cooper in private life, has stepped right into the Social Register.

The young lady left her home in Tennessee but a few short years back, joined a Broadway chorus, journeyed to Hollywood, gave a good account of herself in the Camera City, married a wealthy and influential producer and is expecting a blessed event.

Now comes the Blue Book listing.


Wide World

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recently returned from Europe, snapped as the Bremen docked. Doug, Jr. will make "Success Story" for RKO

Good

ONE of the most gallant girls in Hollywood is Isobel Jewel. Maybe you don't even know who she is but she deserves a hand for loyalty. She is Lee Tracy's sweetheart. She had a minor role in Lee's "Blessed Event"—when the romance began. Just before Lee became involved in that trouble in Mexico, she had signed a contract with M-G-M—Lee's studio, as you know. She had longed for that contract for months, but when Lee was severely chastised by his studio and his contract taken away from him, Isobel stood by him, putting her own career in jeopardy.

She has made no bones about how she felt, either. She is for Lee first, last and all the time and his trouble is hers, his heartaches are hers to share. Recently Lee has been ill. Isobel has been constantly at his bedside and no film role, no matter how great, could tear her away.

Scott

HE CAME RIGHT OVER.

YOU must see "Queen Christina," if for no other reason than to see Garbo laugh. This is the first time the Swede has ever laughed outright in a film and it was only through scheming and planning on the part of the director that she does here.

The scene in which Jack Gilbert's carriage gets stuck in the mud called for a hearty laugh from Queen Christina. However, no amount of persuasion could get her even to chuckle. Finally, Mamoulian, the director, had an idea. "All right," he said to the star, "go ahead with the scene without laughing."

The cameras began clicking. Came the close-up—and lo, Garbo laughed!

It was a frame-up but it worked! Unknown to Garbo, Mamoulian had instructed the ten extras attending the carriage that during the close-up of the Swedish star, they were to start making funny faces at her. They proved so funny that Garbo laughed merrily. She realized the trick but had the presence of mind to go on with the scene, perhaps the best in the entire picture.

THE only reason Mae West did not accept the offer to appear at the San Francisco automobile show for $20,000 for five days was that

Scott

LOYAL SWEETHEART

The lady bundled up in a boa is Suzanne Kaaren. Born in Australia and reared in Brooklyn. She'll be in "Sleepers East" for Fox. (Above) Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale are distinctly bill-and-cooish. 'Dolphe recently defied speed laws for one hundred miles—just because Veree wanted his advice about sump'n. (Right) Isobel Jewel, Lee Tracy's heart, welcoming the naughty boy when he returned from Mexico City. Read how loyal Isobel has been.

News!

. . . And hot news—and every single bit of news that's fit to print—from Cinema City!

she had another offer. It was from a civic organization in a small town in California to stage a benefit show (eight vaudeville acts and a picture show) remuneration to be the glory of being escorted all the way from the station to her hotel by a motorcycle cop.

LUPE and Johnny have the Hollywood photographers to thank for a happy ending to their first fight after becoming Mr. and Mrs. Said fight started the day before Lupe was to go on an Arizona location trip. For two days the fiery Velez raved and ranted, with Johnny maintaining a Tarzan-like silence. The trip to the station was made in stony silence.

Just before Lupe had a chance to board the train, the picture snappers pounced on the newlyweds, insisting they pose for pictures. They posed . . . but looked ever so grim.

"Hey, come on, loosen up," yelped one of the boys. "Johnny, be a sport and put your arms around Lupe—and you, Lupe, how about giving the Old Man a beeg kiss?"

There was an embarrassed hesitation. Then Lupe flung her arms around Johnny's neck. Johnny grinned. And all was forgiven!

WHEREAS those newlyweds, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, still refuse to make a picture together, those other newlyweds, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, have actually begged the studio for just this chance. "I do my best work when I can be natural," explained Bruce, "and working with Adrienne would give me an opportunity to be that."

Wide World

IS THE DAY SET?

PITY the poor press agent who had to explain to fifty or more irate newspapermen, photographers, reporters, etcetera that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell were *not* Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw but actually Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell.

It seems that said press agent had learned that a couple by the name of Bell was on the plane headed for Los Angeles from Las Vegas, Nevada. Following a hunch, he radioed the operator and inquired if Mr. Bell was Gary Cooper. Misunderstanding the word "Cooper" for "copper," and knowing Mr. Bell was connected with a copper mine, the answer came back "yes." Then came the fireworks and the ultimate letdown when the *wrong* couple stepped off the plane at Los Angeles, met by fifty or more disappointed people!

P. S. The boys shot a picture anyway, just for luck.

Scott

PRIVATE PREVIEW

Scott

DRESSLER PARTY

(Top) Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore—Dolores Costello on her birth certificate—at a private preview of Jawn's "Counsellor-at-Law. (Middle) Polly Moran and Monty Malone, her new husband, at Marie Dressler's birthday party. (Bottom) They say they'll wed. Ricardo Cortez and Mrs. Christine Lee.

ACCORDING to news rumors, Joan Crawford's reason for going to New York was to meet Papa and Mama Tone. Franchot did the honors.

Meantime: "Are you married to Franchot Tone?" "Are you going to be married to Franchot Tone?" These are the questions Joan Crawford answered upwards of a thousand times while she was vacationing in New York. Well, it did look serious. Franchot spent his vacation in New York, too, and the couple were constantly together, but MODERN SCREEN can answer those questions for you.

They are not married now—obviously, since Joan's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not final until the early part of April and Joan says she has no craving to be a bigamist—it would be so awkward!

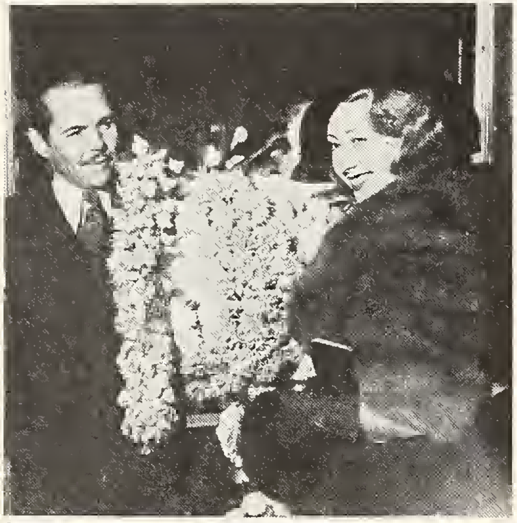
Good News!

Lowdown on Tone

Acme

Scott

Scott


Scott

Scott

Wide World

(Start at the top right picture and read across and down) The now formally engaged Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper—at the Club New Yorker. Next—whadya know? Katie Hepburn poses for our Scotty, sharing the snapshot with Elissa Landi, at the United Airport just afore her trip East. Then, Joan and Franchot on their way to the theatre—in N'Yawk. Fourth, Joan Blondell and husband George Barnes—at the Grove. Fifth, Ann Harding in her cyar, leaving the Domino Club tea. And last, Lupe kissing Johnnie as she took for an Arizona location.

"Are they going to be married?" Well, that's another question. Franchot frankly admits that he hopes so, that he has proposed a thousand times but that Joan won't give him an answer. Joan, having been so bitterly disappointed by one marriage, says she is afraid to take another chance. But this much you can be assured of—when they are married, or if they have any definite plans for marriage, MODERN SCREEN will be the first to know all about it and will give you the inside story.

AS this is written, Marie Dressler is seriously ill again. You know, some months ago she had a terrific operation in an effort to save her life. The operation was pronounced successful, but Marie has not been entirely well since. Some folks claim that she dabbles too much in astrology and that she is guided too completely by the heavenly stars. She is in almost daily consultation with a woman astrologer who tells her when the stars say she will be sick and when they say she will be well.

Her birthday party, attended by many loving friends, took place before her relapse.

SPEAKING of Miss Dressler's party, the most interesting fashion note at the party was Norma Shearer's unique costume. A gold cloth dress with high neckline and long tight sleeves, topped by a jaunty, very peaked hat of black with a brazen gold quill that extended several inches into the air. Only Norma could have worn it.

CLARA BOW is still—well, Clara Bow. She was *the* bright spot at the popular Colony Club t'other night, all decked out in a bright green frock, loud orange elbow-length gloves, and topped by very red hair!

MADGE EVANS wants to notify everyone at large that her romance with Tom Gallery is still on. Madge and Tom have been inseparable for ages. The other night when she appeared at a party with Russell Hardie word went around that she and Tom had phiffed. But Russ was merely "subbing," Tom being away.

YOU'LL soon see Jackie Coogan on the screen again. Not the little chap of "The Kid." Jackie's a big strapping college lad now. He plans to make his come-back in a series of collegiate shorts to be filmed during vacations. He has no intention of giving up college.

WHEN it comes to love Cary Grant is old-fashioned. Before popping the question to Virginia Cherrill, he hopped over to London to first win the consent of her parents.

Scott

Jean Harlow was hostess at Hollywood's Domino Club tea. There she is with that grand old lady, May Robson, and Anna Q. Nilsson, one of your favorite old-timers.

Wide World

The Thalians, a toney Hollywood social organization, had their annual frolic at the Cocoanut Grove. There's Mae Clarke with Sidney Blackmer. They say they'll wed.

NEVER able to get anything but a picture of Hepburn covering her face with her hands, the photo-snappers had a rare treat just before Katie boarded the plane that carried her to New York recently. She posed most graciously for each and every one of the many photographers. Just as they were all beginning to think that the Hepburn gal was all right after all, Katie flung out: "The only reason I'm doing this is because I'll be gone for six months. Just try and get me when I come back!" So you see Katie is still Katie.

And here's further proof. She worked one day over-schedule on "Trigger," her latest. She demanded —and got—$10,000 for that day.

INCIDENTALLY, Elissa Landi was also at the airport, seeing her mother off. Elissa and Kate looked like twins, almost—both sporting identical brown ermine fur coats cut along swagger lines. Our cameraman, Scotty, snapped the two gals for us, as you can see by the picture hereabouts.

By the way, Elissa will have no more cold, dignified roles now that she's a Columbia star. That studio believes she has all the fire and sex appeal of Harlow, maybe more. They are at present dickering with M-G-M to buy the screen rights of "Congai," which was at one time considered a Jean Harlow vehicle. And a Jean Harlow vehicle always has plenty of heat!

WONDER what Kathryn Carver (Adolphe Menjou's ex-wife) could have meant when, upon being queried about her romance with Serge Mdivani, she replied: "Oh, this has been going on for years. Poor Adolphe!"

Why "poor Adolphe"? He seems to be getting along very nicely with Veree Teasdale—who, it is stated, will be the next Mrs. Menjou.

Here's a cute story about Adolphe and Veree:

Veree was heard humming in her dressing-room one day. Officials were so impressed they asked her to do some of it before the camera the next day. Never before having lifted her voice in song before an audience, Veree was faint with nervousness. She rang Adolphe Menjou long distance and poured out her troubles.

"Never mind, dear," said Adolphe, "I'll be right over." "Right over" meant traveling exactly one hundred miles during the night. Menjou was vacationing at Palm Springs.

IF his estranged wife agrees, Richard Dix will have his own child appear with him in his next film. This is not at the studio's suggestion but at Dix's own request. He would be thrilled to death, of course, to have his one-year-old daughter, Mary Ellen, make her debut with him.

LITTLE Anita Louise knows from experience that absence does *not* make the heart grow fonder. She recently made a trip to New York with the result that she almost lost her boy friend, Tom Brown. Jean Parker was the gal who *almost* stole Tom's heart. However, now that Anita's in town again, Tom's more attentive than ever and Jean claims she never was really in love with Tom, anyway.

EVER since that interview with Dick Powell in which he enumerated his requirements for the ideal girl, young Powell has been deluged with bids from gals all over the country. On his thirtieth birthday, he received thirty proposals.

However, it looks like Dick will do his own proposing to Gwen Heller.

ON the heels of the report that Max Baer and his ex-wife, Dorothy Dunbar, may kiss and make up, comes the report that the handsome fighter-actor is contemplating matrimony with Edna Dunham, New York socialite. Following this news, comes another rumor that he is escorting Estelle Taylor (the former Mrs. Jack Dempsey) to the fights. And Estelle used to *hate* fights.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78

NEW

WHERE ARE

. . . Where are the big "box office" successes among today's movie heroes? What is it these new and popular young Romeos lack? Why are there no male Hepburns, Harlows, Sullavans, Wests?

I WONDER if you have noticed, as I have, the amazing dearth of brilliant, sparkling, vital young men on the screen. I wonder if it has occurred to you—as it has to me—that Hollywood is a matriarchy wherein the rulers are decidedly queens instead of kings and where all the glamor and excitement centers around the sleek heads of the women stars.

Of course, there are a few exciting male stars. John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro and, in some measure, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. There is also Gary Cooper and certainly there is Clark Gable, although I think the romantic makings have been lost in Gable's case. He has been cast again and again as male lead for the most glamorous women stars and in this position has shone in their bright reflections. Whether or not he could hold his own in a story in which the male part is the most important role and opposite a more or less unknown young woman, is a question.

However, none of the men I have just mentioned are new. Not since Gable's sudden and electric flash of first popularity has there been any male "box office sensation."

Perhaps you're going to tell me that this is a sterile time for new talent. But consider the women stars. Consider for a moment Katharine Hepburn. And that's something I love to do. Less than two years ago she was an obscure stage actress. Now she threatens Queen Garbo's throne. There are no such threatening male stars. Nor are there any kingly thrones to threaten.

While Katharine Hepburn was climbing that glittering stairway to triumph, Jean Harlow was carving out a niche for herself. She is, in a way, a new star, since it was long after the release of "Hell's Angels" that her full talents were realized. It was in the last year-and-a-half only that she was swept to the dizzy heights.

And, of course, there's Mae West. Voluptuous, tantalizing, sparkling Mae West. Was there ever a greater "box office sensation?" Do you realize that she has appeared in but three films and her name is a household word. Well, maybe not quite anything so prosaic as a household, but certainly her name is more famous—and certainly her face and figure are better known—than Queen Mary's.

And others, too—girls coming up. The lovely Dorothea Wieck and the amazing Margaret Sullavan. Are there any

MEN! THEY . . . ?

By FAITH BALDWIN

On the opposite page, Gilbert, Fairbanks, Sr., the immortal Valentino, John Barrymore, Novarro, Barthelmess, Francis X. Bushman and Wally Reid, all box-office champs. On this page, some of our new men. Good—capable—but, alas! not one of them "box-office" on his own. Bruce Cabot and Preston Foster. Paul Kelly and Cary Grant. Kent Taylor and Victor Jory. Ralph Bellamy and Otto Krueger.

male prototypes? Are there any young men who remotely compare in box office appeal to these women I have mentioned?

Well, let's see. Let's look for new young men.

There are Ralph Bellamy, Bruce Cabot, Bing Crosby, Preston Foster, William Gargan, Cary Grant, Victor Jory, Otto Krueger, Francis Lederer, Douglass Montgomery, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Kent Taylor, Gene Raymond, Robert Young. Should I go on? Should I name any more? I could, for there are plenty of them. There are dozens of handsome, personable young men in Hollywood. And some of them are darn good actors, too. But is there, in that entire list, any for whom you'd wait in line hours to see? Yet in New York I saw a cue of men and women over a block long outside the theatre where Katharine Hepburn is starring in "Little Women." And it was as much as your life was worth to get in to see "I'm No Angel."

Of course, Cary Grant was in "I'm No Angel" with Mae. But those people weren't clamoring to see him. Mae West was the attraction. They liked Cary well enough when they saw him, but he wasn't creating the furore.

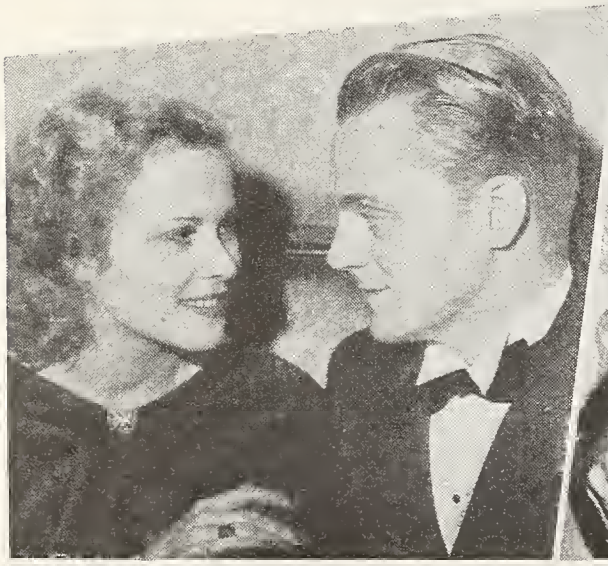
I wonder why. You can't find anything wrong with these young actors. Both from a standpoint of performance and background they're perfectly okay. They just don't seem to click sufficiently to be box office successes on their own.

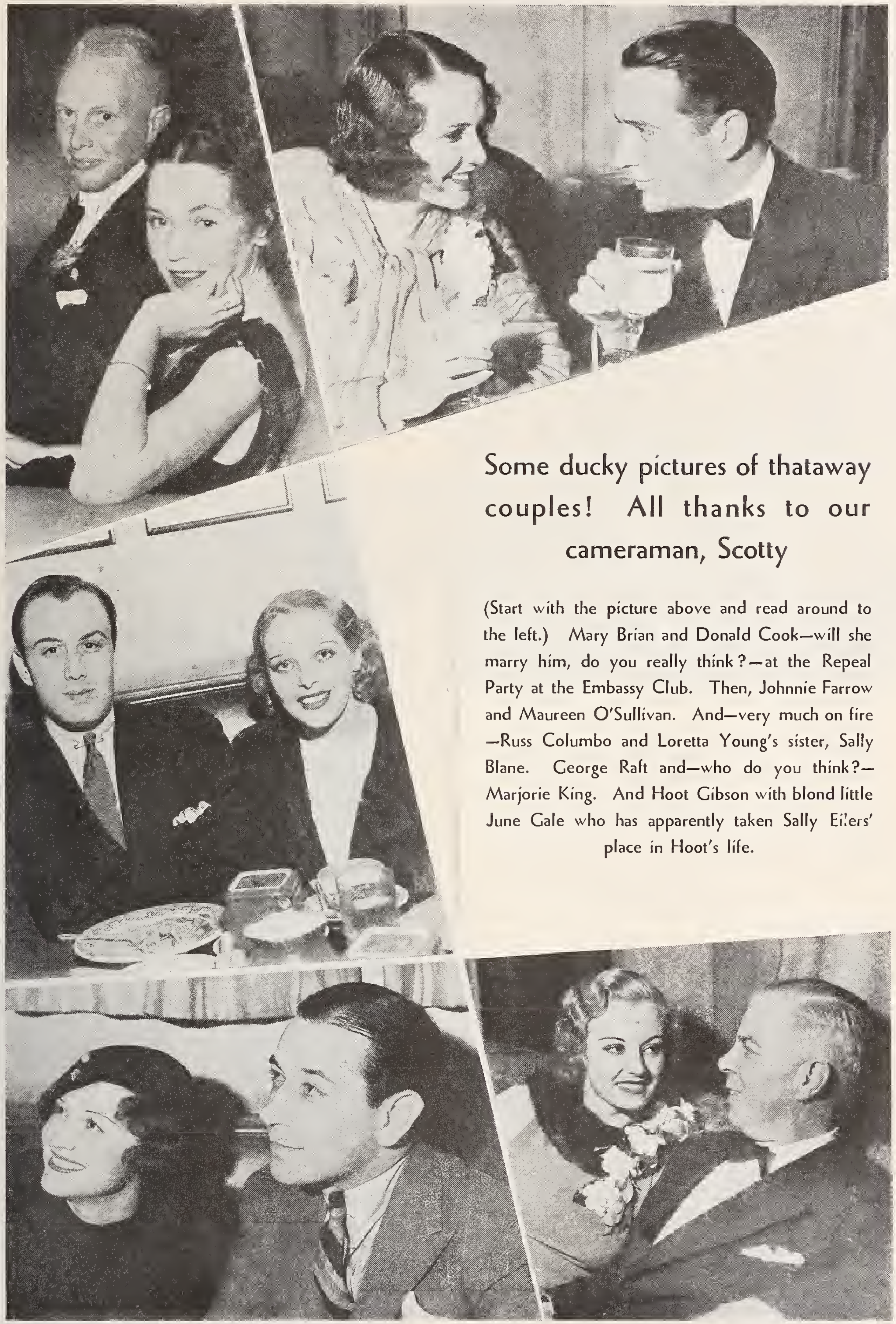
THE lives of these fellows are quite as entertaining as the lives of the women. Ralph Bellamy was a Chicago lad who felt the urge for acting so strong within him that he ran away from school to trod the well-worn boards. He has fascinating stories to tell about those troublous and adventurous days.

Bruce Cabot, born Jacques de Bujac, was first exploited in Hollywood as one of the old Boston Cabots—you know, the folks who speak only to the Lowells. His real history is a hundred times more exciting. He is French, Irish and—honest!—Indian. There's an Indian Princess in his family tree. His education was completed in France but he, like Bellamy, ran away to become a ranch hand. He did some professional boxing, broke his nose (which was straightened later) and stopped (*Continued on page 118*)

Love Birds

Here, on this and the next page, is more concentrated romance than you'll see for some time to come. (Start above and read around to the right.) First, Dick Powell and Gwen Heller. She's a niece of the brothers Warner. Ver' pretty. Then, Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye— still under the infloonce of Cupid. And Jimmie Dunn with Nora Lane, his latest heart. Then, that devoted Darby and Joan—Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. And finally, who else but Boots Mallory Cagney and husband Bill.





Some ducky pictures of thataway couples! All thanks to our cameraman, Scotty

(Start with the picture above and read around to the left.) Mary Brian and Donald Cook—will she marry him, do you really think?—at the Repeal Party at the Embassy Club. Then, Johnnie Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan. And—very much on fire—Russ Columbo and Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane. George Raft and—who do you think?—Marjorie King. And Hoot Gibson with blond little June Gale who has apparently taken Sally Eilers' place in Hoot's life.

YOU LEARN TO KNOW THEM— WHEN THEY'RE CLOTHES SHOPPING!

(Above) It happened the day that Irene Dunne simply had to have a fitting while on location. Mr. Greer, perched in the tree, certainly suffered that time. (Right) Mr. Greer rid Ann Harding of her inferiority complex about clothes. (Further right) Read about the time Clara Bow nearly gave the fitter fits.

It is quite unusual to get any star to admit that she doesn't know how to wear clothes. As I look over my famous autograph book of all the stars who have come into my shop and whose clothes I have made either for personal or professional use, I discover that most of them are not only interested in clothes, but feel that they know almost as much about them as the designer.

Not so Ann Harding—whose signature strikes my eye as I sit here thumbing the pages of the book and telling you everything I have learned about the stars I have known.

Ann Harding came into my shop one day in search of clothes for her picture, "The Animal Kingdom." After awhile she said, "Oh, what's the use! They're all lovely, but I'm just not a clothes-horse. I never have been, I never will be, and the clothes won't look as they look on the mannequins when *I* wear them."

We tried to encourage her and I must say that the fittings went very well. We were careful to keep her in dark colors and simple lines—she cannot wear anything extreme—and she began to be enthusiastic about the

. . . A further installment in the fascinating series, "I've Dressed Them All." See your favorites' fads and foibles revealed by one of Hollywood's ace designers

By HOWARD GREER

(Above) Can you imagine Lil Tashman being nervous? Just because she had to model some wonderful gowns? Lil who adores clothes—and wears 'em like nobody's business? Well, she was nervous. In fact, she was petrified. (Left) A girl who honestly and truly doesn't give a whoop for clothes—Barbara Stanwyck. Which doesn't prevent Mr. Greer from liking her a whole lot.

clothes and to lose her inferiority complex about them.

As soon as the picture was finished she came back to the shop and bought a great many things for her personal wardrobe. Some time later she called me one noon and said, "I've just found that I have a ten-day vacation, so I'm going to fly to Havana. If you can possibly finish the navy blue polka-dot with the hat and gloves to match, I'd like to wear them on the plane this afternoon."

We had had two fittings and there was very little finishing to be done. Miss Harding came in about three o'clock. We dressed her and she left the shop very gay and cheerful, little suspecting that during her holiday her life was to be endangered when—for hours and hours—she, her secretary and Alexander Kirkland drifted on a wrecked fishing boat upon a sea infested with sharks.

In fact, it was one of our dresses which made the unfortunate trip with her on the fishing vessel. Perhaps you remember the account of how Kirkland had her take off her skirt so that he could wave it and signal a passing boat. It was this signal that brought their rescue. And had this been a theatrical drama instead of a real one the program note would have read—"Gowns by Greer."

Years ago, when at Paramount I made a great many of the clothes which Clara Bow wore in her earlier pictures, I shall never forget the first time she came on the lot. Then, she was comparatively unknown, and Victor Fleming was testing her for a part. She went on the set and Fleming gave her instructions. Instead of doing what she was told, she raced before the camera, vaulted a chair, ran her hands through her wild hair and acted like a real tomboy.

THE rushes of that test were thrilling. They caught the spirit of the Bow that was to be—and Fleming was one of the first to realize what could be done with her.

Years later, after all her troubles, when she was attempting a come-back in "Call Her Savage," we made clothes for her. The appointment was made for a Saturday afternoon. The shop is always closed on that day, but it was the only time during the week that Clara could give us. My fitters were in the workroom waiting and I was in one of the upper salons. I had left the front

POLLY MORAN—YOU'RE A BAD GIRL!
ANNA MAY WONG — YOU'RE SMART!

door open so that Clara could get in without difficulty.

Suddenly I heard a deep bass voice calling, "Is anybody here?" I leaned over the balcony rail, peered down into the darkened foyer and asked, "Who's there?"

"Mrs. Bell," the voice answered, and it was a few seconds before I understood that it was *Mr.* Bell announcing Clara. It always seems strange to hear an actress, whose name is known the world over, called by her married name. Yet Ruth Chatterton is called Mrs. Brent and Kay Francis is known as Mrs. McKenna to a number of people.

During the following week we had occasion to go to Clara's house for another fitting. It was a huge estate, situated in vast lawns and avenues of trees high above Hollywood. The interior of the house did not live up to the exterior by any manner of means. It was heavily and ornately furnished, for Clara had rented it "as was" for a few months.

[illegible] were taken upstairs to Clara's bed- [illegible]

[illegible] only time I [illegible] mannequin than my girls that afternoon was when Lilyan Tashman modeled at one of my openings. I begged her to appear only for the one "grand opening day" and she graciously consented.

One of my regular mannequins had a slithery black evening dress and I duplicated it in white for Lilyan. The two of them appearing on the little stage together and the effect was as startling as it was novel. There was also a street suit of black and white on a mannequin and on Lilyan I did the same model in white and black. She wore, in all, eight different gowns during the performance. At the opening were not only all of the big stars, but my Pasadena and Santa Barbara customers as well.

When the salons were full, I went backstage to tell the girls that they could begin and I found Lilyan walking the floor in an agony of stage fright, with her teeth chattering violently. Imagine Lilyan Tashman—the poised, the sophisticated, the woman of the world who has faced hundreds of cameras—behaving this way. Never in her entire career, she confessed, had she ever known such terror. No stage or screen

(*Continued on page 90*)

Lee Tracy talks to you frankly, honestly, about that much publicized "insult" to Mexican cadets. I think, because of the great expense to M-G-M in scrapping work done on "Viva Villa," the actor involved should have a chance to "talk up." Thank you, Lee. —***The Editor***

LEE TRACY'S EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT TO YOU

To the readers of MODERN SCREEN:

I have no apology to make to anyone.

In the first place, Mexico has forgiven and forgotten my hilarious conduct while a guest in their country. Mexico actually is unable to understand the unforgivably bad publicity meted out to me by uninformed members of the press.

Hollywood, however, is not quite so charitable. Making mountains out of mole-hills, creating rumor stories out of thin air seems to be the favorite indoor sport of our best gossipers.

I have always considered Hollywood a town of fair, regular people, willing at all times to come to the aid of a fellow associate and friend. I have changed my mind about that now but to my few staunch friends and the readers of MODERN SCREEN I want to make the following statement.

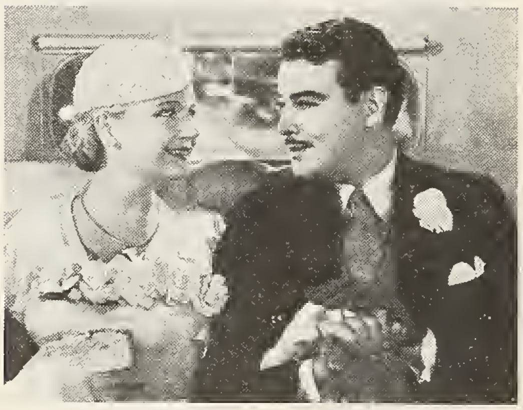
I did nothing shameful or disgraceful while in Mexico. I was fully clothed. There was no balcony.

I was in a hotel room seven stories above the ground, peering over an iron grating that reached to my chest.

Thanks to MODERN SCREEN for their usual gesture of fairness in allowing me this opportunity of thus speaking my heart to their large body of readers. I hope I have assured my friends that my actions while in Mexico were the careless and natural actions of a hilarious young fellow who should have known better.

Lee Tracy

Reviews —A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES



(Above) Eddie Cantor and Gloria Stuart in "Roman Scandals." (Left to right) Joan Crawford, star of "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone. Ann Harding and Nils Asther are to be seen in "The Right to Romance." Robert Young is also in the cast. Next, our own Jimmy Cagney with Mae Clarke in "Lady Killer." Rowdy, but funny.

By WALTER RAMSEY

•• ROMAN SCANDALS
(GOLDWYN-U.A.)

Eddie Cantor, Veree Teasdale, David Manners, Gloria Stuart.

TREMENDOUS: This picture cost $1,000,000—and it looks like a million dollars. Give producer Sam Goldwyn credit for going so far out of his monetary way to give us such an expensive and beautiful picture in these times. A bouquet for Eddie Cantor, too, for taking a chance with such a departure from the usual routine in musical comedy. He did a swell job!

Beautiful girls (in fact a million dollars worth of them alone), gorgeous backgrounds, exceptional photography, funny situations (instead of gags), a new slant on ensembles, a whole company of creole cuties (the real thing) and two hit songs: "Build a Little Home" and "Young and Beautiful." That's what you are going to see when you pay your money for "Roman Scandals" and the laughs are so good they will tide you over for a couple of weeks.

Of course, it takes place back in B.C. and the action is all done up in those cute union suits the gents used to parade around in plus the flowing robes of the gals. And a chariot race! There's something you'll be sure to remember for a long time.

Eddie does an even better job than his last smash hit, *The Kid From Spain*—and those of you who laughed through that picture will know what we mean. Gloria Stuart, Veree Teasdale and David Manners contribute their bits in swell fashion.

We can't recommend this one too highly. It merits your patronage and we're sure it will get plenty of it. See it!

•• COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
(UNIVERSAL)

John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Onslow Stevens, Melvyn Douglas, Isobel Jewel.

EXTRA SPECIAL: "Better than the stage play," seems to be the opinion of all who see this exceptional picture. That's saying a lot. The story was brought to the screen by Elmer Rice, the author of the stage version, and he does himself proud.

John Barrymore as the "Counsellor" is superb. The story shows the reaction of the lawyer, who started from the lowest of beginnings, to his sudden power and riches gained from his legal practice. The action takes place in the expansive suite of offices in which Barrymore and his partner welcome the rich and poor alike. The story is about the various clients, some fabulously rich, others terribly poor, gangsters and crooks.

The Counsellor has married into society (Doris Kenyon) but his natural tendency towards the people of his former background turns her against him. She plans divorce. Not being able to face the defeat (after his other successes), the lawyer attempts suicide. He is saved by his secretary, Bebe Daniels, and in the end it really looks like the middle-aisle for them.

Universal has done a fine job on this picture, sparing nothing to make it a real success. The actors are all perfectly fitted for the story (even to casting Lee Tracy's girl friend, Isobel Jewel, in the role of the switch-board operator, the part she played on the stage in Los Angeles) and we're sure

DON'T MISS—

Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"

John Barrymore in "Counsellor-at-Law"

James Cagney in "Lady Killer"

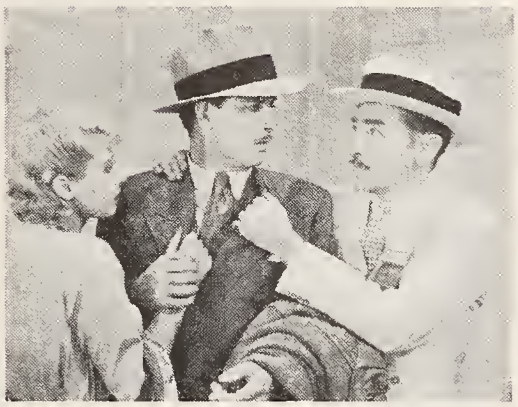
Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore in "Should Ladies Behave?"

Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in "Dancing Lady"

Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City"

Joe E. Brown in "Son of a Sailor"



(Above) Bebe Daniels and John Barrymore appear in "Counsellor-at-law." (Right to left) Lionel Barrymore and Alice Brady in "Should Ladies Behave?" Joan Blondell, Gordon Westcott and Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City." Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, and Charlotte Henry is the heroine in "Alice in Wonderland."

you'll remember her fine performance.

You're a cinch to like this one. It has everything to make it top-notch entertainment. Don't miss it.

•• CONVENTION CITY
(FIRST NATIONAL)

Adolphe Menjou, Guy Kibbee, Joan Blondell, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Dick Powell.

SCREAMINGLY FUNNY: Here's a picture that will drive away the depression blues. It's a laugh riot and the situations come so fast that you hate to see "The End" flash on the screen.

It seems that all the salesmen for the Honeywell Rubber Co. are going to Atlantic City for a convention, the main business of which is to elect a new sales manager. Guy Kibbee *might* have gotten the job if his wife had been allowed to stay and watch over him, but Menjou sends her a fake wire and that leaves Kibbee the "prey of the dames!" It looks as though the job is all sewed up, but when the announcement is made by the president, Frank McHugh is given the job. The reason he is promoted is so funny that we wouldn't want to spoil your evening by revealing it here.

Menjou, Kibbee and Joan Blondell divide the honors. The story and the acting, the laughs and the situations will give you one of the most enjoyable hours you've had at the movies in a long time. Run, don't walk!

• SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Alice Brady, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Carlisle, Conway Tearle.

MARVELOUS ENTERTAINMENT: Alice Brady at her very best, excellent dialogue, a story that will send you from the theater still smiling over the hilariously funny situations and delightful performances.

Married to a man much older than herself, Alice Brady is hoping that she can save her daughter (Mary Carlisle) from the same fate. Mary, however, happens to have a falling-out with her youthful boy friend just as Conway Tearle arrives on the scene. It appears, for a time, that daughter will fall for Conway (mean-old-mans) Tearle and thus do a repeat on the Brady-Barrymore "May-and-December" business.

While not quite as sophisticated as *When Ladies Meet*, we are sure you will find *Should Ladies Behave?* just as entertaining. Actress Brady is even more gushy and brimming over than she was in her former sensational performance. You'll really like her a lot.

We advise you not to miss this one—and you can even take the kids if they are old enough to enjoy it.

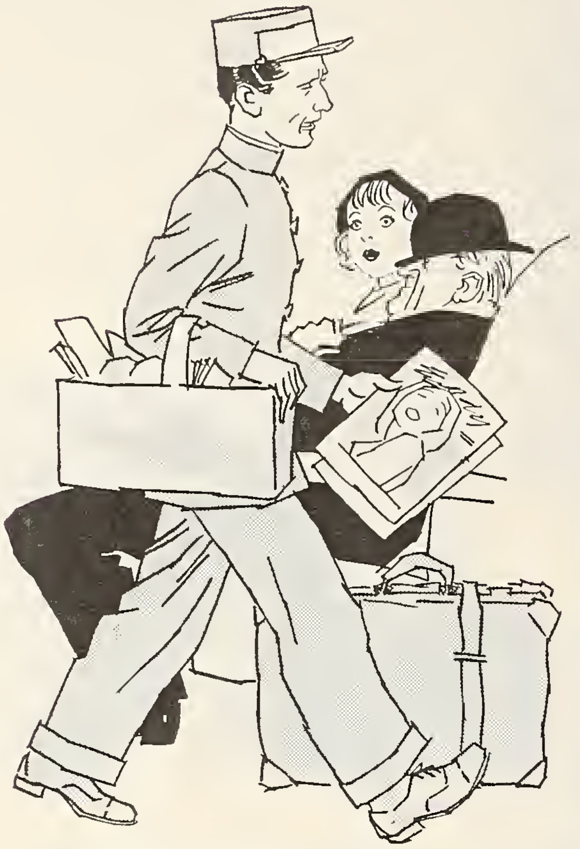
• DANCING LADY
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Fred Astaire, Ted Healy

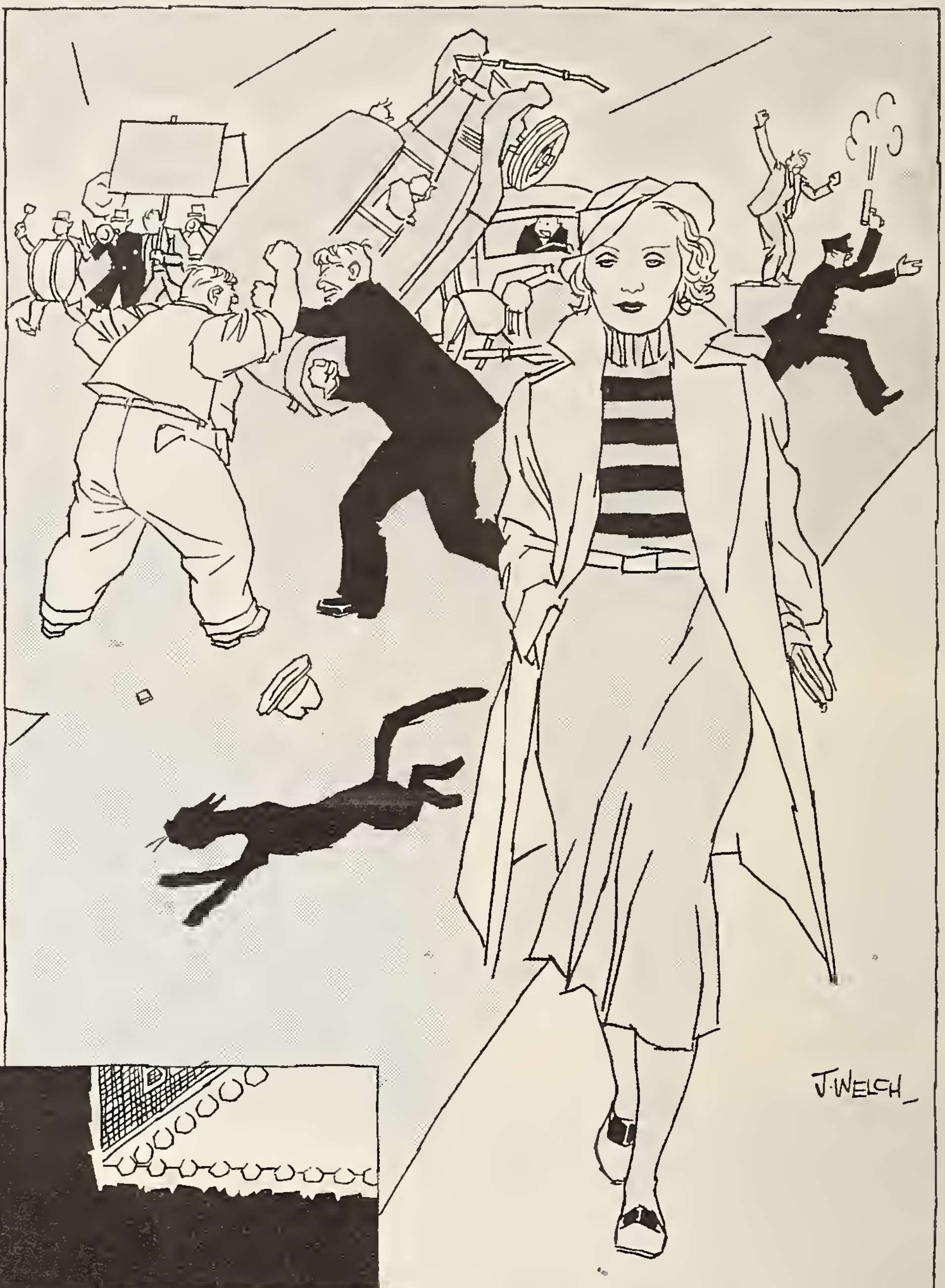
GOOD MUSICAL: When one finds Clark Gable and Joan Crawford together with Franchot Tone in the same picture, it looks like a "natural." Add to this, however, May Robson, the dancing genius of Fred Astaire and the fun of Ted Healy and his stooges and you have a string of naturals. It's the old back-stage theme, but *Dancing Lady* has so much more honesty than most of its predecessors that it all but heads the list. You have a hunch you

(*Continued on page 80*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



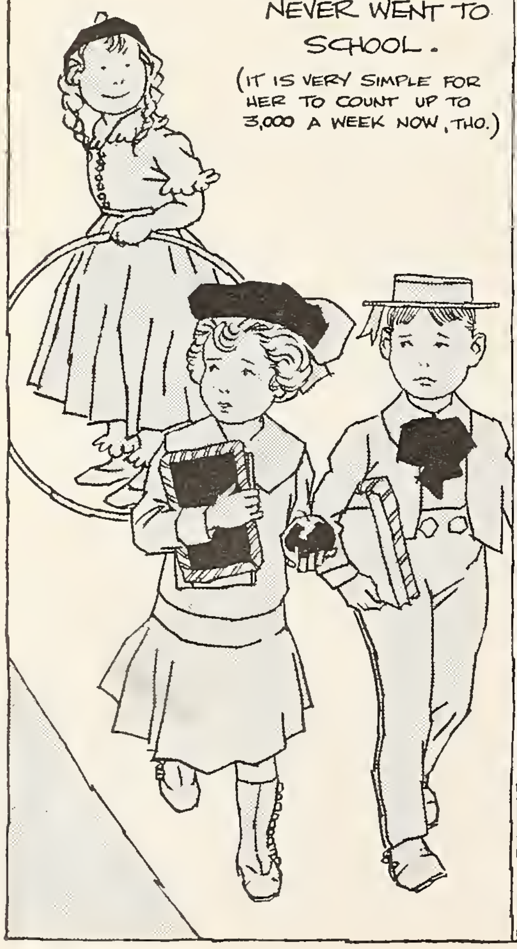
LIKE EDISON, VICTOR JORY ONCE WORKED AS A NEWSBUTCH ON A TRAIN.

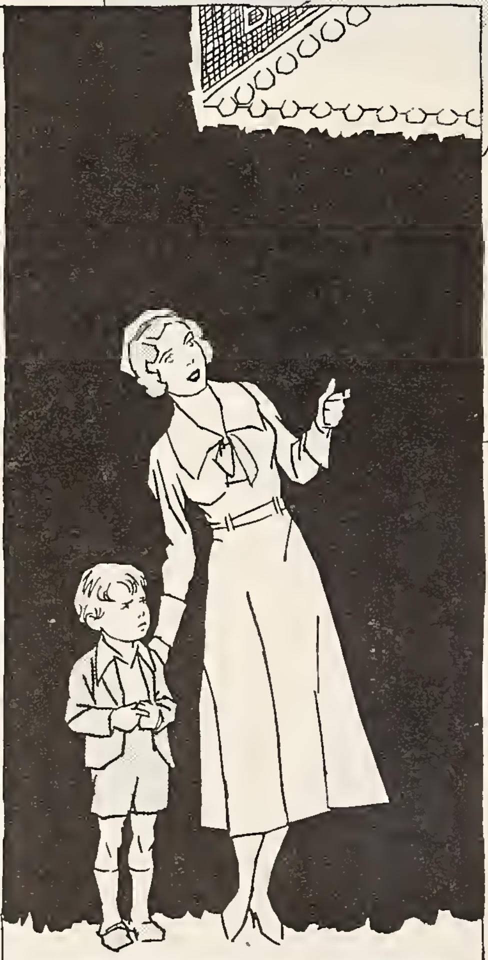


IT TAKES MORE THAN A MINOR STREET ACCIDENT TO GET MARLENE DIETRICH'S ATTENTION WHEN SHE IS OUT FOR A WALK ... HER EYES ARE ALWAYS STRAIGHT AHEAD.

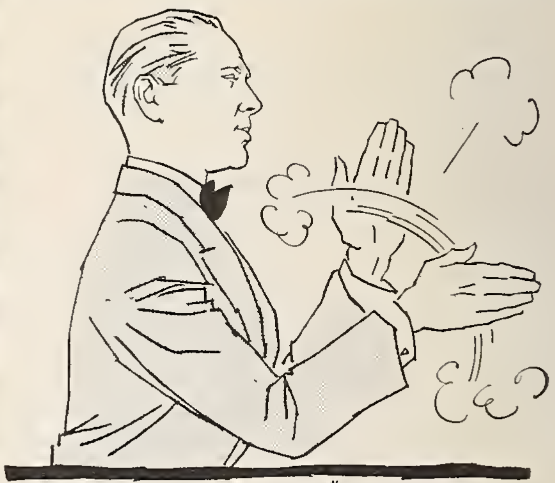
MARIE DRESSLER NEVER WENT TO SCHOOL.

(IT IS VERY SIMPLE FOR HER TO COUNT UP TO 3,000 A WEEK NOW, THO.)





BUSTER PHELPS, 6, LEARNED TO SPELL OUT HIS NAME FROM SEEING IT IN LIGHTS.



JAMES DUNN MADE $10,000 SELLING LUNCH WAGONS IN NEW YORK — AND LOST IT IN 10 MINUTES IN THE STOCK MARKET.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Gallery of Honor

We honor the earthy Mala and Iva—played by Lotus Long—his lovely bride, in W. S. Van Dyke's beautifully produced "Eskimo."

(Above) Gloria Stuart, you're lovely. Eddie Cantor, you're so amusing. Congratulations too, upon movie-conferencing with President Roosevelt. Ruth Etting, you sing so beautifully. We honor you all—you've made "Roman Scandals" a rare treat. (Below) We haven't seen Katharine Hepburn in "Trigger." But we hear tell she's as magnificent as she was in "Little Women."

(Left) John Barrymore, we're glad you were given the role in "Counsellor-at-Law" which Paul Muni played on the stage. It's the "take-the-stage and steal-the-scene" sort of part you deserve. And you're swell in it. (Right) And you—Alice Brady — everything you've done has been gudgeous. "Broadway to Hollywood." "Stage Mother." And now you're grand in "Should Ladies Behave?"

THE GREAT GOD STUDIO

By
GLADYS HALL

THERE was once the Great God Baal. His demands were rapacious, omnivorous—and always gratified.

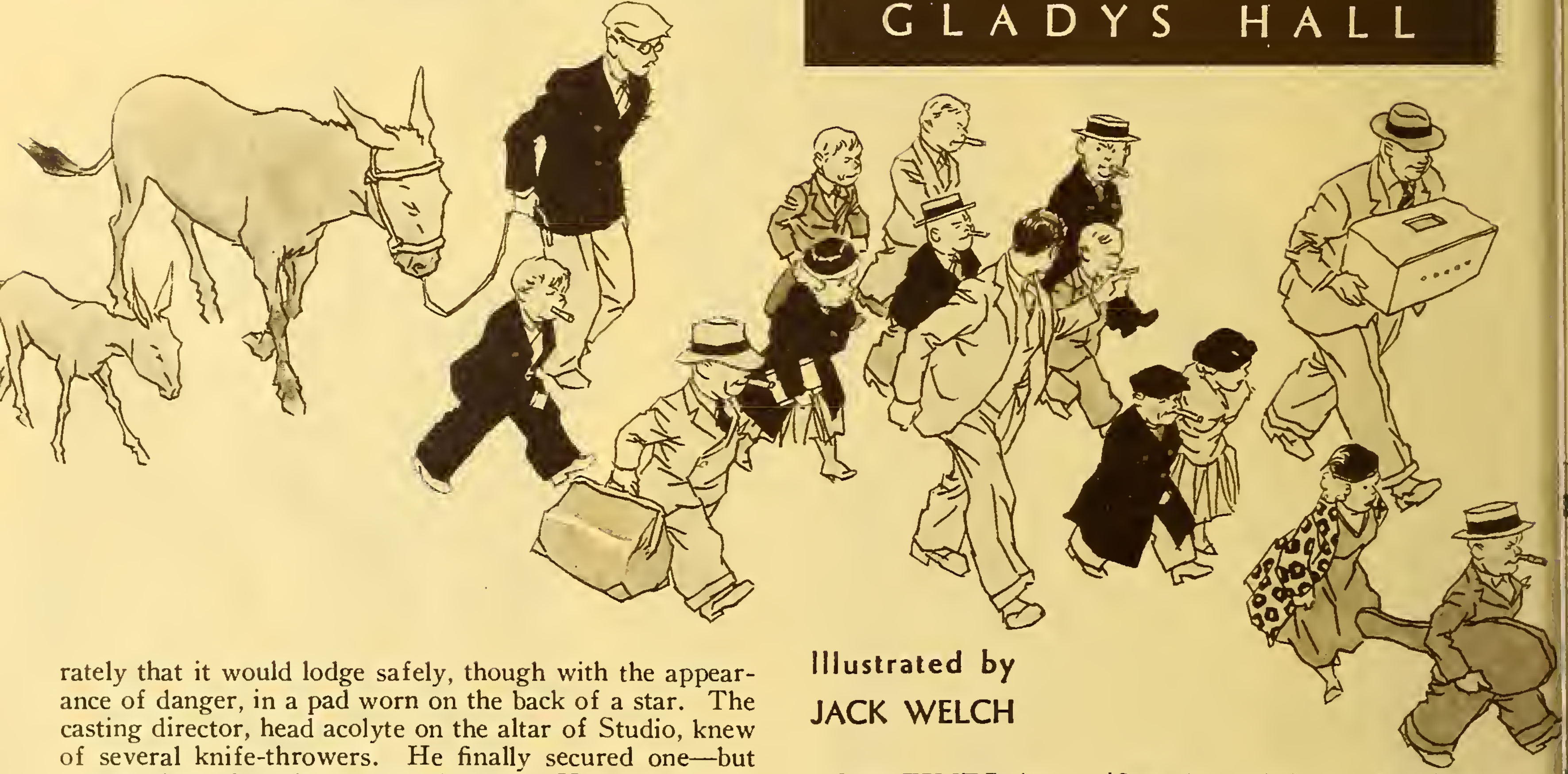
Today—we have the Great God Studio.

His demands, too, are rapacious and omnivorous and sometimes very strange. He, too, is always gratified.

Sometimes the demands of the Great God Studio are amusing. The god is in a playful mood. As when M-G-M was making "Today We Live" and an order came through for cockroaches, for *giant* cockroaches, for cockroaches that would not require the extra footage of close-ups to disclose their identities. The prop men, who are among the acolytes on the altar of Studio, were hard put to it. Cockroaches of easily photographable dimensions are not prolific.

It then occurred to one bright lad to breed for a bigger and better race. The cockroach family reproduces rapidly. Two specimens of Herculean proportions were acquired. And only two. These two were bred. The Mendelian theory, or what have you, worked correctly. In no time at all a strapping family of cockroaches sprawled, with gratifying prominence, before the cameras.

Came the day when Studio demanded a gentleman who could throw a knife with unerring accuracy. *So* accurately that it would lodge safely, though with the appearance of danger, in a pad worn on the back of a star. The casting director, head acolyte on the altar of Studio, knew of several knife-throwers. He finally secured one—but not at the price his budget allowed. You see, knife-throwers use a fine discrimination as well as a fine blade. They suit the price to the person knifed. They will throw knives at a stunt man, or stunt woman, for five dollars per day. They will throw knives at an extra for ten dollars per day. But they charge from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day for throwing knives at a star. And the price that they demand for knifing a star depends upon the importance of that star. Their reasons are sound as well as purely psychological. They figure that a stunt man has iron nerve; that he will neither wince nor swerve to one side, thus running the risk of the knife lodging otherwhere than in the pad he wears for that purpose. They figure that extras are hardy stock, desperate for work and liable to follow directions explicity. They also figure that if any extra should be injured production would still go on. But if a star should wince or swerve to one side—then woe to the knife-thrower! Woe, also, to the cost of production. And they figure that a star is the worst risk because of the sensibility and delicate fibre of the stellar race.



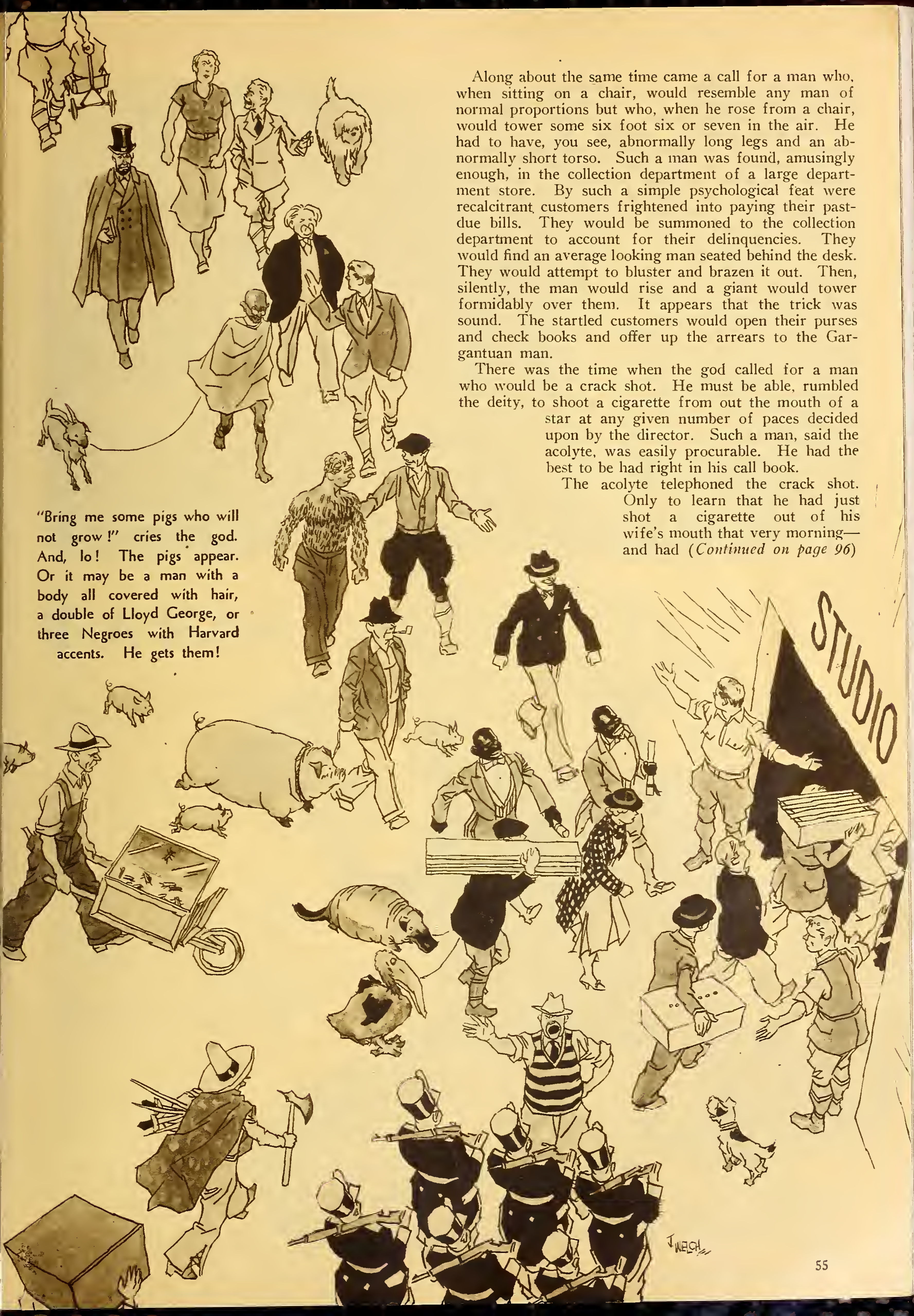
Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

SOMETIMES the sacrifices demanded by the god are sacrifices indeed. As the time when he felt a yen for a man with hair all over his body, like a bear's. The casting director and all of his assistants thumbed their call books in vain and in pain. They sent forth their emissaries upon the face of the earth. They found, after weeks of fine-combing, such a man selling groceries in an open air market. They spotted him first because of the air of great dejection he wore and also because his limply open shirt collar revealed bristles of hair that, surely, answered their god's demand. This man was about to lose his job, he told them. He had his mother to support. He also had a sweetheart, it was revealed, of a most romantic turn of mind. She favored such smooth and golden lads as Phillips Holmes. He had long kept the secret of his bearish hairishness from this fair maid of his heart. If he appeared in a motion picture—Well, he had, then, to make a choice. He must sacrifice his personal vanity and his sweetheart or he must sacrifice his mother's comfort and peace of mind. He succumbed to the god and pride bowed to filial duty.

Along about the same time came a call for a man who, when sitting on a chair, would resemble any man of normal proportions but who, when he rose from a chair, would tower some six foot six or seven in the air. He had to have, you see, abnormally long legs and an abnormally short torso. Such a man was found, amusingly enough, in the collection department of a large department store. By such a simple psychological feat were recalcitrant customers frightened into paying their past-due bills. They would be summoned to the collection department to account for their delinquencies. They would find an average looking man seated behind the desk. They would attempt to bluster and brazen it out. Then, silently, the man would rise and a giant would tower formidably over them. It appears that the trick was sound. The startled customers would open their purses and check books and offer up the arrears to the Gargantuan man.

There was the time when the god called for a man who would be a crack shot. He must be able, rumbled the deity, to shoot a cigarette from out the mouth of a star at any given number of paces decided upon by the director. Such a man, said the acolyte, was easily procurable. He had the best to be had right in his call book.

The acolyte telephoned the crack shot. Only to learn that he had just shot a cigarette out of his wife's mouth that very morning—and had *(Continued on page 96)*



"Bring me some pigs who will not grow!" cries the god. And, lo! The pigs appear. Or it may be a man with a body all covered with hair, a double of Lloyd George, or three Negroes with Harvard accents. He gets them!

WHAT

(Opposite page) Lela and Ginger. (Above, left and right) Ginger at seven. When she and her mother were living in Kansas City. The other picture was taken when she was three—just about the time of the kidnapping. (Left) Sitting pretty for "Sitting Pretty."

GINGER OWES HER MOTHER . .

By JIM TULLY

. . . Cheerfully—almost blithely—Lela Rogers fought the world for Ginger. It was a battle which demanded brains and good old-fashioned grit

HER right name is Virginia Rogers. She is called Ginger. Her father's parents were aristocratic slave owners in Missouri. They disapproved of their son's marriage to Ginger's mother.

The inevitable happened.

Seven months before Ginger was born, her parents separated. Lela, her mother, was under twenty years of age. A country girl from Iowa, she decided not to return home, but seek a living elsewhere as best she could.

With ten dollars and a battered valise, she left quietly one evening at dusk. Her destination was Independence, Missouri, fifty miles away.

The car stopped in front of the court house, and the expectant young mother left her valise in the care of a kindly cigar store attendant, and walked about the small pastoral town until she came to a small, quaint house that had a "for rent" sign near the door. It was owned by the lady next door, and the rent was $20.00 per month.

The young mother of the future screen star paid $5.00 to bind the bargain, and went to purchase her few necessities, and obtain her valise.

That night there was a terrible storm. The rain lashed against the windows, and when it abated, the young woman heard a scratching at the window. It was a black cat. Lela opened the window and took it in. The cat purred in gratitude. She called it Ebony. They began life over again together. It was present in the house seven months later when Ginger was born, and became jealous of the baby; but that, as Kipling would say, is ahead of the story.

WHEN the girl went in search of work next morning, she passed a newspaper office and asked the owner for a job.

Surprised, he at first refused her. Later, as they talked, he offered her the position of soliciting advertising, and reporting the stray activities of the little town. Her salary was to be $8.00 per week.

Overjoyed, she went to work.

None of her family knew what had become of her. As her marriage had become impossible, neither was her husband aware. She often thought of telling her mother, but by some strange quirk, decided to fight it out alone.

She become a favorite in the town. The owner of the paper and his wife treated her as a daughter. As month followed month, and the time for Ginger's birth drew near, no one asked questions. Fine tribute to the chivalry of the inhabitants of that little Missouri town.

Six weeks before the child was born, the mother was sent to cover an art exhibit in Kansas City. While waiting for a street car she accidentally met her father and mother. They accompanied her home, where Lela remained until the child was born. Complying with her mother's entreaties, the young wife consented to a reconciliation with her husband.

He came to Independence. Through his wife's influence in the town, he was given a position, which he held eight weeks. In the five years of their married life, he had twenty-eight jobs.

Soon her life in the little town was over. With tearful farewells she accompanied her husband to Texas, where he had been given a job as strike-breaker.

Daily, the mother lived in fear that her husband might be killed by irate strikers. At last, when Ginger was three years old the mother again left the husband and went with the child to Dallas, Texas.

In a few days she made a bargain with the owner of a hotel. He would allow her a room and board if she did the stenography and book-keeping for the hotel. Given credit for a desk and typewriter by local merchants, she was soon established in the lobby of the hotel as a public stenographer. Ginger played for hours in the lobby, while her mother worked.

A year passed and the young woman was again making a success of life alone and all unaided.

ONE day her child was stolen from the lobby of the hotel. The frantic mother did not know which way to turn for help. When all efforts to find the child had failed, the mother received a letter which said, "Surely you are not the bad woman your husband paints you, or your baby girl would not cry for you all the time." The letter was unsigned, but it told where the child could be found.

The mother engaged an old man as driver of an automobile, bought a revolver and went in search of her child.

Arriving at the town and locating the house, she waited patiently nearby until her husband left. Then, after a desperate struggle with her husband's mother, she obtained the child by force, and hurried in the waiting automobile from the town.

Hiding in a secluded place by a river, she bathed and soothed the child, and pondered on her future.

She would leave the Texas town, and hide herself and child somewhere else.

But first, she must return for her few belongings. As she arrived in the town at dusk, an evening newspaper carried a photograph of mother and child, and the story of its being retaken by the mother.

Late that night, with the help of a few friends, she left secretly for Kansas City, where, save for some months in Washington during the World War, she remained with Ginger until the future actress was about eight years old.

When word came that Ginger's father was quite ill, and the young girl pleaded to see him, the mother forgot all her fears, and took the child to him. It was not for long. Within a week, with his wife and child again near him, he was dead.

Strengthened by the impulse of her daughter, and by having helped her wandering husband in his last hours upon earth, the mother decided to return to Dallas with Ginger.

She sent a letter to the hotel proprietor who had been so considerate years before. And the mother and child boarded a train, which was to take them not only to Dallas, but to a destiny undreamed.

They were met at the station by two men and a woman, the hotel proprietor and his wife, and the aging man who had helped Lela to recover Ginger.

Mrs. Rogers returned to her stenographic work in the hotel. She had always loved to write, and now, with Ginger in school, she tried her hand at short stories. After constant effort and much discouragement, the young widow sold a story to a national woman's magazine.

In the meantime, she had gathered the threads of her life together. The editor and his wife who had been so kind to her in Independence still corresponded with her. The editor read her story, and wrote to his friend, the editor of a Dallas newspaper, telling of her ability and of her work while in Independence.

Much to her surprise one day, she received a letter from the Dallas editor, offering her a position as reporter.

Quite a contrast, these two pictures—what? The small one was taken in 1926 when Ginger was thirteen—and a Charleston contest winner.

DURING the years of stress, a great comradeship had grown between mother and daughter. That night they discussed the future. Should Lela take the newspaper job or not? She was happy in her work at the hotel.

"I'd go to see him, mother," said Ginger, "you can never tell what's around the corner."

Just then the bell rang. The friend who had helped Mrs. Rogers find Ginger entered. The woman and the girl discussed the problem with him. He looked kindly at Mrs. Rogers.

"You ain't losin' your nerve, are you?" he asked.

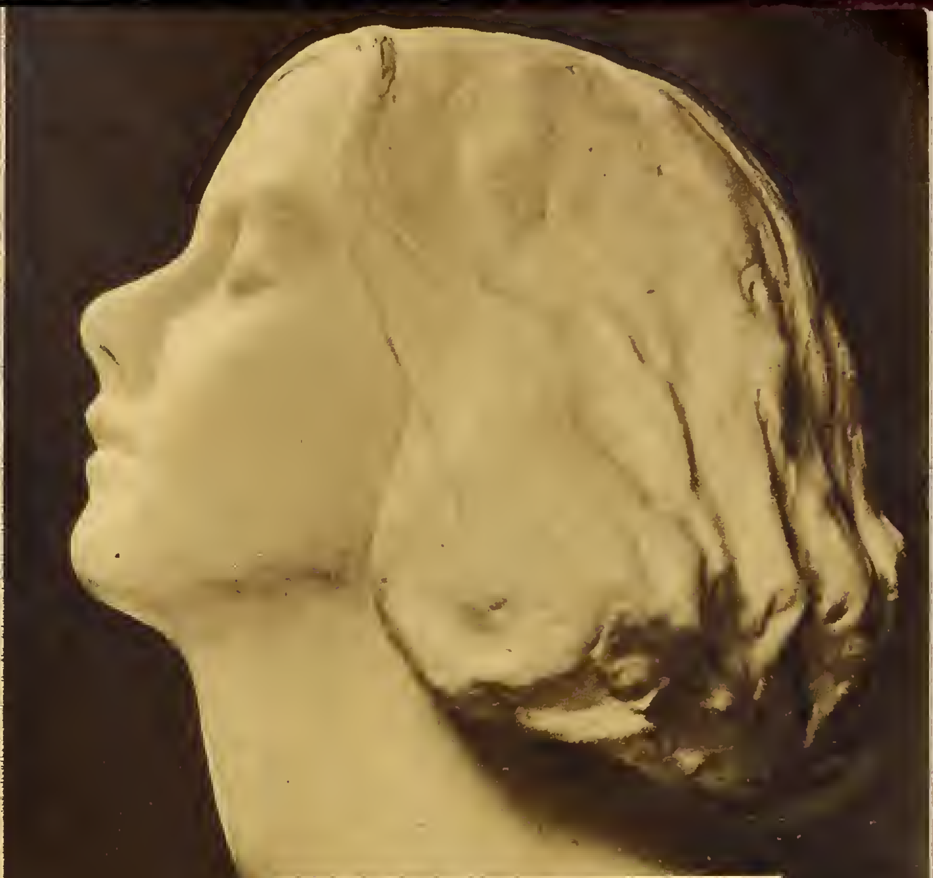
The question settled the matter.

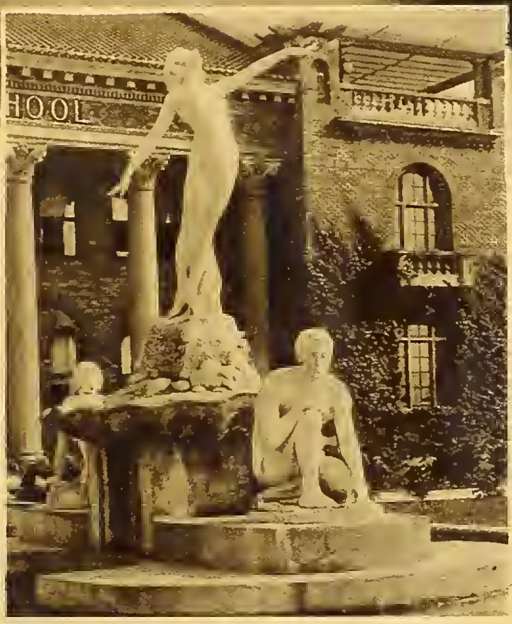
She accepted the editor's offer.

In eighteen months she was promoted to the position of dramatic editor of the paper.

In this new work, Ginger accompanied her mother to the theatre whenever possible.

Then a vaudeville dancer of no great ability, whose name is now unknown, (*Continued on page 86*)





The "Spirit of Education" group outside the Venice Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles. The lovely central figure was modeled by Myrna Loy—five years ago. (Above) A head of Myrna Loy, done by H. L. Winebrenner, the sculptor of the "Spirit" group.

MYRNA LOY IN MARBLE

The fascinating revelation of one star who is immortal—because of a great monument. An unusual story which you cannot afford to miss

By JACK HILL

A BEAUTIFUL screen actress in classic marble! For five years, her figure has been the central figure of California's one and only allegorical group—admired by countless thousands—and she has never said a word about it.

And Hollywood, which believes that publicity is more important than the vitamin family—A, B and C combined—is stunned. The cinema village is accustomed to secrets—secrets about engagements, marriages and divorces—yet expects even these guarded facts to find their way into print. And they do!

That any Hollywood-broken star or featured player would deliberately, and for five long years, conceal material that would merit center position in rotogravure sections the world over, seems incredible to the picture boys and girls who consider first page photos better art than Mr. Rembrandt's very best and most famous efforts.

"Why, Myrna!" gasps Hollywood. "Why did you—how could you?"

And in answer, Miss Loy smiles calmly, enigmatically, and goes serenely upon her mysterious way.

And if Hollywood is stunned, consider the officials of the big celluloid factory where Miss Loy faces the grinding cameras. For five years the beautiful statue has stood almost within the shadow of the studio—so close in fact, that one could have batted a golf ball from the statue through the windows of the publicity department. And never a word about it—because no one knew.

Which just isn't like Hollywood.

MISS LOY'S silence might be better understood if other screen favorites had been perpetuated in classic Carrara. But she alone enjoys that distinction. Any other actress would have (*Continued on page 91*)

Lovers

Lovers, we hasten to add, for screen purposes only. For otherwise, it wouldn't be quite right for Johnnie Weissmuller to let Maureen O'Sullivan, in "Tarzan and His Mate," cling to him in such a way (on the opposite page) while (above) his new wife, Lupe Velez, is evidently having a high old time in "Joe Palooka" with James Cagney's brother, Bill. To Lupe's right, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March are considering seriously the import of the picture's title—"All of Me." (Right) Mae Clarke is doing her best to vamp Jimmie Cagney for the purposes of "Finger Man." (Below) George Raft and Helen Mack in "All of Me." And Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in "Trigger."

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

. . . Come backstage into fairyland! Get the surprise of your life when you see "big names" delighted with bits! And marvel at the sweet and friendly spirit "Alice" has brought to Hollywood!

By JACK JAMISON

THERE is a story behind every picture, but what a sweet story—what an *unbelievably* sweet story, for hard-boiled Hollywood!—lies behind "Alice in Wonderland"!

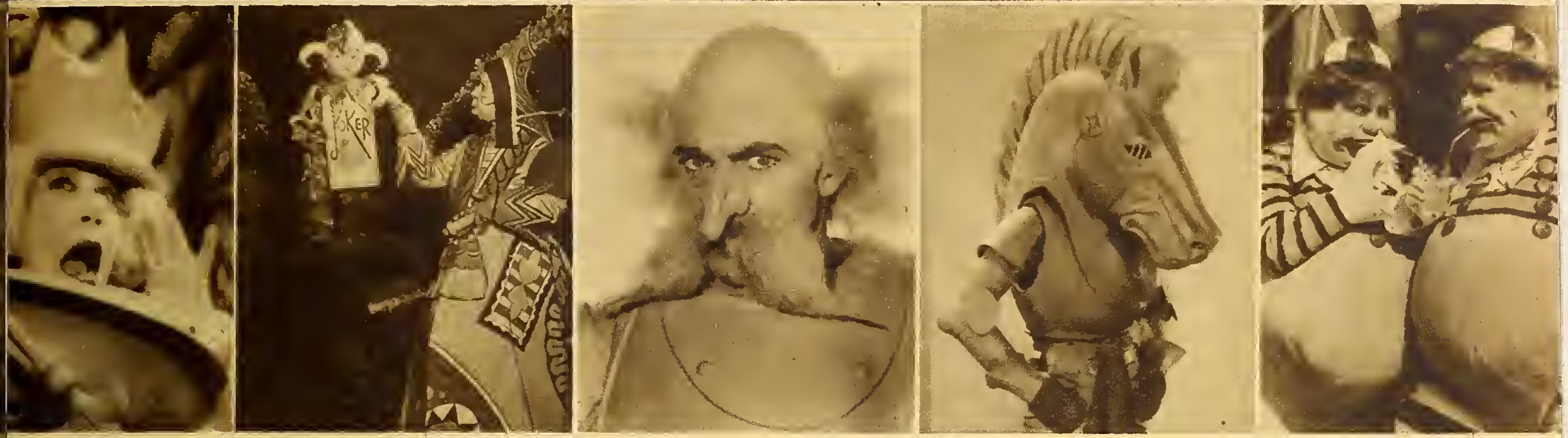
How did a studio ever happen to decide to make a sentimental, fantastic, nursery tale picture like "Alice"? A story written by an English mathematician and scholar, Charles Dodgson, sixty-odd years ago. Written out painstakingly, in longhand, for a little girl who was a friend and neighbor of his—a little girl really named Alice.

Gangsters, musicals, comedies, sex appeal, yes. Eddie Robinson, the Marx Brothers, Mae West, yes. But—a delicate, sweet story, all whimsy and fancy and delicate nonsense.

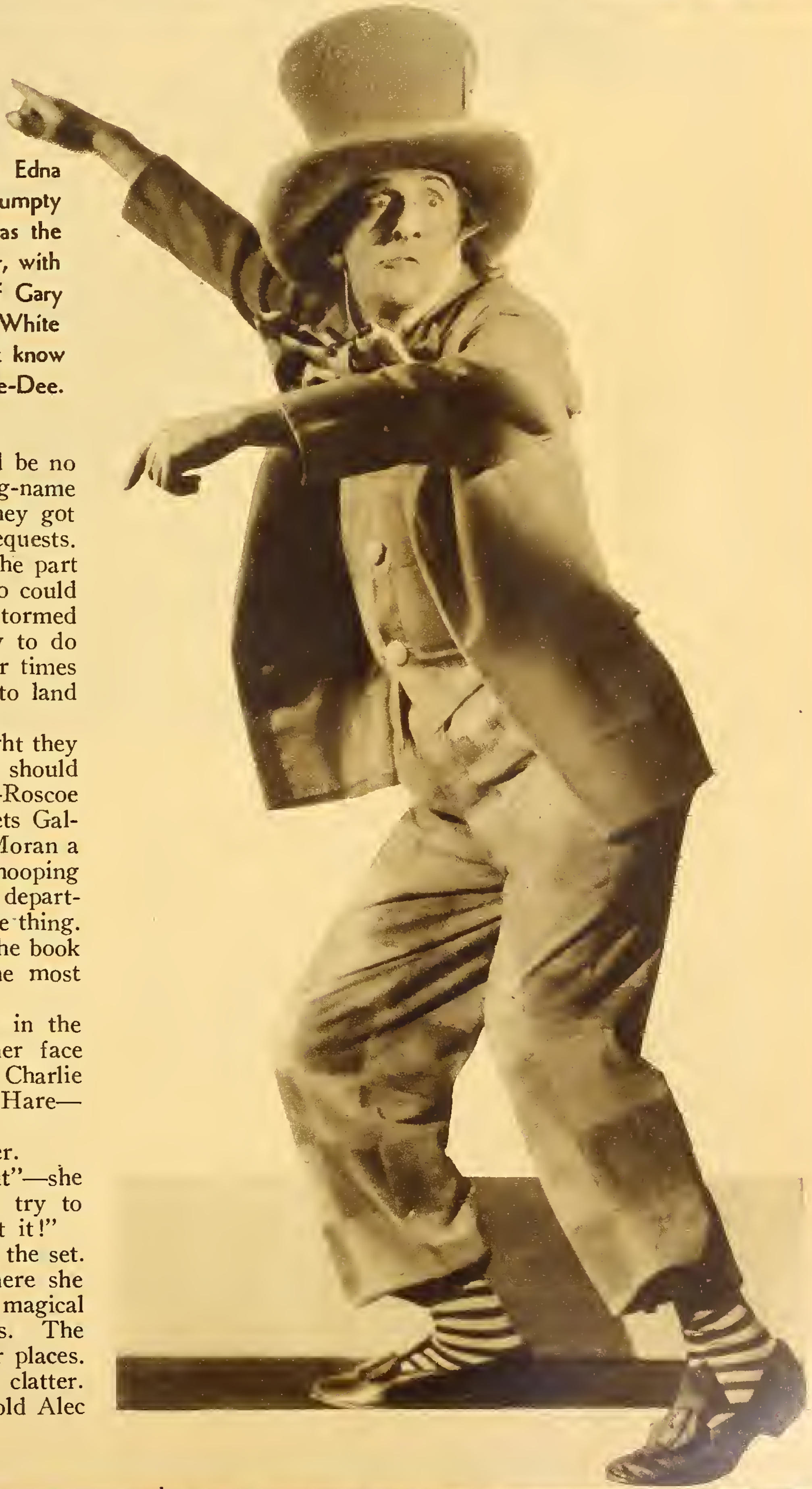
"I was interested in the possibilities of making a picture from the book for years," Louis Lighton, associate producer for Paramount, told me, to my surprise, when I asked him. "I had brought up the idea before, and this time I kept at it until it was finally accepted." Nobody was sure just how the picture ought to be made—a musical, an extravaganza, or what. About making it, in one shape or another, there was no doubt. A dozen hard-boiled studio business men, sitting around a conference table, all *wanted* to make the picture!"

And, as soon as they decided to go ahead and make it and lose their money, it turned out that there were simply dozens of people who had dreamt of a movie of "Alice" for years and years. Norman McLeod almost got down on his knees to beg them to let him direct it. Norman McLeod, who turned out Marx Brothers comedies! But fully ten years ago, when Norman was a struggling artist drawing the little cartoons that used to appear on the old Christie Comedy subtitles, he pleaded with the Christies to make "Alice in Wonderland." The Christies came within an inch of doing it, too. And no sooner was Norman given the chance he begged for, his life-long ambition, than the studio got another surprise.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"



On the opposite page, Charlotte Henry as Alice. (Below) Mr. E. E. Horton gets a kick out of his role of the Mad Hatter. Across the top of the two pages: Charles Ruggles as the March Hare. Ford Sterling as the White King. Roscoe Ates as the Fish. Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty. Louise Fazenda, swathed in inner tubes, as the White Queen. Baby Le Roy—the lamb!—as the joker, with May Robson, the Queen of Hearts. Two pictures of Gary Cooper—you'll have to take our word for it—as the White Knight. And Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie—we don't know which is which, either—as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee.



THE casting office announced that there would be no starring part in the film—only bits. What big-name actor or actress would play a bit? And then they got their surprise! They were simply flooded with requests. There were sixty-eight hundred applications for the part of Alice. Every famous actor in the country, who could get free, volunteered for smaller parts. They stormed the studio. They volunteered to take any salary to do anything. Dick Arlen, for instance, drove in four times from Palm Springs, a hundred miles each way, to land the part of—a cat!

And when they *got* their parts, you'd have thought they were a lot of kids on the last day of school! You should have seen them, as I did, getting their costumes—Roscoe Ates a fish, W. C. Fields Humpty Dumpty, Skeets Gallagher a white rabbit, Mae Marsh a sheep, Polly Moran a dodo bird, Ned Sparks a caterpillar! Kids! Whooping and yelling at each other! Even the wardrobe department and the make-up men caught the spirit of the thing. The costumes follow the original illustrations of the book down to the tiniest detail. The make-up is the most miraculous you've ever seen.

Alison Skipworth swept out of the wardrobe in the cumbersome robes she wears as the Duchess, her face hidden under a grotesque, heavy, airless mask. Charlie Ruggles—looking equally silly as the March Hare—laughed and gave her a poke in the ribs.

"What d'you think of it, Skippy?" he asked her.

"Young man, it's Hell. H, E, double L! But"—she glared at him—"just you let me see somebody try to take this part away from me, now that I've got it!"

I don't think I will ever forget the first day on the set. The scene was the interior of Alice's room, where she falls asleep and, in her dream, steps into the magical world of wrong-end-to, behind the looking-glass. The huge lights blinked on, and the director called for places. The scurrying grips and propmen hushed their clatter. Behind the cameras, out of the way, stood dear old Alec

(Top, left) On the set. Jackie Searle as the Dormouse. Alice. Make-up expert Wally Westmore touching up Mad Hatter Horton. And Charles Ruggles without his March Hare head-piece. (Top, right) Alice walks through the enchanted forest, with Baby Billy Barty in her arms. (Circle) Alison Skipworth offers her Duchess mask some refreshment.

B. Francis, Edna May Oliver, and Ford Sterling, watching. They were all in costume. Alec, as the King of Hearts, wore the robes you can see on any playing card. Ford and Edna, as the White King and the Red Queen, were togged out as chess pieces. The cameras rolled. Alice stepped through the looking-glass, into a room in which—because it was on the other side of a mirror, supposedly—everything was backwards. The titles on the books ran backwards. The clock ran backwards. Everything—just as the gentle Charles Dodgson, who called himself Lewis Carroll so his fellow scientists wouldn't laugh at him for writing fairy-tales, thought it up for his little friend Alice, in England so long ago. And Alec, and Edna May Oliver of slapstick humor, and Ford Sterling, who started as a Keystone Cop, hardly breathed! So delicate was the creation being wrought before them, they were afraid to move for fear of shattering it. Their eyes were far away, looking back into the years of their own childhood. Only when the scene was done did they stir. And then white-haired Alec Francis sighed, and whispered:

"Beautiful!"

Just that one word.

YOU have probably heard about how little Charlotte Henry got the coveted role of Alice. A small part in a picture called "Courage," and another in "Huckleberry Finn" made the sum of her Hollywood experience. She is seventeen. (She looks fourteen.) There were not only the sixty-eight hundred applications, but six hundred interviews and fifty-two screen tests already made. Other tests were coming in from England and Canada. She came into the studio, and the production staff took one look at her and gasped. They thought the Alice of the book was coming to life right before their eyes. After they saw Charlotte, there was never any question as to who would get the part—and that's a fairy-tale story, too.

The picture took two months to finish—two months of work that went on day and night. So unusual were the trick shots called for by the script that even Paramount employees were barred from the vast, cloth-roofed arena where most of the scenes were taken. Two policemen stood at the door, always. I spent several days with the company, and I should like, here, to thank the studio for its courtesy to MODERN SCREEN's readers. I consider it a privilege to have come in contact with one of the finest things Hollywood has ever done—for "Alice in Wonderland" is all of that!

Everybody in the company felt—just as I did—that they were being granted one of the rarest experiences they had ever had, or ever would have. I visited the set again in the fourth week, after a month of gruelling work had been done, and made the rounds. I chatted with person after person, asking them what they thought of it. They were tired—terribly tired—and there was still a full month to go. But May Robson told me—she was celebrating her fiftieth year on the stage at the time—"This is the nicest anniversary present I've ever received." Gary Cooper said, "Playing the White Knight is the biggest thrill I've had since I've played in 'Wings.' No matter what I ever do, from now on this is *it!*" Louise Fazenda was positively glowing. "I would have turned down ten pictures for this. Everybody has caught the spirit of the thing. It's marvelous, the way we're working together." The wife of Hal Wallis, production chief at Warners, Louise doesn't need to act for a living. She was playing the White Queen because she loved it; had loved the book ever since she was a little girl. Everybody was like that.

Including the set-designing (*Continued on page 113*)

JOE SAYS A MOUTHFUL!

. . . The first time he saw his mouth on the screen, he shouted, "It's a lie!" But it's made him rich and famous

Joe E. Brown with one of his lovely little daughters, Mary Elizabeth, and their pups.

By NANETTE KUTNER

JOE BROWN, not any Joe Brown, but Joe E. Brown, invited me to breakfast.

Over the telephone, his manager delivered the invitation.

"He'll be there, right on time," said the manager. "You'll recognize him, won't you?"

"How can anyone help but recognize him with *that* mouth?" I retorted.

The manager laughed. At the time I did not know why. I know now. You see, I failed to recognize Mr. Brown.

The restaurant where we planned to meet is one of the oldest in Chicago. I sat near the front tables. Only one was occupied. I watched for Joe E. Brown. Presently, my eyes wandered over to the sole eating occupant.

He was a neat-looking young man. His brown suit was neat. His dark hair was neatly parted in the center, and plastered down upon his head. His mouth was a long neat slit above his chin.

A cashier, standing near-by, and seeing me stare, smiled. "I wouldn't have known him in a thousand years," she said.

Then, suddenly, I knew. The neat-looking, pleasant-faced young man was none other than Joe E. Brown.

But where, I wondered, where in the world was his mouth?

Later, I asked him that question.

THANKS for the compliment," he said. "The first time I saw myself on the screen, I wanted to get up and holler, 'It's a lie!'" He winked, and continued seriously. "I get my effects by playing up to my mouth, by exaggerating it. I twist my mouth, in fact, I twist my whole personality to fit whatever part I'm playing. I know that sounds trite, and perhaps it's silly, but it's true. I once did a sketch in the Greenwich Village Follies. It was an adaptation of that O. Henry story—the one about the man who wants to go to jail and can't get arrested. Up to the last bit I clowned around, but at the final curtain, when I was supposed to be out in the street and cold, I paused for a silent second, the lights dimmed, up went my coat collar, and believe me, I actually *felt* cold! It's just as important to feel a funny part as a dramatic one, and don't kid yourself about that!"

"How did you happen to capitalize your mouth?" I wanted to know.

(*Continued on page 105*)

The Private Life of a Crooner

By WALTER RAMSEY

In his Toluca Lake home, where, believe it or not, Dick Powell spends more evenings than he does in the night spots of Hollywood.

DICK POWELL, who puts an end to the idea that a man can't have curly hair, a high tenor voice and play "romantic juveniles" without looking silly, was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, long enough ago to make him twenty-eight years old last November 14. He began to howl the second he was born and kept it up for the early years of his life. As soon as he stopped howling, he began demanding money—for chopping wood, for singing "Casey Jones" to the aged station master, for anything and everything he did.

The Powell family (there were two brothers—Howard and Luther) moved about Arkansas during Dick's early life, finally settling in Little Rock. Dick went through the usual boy phases—the bad phase, the thoughtful phase, the movie-struck phase, the studious phase. Ending with the sheik phase. And what a sheik he was! It was while he was out a-Romeoing one night that he first became conscious of his voice. A little blonde remarked about it in admiring terms. So, when Master Richard was kicked out of high school, he forestalled paternal wrath by hastily announcing that he'd kinda like to study—er—singing.

It worked—and Dick joined the choir, sang at weddings and funerals and made out pretty well. He bought a sax and played in the local hotel orchestra. He organized an orchestra of his own—the Peter Pan. It was, he says, terrible. The "big chance" came—an offer to go to St. Louis to sing in a real professional theatre. He went—and his act flopped colder than yesterday's pancakes. The audience, it seemed, had been judging singing contests for three weeks. But it was all very depressing, just the same.

THE return to Little Rock, after the disastrous appearance in St. Louis, was a blow to the Powell pride as well as his glowing ambitions. It was the first real opposition to his plans he had encountered, and it temporarily soured him on the artistic career of a tenor. He was glad enough to accept the $125 monthly job with the local telephone company in the commercial department. He began to have definite ideas of eventually rising to the vice-presidency of the Amer-

. . . Dick Powell as a young business man. And as a young husband. The big break—and the break that was bigger still. Good-by to romance! And tips on keeping one's head in Hollywood

ican Telephone and Telegraph Company from this lowly beginning. He preferred the vice-presidency to the presidency as it had always seemed to him a more high-falutin' title.

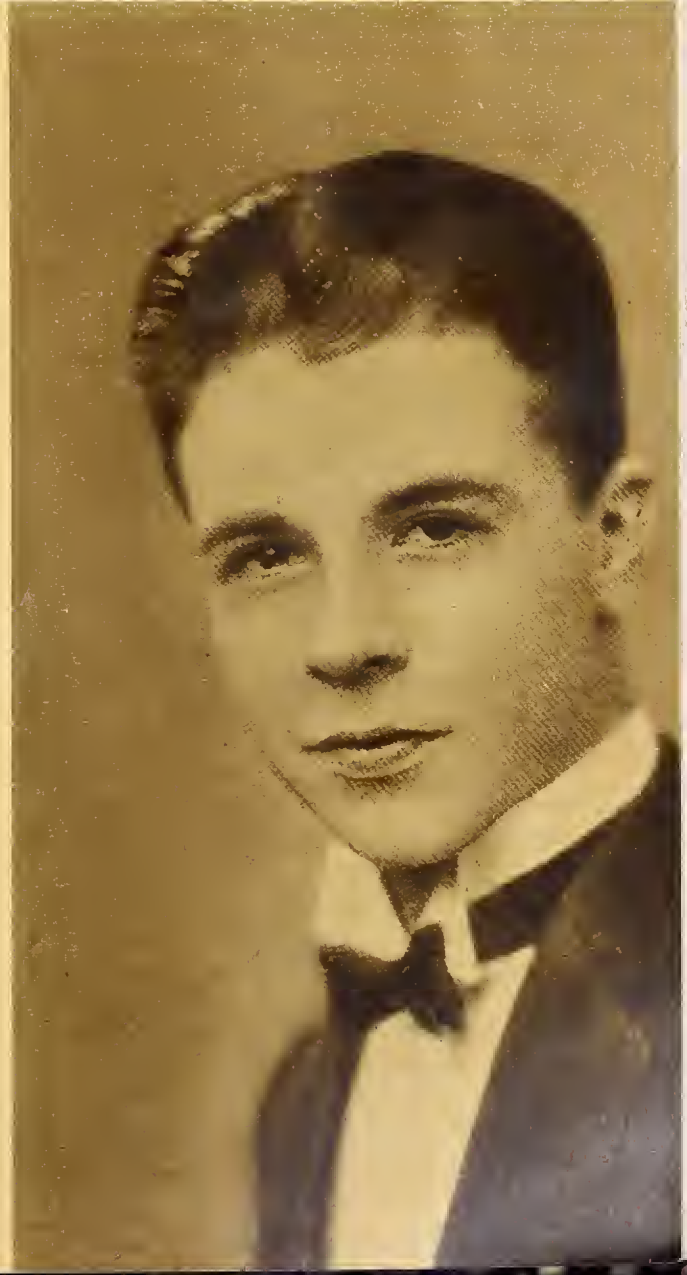
At the age of twenty, Dick was hitting the high spots of Little Rock night life pretty speedily. His income from his job plus the added boon of his choir and solo work (which he had kept up in spite of the St. Louis fiasco) netted him a pocketful of spending money every thirty days. He considered himself, and was considered, quite the Man-About-Town with his vivid, low-swung roadster, his elaborate and colorful wardrobe and his speaking acquaintance with every *maître d'hotel* in town—both of them. Though his world was not, perhaps, the sensationally successful existence he had planned before he took off for St. Louis, it nevertheless had a definite oyster flavor. He was satisfied, if not exactly exuberant.

It was with a perfectly clean and untroubled outlook that he started out one Spring evening to the monthly P. I. E. (Perfect In Everything) dance. How was he to know that before that fateful evening had passed, disaster would set in; that an armful of calamity named Mildred Maund was due to completely upset his peace of mind and his happy, self-centered existence?

HE saw her the minute he entered the room. He couldn't have missed her. In the first place she was a stranger in the group, and as such, stood out like a beacon light among the familiar local debs. But far more important, she was the most gorgeously beautiful girl he had ever seen. It was typical of the Powell confidence, that as king bee of the stag line, he cut in on her long before someone got around to formal introductions. She raised her dark, soft eyes and drawled, after the manner of Southern belles, "Aren't you a little previous?"

"No," he replied, "I'm years too late." He added the popular slang phrase of the hour, "Where have you been all my life?"

It turned out she had been in Louisiana—that she was in Little Rock visiting her aunt—and that he could call her Mildred. But such statistics were irrelevant and unimportant compared to the antics of



During the Richard E. Powell, Tenor, phase. When he was singing at the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville. And a young wife was being very lonely.

the Powell heart. He had heard of love at first sight, but he'd never believed in it. Now it had happened to him like a ton of bricks . . . like an earthquake . . . like an internal volcano.

No one else danced with Mildred Maund that evening. By some improper maneuvering he even talked her original escort out of taking her home. Long before he left her at her aunt's modest little cottage, he knew he was completely torpedoed.

The next three weeks he was worth about $.25 of the $125 the telephone company paid him. Out of office hours he was constantly with Mildred and during office hours he conversed with her over the telephone. It had been a source of great irritation when he discovered she was on a party line. With his pull in the company he had it switched to a straight line immediately.

Just three months before Dick turned twenty-one they eloped!

It was all as romantic and glamorous and exciting as their whirlwind courtship had been. Dick's pal, Jimmy Burnett, had been going with Mildred's girl friend. And one night, over ice cream sodas, the four decided to make it a double wedding the next afternoon. But when it came right down to the time and hour, Jimmy and the girl friend were not so sure. Dick and Mildred were. They were sure that this blinding infatuation, this electric attraction between them, was the sturdy stuff which bound lives together—forever. Whether or not they were temperamentally suited, just what plans they had for their life, where they were going from *there*—all those matters were of no importance compared to the ecstasy of their emotions.

In the late afternoon of May 28 they were married in the court house at Benton, Arkansas, by the Justice of the Peace. No one knew of the marriage—not even their families. They returned to Little Rock the same afternoon and were so anxious to keep the Big Step a secret that they didn't see each other for three days.

But this was not the Powell idea of a honeymoon and at the end of the third day he told his family of his marriage, fully expecting the roof to fall on his head. It didn't. His father said, "Well, son, you know best about that."

And his little mother said, through a misty smile, "I should think you'd bring my new daughter home to me."

For the first time in his life Dick became aware that his mother and father were *persons* as well as parents. And pretty darn sweet, understanding persons, too.

With this expected hurdle of family opposition safely and calmly passed, the young Powells decided to go on a honeymoon. Dick had $150 in cash and a brand new Ford roadster. Their destination was Memphis, Tennessee; where they planned to visit Mildred's relatives.

THEIR first night at a hotel along the way, Dick, a blushing groom, signed the register with his name only. The clerk looked at him oddly. "Well, what about the girl?' Red with embarrassment, Dick added "Mrs." to the book. It was his first realization of being truly a married man.

They never reached Memphis. It was clear in the second stop-over that their $150 would never stretch that far. Neither of them had ever before tried to make $150 reach anywhere. They decided to use their remaining $35 for the return trip to Little (*Continued on page 94*)

(Above) The Royal Peacock Orchestra, which was responsible for taking Dick away from the Little Rock Telephone Company into the Big Time. Dick is 'way over on the right, nursing a trumpet. (Right) Dick, with Mary Astor and Adolphe Menjou, in "Convention City," Dick is delighted with his chance to do other than singing roles.

Dot Wilson, ex-typist, has one.

. . . Just a long black cigarette holder. The late Edgar Wallace would give one to a person he liked. What magic is in them that they should have affected their owners as they did?

Joel McCrea's was thrice-lucky.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THESE *charmed* GIFTS?

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

A miraculous escape, Mr. Dix.

AT first, of course, all of us thought it was due merely to coincidence. But you don't have the same coincidence happening eight, nine and ten times.

What is back of it all? I can't tell you. I can only relate what actually happened and let you judge for yourself.

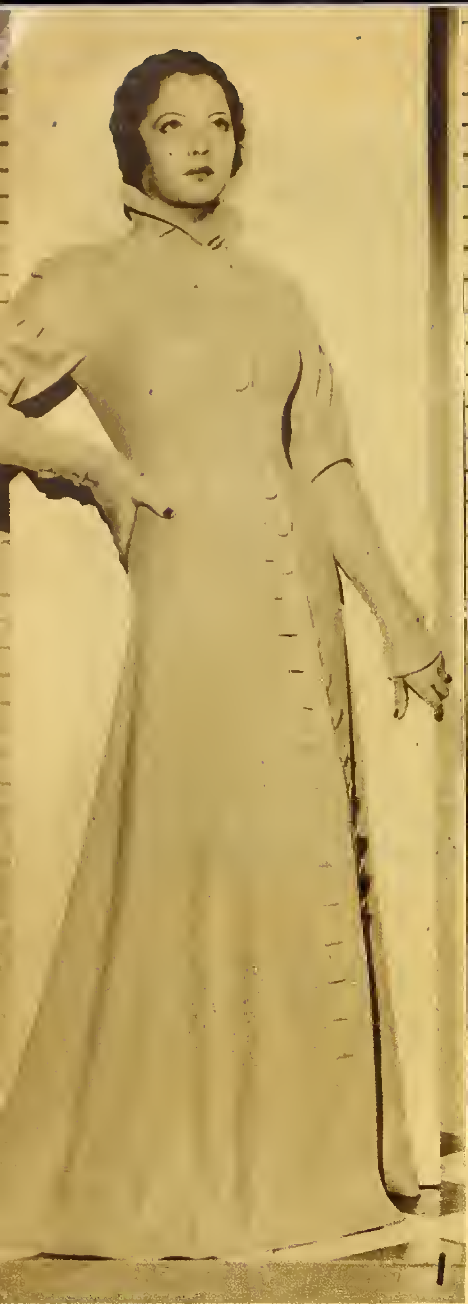
Some time ago, an amazing man came to Hollywood. He set every writer agog by casually turning out during a single week-end four of the best scenarios ever handed a producer. Edgar Wallace was noted for being the most prolific scribe in the world. Imagination? I've heard him spin yarns that would raise the hair on the back of a rhinoceros. He had the reputation of being able to dictate three different stories to three stenographers during the course of a morning's work. He would tramp up and down the room, switching from one story to another without a break.

I suppose he walked from ten to fifteen miles over that carpet every day. Pacing . . . pacing. And always puffing at a cigarette. He never took time to brush away the ashes and, so that they would not fall on his vest, he had black cigarette holders made, eighteen inches long. Hundreds of them. If he liked you, he'd give you one as a memento. Here in Hollywood he must have given away fifteen or so. After his sudden death they became the treasured possessions of the friends he had made around the studios. He had a knack of making friends, this bland, mild-mannered Englishman. Looking at him, you would never suspect him of being the author of those grand keep-you-awake-at-night books. Nor would you think of him in connection with mysterious adventures in Africa and breathtaking Arabian escapades. But he could scent out adventure even on the most prosaic corners in the world. He was that type. He had a flair for living, for bringing good fortune to those with whom he was associated.

And after his death this quality lived on. Every person who received one of those long ebony cigarette holders experienced some marvelous piece of luck during the year following his death.

IT sounds fantastic. But it's the truth. Each holder has become a sort of talisman that you couldn't get the owner to part with for thousands.

There was Dorothy Wilson's strange case, for example. She was called in to do typing for Wallace. A neat, personable girl, Dorothy. But not essentially different from millions of other stenographers. She was careful with her work. She took pains with it. Wallace, in appreciation, gave her a tip—*and* a black cigarette holder. At the time, she thought nothing of it. Just tucked it away in her dresser drawer. (*Continued on page 88*)



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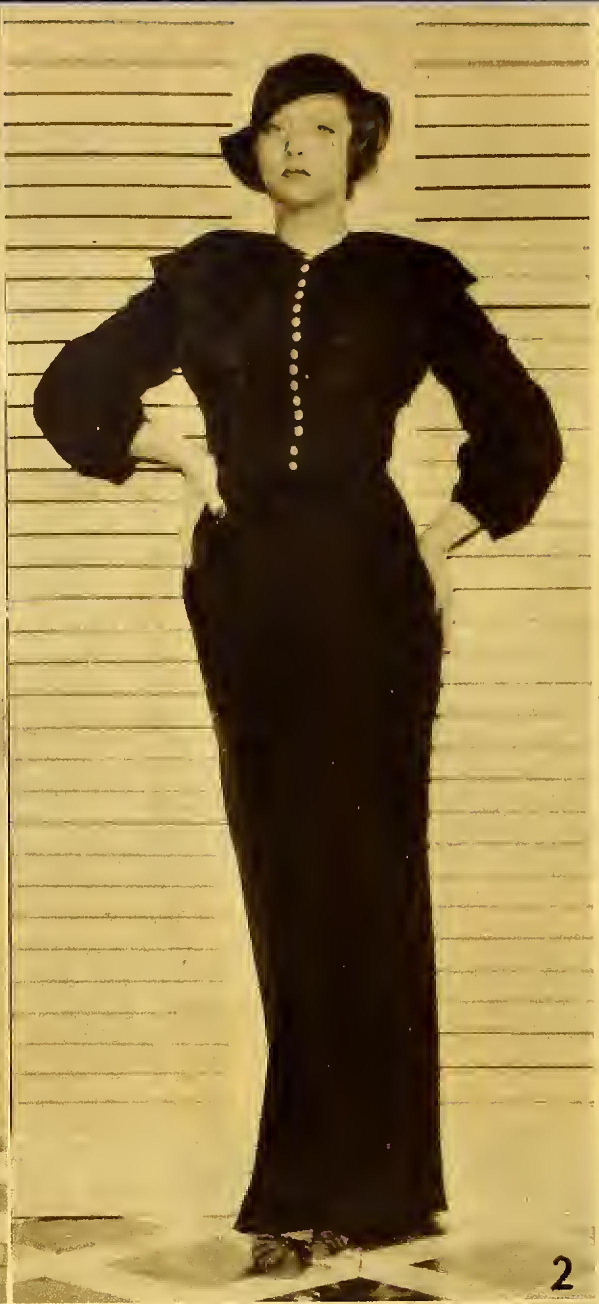

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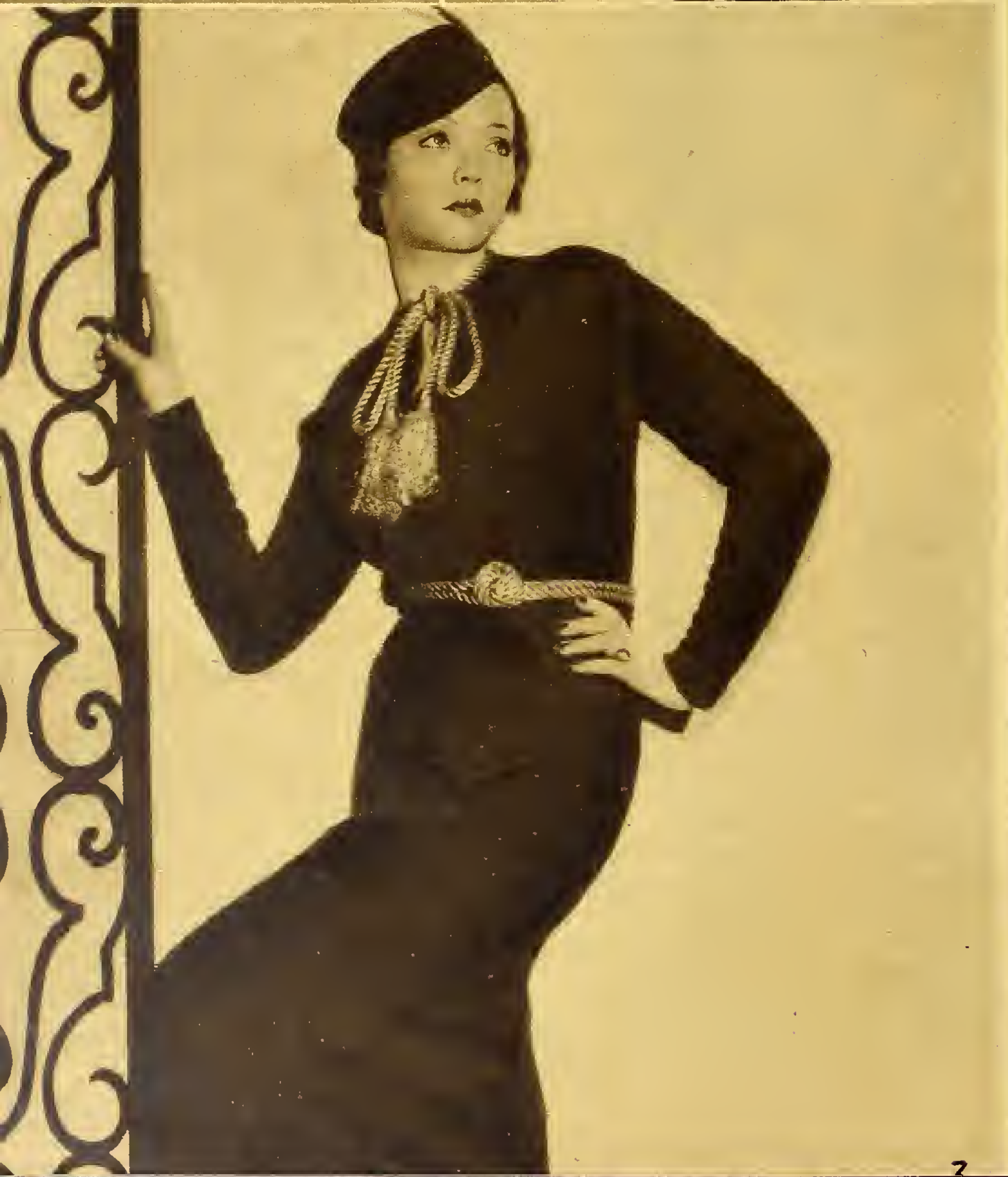

3

WHAT *lovely* CLOTHES, SYLVIA!

Sylvia Sidney is a living and pictorial example of the girl who wears her clothes to perfection. Her taste is beyond reproach. 1. Attired with all formal dignity in one of the long, Victorian looking, sheer wool wraps. 2. A cocktail or dinner dress in velvet, trimmed with a simple row of rhinestone buttons. 3. Sylvia's frock of dark red nubbly wool, caught quite simply at waist and neck with heavy gold cording, is a strictly daytime dress. (On the opposite page) 4. A velveteen suit in dark red with a Queen Elizabeth collar setting off Sylvia's piquant face. 5. Now see her change her character completely in the Grecian evening dress of silver-shot blue crepe, girdled with a long dark red sash. 6. A black velvet hostess gown brings out all the demure qualities in Sylvia. Finally, in pictures 7, 8 and 9, you can see other views of the gowns Sylvia wears at the top of the page—other views which show the great variety of charm which each well chosen costume is capable of creating.

4

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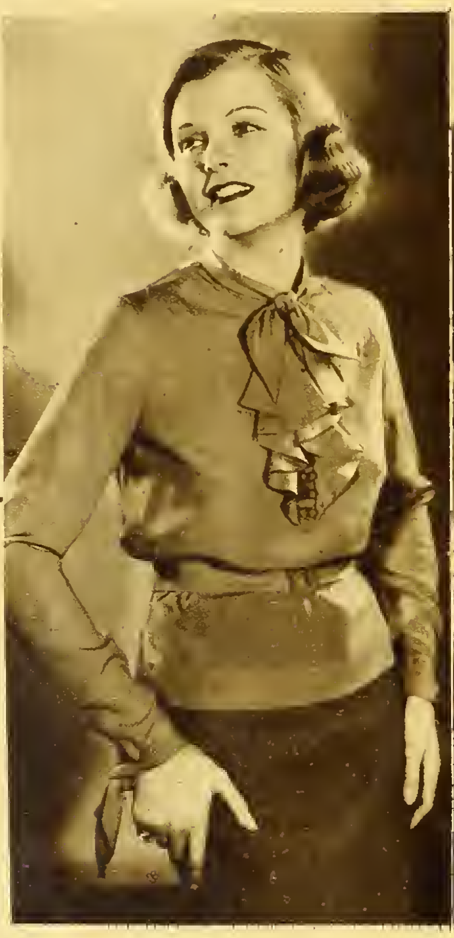
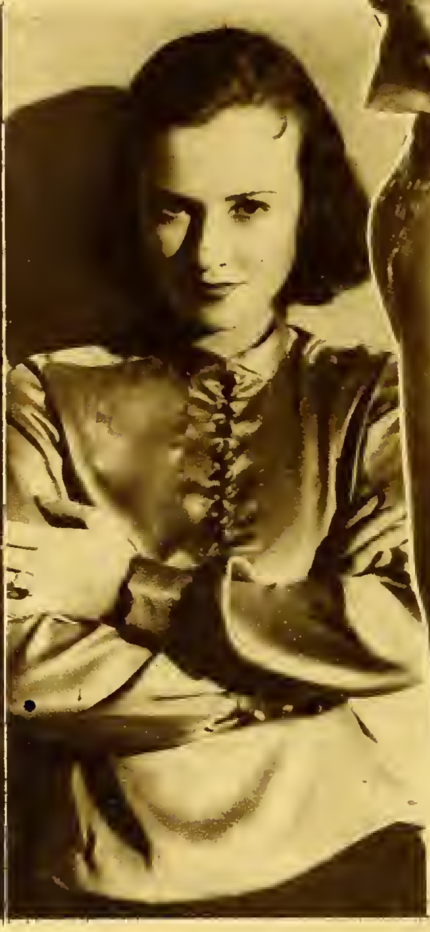
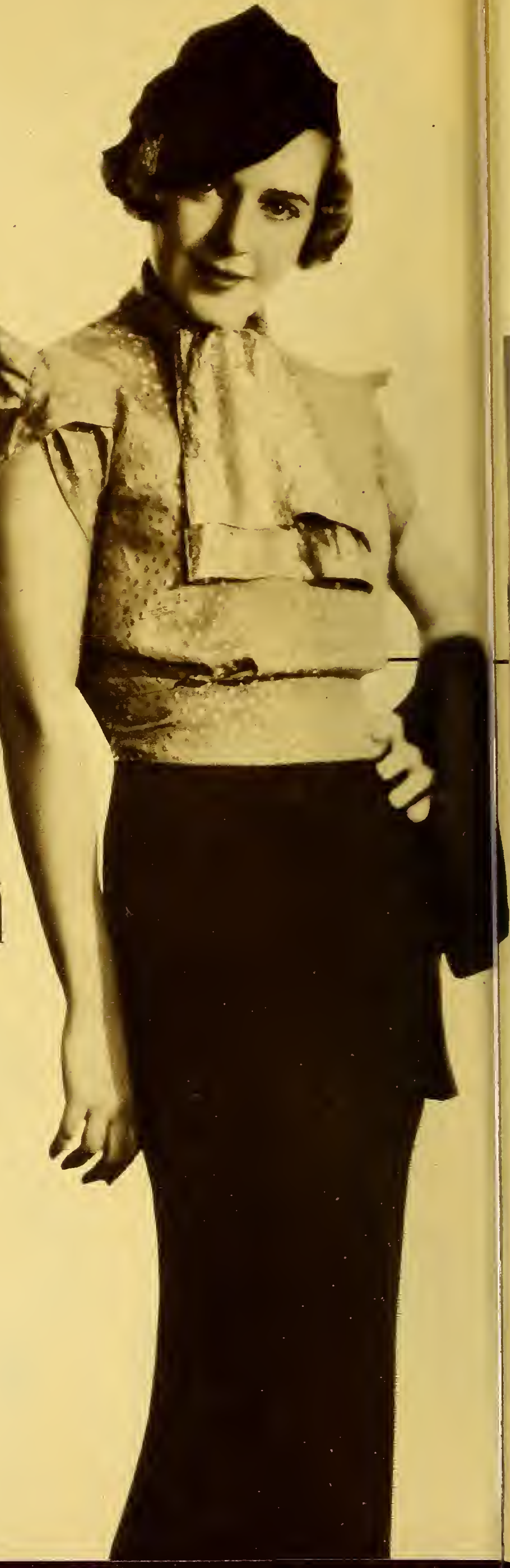
DOUBLE-DUTY *outfits*

By MARGERY WELLS

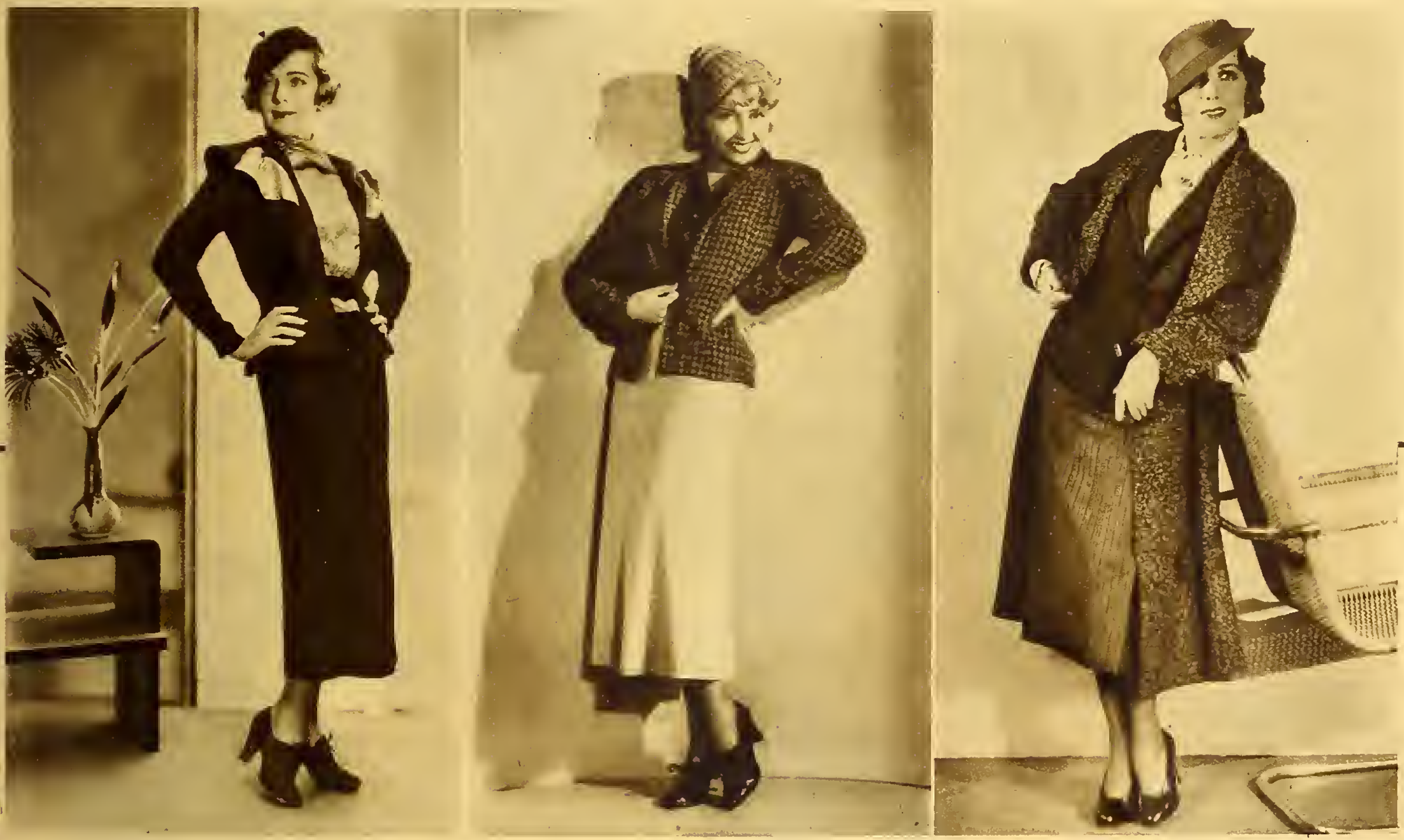






(Above, left to right) Jean Muir, one of the new Warner players, wears a blouse of flat crêpe. You can see at a glance that it is adapted from the 1890 shirtwaist which gave the girls of that day their historical distinction. There is the jabot, the high neck (not too high) and the—well, you know—regular shirtwaist sleeves. Much of the old charm remains and even much more of modern fascination is added. Then Margaret Lindsay does her satin blouse in more tailored fashion. She'll wear it with a tailored skirt or suit. Now Ruby Keeler, once and for all establishes the beauty and smartness of the shirtwaist formal frock. Silver brocade bodice with black velvet skirt—and that's just all there is to it except the dash and newness of the cut.

(Below, left to right) To make the silver brocade bloused evening dress into a truly acceptable restaurant dinner dress, Ruby Keeler has had the taste to add a jacket of velvet specially designed so that the ends of the scarf fall through large buttonholes. Then she adds a wide belt of velvet to give the jacket form and shape. Joan Blondell adapts the blouse idea to an informal plaid sport coat worn over a brown silk blouse and with a tan flannel skirt. Again, the shirtwaist idea comes into its own with strictly classic tailored togs as worn by Mary Brian. Her suit is composed of a striped gray skirt and solid gray jacket, while the top coat is one of those gray tweed mixtures. And the whole covers a blouse which has an ascot tie for a finish.



Some elementary clothes arithmetic! One skirt multiplied by two blouses plus one jacket equals three or four costumes

TWO dresses where originally but one bloomed—maybe three dresses, even four. That's the way a blouse has with a costume. And it comes like an angel bearing gifts just at this season. For haven't the prices of dresses soared? Then juggle your blouses in combination with a skirt and, behold! you are presenting a new appearance each time you step out.

Don't think for a moment that economy is the only factor. Not at all! The blouse and skirt combination is high, high style. Better to break your color and material in the middle for any outstanding style of the day than to let it flow in an uninterrupted line—unless you are too, too rotund.

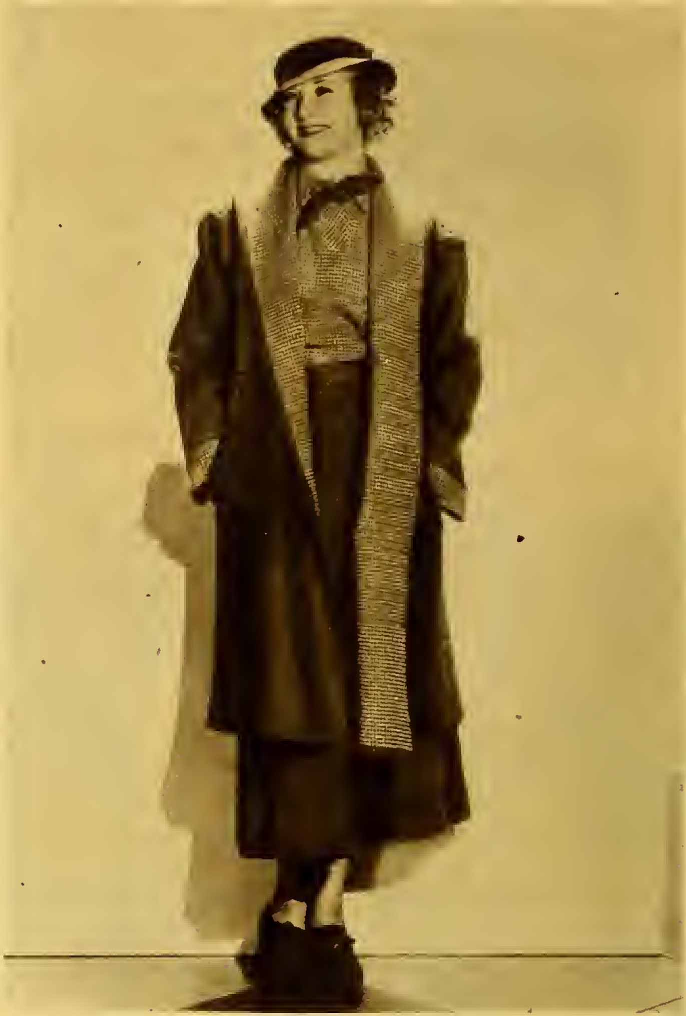
The accepted procedure goes like this: buy a two-piece dress or a single skirt. See that its fabric is beyond reproach, guaranteed for a long life and a hard one. For this time of year—yes, almost any time of year, the fabric should be a light-weight woolen of some dark or neutral tone—black, brown, gray or tan.

Now, go creative on your blouse combination with this self-same skirt. The possibilities are limitless. You can be restrained and inconspicuous in the mornings with a blouse of rough crepe, to match or to contrast, simply made; giddy in the afternoons with one of satin in a lighter tone; flamboyant toward cocktail and dinner time in one made of glistening brocade. You can even be sporting in a blouse of striped or plaid cotton—all with the original skirt.

Take the black beginning

(*Continued on page 92*)

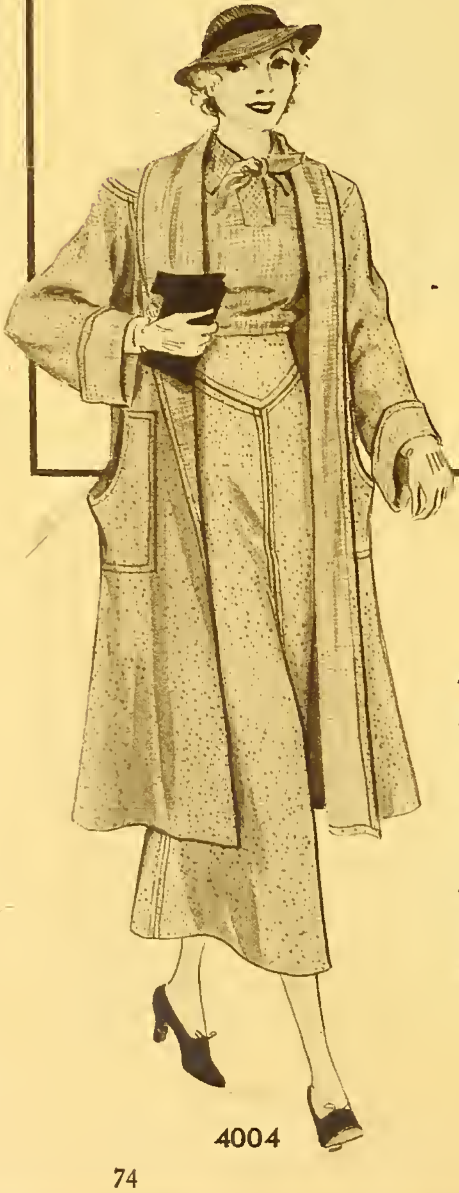
Patterns



(Right) Una Merkel's most useful swagger suit. We have had a pattern of this suit cut for you.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



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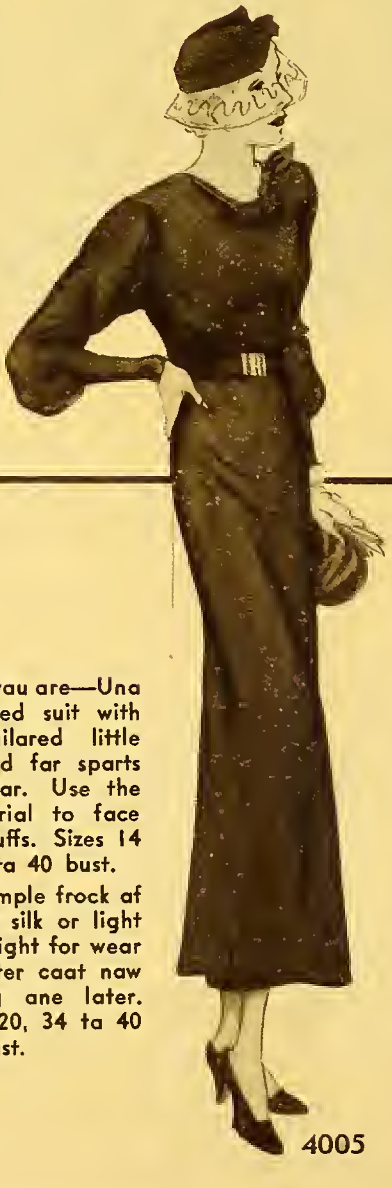

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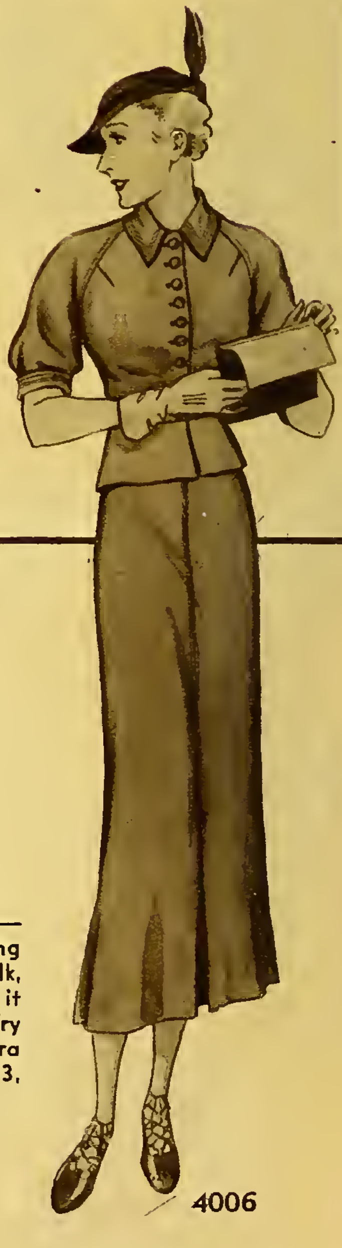
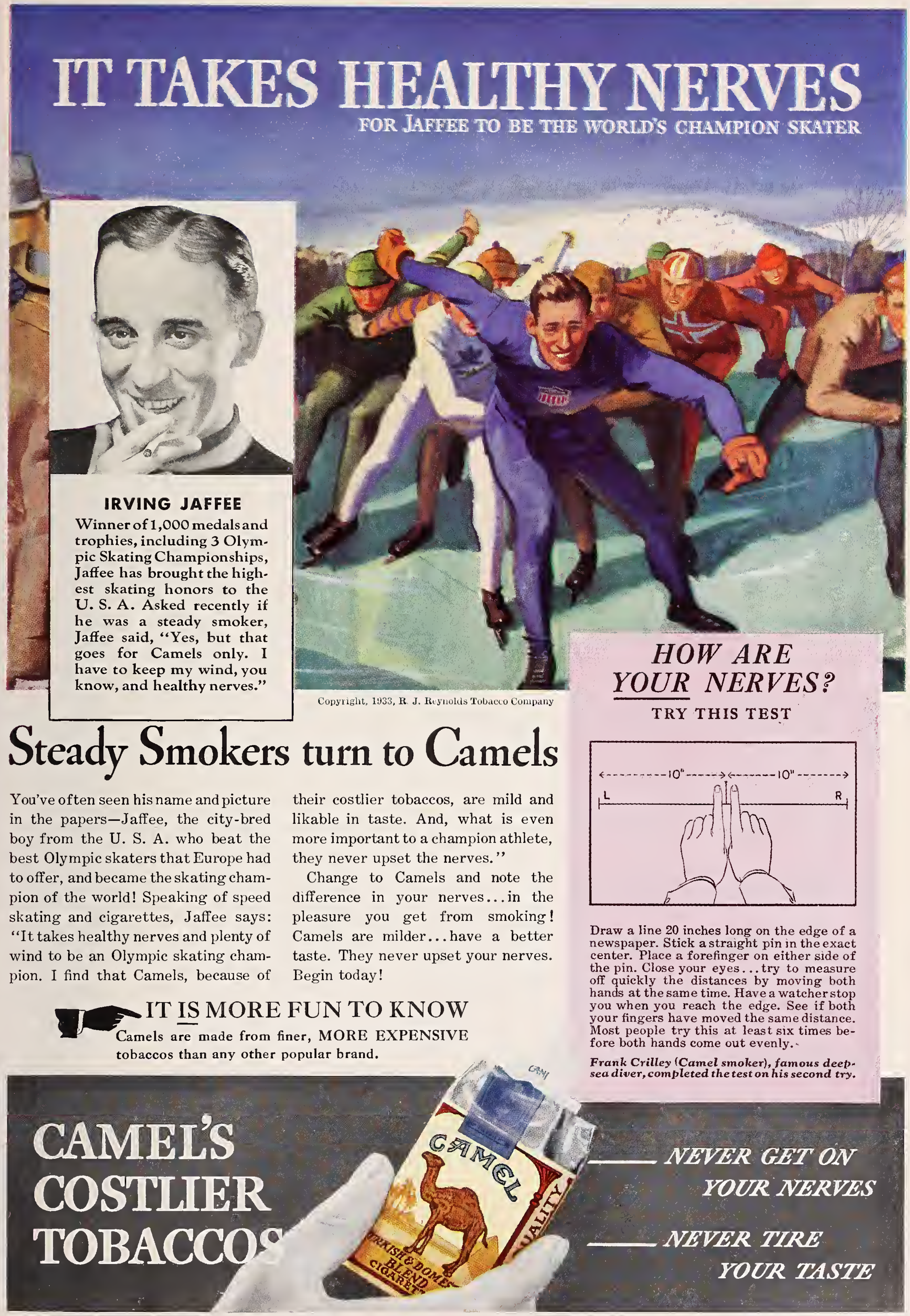


4006

4004—Here you are—Una Merkel's tweed suit with its very tailored little blouse. Good for sports or street wear. Use the blouse material to face collar and cuffs. Sizes 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.

4005—The simple frock of bright toned silk or light wool is just right for wear under a winter coat now or a spring one later. Sizes 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.

4006—Blouse and skirt—accepted lines for spring shirtwaist attire. In silk, cotton, linen or wool it makes up beautifully. Try it in necktie silk for ultra smartness. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19.



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

☛ IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST

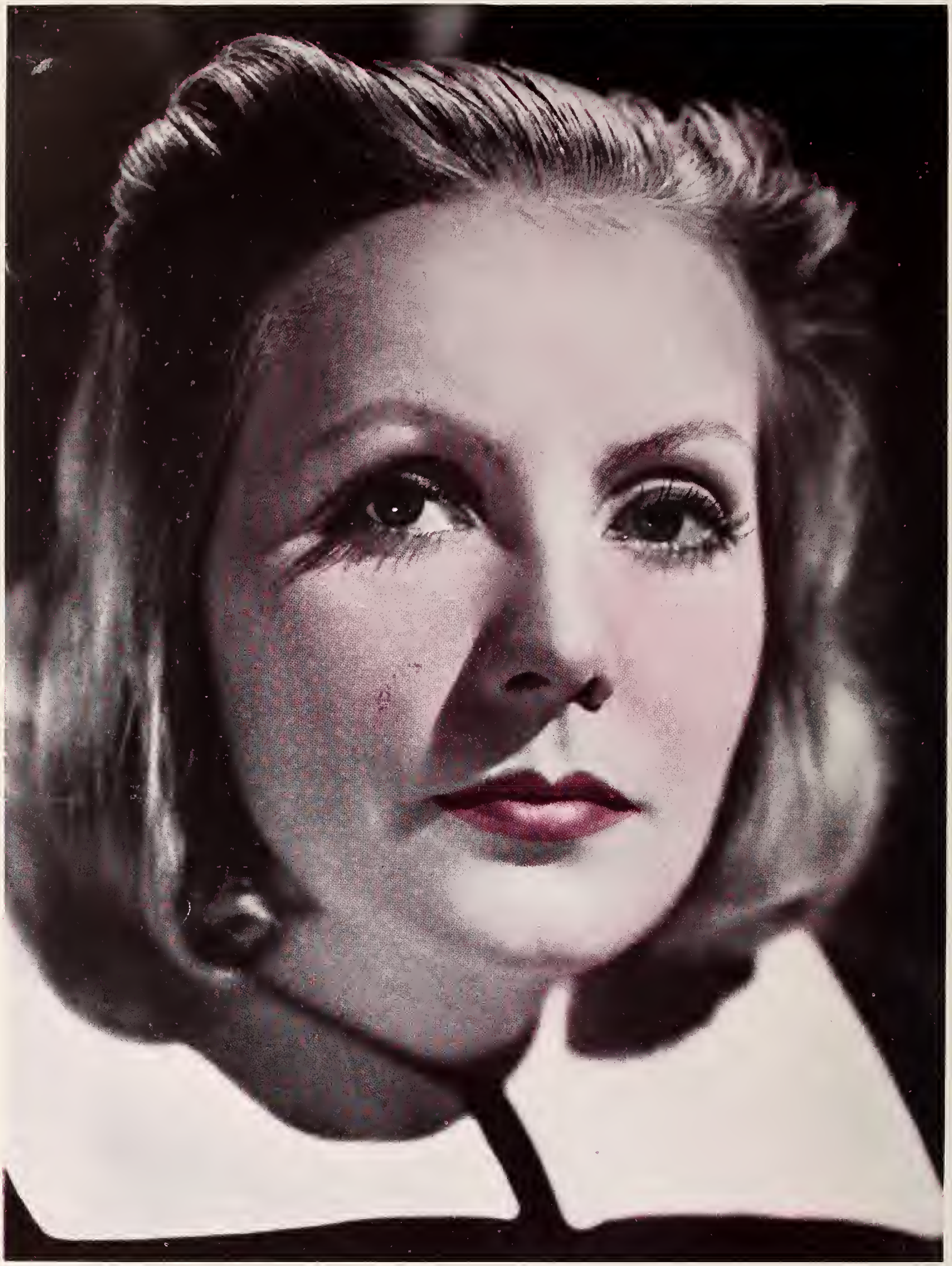
Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

——— *NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES*

——— *NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE*



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The most human picture of Garbo that we have ever seen! What is making her look so serene? Is she that glad to be back at work? Is the talked-about romance with Rouben Mamoulian flourishing? It's good, Greta Garbo, to see that tragic look gone from your eyes!

TWO-SKIN treatment solves age-old problems

Wrinkles now known to begin in UNDER SKIN

Dryness corrected by treating OUTER SKIN

UNDER SKIN
WHERE WRINKLES START
OUTER SKIN
WHERE DRYNESS STARTS

Mrs. Henry Field of Chicago. Thrillingly beautiful, one of Society's smartest women, Mrs. Field uses Pond's Creams. She keeps her under skin firm with Pond's Cold Cream, her outer skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have TWO SKINS!

That's the surprising fact which explains where skin faults really begin. The skin faults you dread most. Lines. Wrinkles. Dryness. Roughness!

In your *under* skin, lines and wrinkles have their earliest beginnings. By the proper care of this skin, you can prevent them.

In your *Outer* skin come dryness, roughness, chapping. You can keep this skin moist, satin-smooth by using a cream made especially for it.

Here's the way:

Oil Cream for the Under Skin—Because your under skin shrinks when its oil glands fail, your outer skin falls into little lines and creases—eventually *wrinkles!* For this under skin Pond's Cold Cream was made. Oil rich. And penetrating! This glorious cream sinks deep, reaches the under skin. Supplies the oils it lacks. Soon your under skin grows firm. Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

Because this cream is rich in oils and penetrates so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser. Your skin feels wonderfully fresh and clean, as well as toned after using it.

Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin—To keep your outer skin moist and smooth, an entirely different cream was made—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Quite greaseless, this cream contains a marvelous substance which actually *restores* moisture to the skin. It smooths away roughness in one application, and is a godsend for preventing or healing chapping. Being greaseless, it makes a heavenly overnight cream. It is the most delicious foundation cream—holds your powder beautifully.

Use these wonderful creams day and night just the way beautiful society women do. Soon see your complexion glowing with life and vitality—satin-smooth and free of lines!

POND'S
Liquefying Cream
POND'S
Cold Cream for Cleansing

For your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream.

POND'S
Vanishing Cream
Finishing

For your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless, corrects dryness.

SEND FOR 3 DAYS' TREATMENT

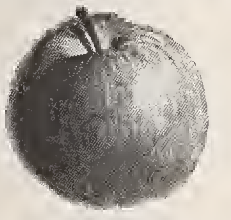
POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. B, 136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Three Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

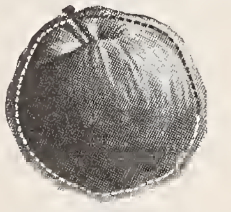
City__________________State__________

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



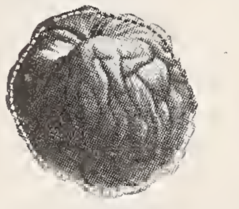
SMOOTH—GLOSSY

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



SOFT—SPONGY

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin.



WRINKLED—DISCOLORED

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

MRS. F. COOK of Verona, N. J., writes:

"Baby's Cough soon stopped — thanks to the Doctor's advice!"

● "My poor little baby coughed night after night," writes Mrs. Cook. "It was awful. Then doctor said to give her Pertussin. I did—*and it was wonderful how soon the hard cough stopped.*"

THE tissues of your throat and bronchial tubes are kept moist and healthy by millions of glands—like tiny water faucets. But when you "catch a cold" these glands clog up.

Thick mucus collects. Your throat feels tickly—dry. You hawk and you cough, but nothing is "raised."

To stop a cough, you must get these little moisture glands working again. *And Pertussin does just this!*

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin, doctors have found, stimulates the glands—starts up the flow of their *natural moisture.* Germ-laden phlegm loosens—your throat feels soothed and relieved. Nature, with the help of Pertussin, *has started to cure your cough!*

Pertussin is the extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for years, even for the worst of all coughs. It won't upset the digestion. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs.

Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin right away?

●

BABIES NEED PERTUSSIN when they cough. And it's so safe! "I use it for my own family," one doctor writes. "It always does the work," writes another. Try it—you'll like its taste!

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

Let's Talk About Hollywood

Sylvia's "parent" trouble . . . Diamond Mae's heart of gold . . . Mr. Arliss' synthetic furs . . . and other camera coast news and chatter and such

BARBARA STANWYCK is fighting desperately against permanent lameness as she prepares for her next picture, "Gambling Lady."

Although Barbara absolutely refuses to talk about her present trouble—and few, if any of her friends are aware of her battle against pain and the possible lasting effects of two studio accidents—it is known that she is in possible danger of having to sacrifice her career to lameness.

Two years ago, while making a picture, one of the huge studio overhead lights fell and struck her on the head and her back was injured when she was accidentally dropped while being carried to the studio hospital. Shortly after that, she was thrown from a horse while making another picture. This also affected her back. These two injuries have kept her in constant pain ever since and recently she suffered further from a complete collapse while on personal appearances in Boston.

Being a great little trouper, however, Barbara is making a valiant attempt to regain her health so that "the show may go on." She sleeps strapped to a specially-designed board which relieves pressure on the injured bones and spends four hours daily under special lights and X-rays. It is generally understood that unless the injury is carefully treated, it might result in a shortening of one leg and a permanent lameness.

Those who know of her painful injury and her game fight to overcome the handicap are praying that she will not overdo in making this picture. We're pulling for you, Barbara. We want you to keep on making swell pictures for a long time to come.

Baby LeRoy's vocabulary, which up to now consisted of the word "Nuts," now includes "Oh Boy" and "Hot Dog"!

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S real father, unheard of for over fifteen years, recently turned up to haunt her successful days with demands for money, a new home for his present wife and children OR ELSE!

Sylvia was born "Sylvia Kosow" one year after her mother married Victor Kosow. The marriage lasted only a few years when Mrs. Kosow sued for divorce. In 1919, Sylvia's mother married Dr. Sigmund Sidney and in 1922 they adopted little Sylvia as their own daughter.

"The first time I met my father since I was a small child was in 1932," says Sylvia, explaining her present position. "I came to New York to see his attorney. Father was late to the appointment and we greeted each other coldly. Father said that I would have to help him. He wanted a home, said that I could buy him one for about $15,000. and I refused. I offered him sums of money to be paid from time-to-time, but he refused even this.

"All during the time that my mother and I were in desperate need of help, Mr. Kosow was nowhere to be found. Not once did he offer any help or even come to see us. *Now,* that we are rather successful, he comes to haunt us with threats to set aside the adoption on the grounds that he was never served with the proper papers. He told me that if I didn't 'come through' that he would make it hard for me, saying that he had several friends who were newspaper writers or columnists. I don't think I owe him a thing. My real father is Doctor Sidney as he is the only one who has ever treated me like a father should."

Sylvia won the suit.

Five years ago Joan Crawford said, "I wish I could really wear clothes in a smart, nonchalant manner." Look at her now!

MRS. BING CROSBY isn't tempted to do any professional singing these days—by request. Indeed, by her crooning husband's request.

When last the popular pair visited New York, the former Dixie Lee entertained a friend by playing a record she made for an important phonograph company. During the process, Bing's heavily lathered face emerged from the bathroom.

"Listen, Dixie, are you going to do the singing for this family," he demanded, "or am I?"

"You, Bing dear," replied the little woman who, like all little women, has a way of knowing the right answer.

"Very well," quoth her lord and master, who forthwith raised the record over his head and brought it down on the victrola in a hundred pieces, "I guess that settles it!"

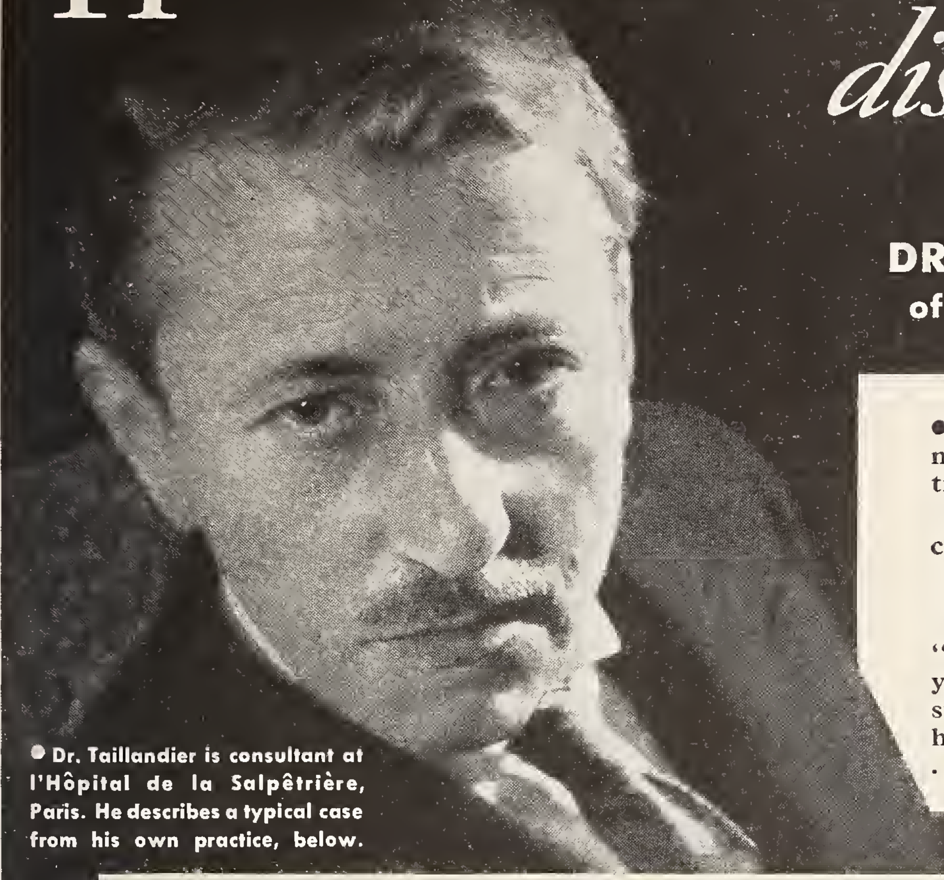
It did.

"WHERE are those pictures you were going to send me?" wrote Mrs. Harvey to her famous Lilian recently. Which request concerned the star greatly, for the "still" department had received orders to send a copy of each photograph taken of her to England.

Investigation proved that the instructions had been carried out. Lilian wrote

(*Continued on page 122*)

"Her headaches and tired feeling *disappeared*—"



reports the famous
DR. OLIVIER TAILLANDIER
of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris

● Dr. Taillandier—gastro-enterologist—noted contributor to the French "Bulletin de la Société de Biologie"...

Below, this authority describes a typical case from his practice. He then adds:—

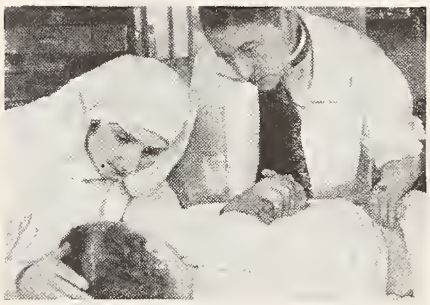
"When intestines grow tired, poisons seep into the blood. The effects are often noticed in headaches, loss of energy . . .

"We have at hand a remarkable *food*—yeast—with an astonishing effect on constipation. Yeast stimulates Nature to do her own work in purifying the system . . . *Improved general health results.*"

● Dr. Taillandier is consultant at l'Hôpital de la Salpêtrière, Paris. He describes a typical case from his own practice, below.

● "This patient had headaches and tiredness. The whites of her eyes were yellowish...

● "Her tongue was coated. She confessed to me that she had been using cathartics . . .



● "Manual examination and X-rays showed she was constipated. I prescribed yeast . . .

● "It restored her elimination to normal. Her headaches and tired feeling soon disappeared."

"It did me more good than all the pills and laxatives I'd tried—"

"I'd always lived an active life," *writes* Mrs. Lee Steil, *of Seattle.* "Then, marriage—and home duties. I lacked exercise. I developed sick headaches. My skin was bad. I read what doctors said about Fleischmann's Yeast, and started to eat it. My appetite picked up. The headaches stopped. My skin cleared."

DID *you* know that headaches—like indigestion, bad skin, a coated tongue, that "tired feeling"—may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your *intestines?*

If your head aches often, go to see a doctor, by all means. BUT—if you are at all constipated—don't wait to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Probably it's just what you need!

Eaten regularly—3 cakes a day—Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and stimulates your "tired" intestines. It also softens the wastes that have accumulated there.

Then, as your bowels start to function normally again, you feel so much better. Digestion improves. You have more energy. You *look* better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestines begins to reflect itself in your skin.

Isn't it well worth the effort? Then do try it. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and each cake is rich in *three* health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water. Starting now!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B G D
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

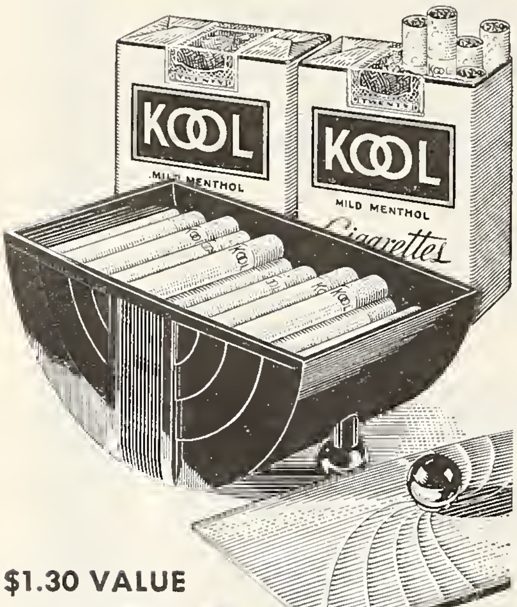
STUNNING NEW CIGARETTE BOX

and

TWO PACKS OF

KOOL

CIGARETTES



$1.30 VALUE
for only **50¢**

THIS cigarette box *is* a beaut! Sleek lines, dashing color combination. It's an eye-catching ornament in a living-room or on an office desk. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes.

It sells for a dollar in high-class specialty shops along Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Body lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite; lid contrasting jade green; legs and knob silvery chromium-plated balls. (Lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh.) Makes a wonderful gift. No advertising on it.

KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a special process that actually cools the smoke to prevent throat dryness, but doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. And KOOLS are cork-tipped; won't stick to lips.

The supply of boxes is limited. You will save 80 cents if you act immediately.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
Dept. I., Louisville, Kentucky

Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money-order or coin—if latter, please protect) for which send me—postpaid—KOOL Cigarette Box (no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES.

Name__________________
(print plainly)

Address__________________

City__________ State________

Good in U. S. A. only

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 49*)

are getting the "lowdown" rather than a flock of hokum—more humor and realism than ever before.

Joan plays the young dancer who places her career ahead of marriage. She starts as a "strip-tease" in a burlesque and works up by sheer hard work and courage. Gable is the stage producer, who finally gives her a break after she has pestered him almost to death. Joan doesn't know that playboy Tone is really backing the show and so promises him that if she fails in this opportunity she will marry him. He shuts off the supply of money and of course the show can't be produced. Gable finally pulls the game out of the fire by putting his own money into the deal.

Joan looks gorgeous and dances and acts well enough to make you forget her last few attempts. Gable, whose illness almost kept him out of the picture, brings a note of realistic irritability to the tired and harassed producer. Franchot does well, especially with the Crawford love scenes, and you're sure to like him.

Of course, you'll go to this one (who would miss a chance at Joan and Clark). It's good!

• BLOOD MONEY
(20th CENTURY)

George Bancroft, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler, Judith Anderson Blossom Seeley.

GOOD ENOUGH PROGRAMMER: Here we have George Bancroft—back again after a too-long absence—in a story that just misses being a great one. It has action, comedy and everything to make it click big, but the audience is left to figure things out too much for itself.

Bancroft is a bail bond expert, a "front" for the underworld. Your peep into the inside of this racket will leave you with the feeling that you've "been places." He has always been in love with a gambling Queen, Judith Anderson, but along comes a society gal, Frances Dee, and through her love for excitement and her penchant for stealing and lying, she puts Mr. Bancroft's heart behind the eight ball. In fact, he almost loses his head, heart and body behind the eight ball!

The Queen's brother, however, sticks up a bank and George is asked to put up bail. He does and while Chick is "out" he takes George's new society gal away from him. There is where the fun starts. Bancroft quits the underworld, turns to the law and starts to clean up the town. The way the gang finally tries to put him on the spot is thrilling and when the Queen saves him, you're glad they've got back together again.

This little picture won't start any conflagration, but we have a hunch you'll enjoy it just the same. It's not particularly for the kids. See if you're not wondering where Frances Dee has been all your life, she's that surprising!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND
(PARAMOUNT)

All-Star Cast

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT: The press preview of this little "epic" was too long drawn out and a final cutting may help a lot. As it stands however, everyone works hard, gives their "all" and you feel like saying: "So what?"

It seems that we've had so much ballyhoo on this picture that we are expecting a *lot*. Maybe too much! Anyway, in the form we saw it, it isn't what we'd call good entertainment because, while many of the individual scenes are swell, the complete picture is rather gawky and trying on the nerves!

They say they "tested" 10,000 girls to get Charlotte Henry, that they were using every star on the lot (they did use Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth, Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, Polly Moran, etc.) but it didn't seem to make any difference! They all work hard, do their stuff well, but the results left us cold.

What we saw was a jumble of cartoons, parts of *Alice In Wonderland*, and a lot of other things mixed together. Nothing convincing at all. Those few incidents that were sure to go over big were too drawn out to result in anything but yawns! The parts about *Humpty-Dumpty* and the *White Knight*—the story of the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter* all suffered alike.

We understand that they have cut this considerably since we saw it and improved it tremendously. So we hope you'll have a better time than we did.

• RIGHT TO ROMANCE
(RKO)

Ann Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza

GOOD ACTING: The theme of this picture doesn't measure up to the fine acting and the excellent dialogue, but we think you should see it.

Ann Harding, as the over-worked plastic surgeon who is "seemingly never out of her uniform," yearns for romance. While on a vacation, she allows youthful Robert Young to fall in love with her and then tries to halt the romance by returning to her job in New York. You guessed it! Bob, follows her by airplane and they marry. The marriage breaks up Bob's romance with Sari Maritza and Chemist Nils Asther, who has been silently in love with Ann for years, is flabbergasted. Bob, however, is too "hey-hey" for surgeon Harding and the marriage fails to take. Harding looks particularly lovely and does a fine job. Robert Young is good and Sari Maritza is gaining ground. The only false note in the casting is Nils Asther. He's all too romantic for a "silent lover type." If you can pass up a fairly skimpy story in favor of good acting, we advise this one but the kids won't like it.

SITTING PRETTY
(PARAMOUNT)

Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers, Thelma Todd, Gregory Ratoff.

THIS movie of a couple of song writers in Hollywood has, as its chief merits, some swell songs and a really marvelous fan dance number staged against a background of mirrors. There is little else. The cast is hampered by the poor story. You may find this a bit dull.

• SMOKY (FOX)

Victor Jory, Irene Bentley, "Smoky."

THE star of this picture is a horse, "Smoky." We meet him first as a colt and follow him through his tragedies and his final wind up at the slaughter house. The story is well told and the picture beautifully handled. Even the most hard-hearted will shed a tear or two. Cast consists of Victor Jory, a cowboy, Irene Bentley and Frank Campeau. Children and horse lovers will enjoy this immensely.

THE FRONTIER MARSHALL
(FOX)

George O'Brien, Ruth Gillette, Irene Bentley

DIFFERENT from the usual horse opera in that there's more downright enjoyable and very competent acting and less cross country gallops. George O'Brien is the young "dude" who, by a flash of courage, becomes marshal of the little hamlet, "Tombstone." He starts a general "cleaning-up" and winds up by exposing the real villain, the town mayor, of all people. Ruth Gillette is the heart-throb, Irene Bentley the vamp, Berton Churchill the mayor, Alan Edwards the meanie and George E. Stone the owner of the town Emporium. O'Brien followers will want to see it.

MASTER OF MEN (COLUMBIA)

Jack Holt, Fay Wray, Walter Connolly

IN his latest picture, Jack Holt portrays an ambitious steel worker who gains success through hard-hearted tactics, even robbing his friend of his business. Fay Wray, his wife, and Walter Connolly finally make a human being out of him, after first causing his financial downfall. Outside of Walter Connolly, the players are stiff and unreal. Story is old stuff.

• DUCK SOUP (PARAMOUNT)

The Marx Brothers

ANOTHER goofy Marx Bros. comedy. This time the locale is a mythical kingdom, the Republic of

(Continued on page 115)

YOU WILL FIND OUR BRIEF REVIEWS ON THE NEXT PAGE

"Why doesn't my MANICURE *last longer?"*

Strong suds
in your dishpan
peels the polish,
spoils the cuticle...
makes nails brittle
Ivory Soap
costs so little
to use...Why spoil
your hands with
strong suds?

Try Ivory Soap for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week. See how much longer a manicure lasts, how smooth your hands look. Ivory is kind to busy hands because it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 $^{44}/_{100}$ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline

NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect *Mascara*

SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

Movie-goer: "Is the feature any good?" Ticket-seller: "We suggest that you read MODERN SCREEN'S Directory—and find out for yourself!"

● RECOMMENDED ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **AFTER TONIGHT** (RKO)—A romantic war love story in which Connie Bennett is a Russian spy and Gilbert Roland an Austrian spy. **Good—though not the usual Bennett style—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO)—Rowdy little comedy of a gal with a flare for roughneck sweeties. And if they aren't rough and ready she makes 'em that way. Wynne Gibson is Aggie, William Gargan, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts complete the cast. **Good amusement—the kids will think it funny, too.**

● ● **ANN VICKERS** (RKO)—Sinclair Lewis' novel adapted to the screen. Irene Dunne as the ambitious prison reformer and Walter Huston as Judge Barney Dolphin. **Excellent—not for children under 16.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—A tense little triangle of a determined young bride, her husband, and his interfering and dominating mother. Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and the late Louise Closser Hale. **Quite good—young folks under 16 will not think so, however.**

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—The picturization of Faith Baldwin's novel which proves again that it pays to have ideals. Action centers around a young beauty operator, a successful business man, and his neurotic wife. Madge Evans, Otto Kruger and Alice Brady. **Good—for those over 16.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—From this imaginative picture you find out how you would feel if you suddenly were transferred to the 18th century. Just that happens to Leslie Howard. Heather Angel is the fragile little lady of that century with whom he falls desperately and tragically in love. **Exceedingly delightful—youngsters under 16 will be bored.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Hilarious and boisterous beer comedy. Joe Cawthorne, Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. **Amusement for everybody.**

BITTERSWEET (United Artists)—A young and beautiful English gal elopes with her music teacher. **Not so sweet and plenty dull.**

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century-United Artists)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

THE BOWERY (20th Century)—A vulgar and rowdy, yet nicely authentic, picture of the tough districts of New York in the Nineties. Wallace Beery, George Raft, Pert Kelton, Fay Wray, Jackie Cooper and others make up an excellent cast. **Good if you can overlook the rawness—not for children under 18.**

● ● **BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE.** (20th Century)—Winchell is the author of this one. A narrative of a gangster who buys his chorine a night club. And then, when she falls for a crooner, the gangster magnanimously steps aside with congratulations instead of bullets. **Good—but leave all the kids at home.**

● **BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS** (Warners)—About that interesting but little known part of the police department. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell. **Good—but no interest for young folks under 16.**

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A gripping war love story. Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—not for children under 16.**

● **A CHANCE AT HEAVEN** (RKO)—Vina Delmar's little story transferred to the screen. Boy and girl love that is almost wrecked by a wealthy city gal. **Good—take the kids along.**

● **CHRISTOPHER BEAN** (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler plays the role of a faithful servant in the Hackett family. When a dead Hackett's formerly despised paintings turn out to be valuable, the family is thrown into an uproar of greed and hatred. Lionel Barrymore is Dr. Hackett, Beulah Bondi his wife, Helen Mack and Russell Hardie carry the love interest. **Very entertaining for everybody.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—Murder mystery in the big tent. **Good if you go for this kind of pix—too exciting for youngsters under 16.**

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of these comedy series with Charlie Murray and George Sidney. **Good—kids will think it great.**

COLLEGE COACH (Warners)—A football yarn all about an unethical coach, hired players and bribed profs. Lyle Talbot is a cocky player and Dick Powell a goody-good. Pat O'Brien is the coach and Ann Dvorak, his wife. **Exciting—particularly for kids.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—A college campus entertainer. Plenty of pep, wise gags, laughs and crooning. Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle. **Routine—but good. Take the family.**

CONVENTION CITY (First National)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal) — Reviewed in department on page 48.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

DARK HAZARD (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● ● **DESIGN FOR LIVING** (Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins creates a new design of life for women in this picture. Learning to love more than one man, she discovers life far more happy and exciting when she lives with a couple of them rather than tying herself down to one. Gary Cooper and Fredric March are her lovers. **Sophisticated entertainment.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (Fox)—A highly sophisticated drama about the guests invited to a fashionable dinner party. An all star cast including John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips

A "simply must see" picture for you all. "Little Women." With, of course, Frances Dee as Meg, Spring Byington as Marmee, Joan Bennett as Amy, Jean Parker as Beth and the superb Hepburn as Jo.

Holmes, Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone and others. **Excellent—not for kids under 16.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Horse racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. **Fair—young folks will be bored.**

● ● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—A swell gal (Ann Harding) almost loses her man (William Powell) when he discovers she tricked him into marriage to make a successful business man out of him. But love plays a little trick on both of them. **Excellent—not for children under 16.**

DOCTOR BULL (Fox)—Story of a much criticized country doctor. His career is nearly wrecked by a lot of petty gossip when he defies conventions. Will Rogers is the doctor. **Slow-moving but good—okay for tots.**

DUCK SOUP (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—A baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown. **Good—kids will go for it.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Hospital story. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. **Good—dull for children under 16.**

● ● **ESKIMO** (M-G-M)—A story of the simple and primitive life of the Eskimo and how it can be wrecked by the coming of the white man. The cast is all native as is also the dialogue. The subtitles are in English. Excellent shots of Arctic scenery. **Very informative and educational.**

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)—A gripping little drama of an American girl and a German boy whose marriage is sacrificed to the World War. An inevitably tragic ending. **Good if you go in for tragedy—send the kids to a Western, though.**

● **FEMALE** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a big factory executive who forgets her sex in the daytime but when the boys come around at night—George Brent plays opposite. Johnny Mack Brown, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Ruth Donnelly are also in the cast. **Good—but not for young folks under 18.**

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy detective. **Good Western—take the kids.**

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)—An exciting picture all about an airport built in mid-ocean. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. **Different. You might like it—tots will be bored.**

● ● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners) — Another grand musical. You will like this one better than ever. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and James Cagney and others in an excellent cast. **See it by all means and take the youngsters along.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—That's what happens to gamblers—sometimes. A good race track yarn. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **An entertainer for the whole family.**

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● ● **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—And people are still talking about this musical. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. **If you've seen it once, see it again—and take the youngsters.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Warren William, Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin in that stage hit of the brilliant author, his blond secretary and his ex-passion. **Sophisticated comedy—put the tots to bed that night.**

● **HAVANA WIDOWS** (Warners)—All about two blond gold diggers (Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell) out to grab a Havana millionaire. When they grab Guy Kibbee, you get plenty of fun and complication. Frank McHugh and Lyle Talbot are also in the cast. **Good comedy—take the family.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—Yarn about the hectic and exciting life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. **Good of its kind—children will like it.**

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount)—Dick Arlen as a waterfront garbage collector who picks up a pretty dance hall chorine (Judith Allen) in his shore nets. She had tried to commit suicide. Little Robert Knettles plays the foundling who figures in their lives. **Only Arlen's acting recommends this pix—nothing in it for the youngsters.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A snappy little story about a pretty chorine golddigger whose sugar daddy employs a bodyguard for her. He expected to keep her all for himself that way. But the bodyguard is Eddie Lowe. **Peppy entertainer for everybody.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville teamed again. **Darn good comedy for the whole family.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—Story about a war veteran down on his luck. Only Dick Barthelmess' acting recommends this one. **Very depressing.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—It takes Jean Harlow to do it when Gable is the man. **Good—but send the youngsters under 16 to a Western.**

● **THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET** (Warners)—Kay Francis, a chorus girl, is brought as a bride to this old family house of her husband. Through tragic circumstances, she is torn from her husband and baby and convicted of the murder of a former suitor. Twenty years later, under a very strange coincidence, she returns to this house and makes a supreme sacrifice for the child that has never known her. **Very good—not for children under 16.**

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of an idealist (Edward G. Robinson) who becomes a ruthless business baron under the influence of his opera singing mistress (Kay Francis). Genevieve Tobin plays his wife. **Quite good—young folks under 16 will be bored.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox) Sophisticated love comedy. Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **I'M NO ANGEL** (Paramount)—Mae West is the whole show. This time she is a lion tamer and a burlesque queen. Men just come natural to her and she finally ankles to the altar with a millionaire—but it is for love and not his dollars only. **Sizzling and rowdy and very good if you go for Mae—but be sure to put the youngsters to bed that night.**

(Continued on page 107)

IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

staged by WANAMAKER'S, New York, with the caution: "Wash lingerie with IVORY FLAKES"

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions above!

And Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory Soap. They dissolve quicker than ordinary flat flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone! The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices — and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs you too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap · 99 44/100 % pure

Good-bye COLD!

When You Take This Complete Cold Remedy

A COLD is too serious a thing to trust to half-way measures. Remember, a cold is an internal infection and must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the thing to take because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

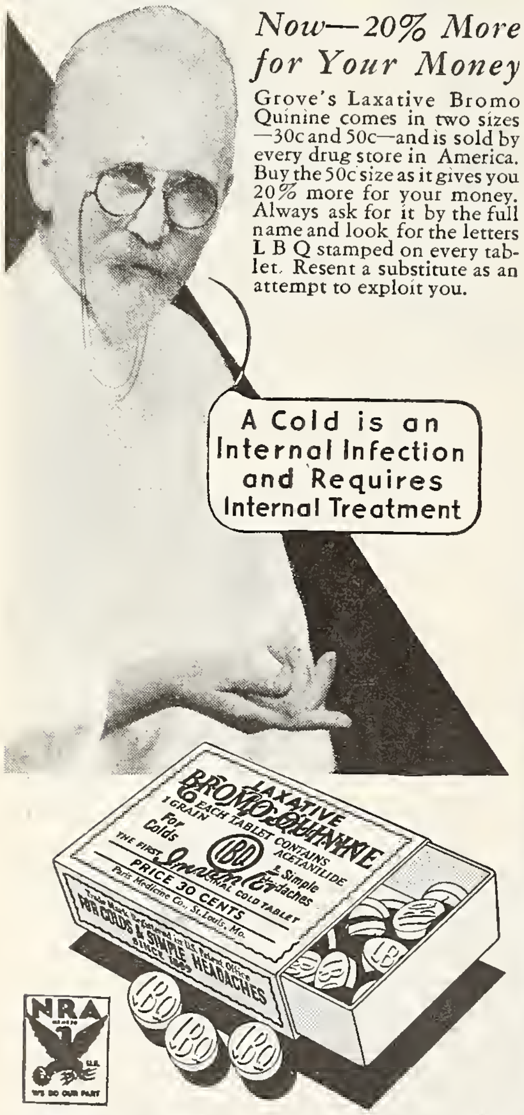
The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to exploit you.


A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
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PRICE 30 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

Columbia Studias, 1438 Gower Street, Hallywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Baulevard, Hallywaad, California.
First Notianal Studias, Burbank, Califarnio.
Fax Studias, Movietane City, Westwood, Californio.
Samuel Galdwyn Studia, 7210 Sonto Manica Baulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Galdwyn-Mayer Studias, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studias, Hallywood, California.
Radia Studias, 780 Gawer Street, Hallywaad, Califarnia.
Hal Roach Studias, Culver City, Califarnia.
Mock Sennett Studios, Studia City, Narth Hollywaod, Califarnia.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbonk, Colifornia.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywoad, Califarnia.
Universal Studias, Universal City, Califarnino.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Warners. Free lance. Featured in "Song of Songs," "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "The House on 56th Street," Warners.

ALLAN, ELIZABETH: Married to William J. O'Bryan. Born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, April 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "No Marriage Ties," RKO; "Solitaire Man."

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Bruce Cabot. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story;" "Disgraced;" "The Avenger," Monogram.

ANCEL, HEATHER: Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Berkeley Square." "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case." Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," "Golden Harvest," "Hell and High Water." Working in "Alice in Wonderland."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "Blind Adventure;" "Above the Clouds," Columbia. Working in "Joe Palooka," United Artists and "Search for Beauty," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Right to Romance," "If I were Free," RKO; "By Candlelight," Universal. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO player. Featured in "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Alice in Wonderland," Paramount.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room;" "Solitaire Man," M-G-M. Working in "Nana," United Artists.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Fox star. Starred in "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "My Weakness." Working in "Cross Country Cruise." Universal.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight;" "Counsellor at Law," Universal. Working in "Long Lost Father," RKO.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Stranger's Return," "Christopher Bean;" "One Man's Journey," RKO; "The Vinegar Tree."

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Heroes for Sale." Working in "Massacre." Next is "A Modern Hero."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing;" "Penthouse," M-G-M; "As Husbands Go."

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Tugboat Annie;" "The Bowery," 20th Century. Working in "Viva Villa."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Blind Adventure," RKO; "Ever in My Heart," Warners; "House of Murder," Columbia; "Trigger," RKO.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Bed of Roses," "After Tonight," RKO. Working in "Moulin Rouge."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox; "Little Women," RKO.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "This Day and Age," "White Woman," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "Havana Widows," "Convention City." Next is "Hell's Bells."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray;" "Only Yesterday," Universal. Working in "Beloved," Universal.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in the elegant costume of the London Film production of "Catharine the Great." Not the same picture, it is needless to say, as La Dietrich's "Catherine the Great."

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage," "Hoopla."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. RKO player. Featured in "Emergency Call," "Flaming Gold."'

BRADY, ALICE: Divorced. Born in New York City, November 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Broadway to Hollywood," "Stage Mother," "The Vinegar Tree."

BRENDEL, EL: Married. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail," "Olsen's Big Moment."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Lilly Turner," "Female," "From Headquarters;" "Trigger," RKO.

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal; "Fog," Columbia. Working in "The Criminal Within," Columbia.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Midnight Club," Paramount; "If I Were Free." Working in "Gallant Lady," 20th Century.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Elmer the Great," "Son of a Sailor."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. RKO player. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount. Working in "Wild Birds."

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Penthouse," "Hollywood Party;" "My Weakness," Fox. Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

CABOT, BRUCE: Married to Adrienne Ames. Born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 20. RKO player. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "Ann Vickers." Working in "The Criminal Within," Columbia.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Mayor of Hell," "Footlight Parade," "Lady Killer." Next is "Heir Chaser."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid from Spain," "Roman Scandals."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal; "Four Frightened People," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man."

CAVANAGH, PAUL: Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, England, December 8. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Kennell Murder Case," Warners. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "'Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner," "Female."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. M-G-M star. Starred in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Next is "The Merry Widow."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Penthouse;" "Lady Killer," Warners. Working in "Nana," United Artists.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man." Working in "Sitting Pretty," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount Star. Starred in "Three Cornered Moon," "Torch Singer," "Four Frightened People." Working in "Night Bus."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Jennie Gerhardt," "Torch Singer," Paramount; "Queen Christina," M-G-M.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Brief Moment," "Fog," "Fury of the Jungle;" "The World Changes," Warners.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "One Sunday Afternoon," "Design for Living." Working in "Alice in Wonderland." Next is "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Broadway to Hollywood;" "The Bowery," 20th Century; "Lone Cowboy," Paramount.

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Paramount star. Starred in "The House on 56th Street," "The Shakedown," Warner Bros. Working in "Mandalay," Warner Bros. Next is "Wonder Bar."

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, Calif., February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "To the Last Man," "The Thundering Herd." Working in "Search for Beauty."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live," "Hollywood Party," "Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "This Day and Age," Paramount; "Above the Clouds;" "Hoopla," Fox. Next is "House of Connelly," Fox.

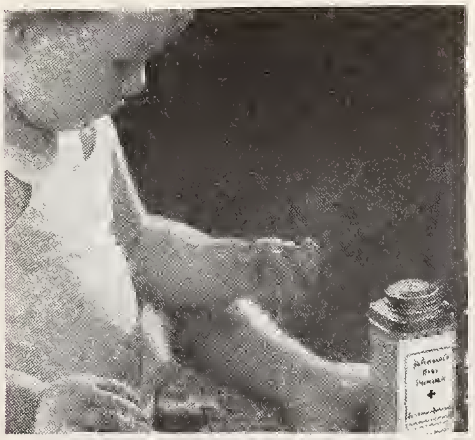
CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony." Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "We're Not Dressing."

(Continued on page 120)

● *"Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"*

● *"Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids—but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder—Johnson's!"*

● *"Wheee—right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me—I've got a tip for all you Mothers . . ."*



"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger, just like this. Some of 'em feel gritty—but Johnson's is soft as silk! And our doctor told my mother, 'There's no zinc-stearate in Johnson's—and no orris-root.'"

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Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 131, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
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STOP CONSTIPATION
THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

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What Ginger Owes Her Mother

(*Continued from page 58*)

fascinated the daughter of the newly appointed dramatic critic by doing a dance called the Charleston.

Next morning Mrs. Rogers discovered her daughter trying the different steps which she had seen.

Months passed, and the girl became more interested in the theatre than school.

The old man who had helped Mrs. Rogers recover her child had an unused barn on his small ranch at the edge of Dallas. Ginger had told him of her ambition. He constructed a stage in the barn. There, for months Ginger practiced many difficult dance steps. The old man had a crony who had danced fantastic steps as a clown with the Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Circus on Earth." For ten years he had been unable to travel with the big tent show, and so, for months he eased the loneliness of wanderlust by teaching the ambitious girl the many dancing steps he had learned and seen in his wandering life.

When too tired to dance more, the girl would sit between the two old men in the shade of a large cottonwood tree by the side of the barn, while the ancient clown told of things he had seen in Europe, South Africa and other far places.

"You'll be a great dancer, little un." he used to say, "then you kin see all them places while I'll be pushin' the clouds."

The old clown's name was Barney Casey. As Ginger and her mother say, it deserves a place in the story.

When Ginger was thirteen, the manager of a Dallas theatre announced a Charleston contest.

Barney Casey, too crippled with rheumatism to walk, went to Mrs. Rogers' home one evening, driven there by his old friend.

"We want your permission," said he, "to enter Ginger in the contest."

"Why? Why?" The surprised mother was at a loss for words.

"There's no why about it, Mrs. Rogers," said the ancient clown. "She kin shake a mean pair of feet."

Mrs. Rogers gave her consent.

Three hundred and more had entered the contest.

Barney Casey's protégé came unheralded. "Your mother's not to be here," said Mr. Casey. "We want her under no strain of cryin' if you lose."

FROM miles and miles around the hundreds of contestants gathered. The city of Fort Worth sent fifty.

The Dallas contestants entered last, as a courtesy to those from other cities. Barney Casey had asked that Ginger come on near the last.

One by one the hundreds shook their feet. The judges made notes.

A certain woman dramatic editor, disobeying all orders given by a circus clown, sneaked in to see the contest from an upper box.

At last, when over two hundred and seventy-five had danced, a smiling young girl led the Dallas contingent. She bowed, and the contestants from Dallas began.

When Ginger's name was announced, she shook hands with her ancient teacher, and went, graceful as a fawn, to the centre of the stage.

A stillness, as of death came in the audience. Then her feet began to pound, rapid as machine gun fire.

She finished amid wild commotion. Old Barney Casey was in tears. His crony, hiding in the wings of the stage, could not believe that the child who had danced so magnificently before him was the same that he had dared so much to recover.

Another wave of applause followed. Ginger was dancing again. Barney Casey, his rheumatism forgotten, was living over again his days of circus glory. His feet tingled as they tapped the floor.

Her dance over, Ginger rushed to his arms, where she remained, while another silence came over the theatre.

The winners were about to be announced. Unable to endure the silence while the judges decided, the audience talked in low murmurs.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the judges, their deliberations over, walked to the center of the stage. The chief judge held his hand up. Old Barney Casey pinched Ginger's arm nervously.

Feet stopped scraping, voices were still as the judge said—

"We nominate for the winner of this contest," he stopped, while Barney Casey found himself unable to breathe, and Ginger swallowed fast and often—as her name boomed—"Virginia Rogers."

Not for this moment would old Barney Casey have traded all his circus memories.

Before long, a woman dramatic editor rushed upon the stage.

Barney Casey frowned at Ginger, saying, "You knew she was here all the time."

And Ginger answered, "So did you, Barney."

And—well, the rest is history.

In a few years Ginger was famous as the leading dancer of her type in New York, appearing in "Girl Crazy" at $1000 a week for forty-five weeks.

Film offers followed and she came to Hollywood, where, after appearing in a half dozen films, a check-up of her screen popularity was made by RKO, and as a result she was given a long-term contract.

Barney Casey has long since left Texas. He watches the sun sink in the blue Pacific from a California bungalow. His old crony is with him.

When a Ginger Rogers film is previewed, those two old men attend together.

Ginger and her mother remember!

"It's Okay!" says Norman

(Continued from page 31)

"I live just as I did before I made any money. A *little* differently, perhaps. Once in New York I very nearly starved to death. I'm not starving now. But I only keep one car and one servant. That's plenty for anybody. What's the use of all the show?

"I've got to get away from Hollywood every now and then. I like Honolulu. Go around dressed any way you please. Lie on the beach. Talk to a lot of army men about war. That's grand. I can't stand actors.

"Once, in New York, Katharine Hepburn was an understudy in a play I was in. She used to stand in the wings and watch us mugs on the stage—with those big eyes. You know, just as she did in 'Morning Glory.' Once I asked her why she didn't go down to her dressing-room and rest, why she stood there all the time and watched us so eagerly.

I'M trying to learn to act,' she said. I laughed at her. 'Then don't watch us, kid, if you want to learn,' I told her. 'You can't learn anything from an actor.'

"I'm always getting into fights on my lot. I hate acting. Want to direct. Gee, I'd love to direct. I think Claudette's good on the screen, but I wouldn't want to direct her. We'd fight like hell the minute she pulled some actress trick."

If you will stop to consider for a moment you will realize that "some actress trick" means "some feminine trick" since feminine women are all actresses at heart. It is just that—all the little feminine tricks—that Norman Foster hates. And it is just that—all of the little feminine tricks—that Claudette wants to use.

In Miss Fletcher's story she tells you that Claudette says, "Norman has often assured me that his attitude towards me would be very different if I'd permit it to be, if I wouldn't act so darn independent all the time." Claudette is right. His attitude would be different—he would probably ignore her completely, for if I have quoted him accurately, surely you see that here is a man who has no patience with a beguiling woman—a man's man, in other words—who will tolerate women as companions only if they behave like men.

It seems to me, therefore, that Claudette's and Norman's problem is not so much a question of the modern and the old-fashioned woman as a matter of individual tastes and temperaments. Claudette has shown herself as feminine as she says she wants to be by moulding herself to suit Norman, by being what he wants her to be. When you know Norman Foster you realize that if a woman were in love with him she would have to accept life and the marriage relationship upon his terms.

He's that kind of guy. He treads heavily upon life. He is impatient of

MILLIONS END UGLY SKIN FAULTS

with this famous "miracle cream"

•

LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILY SKIN
RED ROUGH HANDS

•

YOU can be smartly dressed—you can have the most appealing personality—but if your complexion is blemished, coarse-textured, oily—or if your hands are red, rough and chapped, then much of your charm is lost!

That's why *over one million* of the smartest women in America today use Noxzema Cream regularly—on their faces and on their hands. For Noxzema is a "skin medicine" in cream form—designed especially to correct skin troubles and to restore the skin to normal, healthy beauty.

When you suffer from pimples, oiliness, large pores or blemishes, the trouble usually can be traced to *poisoned pores.* Ordinary creams cannot help this condition. A *medicated cream* is needed to purge the pores of clogging, festering impurities—to soothe tender, irritated skin—to refine and soften rough skin. That's where Noxzema and Noxzema alone helps.

Noxzema Skin Cream was originally prescribed by doctors as a greaseless, stainless remedy for skin irritations like sunburn, chapping, itching, etc. Nurses discovered how wonderful it was as a *corrective* beauty cream and for badly chapped hands. Today *10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used!*

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night before retiring after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water—then apply cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema when you powder as a protective powder base. For hands—see directions at left. If hands are very chapped apply Noxzema several times, as much as skin will absorb. With this scientific treatment every day—in *10 days* you'll note a big improvement—and soon you'll glory in a skin faultlessly clear and lovely—hands delicately smooth and white.

WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar

Special trial offer

Get an inexpensive jar of Noxzema today at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 52 Baltimore, Md.—and you will receive a very generous trial jar of Noxzema—enough to make a real improvement in your skin.

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

NO MORE DATES WITH HER —SHE DOES NOTHING BUT POWDER HER NOSE ALL EVENING

Pretty As a Picture...

But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her "eternal powder puff." She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was —well, not well cared for!

Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock *Tonic* Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. B-202, Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock
Face Powder

GOLDEN PEACOCK

whatever he doesn't like. He's not sure that his way is always right but it's *his* way and if you want to string along with him, you'll play the game by his rules. If you don't like those rules you don't need to play. But he won't change his ideas.

AND although Claudette may take as much of the blame—if one calls it blame—as she likes for their modern marriage; although they both talk until they're as blue in the face as Walt Disney's wolf, everyone who knows them realizes that it was Norman's idea that they live as they do and that they continue to live that way.

It was because Norman couldn't stand to have a woman fussing around all the time, because Norman—whose constant companion is the wanderlust—wanted to pick up and go wherever he chose, whenever he chose, without making any explanations, that these two decided to live in separate establishments. Had Claudette not agreed, had she not decided to play the game by his rules, I'm sure there would have been a divorce. But Claudette loved Norman and would accept his terms to keep his love.

Now that she wants the peace of a staple fireside, the romance of a great and a tender love, gestures of chivalry made toward her—she thinks that she has made a mistake. But there was no other way, if she wanted to keep Norman.

For the only role a woman can play in his life (except a very fleeting one) is the role of pal, companion, good scout. He hates anything that smacks of feminine girlishness. He admires Claudette for this independence she has worn all these years for him. He thinks it is real.

"Claudette is a swell scout, a great pal. I like her." It is what he might say of his best man friend. It's a swell compliment, I think.

Norman has been kicked around too much; the realities of life have depressed him too long. He couldn't "go soft" now. For he can never forget those eight months in New York that he spent looking for a newspaper job—eight months of walking the street, wearing shoes the soles of which grew thinner by the day until he had to cover the holes with cardboard—eight months during which he considered himself lucky if he got a meal a day—eight months of dodging and stalling the landlady and sometimes sleeping in the park.

He wanted to become a journalist and his temperament is much more that of a newspaperman than an actor's. But he discovered an opportunity to go on the stage and—much as he hated it—it was easy and profitable and he took it.

Norman Foster is a man who bursts with virility. He is pleasant and thoroughly charming, but he likes man's talk and man's independence. If a woman is to string along with him, she must play the game his way or not play at all.

There is no way for Claudette to solve her problem. She may rave against modernity as much as she likes. It won't do her any good as long as she is married to a man like Foster—and as long as she stays in love with him—which is likely to be forever.

The Secret of These Charmed Gifts

(*Continued from page 69*)

Less than three months later Dorothy was transported from the typewriter to stardom.

You know her startling story. Selected for the lead in "The Age of Consent" by the merest chance. Hollywood's newest Cinderella. People said it was a fluke of fate. *But was it?*

And there was Merian C. Cooper, hailed today as one of the younger geniuses of filmdom. Just over a year ago he was known chiefly for his adventure pictures. I remember hearing him and Wallace concocting part of the "King Kong" tale at luncheon. It was to be a radical departure from ordinary films. Would it succeed? Radio was spending quantities of money on it; it was Cooper's big opportunity. You know the answer to that one . . . what a tremendous box office sensation the picture was, and how Cooper became the head of all Radio productions. It seems as if the movie world became Cooper-conscious over night. Everyone was talking of his sudden rise. . . . And among his cherished possessions you'll find a certain ebony stick.

And Richard Dix. He received one of the holders, too. And while Dix has been through a rather bad time with his marriage, in one very grave moment the genial spirit of Wallace seemed to be watching over him—to turn what might have been a tragedy into a lucky escape.

Dix told me about it.

"Driving up to Santa Barbara one week-end in that antique roadster of mine, I had a mishap that could have been bad. Still had the old set of tires on, you see, and I was doing around sixty-five when a rear tire blew out. The bus careened like a crazy thing and for an instant I thought she was going to tip over. By a miracle she righted herself just on the edge of a ditch."

"Did you," I asked irrelevantly, "ever know Edgar Wallace?"

"Why, yes," Rich looked surprised. "Great fellow, wasn't he? I've got a cigarette holder he gave me right here in my pocket."

WHEN celebrities come to California the first person to greet them is usually a publicity man. One of the most efficient of the "public relation" chaps was Ben Marksen. Not at all the mile-a-minute talker, but quiet and unassuming. We all like Ben. So did Wallace from the time he stepped off the train. Five days before he died he presented Ben with a complete set of his books, autographed—and one of the famous black sticks.

Now here's the odd twist to *that*. About two years ago Ben wrote a play. A clever play. I read it sitting in his office one morning and wondered why nothing had been done about it. The day after Wallace's funeral I was again in his office.

"What about your play, Ben?"

"The boss has it." The "boss" at that time was David Selznick. When I went back later in the week Ben had moved.

"Sure," grinned the information clerk, "he's in the scenario department now." So he was—at about five times his former salary. What's more, he was adapting his own play, "Is My Face Red?" for the screen. Ben has been hitting the high spots on the road to success ever since.

It goes on unbelievably, this tale of fortune attending possessors of those ebony cigarette holders.

Indeed the good luck charm has yet to fail its owner. In each instance, latent luck has aroused and asserted itself for the possessor of the gift.

The first day Wallace was on the Radio lot, he met Joel McCrea. He had not yet been assigned a place to work and Joel proffered his dressing room without knowing exactly who Wallace was. When he returned at the end of two hours, the writer had a story ready for Constance Bennett. That was the way he worked. Joel and he became boon companions, went everywhere together. And he gave young McCrea not only a black stick but a good many of his fascinatingly striped London ties.

What happened? Three things. Three of the most important things that *could* have happened to Joel. First, he was signed to a starring contract. And secondly, he achieved the ranch that has been his dream for five years. And third, he fell in love with and married one of Hollywood's loveliest girls, Frances Dee.

You're probably familiar with his passion for outdoor life. He has had this special 160 acres of land north of Malibu Beach spotted since he was a lost contract player. (Lost, because Joel was under contract to a major studio for a year without playing a single role.) In the beginning he didn't have the money for it. And after he could afford it, the property was tied up in litigation. It looked for a long while as if the estate never would be settled, or if it was, that the ranch would go to an heir who didn't want to sell. Joel had about relinquished all hope when his bid was taken up—and he was able to buy it at a bargain such as he never dreamed in his wildest fancies.

Strange? Yes, it's more than that. There's something uncanny about the way these charmed gifts work. As if, through them, Edgar Wallace was bestowing a farewell benediction on his friends to aid and help them.

"Keep colds and grippe *outside* by proper home disinfection"

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Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus, leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.

"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science . . . kill thousands . . . cost millions.

"Yet it is amazing how people still neglect *one simple measure* that fights off pernicious germs . . . that helps check dangerous epidemics . . . that makes the home a health resort instead of a hospital.

"In Holland, as in America, through four decades, leading physicians, hospitals and health authorities have waged war on disease germs by the "Lysol" method of personal and home disinfection. "Lysol" is the modern mother's weapon for protecting her home and family against disease and infection."

(*Signed*) DR. MARGARET B. C. MANUS

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Keep YOUR house clean with "Lysol." Wash clothes, especially bedding and handkerchiefs, with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to wash the bathroom, tubs and tiling. After any illness, disinfect the bedroom, floors, woodwork and furniture, by washing with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to disinfect basins and other sickroom furnishings.

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Physicians of leading nations have endorsed and recommended "Lysol" as a safe and effective method for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" kills germs anywhere . . . even in the presence of organic matter. Yet it is safe and gentle to the most sensitive tissue.

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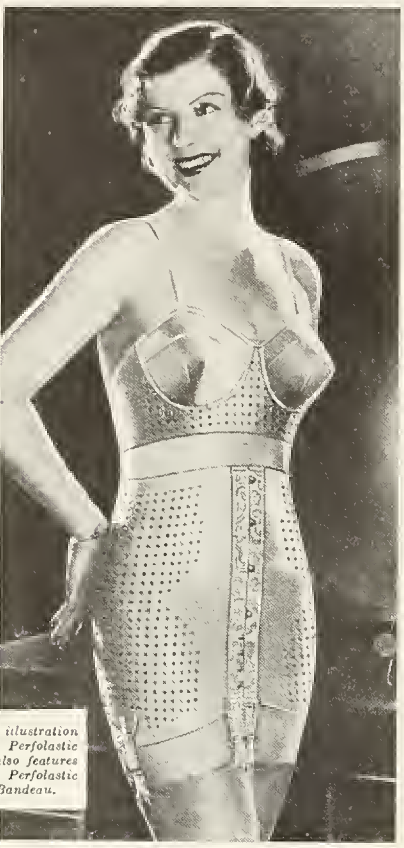
● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

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● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

You Learn to Know Them—

(Continued from page 46)

performance had ever thrown her into such a state of nerves. When she made her first appearance, one could tell how tense she was. It was not until she had worn three dresses that she began to be at all calm. I never thought I should ever see Lilyan Tashman attacked by timidity.

One of the people who completely upsets my shop every time she enters it is Polly Moran. Well as I know her, I've never made any clothes for her. She always wants things in a great hurry and since we always ask at least ten days for the making of a dress, we have never been able to take her orders. But Polly is one of the most amusing women I know. Her humor at times smacks of the Barbary Coast, but it *is* humor.

ONE night at a party I put on an impromptu fashion show. Some of my guests, entering into the fun, were playing mannequin. I lined them up in an adjoining room and announced them by various names other than their own. Norma and Constance Talmadge put all the mannequins in Paris to shame with their undulations and exaggerated postures. May Sunday, Peggy Fears and Vivienne Segal were others who posed. I saved Polly Moran for the last.

It's just as well that I don't remember how I announced her, and probably better that I've forgotten what she said in answer, but I do know that in the midst of her posing she broke into a can-can and won the vote as the best mannequin of the evening.

It is a far cry from Polly Moran to Irene Dunne—but here's Miss Dunne's name and I must tell you about her. She often comes to us for clothes. One day she was on location in Pasadena and the only chance we had of fitting a dress which she needed for scenes the following day was on the location between shots.

A small temporary dressing room had been erected for her under a tree, but since it was too small for her to be fitted in, one of the property men stood a high mirror against another tree and we worked right out in the open. It occurred to Irene Dunne that this was a novelty worth capturing for a publicity picture. It is quite unusual for a star to think up her own press agent "gags," but she asked one of the still camera men to set up his camera and take her photograph in the act of having metal pajamas fitted under a spreading oak tree. And you can see the picture for yourself on page 48.

Miss Dunne stood before the mirror, the fitter knelt at her feet and I was told to perch in a fork of the tree, which brought my knees on a level with Miss Dunne's shoulders.

The camera man had some difficulty with his camera and I imagined that I felt something crawling across my lap. I stopped "posing" for a moment, looked down and there—like all Hannibal's soldiers crossing the Alps—I discovered six million black ants crawling across my trousers. I jumped down immediately, for by this time they were inside my trousers, and began to do a wild dance that no camera could record. Miss Dunne stood there and howled with laughter. "You're the first man I've ever seen literally living up to an old Hollywood expression," she said—which, it seems to me, shows that she has much more humor than she's given credit for having. And you can also see that being a Hollywood designer does not mean that one does nothing but design clothes.

One of the most curious jobs I've ever had was the making of a court dress—and I don't mean a white satin with a train and ostrich plumes in which to take a formal bow at Buckingham Palace. Sue Carol came in the shop one afternoon and asked to see the collection.

"I am having trouble with a contract which was made a long time ago," she explained, "and I have to go to court to get a release. I want something nice and refined which a lady would wear at court when she wants the judge to take her part." Nothing ever daunts or amazes us. We made her a simple olive-green crepe dress, without any adornment, and a small hat. Miss Carol appeared in court a few days later and, after a short interval, was released from the contract she felt was unfair. Apparently the dress—and Miss Carol—had done their stuff.

BARBARA STANWYCK'S name reminds me of a most disastrous—from a financial standpoint—experience. One afternoon she came for a fitting accompanied by her husband, Frank Fay, Ricardo Cortez, a chap named Eddie Kane (one of the wits of Hollywood) and another lad whose name I don't remember.

While she was being fitted, the four men sat in the large salon watching the mannequins displaying clothes. They were all in swell humor and made the most riotous wisecracks at the appearance of each dress. They reduced the mannequins to hysterics and two stately Pasadena dowagers—fearful of what the boys would say next—fled from the shop without making any purchases. That cost me plenty in un-made sales.

Barbara Stanwyck is a very calm girl—most of the time. She is almost entirely bored with clothes and is another of those cinema beauties who goes about in flat-heeled shoes and rolled-down socks. More than once I have had to fit long formal velvet evening gowns on her and had the shock of looking at the floor to discover, peeping out from under the velvet, dusty sports shoes and white woolen socks.

And now just one more thing before I end this installment. (I've more stories for your next month.) I want to tell you something about Anna May Wong. She hasn't gotten any real picture breaks lately, but I want to tell you how she selects clothes—just as a bit of advice to all women. Anna May is a dressmaker's holiday. She adores clothes and spends days making up her mind about a thing before she orders it —which is an excellent idea. But here's the real trick—she plans a coat that will not only match her suit but several dresses as well. She has jackets—often reversible—that can be worn over more than one dinner or evening dress. She keeps to a certain set of color schemes and suits her accessories to several costumes. She had a dozen changes where the average woman would have but four—and it's all because she uses her head and gives real thought to her clothes—something which every woman should do.

Not long ago she left Hollywood, Europe-bound, discouraged by the casting of Occidental players in Oriental parts.

"What's the use of being Chinese," she once said to me, "when they never pick a Chinese girl for a Chinese part? Instead, they take some girl in pictures, draw her eyebrows up with tape, put a black wig on her and expect her to be convincing. When she turns her face sideways to the camera, the illusion is always gone; for while you can make eyes look Oriental with make-up and tape, you cannot change a good old American profile!"

Next month, Mr. Greer concludes his fascinating series. He'll tell you many interesting and amusing anecdotes about the "old timers." The Talmadges. Corinne Griffith. Dorothy Mackaill. Betty Compson. Florence Vidor. And others whom you used to adore and have wondered about in late years.

Myrna in Marble

(*Continued from page 59*)

distributed autographed pictures of the statue with the same liberality and restless energy that Will H. Hays hands out statements. In fact, so beautiful is the "Spirit" of the marble group and so much admired that any woman in the world would be proud to be known as the original.

Los Angeles has long pointed to the beautiful marble group "Spirit of Education," which graces the broad campus of the $1,000,000 Venice high school. In the allegory are three figures, one typifying the "mental," another the "physical," and a third the "spirit" of education. Famous art critics have praised the central figure, the "Spirit" for its graceful poise and delicacy of outline. Throughout the art world, the allegory is well known, but Hollywood, busy with clothes, contracts and night clubs, hasn't had time to consider it. Besides, so far as any one knew, the group had no connection with motion pictures. But now, the cinema boys and girls are rushing down to look it over with the utmost enthusiasm.

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...about the
NEW IMPROVED* CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH!

A Revolutionary Advance in the Clopay Shades Approved By Millions of Women . . Added Durability and Extra Features Make Clopay at 15c a Greater Bargain Than Ever . . FREE Color Samples

YES, constant research and a mania for questioning users has at last accomplished the seemingly impossible—vastly improved Clopay Shades, which women always called perfect. Now, with the prices of ordinary *cloth* shades constantly rising, the new improved Clopays at 15c are positively the greatest value yet offered in window shades.

Never Before Such Shades!

The new improved Clopay Shades are heavier and stronger than formerly. A wooden slat at the bottom is included. And a molded shade button that makes trimming these full size shades for narrow windows much *easier* than ever before. Four new stunning patterns just added, too.

Surely there's no excuse now for you to put off replacing soiled or cracked window shades. So inexpensive—and such a blessed change besides —to have bright new Clopays at *every* window!

Send a 3c stamp (to cover mailing cost) and you will receive complete color samples FREE—a hint of what to expect in this unusual bargain value. Address: Clopay Corporation, 1222 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Wooden Slat at Bottom Included
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At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Department and Neighborhood Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

Here's a Secret *for* SMART WOMEN

We'll show you how to get into this new, money making profession.

If you'll spend a few of your spare hours in delightful work right in your own home, you can

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Money of your own—to spend as you please on the things you have always wanted but felt you could not afford. You can

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We will send you at once a big wonder box of artist's supplies. We teach you exactly what to do and help you every step of the way to a big success.

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Our plan is so simple. You are bound to succeed. We give you an absolute warranty of success and satisfaction backed up with a $1000.00 Gold Bond. Many earn from $15 to $35 a week for part time or a splendid regular income for full time.

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A mystery has always surrounded the alluring "Spirit." Often has the sculptor, H. F. Winebrenner, an artist of national renown and head of the Venice high school's art classes, been asked the name of his attractive model—the original of the "Spirit" — and just as often he has shaken his head and replied, "Some day she will tell you."

"In planning the group," says Mr. Winebrenner, "I had little difficulty in selecting the first two models. A football gladiator posed for the 'physical' education and a comely miss with high scholastic standing was the 'mental.'

"But the 'Spirit' was not so easy. It required a girl with a beautiful body, and from more than a thousand girls in our school we had many to choose, but the 'Spirit' had to be idealistic—it had to reflect spirituality—intelligent understanding—beauty—grace.

"While viewing an interpretative dance program, I discovered in Myrna Loy, one of my shy students, the model I was looking for. It required some persuasion to induce her to pose for the statue and then only upon a promise of secrecy until after the group was unveiled. For that reason the modeling was done in my home studio.

"On an autumn afternoon, more than five years ago, the 'Spirit of Education' was dedicated. Unnoticed—alone—on the edge of the throng attending the ceremony stood the quiet, thoughtful Myrna. She heard a dignified president of the University of California praise the statue's beauty and grace. But her real thrill came, she told me, when the venerable educator emphasized the high ideals the 'Spirit of Education' was to reflect: an inspirational message to youth—nobility of thought and purpose. And the young girl was impressed. She resolved to be worthy of her marble self. From me, she exacted a promise not to reveal the 'Spirit's' identity until its original had achieved something worth while in the big world she was about to face.

SCHOOL days completed, Myrna departed, the 'Spirit' still her guiding influence, so she told me. Other pupils came and admired the beautiful marble that guarded the campus. Many young girls emulated the 'Spirit's' graces and wondered if anyone so alluring had really lived. But to their questions I could only shake my head—I must keep the faith.

"The first recognition Myrna received was in a Hollywood theatre. On the screen was Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." Critics raved over the beauty and grace of a central figure in Mr. Grauman's prologue — a dancing elf, garbed in a bewildering cloud of white and shimmering silver. And Myrna was thrilled—for again she was a spirit—this time the Spirit of the Northern Ice! And it was as a spirit that Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, first saw the girl. So impressed were they by her grace and charm that they became interested in her future.

"This was her first step toward an ultimate goal. The road was long and the detours many, but success finally came. Gatemen at the studio gate now bow as she passes in. And I feel that Myrna's ambitions have been realized, so I am brushing aside the years and revealing the statue's secret—my marble Spirit is Myrna Loy."

"I don't mind admitting it," smiled the actress when told what the sculptor had said. "In fact, I feel honored when Mr. Winebrenner identifies me as the 'Spirit' of his group. Many see in her only a marble figure, but to me she has always been a living, pulsating thing.

"Recently, I signed an attractive contract. That evening I told my 'Spirit' and my good friend, Mr. Winebrenner. I presume he feels my ambitions have been sufficiently realized for him to reveal the secret—I think, though, he should have waited. Before, the 'Spirit' was herself—now, alas, she's only me."

And Hollywood—see-all, know-all Hollywood—refuses to understand, probably couldn't understand.

Today, on the sight-seeing buses, the megaphone men have changed their travel talks. Formerly, passengers were told they were passing California's million dollar high school. Attention now is directed to the allegorical group of statuary, "The Spirit of Education."

"And, ladies and gentlemen," say the lecturers, "the central figure of allegory, 'the Spirit,' is the celebrated screen actress—Myrna Loy."

Double-Duty Outfits

(Continued from page 73)

—a soft homespun material or a slick broadcloth. For sports, a red and green plaid cotton blouse; for shopping, a green, Royal blue, or mustard colored crepe; for afternoons, one of eggshell satin; for later on, a red and gold or silver and white brocade. You can think up combinations as fast as you can write them down. Not so easy to attain? Well, one this month, one next, and so on, will string out the foundation skirt over a whole season—even longer.

And here are other color possibilities:

- Ensemble with brown:
  - Brown and green striped linen
  - Green flat crepe
  - Beige satin
  - Green and gold brocade
- Ensemble with gray:
  - Dark blue linen (plain)
  - Brown flat crepe
  - Pale yellow satin
  - Cloth of silver
- Ensemble with tan:
  - Yellow and brown plaid cotton
  - Flat crepe to match
  - Beige satin
  - Cloth of gold

SCREEN stars, always sensing the ways of fashion, with quick, sure instinct, have taken up the blouse ensemble idea with gusto. Here we have Margaret Lindsay in a perfect example of the satin blouse, good for afternoons, and a wonderful thing, too, to wear with a suit.

Also, Jean Muir in one of flat crepe, with its touch of the 90's in a soft jabot, illustrates the possibilities of ever so simple a shirtwaist idea.

Joan Blondell carries the same idea into the realm of the little coat and skirt. Underneath the gay plaid jacket, a light blouse with the skirt makes still another costume.

Even the three-quarter coat over a waist and skirt combination is perfect in style. On the pattern page—page 74—you will see one worn by Una Merkel. We have had a pattern of this cut especially for the readers of MODERN SCREEN, knowing that they may want to make themselves something that is right up to the minute in style and sponsored by one of the most popular of the movie actresses. That dress and coat could be done from two plain materials or the coat and skirt could be made of one material with a contrasting sweater or blouse. The possibilities of combining it in various ways are enormous.

Ruby Keeler's ensemble is an outstanding example of the way in which this combination blouse and skirt idea has been carried right into the field of formal clothes. It is not going too far to say that the most effective dinner dresses of this season are those constructed on this principle. And by the same token, variety in formal dressing can be economically achieved. One black satin or velvet skirt, reaching the floor, can carry a satin blouse, one of metal cloth, one of brocaded velvet, if you wish, and also a tightly fitted Victorian coat of heavy, corded bengaline, with long fitted sleeves.

It's really about the smartest thing you can do, if you go about a lot after dark, for you are obviously dressed for a party and still you have all the look of the most modern and sophisticated young person.

A little coat can cover the blouse as shown in Ruby Keeler's costume. And these jackets are quite as fascinating in their way as the blouses that grow underneath them. More possibilities for varying the look of the foundation dress.

Treat it all as a game—and use your head while you are playing the game. Plan before you shop—and you'll be surprised how varied and complete your wardrobe will become for a very modest financial expenditure.

In such a way, you can avoid the bugaboo of wearing "the same old thing" for one date after another. And do so without going to heart-breaking expense.

For there is nothing more important than being properly and appropriately dressed—and good taste and a cultivated clothes sense can accomplish more in this direction than money. Develop an interest in what you wear and, ten chances to one, you'll always look your best.

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS

She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

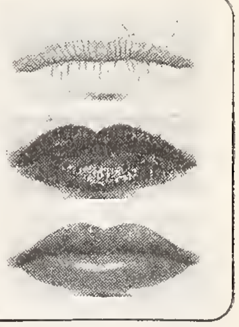
Get Tangee today—39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives you the same natural color as the Lipstick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

Tested and Approved
Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

Don't be switched!

Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

TANGEE
TANGEE
TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, Inc. MM-24
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City________________ State__________

"I can't do a *thing* with my hair"

Oh Yes YOU CAN!

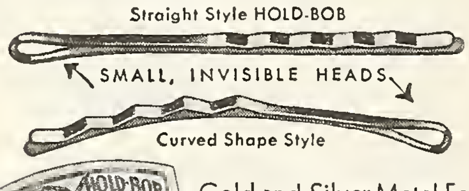
IN two seconds you can change that untidy disorderly hair to a smooth, trim, well-arranged coiffure. How? Just by using HOLD-BOBS.

But don't confuse HOLD-BOBS with ordinary bob pins that fall out as soon as you put them in. HOLD-BOBS stay! They hold each lock, or wave exactly as you want them. They never scratch your scalp or pull your hair—

Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

Made only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. R-24, Chicago, Ill.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. E-24, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name............

Address............

City............ State............

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

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The Private Life of a Crooner

(*Continued from page 68*)

Rock. Mildred felt so blue about it she went out and bought two pair of new shoes. Which reduced the bankroll to $18.75. The prodigals arrived in Little Rock minus a few meals, but happy.

They lived with Mildred's aunt for three weeks and with Dick's folks for two months.

On July 4, the Royal Peacock Orchestra from Indiana came to Little Rock for a five-week engagement. The event had been advertised weeks in advance. The Royal Peacocks were being paid plenty of money and it was up to them to deliver—and deliver something good. In fact, the boys of the band got so excited that exactly five hours before the grand opening number, the tenor soloist took down with an acute case of alcoholism. Some pickle for the Peacock leader, even if he was cold-and-worried sober! Like a frantic hen, he began scratching for local talent and what he dug up was Mr. Richard Powell.

He could have done a lot worse. As the evening and the enthusiastic hilarity wore on, it became evident that he couldn't have done better. The local boy was a hit with the big league orchestra. He was even better than that: he was a minor sensation. It was not a surprise to anybody when the Peacocks offered Dick a contract which called for a long engagement at one of the big hotels in Louisville, Ky. The magnificent sum involved was $60 weekly.

On September 21, Mildred and Dick left for Louisville, leaving their debts behind them. They were young, in love, and in the money.

As a full-fledged professional singer, he had calling cards made with the imposing name: Richard E. Powell, Tenor. He sang popular songs, sang over the radio and two weeks after the opening of the Louisville engagement, he became a crooner by the simple process of lifting a megaphone to his lips.

It was inevitable that before the year was out, the marriage of the popular little belle from the South and the music struck kid from Arkansas should begin to feel the strain of divergent tastes. Mildred had been petted, admired and rushed with more dates than there were evenings in the week. Now, as Mrs. Richard (Tenor) Powell, she lived an existence of lonely nights spent in hotel rooms, movie shows and visits to the circulating libraries. Dick's orchestra job kept him occupied from seven in the evening until one in the morning.

When the Peacocks suddenly found themselves minus an engagement, their life became even more of a spotty affair, with Mildred growing more and more miserable.

EIGHT vagabond months went by. Dick played the banjo and sang songs (for two weeks) in an Ohio theatre. There was an offer from a traveling "Student Prince" company that he didn't accept because he didn't like the looks of the chorus boys. Then a short Columbia Club engagement in Columbus, Ohio. Once he teamed up with a piano player with vaudeville in mind. They landed in Chicago, played a week and nearly starved to death for six. In a burst of discouragement Dick permitted Mildred to talk him into joining her uncle in the real estate boom then in progress in Florida.

But before they could arrive in Florida, the boom was over.

There were odd jobs, such as making victrola records at $50 a recording. They helped. One record, "Beautiful," was responsible for an offer which led Dick to a master of ceremonies job in Indianapolis. He was also to sing. With the $150 weekly salary that went with it, this was the best break for the young Powells since the Peacocks hit Little Rock. He had never master-of-ceremonied before, but it was not long before Dick and his megaphone were points of local interest in Indianapolis.

Good masters-of-ceremony are not born to blush unseen. There are too many theatre scouts on the look-out for them all the time. And when a certain scouting gentleman from the Warner Brothers Theatre chain just happened to drop into Indianapolis and heard the peppy, personality kid doing his stuff through a megaphone—that was the end of the Powell career in Indianapolis.

He went into the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh at a salary of $450 weekly, marquee billing, and an advance splurge of publicity that would have warmed the heart of Paul Whiteman.

Here was success in a big way. He was writing his own ticket; he was drawing more money than he had time to spend. But married life was growing more and more difficult.

Being a sensationally successful master-of-ceremonies in the "big time" took even more of his attention than he had devoted to his barnstorming days. He did six shows daily at the theatre. Now and then he donated the services of his band to charity activities. He loved it and it was good business. They'd heard of Crosby and Vallee in Pittsburgh, but the natives rated them bad seconds to Richard Powell. Mildred's unhappiness was the only hitch in the otherwise smooth oil of his existence.

"It was a terrible life for a girl," Dick explained. "It wasn't fair. Yet Mildred realized as well as I that there was no turning back from this line of work, now. It was definitely my field." They grew farther and farther apart. Eventually, though they remained friends, Mildred left on an extended visit to Houston, Texas.

Every week Dick was called into conference on the program of the build-up for the movie show that was to follow. He learned not only all the tricks of the trade—which included a "strong stage show for a weak picture" and a "take-it-easy stage show for a strong picture"—but he also learned Hollywood secrets that would have knocked several Hollywood stars for a loop. He learned that Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler and Wally Beery and Constance Bennett were hotter-than-hot—would fill a theatre every hour of the day or evening. But there were many other gilded and precious pets whom he knew to be drawing salaries way into the thousands who could be put over only by the finest vaudeville and stage shows Mr. Powell and the Stanley Theatre management could rake up. Long before Hollywood actually knew him, Dick Powell had Hollywood's number.

HE particularly enjoyed his work during "personal appearance" weeks, which brought Hollywood personalities to the stage of his theatre. He came to know Alice White, Jimmy Dunn, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Jean Harlow and Lupe Velez as they appeared in Pittsburgh to say hello to their public. Jean Harlow's appearance was sensational.

"We did eight shows a day with Jean," Dick says. "The girl was a riot. I'll never forget her, either. It just happened that Pittsburgh was the first appearance she made on her tour. She was as nervous as could be. She showed up at the theatre at about eight o'clock the morning of her debut and showed me the little speech she had written. It was the old stereotyped stuff 'Hello, folks. . . . I'm so happy to be here . . . hope you'll like me,' etc. I suggested that we work out a little act together. Something different . . . something new. She was as tickled as a kid. So we got out the old joke book and began to fashion the cracks into new twists. I'm telling you the girl panicked 'em. I was very flattered when she told me she was going to follow the routine we had worked up all through her tour . . . and she did!" Incidentally, in the week Jean played Pittsburgh she broke a seven-year record held by Jack Dempsey.

It was colorful and exciting work and Dick began to have a hunch his reputation was getting beyond local bounds. He knew he could ask for, and receive, as much as $750 from the theatre. But ideas for bigger and better things were beginning to blossom in his fertile mind. If he asked for an increase, and got it, he would have to sign a contract. He had a hunch there was a better contract for him somewhere in the offing. While he was waiting, he played the stock market with such success he could have retired and lived nicely on the income from good investments. *But he forgot to sell out.* He awoke one morning to find himself financially flatter than a pancake, except for his salary.

It was the spring of 1932 the Warner Brothers Studio executives wired their Pittsburgh theatre manager they wanted to borrow Richard Powell for a movie test for "The Crooner." Inferiority never had been, and was not now, one of the Powell complexes, and he'd had

WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS
—double quick!

Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run down people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

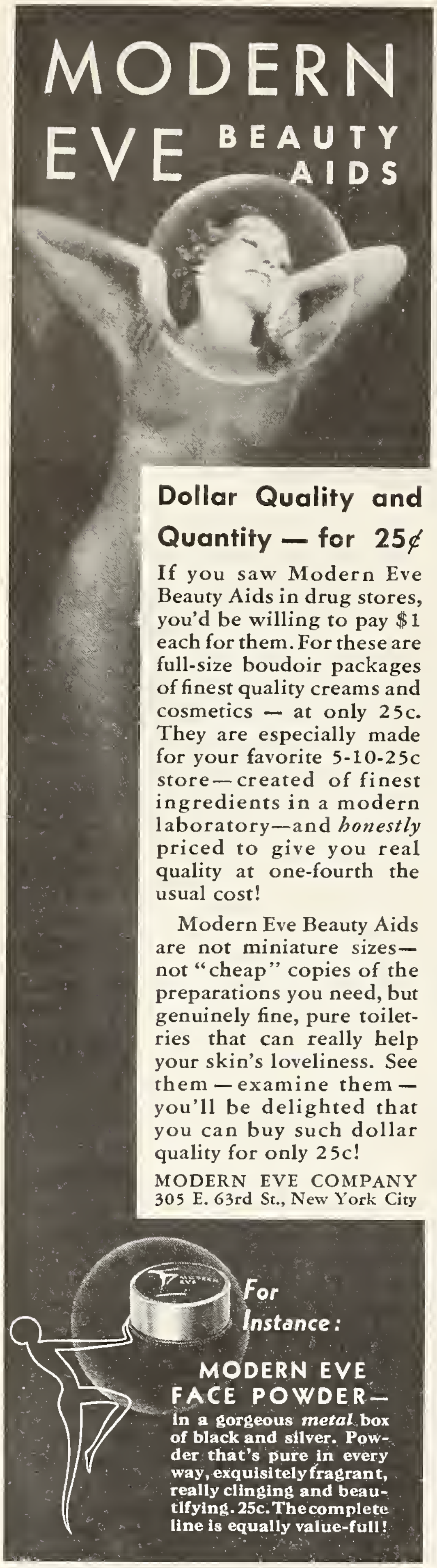
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART


MODERN EVE BEAUTY AIDS

Dollar Quality and Quantity — for 25¢

If you saw Modern Eve Beauty Aids in drug stores, you'd be willing to pay $1 each for them. For these are full-size boudoir packages of finest quality creams and cosmetics — at only 25c. They are especially made for your favorite 5-10-25c store—created of finest ingredients in a modern laboratory—and *honestly* priced to give you real quality at one-fourth the usual cost!

Modern Eve Beauty Aids are not miniature sizes—not "cheap" copies of the preparations you need, but genuinely fine, pure toiletries that can really help your skin's loveliness. See them — examine them — you'll be delighted that you can buy such dollar quality for only 25c!

MODERN EVE COMPANY
305 E. 63rd St., New York City

For Instance:

MODERN EVE FACE POWDER—
in a gorgeous *metal* box of black and silver. Powder that's pure in every way, exquisitely fragrant, really clinging and beautifying. 25c. The complete line is equally value-full!

a hunch that something good was just around the corner. But the movies! You could have knocked him over with a canary feather.

The instructions read that he was to make the test in New York and then return to the theatre to "await word." He knew (long before he read in a syndicated column from Hollywood that David Manners had been signed for the part) that *he* would not play it. He had been too terribly nervous, too badly made up, in that hectic half-hour test in the New York studio. Dick was disappointed, but his respect for Hollywood casting judgment was definitely increased. New York shipped out his test and with Johnny Harris, manager of the theatre, he had a good laugh. The make-up made him look absolutely sappy.

One afternoon Harris came backstage with another telegram. The wire read: "WANT POWELL IN HOLLYWOOD IMMEDIATELY FOR ROLE OF SAPPY CROONER IN QUOTE BLESSED EVENT UNQUOTE TEST PERFECT FOR THIS ROLE."

Johnny Harris was laughing so hard at this unflattering offer he could hardly stand up. "My God," breathed Mr. Powell, who had just dropped a good-sized load of self-satisfaction with a terrible thud, "just wait until I get to Hollywood. I'll show 'em!"

Though it was necessary for him to play the role of the crooner in "Blessed Event" with a "sappy" effect, he did most certainly show them that the bad make-up had been responsible for their impression of him from that disastrous test. He clicked as a decidedly breezy and different screen personality from that first appearance; his agreement with the Pittsburgh theatre was cancelled and within a year he made "Too Busy to Work," with Will Rogers; "King's Vacation," with George Arliss; "Forty-second Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933," the two latter musicals bringing him to co-starring prominence with little Ruby Keeler. He started off nobly on his second year with "Footlight Parade" and his next two are "College Coach" and "Convention City."

NEVER for a moment did he feel like a stranger within the Hollywood gates. His long association with movie houses had familiarized him with the big personalities of the town long before he came here. He took up immediately his friendships with Joe E. Brown, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian (to whom he was immediately rumored engaged), Jean Harlow and other of his personal appearance pets. Nor were his feelings ever hurt if any big star *did* try to shoot him. He could always think back on what rotten business their last picture had done in Pittsburgh.

As soon as he was settled in a small house in Beverly Hills, he sent for his mother and dad. He knew now that his marriage to Mildred was a thing of the past. Six months after he arrived in Hollywood he received word that Mildred had divorced him. Yet to this day they remain friends, frequently corresponding. As for his muchly-publicized romance with Mary Brian, Dick says it was never as serious as the gossip columnists would have you believe. "I liked Mary better than anyone I knew. I still do. I think that's about all I can say. Anything else would have to come from Mary." And Mary, apparently has decided the question by becoming engaged to Donald Cook.

New rumors would have us believe that Dick may marry non-professional Gwen Heller—the Warners' pretty niece. But, again, it's merely rumor.

For the most part, his life in Hollywood is a round of studio calls, golfing dates with Jimmy Dunn, family dinners with the Joe E. Browns, dancing dates with one or another Hollywood belle, and far more evenings than you would suspect spent in solitary study in his new home in Toluca Lake, where he recently moved from Beverly.

The Great God Studio

(*Continued from page 55*)

missed his mark. For the first time in his life. He had then shot himself. You see, he hadn't missed by accident. The god was, in this case, frustrated.

Again, the god expressed a desire for a frog that could croak in Gaelic. He wanted the froggie for Janet Gaynor's "Paddy the Next Best Thing." Now, said the casting director, the god had indeed asked the impossible. He had recently procured three negroes with Harvard accents; he had brought out of his hat an aged Chinaman with an English accent and an Eskimo with a fluent German vocabulary. But when he was asked for a frog that could croak in Gaelic, the grass grew green all around for all of him.

Director Harry Lachman insisted that such a frog could be found by any good, frog-minded man. Dialogue-director Edwin Burke swore that he had heard a frog croak in Gaelic in old Ireland. At last, worn down, a casting office sleuth was dispatched to the beautiful Japanese Gardens in Hollywood where frog families of all nations, dimensions and characteristics make their habitats. The sleuth, feeling, he said, like Simple Simon, lay under bushes and by the damp edges of rushy pools for whole nights through. The air was filled with the orchestration of froggy voices. And at last, asthmatic but triumphant, he offered a Gaelic croaking frog to the gracious god.

ONE warmish Sunday the god called for a jackass with a day-old colt. An altar boy was dispatched to the various stockyards and he looked at every lady burro in the pens without

NOW! THE GIANT TUBE
ZiP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM
ZIP EPILATOR – IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

result. Animal men called and said, "If you can wait a while . . ." *Studio can never wait.* And finally the director, on his Sunday drive, noticed a Mexican leading an expectant burro to pasture. Mr. Lachman stayed on for the blessed event. The colt was born in due course on that day and the sequence was shot, as scheduled, on the day following.

When Studio is in a mood for animals he grows more whimsical than A. A. Milne at his best. Emboldened by his success with the Gaelic-croaking frog and the expectant burro, he now called for a brace of suckling pigs *that would not grow.* These, also, were for "Paddy." The pigs, it would appear, play an important part in this same picture. A short sequence in which they star had to be shot at various times over a period of six weeks because of the action of the picture. Now, pigs have a habit of growing apace. Pigs *will* be pigs. It was a knotty pig-problem. Finally, a professional pig-raiser was called into conference. The conference went on for hours, far into the night. And the result of it was that the pig-man agreed to keep the company supplied with a succession of pigs of the same size, color and weight throughout the run of the sequence.

Occasionally the god is seized with a craving for doubles, or resemblances. As once when he demanded a double for Mr. Lloyd George, a gentleman who would look so much like the ex-premier that his own daughter, Megan, would call him Daddy. Casting assistant Billy Gordon of the Paramount lot was detailed to bring forth this tid-bit for the god. He searched for weeks. He advertised. He thumbed his call book wherein were listed doubles galore for Lincoln, George Washington, Mahatma Gandhi, Aimee Semple MacPherson, Mussolini and others. In vain. Not a Lloyd George in the library of them. One night, returning from a fruitless day in Long Beach, he stopped at a tiny night counter café for a hamburger. In the rear of the dingy little place he noticed a man washing dishes—*Lloyd George, in person,* s'help him! At least, he knew, the god could never tell the difference.

Another resemblance demand was made, this time for a man who would perfectly duplicate ex-president Hoover. They had to have such a man for the Lew Ayres picture, "Up For Murder." They were informed that a man by the name of Patterson was in the Huntington Park Station and that he was a most perfect double. They were right—and Mr. Patterson was President Hoover for the duration of the picture—and his term in jail.

WHEN Cecil DeMille was making "The Sign of the Cross," Studio called loudly for a dozen women six feet tall. He wanted them for the arena scenes. Now, Hollywood is a town where women are demi tasse size, almost to a lass. Again advertisements were placed in all the papers. In almost every case the women who flocked to the casting office were wide instead of tall. They seemed to feel that dimension was the important factor. But

"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"

"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is *always* on your carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for the relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty

1
JACK SAYS YOU'RE SO STRANGELY ATTRACTIVE TO MEN, MARY! — TELL ME YOUR SECRET!
FRANKLY! SPECIAL CARE WITH THE HAIR... THAT'S THE ESSENCE OF "LURE". TRY JO-CUR-AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
2
SHE TRIES JO-CUR
3 THAT EVENING—
YOUR HAIR TONIGHT IS GLORIOUS! YOU'RE THRILLING! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
IT'S MY NEW JO-CUR WAVE I GUESS, JACK DEAR...

Have a Wonderful New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying $2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! *In a few minutes . . . you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.*

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a *quinceseed* base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

Jo-cur
WAVESET
FINGER WAVING and WATER WAVING

Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

3 Perfumes
(Exquisite new odors)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:— *A single drop lasts a week!*

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

Send only **30¢**

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
190 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Studio is a choosey god. At last, after many snortings and bellowings and repeated and more explicit advertising, there came a rush of female six-footers to the front. They had, every one of them, come from Swedish massage institutions, from Swedish athletic clubs or from Swedish employment agencies for household help. (Ah, there, Garbo!)

There once came a call from the God's great lips for three hundred dwarfs. The patient acolyte of a prop man had twenty to thirty of these little people listed on his amazing call sheet. He collected these as a nucleus. He then contacted all of the booking agents in this country and the result was that the Great God suffered from acute indigestion. Three hundred dwarfs traveled to Hollywood from all points—north, south and east—and as they advanced upon Studio, they were six hundred strong—they had brought with them their wives and families!

At another time the order came through for a colored valet who would speak with a Jewish accent. Again it was Billy Gordon of Paramount who went forth. A friend of Billy's told him that they had some charming Jewish friends who had had a negro valet for years. In fact, they had had him ever since he had been a child. He was interviewed and, sure enough, the son of Africa spoke in the liquid tones of the Hebrew.

At times the god is kind to those he calls. When Fox Films was making "My Lips Betray" with Lilian Harvey, it was made known that the god would pay good money to such persons as could sit on the set with the English lassie and drink absolutely unlimited quantities of beer. More than two thousand letters of application were received. One man more than qualified by drinking one hundred and forty-eight pints in the record time of three hours.

It was our own Will Rogers who titillated Studio into requesting the three negroes with Harvard accents. He insisted upon having them for the porters in a train sequence of "Dr. Bull." He remarked, plaintively, that several times when he had been travelling in the Boston area, he had been assisted to his "bawth" by porters so cultured that they had given him an inferiority complex. Word was passed on to Central Avenue in Los Angeles, center of the black belt, and the next day, bright and early, the casting office was dignified by eight dusky applicants with bona fide Harvard accents on their lips and Harvard diplomas in their well-tailored pockets.

There was once the Great God Baal. Today we have the Great God Studio.

What Will Happen to Them in 1934?

(*Continued from page 28*)

possibility, say the stars, of bringing marriage also to Bill Powell, Carole's 1933 divorced husband. (Since that was a Reno divorce, you know, it's already final, and neither Bill nor Carole need wait a year before they can wed again.) Now, like Carole's, the portents indicate that Bill's marriage will be to a woman outside of pictures. It looks like a society woman. And this time—it'll be his third try—the signs say it will last, happily.

For Joan Crawford, 1934 will bring the peak of her picture career. After that, each successive year will be less brilliant—even 1935 may see her turn sensationally to the legitimate stage. The very apex of her screen life will be reached in one magnificently sensational film, sometime in 1934. Her love-life will not run smoothly in the year to come. The twelvemonth will bring to her not the one great love she believes is hers, but several flaming-and-dying loves. And, although the signs are propitious for happiness if she should marry in 1934, the signs also indicate that she probably will not, but that 1935 will see her again a wife. She will travel extensively in 1934—and either spring or fall will bring some critical trial of her nervous strength and health.

NATURALLY, mentioning Joan brings thoughts of Franchot Tone. "Although it is not utterly prescribed by the signs," says Dareos, "I doubt, weighing one set against the other, that Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford will ever be man and wife. They will be close companions, always—but I cannot see that companionship turning into marriage." Franchot must watch his health carefully in 1934, lest it wreck his career. If he guards it well, then he is destined for three finely successful picture years.

The never-married Mae West will remain single throughout 1934, too—even though to her it will be quite a year of romance. Many a man—some attracted by her wealth and fame, some by her personality, others by her sex-appeal—will take literally her famous catch-line, "Come up an' see me some time—any time!" But, says Dareos, Mae will walk 'em out as fast as they come in and remain *Miss* West. "She is still," says the prophet, "completely in love with her career, and her destiny admits no man taking that love's place, for the present." However—not in 1934 or in the next year or two, but later—*Mae will marry.* And when she does, she will spurn all the proposals from famous and rich and prominent men, and will marry an obscure man, much younger than herself, and utterly poor.

Professionally, Mae West's career will go on brilliantly and her 1934 work will definitely consolidate her standing as one of *the* stars of all-time. She will win the next Academy Award for the finest performance of the year. Financially, she must guard against self-styled friends who will try to induce her to invest unwisely. There will be a flurry in her life when a man from the past will pop suddenly and unexpectedly into her present—but there will be no serious results. She must guard, too, against some sort of underworld plot to put her on the spot. Too, there are signs of a possible auto accident.

GRETA GARBO'S stars portend no future greatness for her. The zenith of her career lies behind her, they portend. More, if Dareos reads them aright, either 1934 or 1935 will bring her final and permanent retirement from professional life, and she will return to Sweden.

Janet Gaynor will marry in 1934, say the signs! There is just one faint angle which says that the marriage will not occur until early 1935—but her definite betrothal announcement, at least, will come before 1934 ends. He will be a divorced man, considerably older than herself, and she will find lasting happiness as his wife. And she will have a baby in 1935. Professionally, she will continue to do her usual lovely work for two years—and then there is the possibility of retirement.

To Clara Bow, before the end of the year, Old Doctor Stork will whisper that early in 1934 he will bring her a baby. The child is predestined to be brilliant, but in what sphere that brilliance will lie—the stage or screen, or some other art—cannot now be devined. And now set yourself for a shock: before two years more will have passed, Clara will again be a mother—and this time she will present hubby Rex Bell with a pair of twins. Yes—Rex Bell will remain her husband always.

Over Jean Harlow's head, great storms of destiny rage throughout the future that is 1934. It behooves her, if she heeds the signs, to show great care in all her doings, be they professional or domestic, lest there come to her again the wreckage of something she now holds dear. Scandal threads hang over her, although from an outside source and not of her own doings, and her career will hang in the balance. If she passes through the danger unhurt, then two more brilliant screen years lie before her. "All I can say, and I say it with regret," says Dareos, "is that all the planets lie in opposition to her in the coming year, and are complicated by the fact that she is under the sign of hasty moves. She must watch carefully, step carefully, to avoid the dangers that beset her path."

FOR Constance Bennett, 1934 will be a year of strange developments. Romance will beckon strongly to her, from foreign shores. Whether there will be divorce for her, I do not wish to say; she might misunderstand that I am merely trying to translate what I read in the stars," says Dareos. "But I *will* say this—divorce for her in 1934 is not impossible." Because she was born under the signs which have made her the person she is, divorce would be no detriment to her, professionally or socially, if it comes. She is too capable of overcoming such threats. Scandal

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"

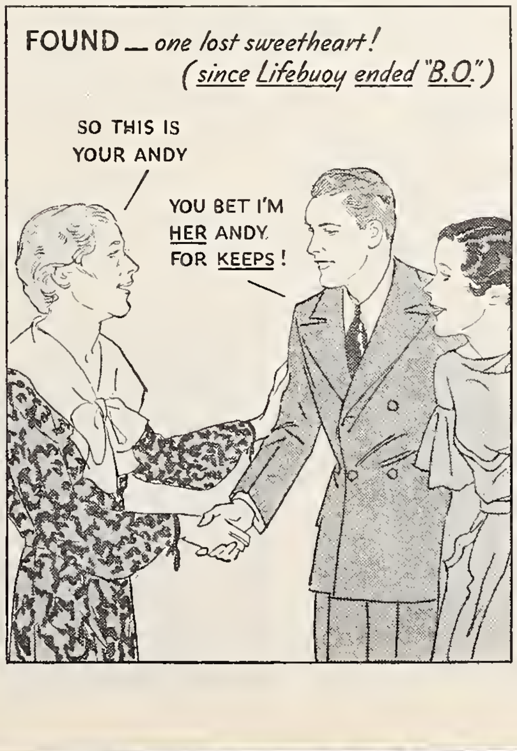
PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF THE RADIO, AUNT VI. I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT SONG BUT NOW....
"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"? WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?

OH, I SUPPOSE SO...A MAN I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE
ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS — INDIFFERENT INDOORS!! WAS THE RESTAURANT CROWDED AND STUFFY? DID YOU DANCE?

YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?
SIMPLY THIS, DEAR, TO BE VERY FRANK...

YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR, BUT INSIDE..... WHY, AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."
JUST A HINT, DEAR

LIFEBUOY'S THE NICEST SOAP! MAKES ME FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN. NO "B.O." NOW!


FOUND — one lost sweetheart! (since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")
SO THIS IS YOUR ANDY
YOU BET I'M HER ANDY. FOR KEEPS!

"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

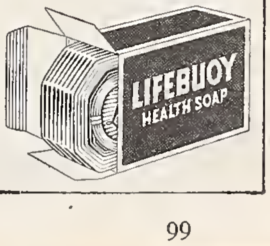
"I OWE IT ALL TO LIFEBUOY"

WANT *your* complexion to win compliments like this? Wash with Lifebuoy nightly—watch skin clear and freshen. Lifebuoy lather *deep-cleanses* pores. Leaves skin free to breathe —free to grow lovely!

"B.O." never warns

Any one of us may unknowingly offend. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes pores — stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

NRA WE DO OUR PART


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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SORE TOES
CALLOUSES—BUNIONS

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Remove Corns and Callouses

quickly and safely by using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost! Get a box at your dealers today!

Get the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

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Have You seen the NEW HESS Package

Yes, the same good Hess Witch Hazel Cream that softens, soothes and whitens skin as nothing else will, now comes in a beautiful new blue and white package. Look for it in the Dime, Drug and Department Stores.

Don't Let Chapped Skin Spoil Your Winter

Instead use Hess Witch Hazel Cream, a few drops at a time. It penetrates both the first and second layers of skin, correcting the causes of chap and roughness. Never leaves oily, sticky film on skin. Sample sent on request. Sold in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes.

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(21)

HESS Witch Hazel Cream

will always mean little to her, for she is capable of rising above it as few women are. In 1934 her health will require great care, but she should avoid all suggestion of operation during the year, as signs are not favorable.

Interesting, what Dareos says about Katharine Hepburn. That is—"Don't be surprised if you find a sudden great friendship between her and Bill Powell. Don't be surprised if they are teamed in a great picture." Professionally, her sudden flare is not a fluke, for she will continue to climb, climb, climb—even despite the fact that sometime in 1934, that climb will be temporarily halted by a serious throat affliction, which, however, she will overcome. There will be a great personal sorrow for her in 1934.

"If I read the stars rightly," says Dareos, "then Charlie Chaplin is married right now to Paulette Goddard." That companionship will remain strong during 1934. But otherwise, the year is rife with chaos and trouble for Charlie; echoes from the past will torment him; his nerves will be sorely tried. He will make a worthwhile picture in 1934.

Dareos predicts these other interesting marriage probabilities in 1934: Mae Clarke will probably marry a man from a far-off land whom she does not now know. Alice White will marry Cy Bartlett. (Miss White jumped Dareo's prophecy by marrying during the last month of 1933.) Lowell Sherman will marry again and in 1935 will be the father of a girl destined to grow to fame.

For Loretta Young, 1934 offers signs of marriage, but with such attendant omens that Dareos advises her to wait until after that year. Adolphe Menjou's stars foretell his marriage again in 1934, to a woman outside of pictures, and to lasting happiness. Before the end of the year, Ann Harding will announce her engagement to a blond man, with a possibility that the marriage itself will take place before the year ends; but if not then, early in 1935, and the year 1935 will bring her a son.

For Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, Dareos sees non-lasting happiness.

For Jimmy Cagney, the signs portend the end of his screen career, by his own choice, in 1934 or 1935, with Jimmy turning successfully to another field of endeavor. His marriage will go on happily.

Lilian Harvey will return to Europe in 1934. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, will face heavy reverses and failing health. For Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, the year also brings his return to America—and romance. But, warns Dareos, the signs also say that if he marries in 1934, the marriage will be doomed again to an unhappy ending. Doug will eventually find marital happiness with a woman not of the acting profession. Over the house of Mary Pickford hang clouds of sorrow and tragedy, with losses in more ways than one, particularly toward the end of the year. She will turn to writing, and within two years, produce a marvellous book of memoirs. In 1934 she will make a picture—but it will not be a great one.

FOR Charlie Farrell, 1934 brings a happy return to screen brilliance; it also brings marital happiness unalloyed, for the period of threats and dangers is past. For Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, the year will bring recurrent rumors of their domestic break, with even a hint of its actual eventuation toward the end of the year—more as a result of the talk than of their own wish.

The health of Marie Dressler will be in as great danger as it is possible for any person's to be.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman will go through the year still merrily wed—but they face the danger of a serious air accident, particularly if they acquire their own plane. It would mean either a very long hospitalization or crippling for one or both. (Stay out of planes, then, Lil and Eddie!)

As for Gary Cooper, he is, as you know, engaged to Sandra Shaw. Some say they are already married—secretly. But, says Dareos, the stars declare a state of bachelorhood for Gary Cooper throughout 1934. Gary is threatened with a bad aviation accident in 1934, and also with danger from some new friend. Some day Gary will acquire great wealth—but not from acting; instead from the ground—oil or mines.

Clark Gable will find his work trying and must beware of giving way to inclinations toward temperament. His health will be none too good. But, despite contrary rumors and gossip, his marriage will last.

For Spencer Tracy, Dareos warns great care in his personal life, which is threatened by the signs in 1934. Professionally, things are bright; but romantically, there are clouds. There is the sign of divorce, but Dareos warns against it unless it can be quietly and secretly done.

For John Gilbert, great happiness comes via the stork. "He was born to adore kids," says Dareos, "and his own will bring him intense happiness as life goes on. There is the possibility that he will be the father of twins, either late in 1934 or early in 1935. They will be girls, too. John will never see a male child of his own."

The health of Lionel Barrymore's wife will be in great danger in 1934. Over his own well being, too, lie shadows. To John Barrymore, the year is kinder—it brings continued professional success, lasting domestic happiness—and another baby.

And after Doc Stork has attended to the Barrymore order, he'll be busy at the Stu Erwin—June Collyer home, where Stu, Junior, (whom his parents call Billy) is already boss of the household, though not yet two years old. June, who underwent a Caesarian operation when Bill came, faces a repetition of her ordeal—another Caesarian—from which she will recover splendidly. And the result will be—twins! For Hubby Stu Erwin, the year is exceptionally bright with success.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

he replied. "She can make them up in about the time it takes to play a phonograph record."

We were frankly skeptical, but Dick turned out to be absolutely right. By using Anne's recipe we served a party of ten hungry midnight raiders in less time than it takes to tell about it. Then, too, we found this combination so good that we not only use it for a midnight supper but have taken to serving it with noodles and brown butter for a quick, cheap and satisfying dinner. It's just the sort of trick to have tucked up your sleeve to pull out on days when you're going to be terribly busy or out all afternoon.

Once our curiosity about the hamburger had been satisfied we went on to the next nocturnal standby—eggs.

"What is Anne's specialty when it comes to eggs?" we inquired.

"Western egg sandwiches!" Dick told us. "They are famous from here to there and justly so. Anne always appoints someone to help her make the toast, so that I can practically count on these sandwiches making an appearance when there is someone on the party she is particularly keen about. Either these or Welsh rarebit sandwiches, which also call for toast."

"Well, *now* I know why you and Katherine always offer to make them yourselves," interposed sister Anne who had stepped into the room for a minute.

"You must admit Katherine is a very efficient helper," declared Dick with conviction.

There seemed to be no argument about that. The Katherine of whom they were speaking is the lovely dark-eyed daughter of Cecil DeMille (who directed Dick not long ago in "This Day and Age"). We understand that Dick thinks Katherine is not only efficient but also one of the grandest people in the world.

So you see, girls, all you need is one of Anne Cromwell's recipes for these two sandwiches and an attractive apron to slip on over your party frock and you are all set to trap the man of your choice. Just get him out into the kitchen where he can watch you competently throwing together a tasty snack and you should be ashamed of yourself if you can't make him your willing slave. The Welsh rarebit sandwiches take a trifle longer to make than the Western egg variety, so decide on them if you feel you need a little extra time. The Welsh sandwiches require the slicing of a few tomatoes and the cooking of a little bacon. We recommend that the Welsh rarebit mixture, which is poured over the whole, be previously prepared and left in the double boiler to be reheated.

"Does Anne ever serve anything which involves other things besides hamburger, cheese or eggs?" we then wanted to know.

"Yes, she occasionally fixes up a plate of little sandwiches with assorted breads and fillings, which are served after a

"What *would* I do if he should catch a cold?"

Her first-born—so tiny and helpless! What would she do—if he should catch a cold?

Older and more experienced mothers answer her:

"Don't experiment with little-known or untried remedies. Use Vicks VapoRub — our family standby."

Two generations of mothers have proved Vicks VapoRub best for children's colds. It avoids constant internal dosing—which so often upsets delicate digestions and lowers vitality when most needed. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as necessary—even on the youngest child. Absolutely safe—and its medication goes *direct* to the seat of trouble.

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"Maiden's Prayer"
...a soft smooth skin

● Maiden's prayer — matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth skin."

Day in and day out—you *must* protect your skin against blemishes and ageing. And day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balm will *guarantee* you skin beauty that men will adore and women will envy.

This famous, *original* skin softener conquers chapping and roughness *more quickly* than anything you have ever used before. Perfectly *safe*, too. No caustic bleaches, no drying astringents. Here is a scientific blend of 16 ingredients—a formula invented by an internationally known, Italian dermatologist—that will keep your skin satiny smooth regardless of the weather or the tasks your hands must do.

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bridge party," replied Dick, helpfully. "Then," went on young Dick, "Mother, who lives with us, occasionally turns out a devilled crabmeat dish. I like this best when it appears in big sea shells with melted cheese over the top, but before we had the shells we used to have it served in little dishes and I seem to remember that it tasted just as good. I never noticed any one leaving any."

THE "little dishes" to which Dick referred are ramekins, but we noticed, when we made up the recipe, that the Cromwell Devilled Crabmeat is just as delicious served out of one big casserole. We've even spooned it directly out of a double boiler onto slices of toast and still no one has ever left a morsel. We've tried substituting lobster or eggs for the crabmeat and *still* the dish met with unanimous approval. We've served it for luncheon and Sunday night supper as well as late at night and on all occasions it has gone over with a bang. All in all, it's one of those extremely versatile dishes for which every hostess gives thanks and if you don't send for your copy of this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder which contains this recipe among others, you're just plain improvident.

"Do you ever have anything in the way of a sweet?" we wanted to know.

"Not often, but when we do it is something quite simple. But sometimes when we want something extra special Mother makes us a squash pie, and boy! oh boy! how it hits the spot, served with a good cup of steaming hot coffee. Mother is the only person I've ever discovered who puts raisins into squash pie, but she says the real reason her squash pie tastes different from all others is because she puts grated orange peel into it. It's all Greek to me, but it certainly gets results."

"How about something to drink with these midnight repasts?" we asked.

"Well, of course, most people want coffee. Others prefer beer or milk. Anne usually lets people take their choice. But sometimes, especially when we're playing bridge, Anne serves cocoa and believe it or not, everybody likes it. A good hot cup of cocoa with some tasty sandwiches and you forget to care whether you won or lost!"

There, you bridge fiends, how many of you have thought of that? Make your cocoa by allowing one tablespoon each of cocoa and sugar, half a cup of water and half a cup of milk and a few grains of salt for each person to be served. Boil the sugar, cocoa, salt and water together for about five minutes before you start your game. Then you have only to add the milk, bring the beverage to just this side of a boil, then beat it with an egg beater for two minutes and you are ready to serve. Some people like a spoonful of whipped cream or a marshmallow in their cocoa but leave the addition of this to the discretion of the drinkers themselves.

IN this month's specially prepared MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder you will find the Cromwell recipes for Special Hamburgers, for Devilled Crabmeat, Raisin-Squash Pie and also four elegant new sandwiches to serve after your bridge bouts. One sandwich is made with chipped beef (marvellous!), another combines celery, olives and peanut butter. And that isn't all. Send for them and see for yourself how good they are. You can have these MODERN SCREEN Star Recipes free by filling in and mailing the coupon on page 12. I do hope you'll mail the coupon to us right away, for we're simply dying for you to try these recipes for your next party. And while you are waiting for your folder, brew yourself a batch of popularity by trying the following two on your friends, relatives and family (and be sure to cut out these recipes and save them).

WESTERN EGG SANDWICH

For each person to be served allow:
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ tablespoon minced onion
- 1½ tablespoons thin cream or rich milk
- 1 tablespoon minced ham
- dash of salt and pepper
- 2 slices bread
- 1 pickle

Melt the butter in a frying pan and add the minced onion. Cover and cook very slowly until onion is slightly yellowed. Meanwhile beat together the eggs, cream, salt and pepper, using an egg beater. Add the ham and when onion is a delicate yellow, turn egg mixture into pan with onion and butter and cook over low flame, stirring constantly and slowly until mixture becomes firm but not hard. Serve between slices of hot buttered toast and garnish with a pickle. (Note: for large parties, make the toast under the broiler flame of the gas oven so that all the slices will be done at once and appoint some one to watch over the toasting process.)

WELSH RAREBIT SANDWICH

For each person toast 2 slices of bread. Spread with butter. Cover one slice with thin slices of peeled tomato and place on the tomato 3 strips of crisply cooked bacon. Cover with second slice of toast and pour over all a generous serving of Welsh Rarebit. Dust with paprika and serve at once.

WELSH RAREBIT MIXTURE

- 1 package Pabst-ett or Velveta
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ cup thin cream or milk
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon salt
- dash of cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Melt the butter, add flour and mix well. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add cheese cut into small pieces and stir until melted. Add seasonings and serve. If desired, this mixture may be made up ahead of time and reheated in a double boiler. If it shows any tendency to lump, beat for a few seconds with your rotary egg beater.

"A Great Mistake!"

(*Continued from page 30*)

enjoyed, you will undoubtedly notice.

"Why? Because we've found out that there is a most excellent reason why women can't ever have that freedom. An insurmountable, biological reason! And having made this discovery, what can we do about it? We're trapped, if you should ask me. Or even if you shouldn't.

"We can't very well rush back into the old sheltered life women used to know. It no longer exists. Men's attitude has changed, for one thing. Men have finally become accustomed to women being jostled in subway trains and taking it. And you can hardly expect them to go on and on thinking of little blondes as fragile as porcelain, when for years little blondes have been going out of their way to prove they can do practically anything a man can do.

"Goodness knows," Claudette granted, "men were loathe enough to accept the new order. But things reached a pass where they simply had to adjust themselves to the modern, independent woman and the new pattern of living which evolved with her or appear ridiculous. And men, as you very well know, will do anything in the world rather than appear ridiculous.

"The modern woman," she went on, "thought of herself as liberated. Until slowly, and too late, she discovered that instead of liberating herself she had bound herself to be and do things she really didn't want to be and do at all—things it wasn't natural for her to be or do when you come right down to it.

"And we've always been so dramatic, so vehement, so determined about independence," Claudette sighed. "Constantly placing ourselves at a tremendous disadvantage. We lost track of fundamentals. There you have it! Of fundamentals and the important superficialities which go with them.

"We forgot to be beguiling, for one thing. For years it has been as if we no longer had any time or inclination for the old-fashioned flirtations and courtings. We allowed ourselves to be daring. And that was exciting enough to satisfy us until the novelty wore off. Then we came to our senses. Then we realized that we had been overlooking the fact that women primarily are meant to attract men, to appeal to their protective instinct, to marry them, and to bear them children. Some of us became a little bitter about men because they finally quit being protective and allowed us to shift for ourselves, in more ways than one. Many of us gave up marrying. Entirely too many of us gave up being mothers.

"For the last decade we've actually behaved as though we thought it would be possible for us to be greater than the very natural system of which we are a part.

We are paying very dearly for all the little mistakes in behaviorism that

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It may be fun to be fooled—but it isn't smart. Especially when it costs you money. You can *imagine* you must pay high prices for high quality beauty aids. Or you can use Faoen Beauty Aids and *know* you are buying the finest *for only 10¢!* Here's the proof—from the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:

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we've made. Jumping up and getting whatever we wanted for ourselves, for instance.

"Norman has often assured me that his attitude towards me would be very different if I'd permit it to be, if I wouldn't act so darn independent all the time. And I know it would be. I know the attitude of other husbands and beaus would be, too."

Norman and Claudette obviously have discussed this subject at length. She quoted him often that day.

"However," Claudette went on, with an understanding smile, "for all our independent gestures we remain women. And it happens that it's natural for women to be happiest, to come closest to contentment when there's romance in their lives, when by word and deed men pay them tribute. That's why I insist that, now the novelty of being independent has worn off, we modern gals find ourselves out on a limb.

"I mention the little attentions men have gotten out of the habit of paying women, not because they are so important in themselves, but because they are indications that men's very attitude towards women has changed."

"What started you thinking about all this?" I asked Claudette. "You of all people! You, as independent and modern as women come!"

She laughed.

"I suppose," she confessed, "that subconsciously, along with thousands of other women, I've been hungry for a little more romance and a little less independence in my life for a long time. It was, however, a conversation between Allison Skipworth and Arthur Byron on the set some time ago when we were making 'Tonight Is Ours' that brought me to my senses. With something of a jolt!

"They were reminiscing about a famous English beauty.

"'Ah,' Miss Skipworth said, 'when she stood in the drawing-room doorway in that black velvet gown that showed her beautiful white shoulders, her golden hair piled high upon her head, wearing pearls . . . she was magnificent!'

"'She was, indeed,' Arthur Byron agreed, enthusiastically. 'Magnificent. How long ago was that? Thirty years ago if it was a day. But how we both remember her. . . .'

"Now you know perfectly well," Claudette pointed out, "that we have no contemporary beauty whose entrance into any drawing-room will be remembered even five months from now. And it isn't that women aren't as beautiful as they used to be. It isn't that at all. It's just that they're modern. It's just that they rush into a room or slouch in, that they don't make 'entrances.'"

"And you think this is a pity?" I prompted her.

CLAUDETTE nodded. "From a romantic point of view," she said, "and I repeat that this is an important point of view for a woman, women being as they are. I wish I'd lived in the day Allison Skipworth and Mr. Byron were talking about. It must have been very nice. Beauties making entrances. Men flocking about, begging for the privilege of bringing an ice, fetching a gold chair, paying compliments to ladies instead of discussing finance and business eternally."

"But, Claudette," I protested, suddenly seeing the other side of the picture, "you'd be bored to tears with such a life. You're used to crowded, stimulating days. You're accustomed to going where you want to go and doing what you want to do, without fear of the social ostracism all of this previously would have caused you.

"Do you," I went on to tax her, "mean to sit there and tell me you feel you've made a mistake in being independent, supporting yourself, maintaining a separate house from Norman and all the rest of it?"

"I think," Claudette said, refusing to be ruffled by my attack, and thus convincing me of her sincerity, "if I was less independent and Norman, therefore, could be more protective, he'd probably be happier and I'd probably be happier. We'd be more the way a man and woman apparently were meant to be.

"I doubt, however, that either of us ever will know that particular degree of happiness and contentment. Having grown up in the years when I did, having become infected with the independent, modern woman virus there's nothing I can do now but continue to run my own affairs, live in a separate house from my husband, and look out for myself in a hundred little ways. I'm gaited that way now. There's not much, if anything, I can do about it."

"Wouldn't you advise the girls now growing up to follow in the footsteps of your generation of women?" I persisted.

She shrugged. "To advise girls growing up," she answered me "is dangerous business. I don't fancy it. You can't tell how things will go.

"For instance," she explained, "if women are going to keep on being as they are, then the old, romantic order of things is doomed and girls growing up will be wisest to move with their times. It's not a good thing to be out of step. Perhaps somewhere later on the new generation or the generation that follows it will find a new brand of romance, one I can't possibly anticipate, one which will compensate them for what we have lost.

"Certainly one individual here and there forsaking the life, manner, and outlook of the modern woman will gain nothing. Our old realm can be repossessed only if economic conditions change and women generally have the courage to admit they've made a mistake.

"I would, however, talking to a growing girl, tell her what I've been saying to you. I'd at least try to prepare her for the restlessness she'll be sure to experience sooner or later. I'd quote Anatole France to her. I'd say, 'On the domestic hearth, there only is real happiness.' But I'd also say: *providing* you aren't dated and an anachronism sitting by that old hearth, providing that, doing this, you're living up to the spirit of your times, and not going unhappily and uselessly against it."

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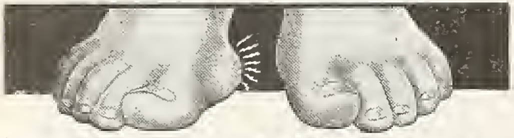

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"You certainly picture the modern woman in rather a hopeless position," I told Claudette.

"That's exactly where the modern woman is, where she has been for a long time," Claudette insisted. "But the new clothes mother was talking about the other evening . . . they're going to be a help. They're a help already, as a matter of fact. I actually find myself looking forward to the evenings when I'll put on a gown that has a high waistline and a trailing skirt, a lavish evening wrap. And when, living up to these fashions, I'll put aside my brisk independence. For a few hours at any rate.

"In slacks and a sweater, I sprawl and reach out for whatever it is I want. But in my new evening gown that pours onto the floor and has a deep decolletage, I instinctively choose a higher, less casual chair, place my feet differently, use my hands differently, talk differently, feel differently, even think differently.

"Whereupon Norman's attitude towards me undergoes a change, too; whereupon he immediately becomes more protective and solicitous and—well, thrilling—than he's inclined to be when I'm sprawling in slacks and waiting on myself. So, for a few hours, at any rate, everybody's happier.

"Save evenings for romance. That's my slogan.

"This is pleasant enough in itself, goodness knows. And you can't tell what it may lead to later on."

Joe Says a Mouthful!

(*Continued from page 65*)

"In a purely accidental manner. It's an odd thing, I'm no Pollyanna, but whenever I'm the goat or get disappointed in any way, something good comes out of it. I discovered the comic possibilities of my mouth when I was playing the part of Lester, a bellhop, in 'Listen, Lester.' I was disappointed in the role. Its dialogue consisted of short sentences, mainly yes's and no's. The other characters had all the laughs. I was the goat. After the first few performances I didn't mind. When one of the characters said something and I answered with my no or yes, I, naturally, would first open my mouth to say the word, but I found that the audience was still laughing at my fellow actor's joke, so I'd have to hold my mouth open until the laugh was over, or my meek syllable would never have been heard.

"Pretty soon I discovered that the laugh was lengthening in minutes, and that the audience was commencing to giggle at me and the way I handled my mouth; the exaggerated opening and then the single little word no or yes were very funny.

YOU know that yell of mine. I discovered its power in an accidental way, too. It was about seventeen years ago. Mrs. Brown and I

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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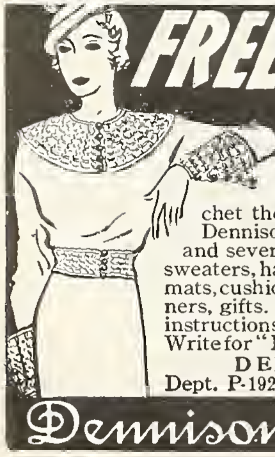

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had leased a cottage at Toledo Beach. A friend of ours was stopping with us, and promised to go swimming with me at six o'clock in the morning, but my friend failed to make his appearance. There I was . . . the goat . . . up to my waist in ice cold water, and given a stand-up. I stood in the water, and called to him. My call was so loud that all the neighbors came running as they thought someone was drowning. When they saw that there was nothing seriously the matter, and when they watched my mouth as I kept calling him, they laughed."

"Do you get any of your picture laughs by accident?" I asked.

"Two of the biggest laughs came in just that way," he declared. "One was in 'Broadminded.' I was told to hide under the bed and stare at the other actors. At the same time I was supposed to be funny. Once more I seemed to be the goat. The camera commenced to grind. As I lay there, my face peering out, I felt something tickling my nose. Of course I looked, and it couldn't help but be a cross-eyed look. There was a fly sitting on my nose. So I brushed it off, and that was one of the biggest laughs in the picture. Just an accident.

"And in 'You Said a Mouthful,' they used a tank for some of the water sequences. To make it realistic they put a swordfish in the tank. Through some odd trick of the camera, when the fish swam by me, it looked like a shark! And that got a laugh."

HE smiled at me. "Not all my disappointments end in laughs. When I first moved to Hollywood, they sold me a dude ranch and an interest in a gasoline station. There wasn't much of a laugh in losing on those. At the same time, I honestly feel that those losses helped me to understand the worried men in the audience; the men who come to forget their financial troubles. A comedian has to be as real as the people he entertains."

By his attitude I could tell he is good-natured. There is nothing resentful about Joe E. Brown. He has the happy disposition of the athlete. He likes vacations, and does not hesitate to take them. One of his favorite recreation spots is Palm Springs. He excels in nearly every known athletic sport.

Children love tales about his career. The fact that he was a circus performer, and actually a baseball player in one of the big leagues, endears him in their eyes. Children are always first to sense the humane qualities of a person, and a great deal of Mr. Brown's fan mail comes from youngsters under twelve.

He showed me some of the letters. He opened them at random. One was from a child who offered to black his boots, if only Mr. Brown would take him to Hollywood. One was from a little boy, begging for a picture; another, from a little girl who wanted an autograph.

He is very sentimental. He is sentimental about his home. He is sentimental about his wife, to whom he's been married for nineteen years. He is sentimental about his children.

"Don't forget to get their names and ages right," he earnestly warned me. "There's Mike Frankovich. He's twenty-one, goes to college, and I consider him one of the family. Then there's Don, he's sixteen, and Jo, fourteen, and Mary Elizabeth, who's two. And now we have the baby, Katherine Frances."

KATHERINE FRANCES is adopted, and Joe assured me that she will have the same advantages his own children enjoy.

"She belongs to us. We love her just like our own," he said. Because he is sentimental, he is easily hurt. His feelings were hurt twice during his week in Chicago. Both hurts were due to newspaper stories. The first began the previous week, when in Detroit, the banks closed, and Joe came to Chicago carrying his Detroit salary in a neat package. At the station he sent for a detective, and had himself escorted to where he deposited the money. The newspapers hooted at this, and accused Joe of doing it as a publicity stunt. They claimed he had no money in the package, and the whole thing was just a means of getting his picture in the papers. This was not true. Joe was obliged to carry the money, and the way he did it was the only possible and sensible solution at the time.

The second hurt was due to the fact that the newspapers kept associating him with the "42nd Street Special," that carload of stars bound for the inauguration by way of publicity. Joe was also on his way to the inauguration, but on the special invitation of Franklin D. Roosevelt, because it was Joe who was elected Grand Marshal to welcome Roosevelt when the latter went to California.

He is the sort of man whom other men elect to do things. There is an attitude of humility about him. He does not brag about how hard he works to develop his gags. Still, you know he labors, and at the same time, you admire him for freely admitting the accidents of success. He is earnest in his attempt to understand a little something about this complicated life that so frequently turns disappointments into accomplishments.

He is very competent. You can tell that by the way he talks, and above all, by the way he lives.

In a recent novel by Chistopher Morley, there is a description that fits Joe E. Brown. It is this.

"In France he would have been a good Frenchman, in Turkey a good Turk, in an anthill a good ant."

His parting words, like most parting words, were typical of the man, I thought.

"My middle name is Evans. I can tear a telephone book in half, but you needn't tell them that. Just make them think I'm a human being."

And I hope I have succeeded.

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 83*)

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal)—When a handsome scientist starts fooling around with the supernatural, he discovers how to become invisible. But he forgot to find out how to get back to visibility. And this causes plenty of complications. Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart and William Harrigan. **You won't miss much if you go to bed instead of to the movies that night.**

● **THE KENNEL MURDER CASE** (Warners)—The latest Philo Vance story. A couple of brothers are most ingeniously and diabolically murdered. There is no clew until a prize Scottie is found killed the day before the Kennel Show. **Good murder mystery—too exciting for very young folks.**

● **KING FOR A NIGHT** (Universal)—Helen Twelvetrees as an understanding sister who becomes the mistress of John Miljan, a fight promoter, to further her fighting brother's career. She kills Miljan when he threatens to tell her brother (Chester Morris). The brother takes the blame. **A terrific punch in this pix but a tragic ending—not particularly recommended for tots.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy sleuth. **Good Western—take the kids.**

● ● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—May Robson as Apple Annie, who keeps her daughter in an exclusive school in Spain. Annie pretends that she is a Social Registerite. Then said daughter decides suddenly to come home. There is plenty of complication, laughs and tears. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee are also in the cast. **You will go for this one—take the youngsters along.**

LADY KILLER (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● ● **LITTLE WOMEN** (RKO)—That old and beloved story now transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn is Jo, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee are Amy, Beth and Meg. Spring Byington is an ideal Mother March. Edna May Oliver, Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery and Henry Stephenson complete the cast. **By all means see it and take the children.**

LONE COWBOY (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY** (Universal)—A young lawyer and a good looking stenographer need money for a marriage license. They make her boss furnish it in a very unique and amusing manner. Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville again. **Swell comedy—kids will enjoy it.**

● **THE MAD GAME** (Fox)—A melodrama dealing with the kidnapping racket. A double-crossed beer baron, revengeful and hating the racket, gets out of prison and runs the mob down. Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, J. Carroll Naish. **Good—not recommended for young folks.**

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in a comedy of married life. **Very funny—older tots will enjoy it.**

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Speed and comedy in a fight over water rights. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and a family of mountain lions. **Very entertaining for everybody.**

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical sketch of the life of the late mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak. Preston Foster and Zita Johann. **Good for those interested—too advanced for youngsters under 14.**

● ● **A MAN'S CASTLE** (Columbia)—A simple little love story of a poor boy from Shanty Town who picks up a still poorer girl in the park. His shack becomes their castle. They marry and become truly happy. Spencer Tracy is excellent and Loretta Young is at her best. Glenda Farrell, Arthur Hohl, Marjorie Rambeau and Walter Connolly complete the cast. **Very good—young folks under 16 will find it dull.**

(*Continued on page 117*)

A remarkably fine picture of Dick Barthelmess in "Massacre."

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Norma Shearer's Personal Revelations

(*Continued from page 16*)

"So that was just one thing more for me to labor over. I wonder that I ever did work that got by on the screen when I had so many physical handicaps to think about. Not only did I have to learn how to relax my body before each scene, but I had to take every kind of neck exercise to relax it and keep it relaxed when the scenes were made. Eventually, I learned how to do this.

"And why didn't you ask me about the cast in my eye? You knew I definitely had one, didn't you?"

I nodded, for too many times this had been visible on the screen and off and I had wondered how on earth she had managed to conceal it as well as she did. I knew she could not always be photographed so that it would not show, and yet as I looked at her it was not there—I could not detect it.

IMAGINE a girl trying to be a picture star with a cast in one eye! I'm afraid that I should have given up and admitted that there was something with which I could not cope. But Norma did no such thing. She assembled every film scene where the cast had photographed unusually vividly. She ran these films over and over again in the projection room all by herself, pondering in her mind the action of each scene, the emotion that had made the cast show. She discovered it was definitely the effect of an unusual emotion. She had the cast when she did a heavy dramatic scene, she had it when she was angry, she had it when she was excited.

"Then I knew," she told me, "that I had to control that cast by my own thoughts. And I began to do just that.

This gives you a rough idea of how Robert Young and Katharine Hepburn regard each other—in "Trigger," we hastily add. This is the next Hepburn film—and it threatens to be simply grand.

But just try it if you want a really tough job. Now I verily believe you can change the entire expression of your face by the way you think. But the deliberate effort sincerely to feel a part and yet keep the cast out of my eye was an undertaking that almost conquered me. You see, I had to try to give reality to my scenes and yet keep myself from getting worked up to the pitch of emotion that would show up the cast. You can know how happy I am that it does not appear any more whether I am on or off the screen.

"You see what I had to fight with the muscular arms and legs, the cast in my eye and the irregular teeth, but nothing was worse than my self-consciousness! Of course, I will never lose all of this, for I think fear motivates most lives.

"As soon as I finish a picture I begin to feel afraid that it is not so good as it should be, that my work might have been better and my mind goes running on to how I can improve my scenes in my next picture. You're always straining, always reaching ahead toward the things you haven't attained. Motion picture success is like a woman a man loves and never posesses. It is uncertain, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, making you afraid you may be dropped from the race. I am glad I am still afraid. A person who feels sure grows contented, then indolent, then careless. Besides, cock-sureness doesn't make people love you and I would far rather be loved than have my work perfect.

"But I have overcome my self-consciousness (another phase of fear) in a measure. I did it purely by interesting myself in other people. When you enter a room, if you can just put out of your mind the thought that everyone is looking at you; if you can yourself look directly at someone else in the room, admire her dress, her hair, her hands—or anything; if you can just do this, it will do more toward taking your thoughts off yourself than anything else. In a scene one can, of course, enter so into the character to be played that self slips aside.

"There may be people who feel sure of themselves; there may be people who know from the beginning that they are going to do great things, but I never did.

"I hoped by the grace of God that I would make the grade, but obstacles invariably seemed almost too much for me. If I have succeeded in a measure I hope this knowledge helps others."

Watch for another "It Can't Be Done!" story in MODERN SCREEN soon.

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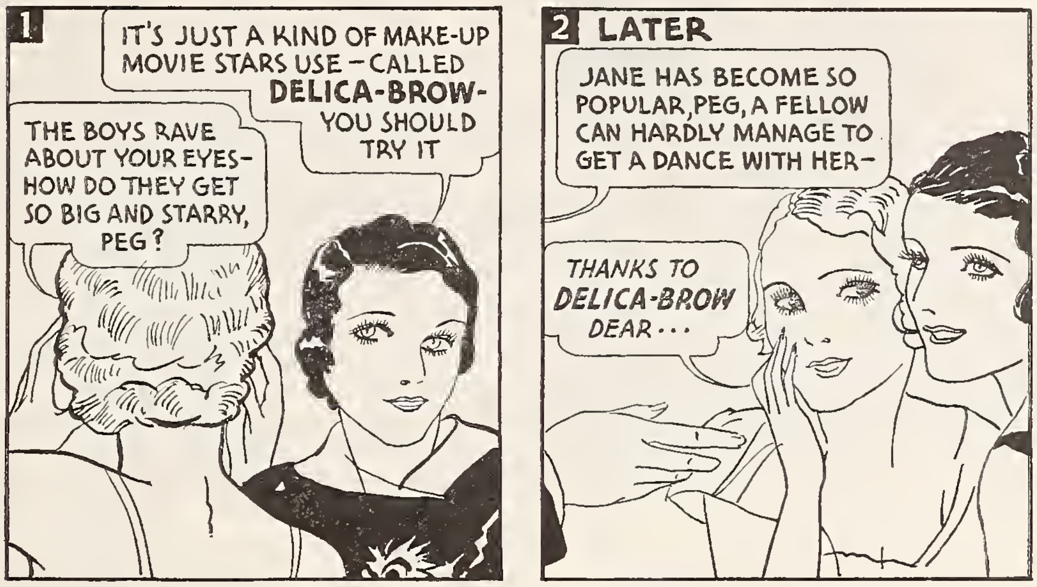
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Behind the News of Gary's Engagement

(Continued from page 17)

heart. Yet he will talk. He will talk—if urged and questioned—about Sandra Shaw and his first meeting with her.

The very first meeting was in a dark projection room where they had both been witnessing a film. When it was over they were introduced and said the usual "How do you do" and "How are you" business. And thought no more about each other until they met again at a friend's yachting party.

The boat lazed about the picturesque isthmus between Catalina Island and the Coast. Gary and Sandra don't remember where the rest of the party was.

All they know is that they two were sitting together on deck dangling their feet.

"WHAT did we talk about?" Gary said. "Oh, I don't know. What do people talk about? Well, *she* said, 'How do people amuse themselves in Hollywood?' And *I* said, 'Some of them have motor cars.' And she said, 'And some of them have boats.' I said that was right and we didn't talk for awhile. Then I said, 'Do you really want to be an actress?' And she said, 'No, I don't give a darn one way or the other. But I like Hollywood and I like Hollywood people.' I caught myself kind of hoping that was personal. Out of the corner of my eye I looked at her. She was so nice and calm, somehow. And I've known girls who weren't so calm.

"'Do you like to ride horseback?' I asked. 'Love it,' she said. 'Do you?' 'Unhuh,' I said. So we didn't talk much more for awhile. And then she said, 'You like mountains and ranches and hunting, don't you?' 'Sure,' I said, 'Do you?' 'Yes,' she said, 'Love all that.'

"Well, you asked for it. You asked me what we talked about and that's it. Not very exciting, is it?"

On the contrary, I thought it was very exciting, for in telling me about it Gary had shown that that first meeting had been important—much more important than what they said. They talked about motor cars and boats and horseback riding and hunting. They really—with their eyes and by their silences—told each other that they were rather intrigued with each other. And that's all it might have been—a charming girl, a handsome man, happily, gayly but not very seriously in love. That's all it would have been, had it not have been for the trip to Phoenix, Arizona.

After the meeting on the yacht, they went everywhere together, but there was no thought—nor talk—of marriage between them. They were just having fun. They had mutual interests. They liked each other. It was fun being together. And then they decided it would be fun to run over to Phoenix, Arizona. Gary carefully explains how well chaperoned they were. Jack Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce, as well as Sandra's uncle went along. Gary and Sandra thought this trip—like the parties and luncheons and teas they had attended—would be just more fun. But the very word Arizona means "secret marriage" to the press. And when they got back from Phoenix, they were cross-questioned by dozens of reporters. Also there had been the rumor of the hotel register. It seems that it had been signed by Gary Cooper and then Sandra Shaw "Cooper"—just like that.

And this is what Gary said about *that* when they asked him. Without a flicker on his lean poker face, he blandly stated that the "Cooper" had been written after Sandra Shaw's name in order to save time when they returned next summer to be married! And whether he was kidding, or whether he was serious, or whether he just said the first thing that popped into his head, you can search me! And they told the reporters they were "engaged" and Gary bought Sandra a "canary colored" diamond. And they hoped that was the end.

NOW, that's the West Coast side of the story. There's a New York chapter, too. Rumors that they were already married were as thick as a wrestler's neck all over Manhattan. Long before the engagement was announced. One newspaper carried the line that Gary and Sandra would probably marry at the home of the Harry Whitney's—the day after a party given for Sandra and Gary at the Central Park Casino. There was another newspaper bit about Sandra receiving mail and packages addressed to "Mrs. G. Cooper." One can imagine that the telephone rang at Sandra's home and at Gary's hotel on the average of once per second. And one can imagine that all parties concerned finally became so frantic with all the fuss and bother that a formal announcement of the engagement of Sandra and Gary seemed the simplest way out, all round.

So, on November 28, at a Casino party given by Sandra's mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Shields of 778 Park Avenue and Southampton, Long Island, the engagement of Veronica Balfe to Gary Cooper, film star, was announced. Later, at the Shields' home where other friends joined the party, the engagement was also announced. And now Gary and Sandra and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields and Miss Barbara Shields and all the other Shields and Balfes can get a little sleep nights and enjoy a little peace of mind. Their Veronica and that film actor are "engaged" and the newspapers have the story and everybody can sit back quietly and see what happens from that point on.

I don't somehow believe that they will marry. I don't think, in the first place, that it is that kind of a love affair. I think the two young people were having a lot of fun together and probably still would be, but they got themselves into a spot—where everyone was saying that they *were* married and where their lives were made miserable by reporters' questionings—and the simplest way out was to announce an engagement and be done with it.

And now perhaps you'd like to know something about the girl in the case. Here are a few facts.

Sandra's real name, as I have said, is Veronica Balfe and so far as Park Avenue society is concerned she's the real McCoy. It's not a publicity man's idea that Sandra is what she is. I'm telling you, she *is!*

Veronica's mother, after her divorce from her daughter's father, Harry R. Balfe, married again—this time the wealthy Wall Street broker, Paul V. Shields, who with the very nautical brother, Corny, are noted as amateur yachtsmen on Long Island Sound.

Veronica went to the fashionable Millbrook School in Westchester and, when she was graduated, made her début, but soon became bored with seeing her name in the society columns, with spending her summers in Southampton and with accepting the attentions of the young bloods in that effete resort.

In the meantime her father married again. His bride was Helen Meaney, the ex-Olympic diving champion, a girl only a few years older than his daughter. But this marriage ended disastrously and brought notoriety to the name of Balfe. That's why, when Sam Goldwyn offered Miss Balfe a chance to go to Hollywood as an actress, she changed her name to Sandra Shaw. Her New York friends still call her by her nickname, "Ronky."

From what different worlds these two come! Gary Cooper from Montana and Hollywood and Veronica Balfe from Southampton and Park Avenue. And it might have been just a lot of fun and parties if those marriage rumors hadn't started. But because of them, Sandra wears the lovely diamond Gary gave her and they have been entertained in New York by Sandra's elegant society friends.

And that's the story behind the news. Will they marry? Your guess is as good as mine.

I'll be as surprised as a kid who got an empty stocking for Christmas if they do get married. But I'm not infallible—Lord no!—and I'm just trembling in my shoes as I write this. Anything can happen. I may be as wet as Repeal Night. But a lady can't be shot for expressing her opinion, can she?

Little Alice White has been and gone and done it! We mean that she has finally married Cy Bartlett. Happy days, Alice and Cy!

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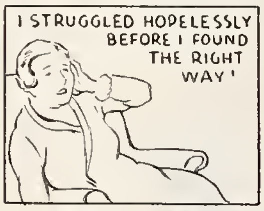
DARLING, PLEASE DON'T GET FAT!

MY HUSBAND'S GENTLE WARNING HURT ME SO..
IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW DESPERATELY I WAS TRYING TO REDUCE..
I WENT HUNGRY AT EVERY MEAL.. TRIED EVERY NEW REDUCING FAD..



I STRUGGLED HOPELESSLY BEFORE I FOUND THE RIGHT WAY!

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I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unforgivable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless fads, when Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood test after test for years. Over 20 million boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

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DORA MAY Powder Puffs, the new creation, are just what you've wanted. Made from a specially prepared New Velour material, they do everything claimed by more expensive puffs. Even beauty experts are amazed by the remarkable service *DORA MAY Puffs* give. Yet they cost so little, you can always afford to carry a few "extras". *DORA MAY Puffs* come sterilized and cellophane wrapped . . . for your protection. THREE for 10c.

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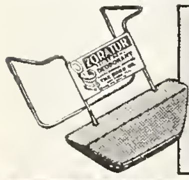

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Simply hang Zorator inside toilet bowl, as pictured here. It quickly deodorizes air and keeps water sanitary. Patented hanger positively prevents clogging of passage should Zorator be accidentally dropped in bowl. Variety of colors and scents.

The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior Street, Chicago

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

minutes. It's a swell idea to treat yourself to one of these professional ministrations occasionally, but for general purposes you can do it just as well as yourself.

THEN follows the shampoo—and if you don't know how to give yourself a proper shampoo after all I've told you, it's just too bad. Remember, three soapings aren't too many. I'm crazy about the soap I mentioned a month or two ago. It's a well-established brand which has just been newly packaged in a ten cent size—enough for two or three shampoos. There are six kinds to choose from, depending upon the color of your hair: blonde, brunette, titian, dark brown, medium brown and gray. Nothing in the soap, let me hasten to say, has anything to do with dyes or tints. It is simply that the blonde kind remarkably enhances the beauty of blonde hair and the other kinds do the same thing for the other kinds of hair.

I have arranged with the company which makes this soap to send you one of the small sizes—the same which are on sale in the dime stores—if you would like to try it. Please send the request to me and I will see to it that you receive your package. Be sure to mention the shade of your hair.

Some time ago, I read a most illuminating and fre-from-hooey article on beauty by a woman doctor. She stated that there is an untold amount of idiotic nonsense written and said about the hair. She claimed that you should wash your hair whenever you think it needs washing. And I'm inclined to agree with them sentiments. In fact, I've gone so far as to experiment. I have the sort of hair which looks its best right after a shampoo. When it's even mildly dirty, it has lost color and lustre and life somehow, no matter how much faithful brushing and massaging I give it. So, lately, I've been sticking it into the tub whenever I felt in the mood. And, for the life of me, I can't see that it's done any excessive drying-out and my hair certainly looks better.

Have you ever tried "making up" your hair? There's a fairly new product which is called just that—make-up for the hair—in the advertisements. It's a delightful non-sticky lotion which you comb or brush lightly through the hair and which gives your own hair-tints a much more exciting look. Comes in various tints and washes right out with the next shampoo.

WHEN you rinse your hair after a shampoo, you can do a great deal to insure its beauty for the days to come. The proper procedure is this: before you even start your shampoo, have your rinsing water all fixed. That is to say, in a jug or separate bowl, have some hot water and whatever you plan to use for that last exciting touch to the shampoo. It may be simply the juice of two lemons. Or a couple of tablespoons of vinegar. It may be one of the harmless tint rinses, all dissolved ready for use. It may be a bottle of perfume or toilet water to give a pretty scent to your hair. But have it all ready, whatever it is, so that you won't have to be groping about with your eyes full of soap, dripping water all over the floor. Rinse your clean head thoroughly under the shower or with a handy spray. Rinse it until it squeaks—actually. When you can rub your hand over your wet hair and arouse a sound that resembles a squeak, then you know it is thoroughly free from soap. Then, pop quickly from shower or spray to the wash bowl, pour in your rinse and dunk your head into it. Use the jug or bowl or glass or whatever you have at hand to pour the rinse repeatedly over your whole head.

I have been asked many times how to make the cute little feathery curls with which the movie actresses adorn themselves. Especially those attractive little curls in front of the ears. They're right nice, those little curls—they allow you to keep the rest of your coiffure rather severe by providing a softening effect that is just enough. Well, this is the way to make them.

Make a shallow half moon part from the lowest point of the temple to the point where your ear joins your hairline. Pin your long hair out of the way and hold the part you want to cut with your left hand. Now, with sharp scissors, ruff this strand of hair slightly, cutting as you ruff it. The hair should be two and a half or three inches long when cut. Wet these little strands and twist them round in a flat spit-curl. Pin through with one bobbie pin or invisible hairpin. Then, another pin is laced through the first and your curls stay firmly put until they are dry. Comb them out when they are dry—and there you are.

This has nothing to do with the hair—but have you yet tried the swell new skin cleaner I spoke about recently? It's a brisk, enlivening liquid which gets rid of oiliness and shine and treats blackheads as they deserve to be treated. In my grubbiest moments in this grubby city, it hasn't failed me yet. If you're interested, drop me a line.

Next month, I'm going to try something entirely new. You may think I've gone suddenly batty. But I'm going to write a beauty article for men. Yes, I am. And here's why I'm telling you about it: I don't for one moment expect many men to read it. They'd be too scared, the sissies. But I do expect wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts to read it. It will contain some straightforward talk about skin and hair and keeping fit. And Lord only knows, the dear menfolks could profit by a little beauty advice, don't you think?

"Alice in Wonderland"

(*Continued from page 64*)

staff! The sets will take your breath away, as they took mine! Four whole fairy-tale forests were set up in the arena. Trees that grow into hands, with diamond rings on the third fingers. Trees with little staircases, windows with tiny curtains, chimneys and doors.

But—I'm sorry if I seem to harp on this, but I can't help it!—the wonderful thing about it, to me, was the way the picture seemed to open up people and let you see things in them you'd never known were there. When Gary Cooper talked to me about being the White Knight, I give you my word, he looked as if he were on his way to church. I remember, one day, strolling on to the garden set—rose trees, covered with huge red and white blossoms, fifteen feet tall. (To make Alice look tiny), Ray Hatton, Jack Oakie, and Polly Moran were sitting under one of the trees—Ray a mouse, Oakie in his Tweedle-Dum costume, about which more later, and Polly Moran covered with feathers and sporting a pair of wings. Oakie was holding Baby Le Roy—who plays the Joker in a deck of cards—on his lap. Holding Baby Le Roy, and discussing babies' diets with Polly! *Oakie*, the wise-guy!

FOUR weeks, five, six, seven—in the eighth week, finally, the picture was nearly done. The strain was beginning to tell. Everybody was ready to drop. But, from his canvas chair besides the cameras, Norman McLeod's voice was still coming quietly, gently—with what infinite patience. And infinite care! I saw him hold up one scene until the research department checked on all possible pronunciations of the word "brooch." I saw six three-minute scenes take three hours apiece to photograph. The dialogue was so tongue-twisty that the actors missed words; and, each time, there was a retake, so that it would be nothing less than perfection. The lines in the Mad Hatter's tea party scene, for instance, were enough to tangle anybody.

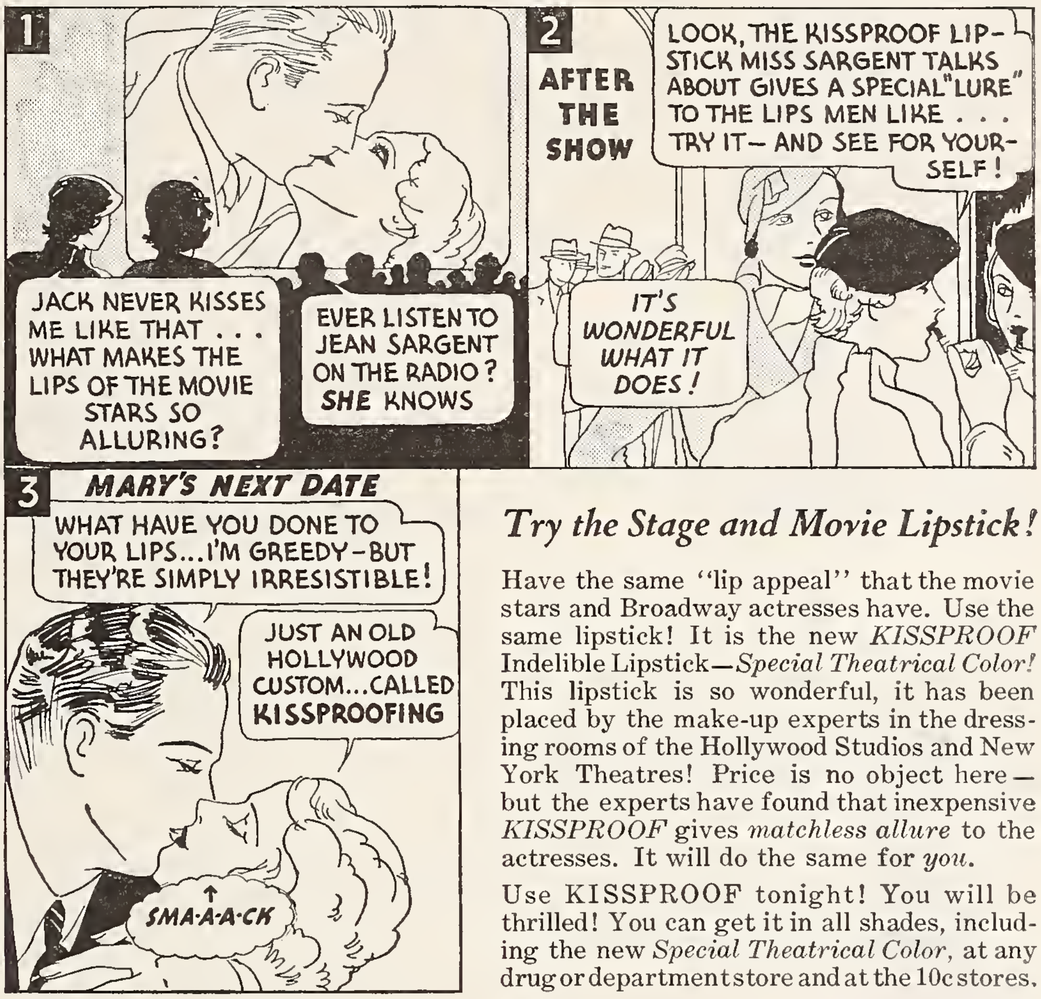
In the last week, Cary Grant showed up on the set and stood wistfully looking on from the side-lines. He had been working at another studio, and had missed out on a part. The director called him over. "Cary," he began, "I think maybe we need a man to play the Mock Turtle—"

That was as far as he got.

"What?" yelled Cary. "I'll put on a blonde wig and play Alice, if you'll let me!" He was out like a shot, on his way to the wardrobe for a costume.

Meanwhile, Louise Fazenda worked for a week straight in a costume made of rubber inner-tubes, so bulky that she couldn't sit down in it. Many of the costumes were like that, permitting no rest. Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie, as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, wore pads and masks which let only their eyes show. Four days, they went,

Unkissed Mary gets "LIP ALLURE"


1
JACK NEVER KISSES ME LIKE THAT . . . WHAT MAKES THE LIPS OF THE MOVIE STARS SO ALLURING?
EVER LISTEN TO JEAN SARGENT ON THE RADIO? SHE KNOWS
2
AFTER THE SHOW
LOOK, THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK MISS SARGENT TALKS ABOUT GIVES A SPECIAL "LURE" TO THE LIPS MEN LIKE . . . TRY IT— AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT IT DOES!
3
MARY'S NEXT DATE
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR LIPS...I'M GREEDY—BUT THEY'RE SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE!
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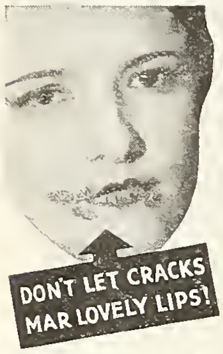

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QUICK EASY WAY!

JUST touch cracked lips and that cold sore tonight with antiseptic, penetrating Campho-Phenique. It starts to soothe pain and speed up healing instantly, and restore your lips their natural smoothness and ripe beauty. Protects against infection, too, not only on cold sores but on minor cuts, burns and similar hurts. Get a bottle of Campho-Phenique at any drug store—30c or 60c—or a trial size, 10c at any ten-cent store.

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because I use
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STAIN DISAPPEARS LIKE MAGIC

You'll like Boracetine Tooth Powder better than any dentifrice you've ever used because, without hard brushing, this different tooth powder completely removes every trace of cigarette stain, discoloration and film. It releases harmless oxygen that safely makes teeth scrupulously clean and sparkling white. This same oxygen hardens the gums to keep them healthy.

Boracetine tastes good neutralizes acidity and goes three times as far as paste. A large 10c can, full to the top, can be purchased in any Kresge store.

Boracetine
TOOTH POWDER

(3)

Boracetine **TOOTH POWDER**

without taking a bite of solid food, sipping milk and soup through glass straws stuck through their masks. "I wouldn't ask my worst enemy to climb into this diving-suit," Oakie puffed at me. "But it's worth it."

And a script girl came up to Roscoe and asked, "May I have your autograph, please, Mr. Oakie?"

"How can you tell I'm Oakie?" asked Roscoe.

"By your eyes."

"O. K.," said Roscoe. "*I'm* not sure, myself." And he signed her book, *"Sincerely, Jack Oakie."*

Alison Skipworth, after wearing her breathless mask for five hours at a stretch, fainted just as she was starting a scene. They led her to a chair, and after a moment she said, "I'm all right." She stood up, and her legs gave way and fainted again. She had to go home for the day. Norman McLeod walked to the stage door with her.

"I'm terribly sorry it was so tough for you, Skippy," he told her, sincerely.

"How much more of this is there?" she asked.

"A whole day, I'm afraid."

A little pale, and more than a little shaky, Skippy gave him a grim smile. "I'll be here tomorrow!" she promised.

She was there. They were all there—and I mean that two ways!

TOWARD the very last, I talked to little Charlotte Henry—Alice. I got her off in a corner, sat her down, and said: "Now, tell me all about it."

"All about it?" She looked back toward the garden set, where a lone work-lamp gleamed, and sighed. "What can I tell you? I've been in a daze for eight weeks. Talk about Alice being in wonderland—I can't even believe it's happened to me, yet! They tell me I'm to have a trip to New York now. Tomorrow will be my first day off in two months. I'm going home and sleep, now, and tomorrow Mother and I are going to the beach and visit some friends." She smiled and looked thoughtful—if a baby in a puffed-sleeved blue organdie frock, with her hair down her back, wearing white cotton stockings and Mary Jane pumps, can look thoughtful. (She says the cotton stockings are cooler than silk and don't stick to your legs.) "I think what I'll remember longest is how sweet all the boys were to me. They played little jokes on me. Oh, funny things happened to other people, too." She giggled. "Louise Fazenda fell off her stool—they just had to prop her against it, in that costume—and she bounced all over, in those inner-tubes. She rolled around like a lost spare tire, and couldn't get up! But one of the things they did to me—I got a pebble in one of my Mary Janes, and I took it off when I went to lunch. When I came back I *thought* I was having a hard time getting my foot into it. They nailed it down to the floor, that's what they did!"

"I don' think *that's* very sweet!" I protested.

"Oh, but it was the sweet way they *did* it. Jack Oakie is the funniest man! I laughed and laughed at him. Once we were just getting ready to take a scene, and a light-bulb fell on the floor and blew up. It made a big bang. Just like that, Jack yelled: 'He went that way! Last I saw he was just going over that hill!' He's so quick."

Charlotte is a brave little trouper like all the rest. When they did the scene of her falling down the rabbit-hole she hurt herself, falling. Clear across the set, they heard the bone crack. "They thought they were going to have to get another Alice for sure," Charlotte relates it. They picked her up, and a prop boy went dashing away for the studio chiropractor.

"Doc!" he shouted. "That little girl in Stake 13's busted her neck."

"Then don't call me," growled the dour chiropractor. "Call the ambulance!"

It wasn't a broken neck, but she tore a ligament in her shoulder and wrenched a bone in her neck out of place. And—just like Skippy Skipworth!—Charlotte went right back to work, the moment they finished putting the adhesive tape on her.

But everybody really was sweet to her, she's right about that. Dick Arlen moved out of his dressing-room and put a pair of twin beds in it for Charlotte and her mother, so they wouldn't have to drive home every night. As Charlotte said—and it's all she needed to say, "He didn't have to do it."

Dick owns a warm spot in her heart.

"He's so sweet," she says. "You know, as the Cheshire Cat he looks just like my Pekingese puppy. His name is Puddles. My dog. I didn't want to call him Yum Yum or Fan Tan, so I named him Puddles because—well, I named him that. People say he's a very good dog, but I don't. I think he's just a mongrel. You know, when he wants to attract your attention he sits beside you and sneezes and sneezes—"

Oh, Sophisticated Hollywood!

Hollywood has shown a sweetness, a sincerity, a fineness we never knew was there. Nobody can ask for more.

WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT MICKEY MOUSE?

Well, you will, brethern and sistern, you will. In our next issue, we reveal the inside lowdown on the popular rodent. And, incidentally, the inside lowdown on his creator, Mister Walt Disney.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—DON'T MISS IT!

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 81*)

Freedonia—with Groucho as its dictator, Zeppo as Grouch's minister and Chico and Harpo (minus the harp) as spies. Harpo also does a "Paul Revere," but gets waylaid by a pretty blonde whose husband is out of town. Funniest scene: Groucho tucked in bed for the night (fancy night cap and all) eating crackers. Raquel Torres is the leading lady.

• LADY KILLER (WARNERS)

James Cagney, Mae Clark, Margaret Lindsay

JIMMY CAGNEY is at his breeziest in this fast-moving, highly-entertaining movie of a young chap who gets fired from his job as an usher and becomes a big racketeer. When his gang gets too rough he pulls out for Hollywood and joins the movies. He builds up his following by writing himself fan letters. When his old gang invade the colony and start a series of robberies among the stars, he's put on the spot as their "finger man." Mae Clarke is the moll and Margaret Lindsay the movie star. Both gals are swell. Rowdy, hilarious, blue in spots but Cagney fans are sure to like it.

AS HUSBANDS GO (FOX)

Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson

MOST of the snap and sparkle that made Rachel Crother's "As Husbands Go" good entertainment as a play was lost in bringing it to the screen, due mostly to poor direction. Production is lavish and gowns worn by Helen Vinson are particularly gorgeous, but outside of that it remains dull movie fare for the average theater-goer. The cast, including Warner Baxter, is never quite at home and therefore does not convince.

Children won't like it.

•SON OF A SAILOR (WARNERS)

Joe E. Brown, Thelma Todd, Jean Muir

A TYPICAL Joe E. Brown comedy with the star in the role of a swaggering young gob who has his big moment. Quite by mistake he finds himself the house guest of the Admiral, captures a couple of crooks (also by mistake) and becomes a national hero over night. Jean Muir and Thelma Todd contribute the fem interest. Johnny Mack Brown and Frank McHugh oke.

Young people will adore it.

LONE COWBOY (PARAMOUNT)

Jackie Cooper, Lila Lee

THANKS to Jackie Cooper, this emerges a fairly good Western. Show revolves around him as the kid whose father commits suicide and leaves him under the care of an old friend grown hard and bitter toward all mankind when his wife runs away with his foreman. In the end, Jackie wins over the old rancher and they become great pals. Lila Lee, Addison Richards and Noah Beery in the cast.

• THE THUNDERING HERD (PARAMOUNT)

Randolph Scott, Judith Allen

ZANE GREY'S story makes good Western entertainment. There are thrills aplenty, some swell battles with the Indians, fast riding, a mean villain, a gal and a hero. Randolph Scott, Harry Casey and Raymond Hatton are buffalo hunters. Judith Allen is the girl who is kidnapped and Noah Berry is the meanie. The ending is especially exciting.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (PARAMOUNT)

Charles Farrell, Charles Ruggles, Marguerite Churchill

STORY of a country boy who wins a scholarship and goes to Paris to study art. He falls in with a gang of starving artists, gets ensnared by a scheming artist's model and finally clinches with a nice girl from Dixie. Charles Farrell plays the innocent art student, Marguerite Churchill is good as the girl from Dixie and Grace Bradley and Charlie Ruggles furnish the comedy. Ruggles is the best thing in the picture.

DARK HAZARD (WARNERS)

Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell

THIS is not up to the usual Robinson vehicle. It's the usual story of a gambler, told in a spotty and uninteresting manner. Genevieve Tobin is his wife who takes the bumps along with him, but when it gets too tough, leaves him. Two years of ups and downs and they are reunited with Robinson promising to go straight. Edw. G. gives a fine, sympathetic performance and is ably assisted by Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell and George Meeker.

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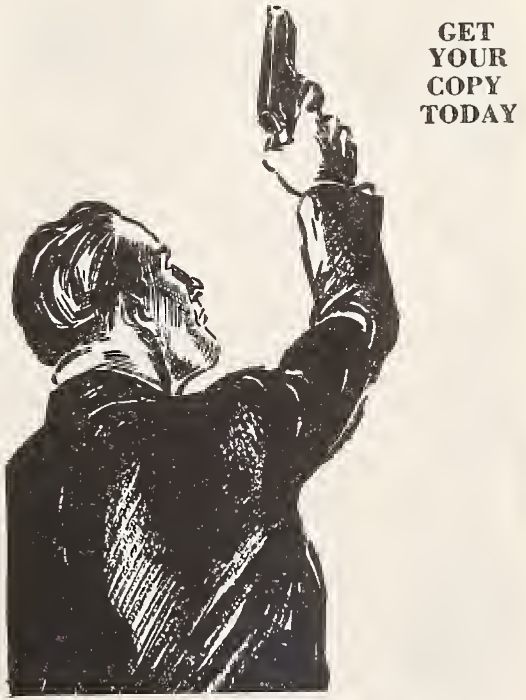

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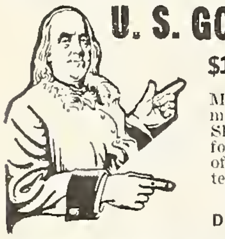

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
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MEMBER N.R.A

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

I'll go see 'em! But right now I am so content with having seen and heard those three musical numbers at a nominal fee, that wild horses couldn't drag me to a legitimate show again; not even the bald-headed row with a free ticket could tempt me!

Grrr!

FRANKLIN DAVIS of Charlottesville, Va., is that mad:

I'm mad, really mad! Why I'm astonished at the producers yelling for new faces for the screen when they've got loads of actors and actresses right in Hollywood with more ability than all the newcomers have wrapped together. All they need is a second chance. They had their first chance in the "silent" days and made good, but when the talkies came in the producers dropped the established players and grabbed all the stage players they could find. Just look at what they've got now. A bunch of dried up turnips! Give us back such stars as Alice Joyce, Charles Ray, Margaret Mann and Blanche Sweet, especially. Now come on, you producers, and give the old favorites a real chance again. You fans can also help by boosting them. They deserve it!

(*Well, our movie stars have been called a heap o' names. But we'll bet turnip is something new.*)

Do You Know the Name of a Good Laundry?

MRS. JAMES DAVIS of Syracuse, N. Y., thinks pictures should have their mouths washed out with soap:

How much longer before producers wake up to the fact that a whole lot of people are getting thoroughly fed up on the type of pictures that have been passed out of late?

Low, lewd, degrading, suggestive both in line and scene. The marriage ceremony is considered of no importance. Drinking and drunken orgies make many pictures absolutely disgusting. Has Big Chief Hays fallen down on the job?

(*Well, lady, there is "Little Women." There is also "Alice in Wonderland." And, judging by their popularity, there'll be more like 'em, we're sure. By the way, what do you think of Mae West?*)

And—On the Other Hand—

MRS. GEORGE B., of Utica, N. Y., admits she likes a spicy picture—if it's properly done:

I've been married twenty-nine years. I have two grown-up children. While I'm not strait-laced, I'm certainly not modern—as that overdone word is interpreted. Immorality and smuttiness make me shudder. But I do like Mae West—and so does my husband—and I don't care who knows it. We had a riot of a time at "I'm No Angel." The general consensus of opinion of the audience was "Well, she's just as lowdown as she can be. She says the most awful things! But she *is* as funny as the dickens."

And that, I think, is the whole situation in a nutshell. *Mae can get away with it.* She pulls some perfectly terrible, double-meaningful remark—and then makes a wisecrack about it just quick enough to take the bad taste away. I'm for her—and, believe me, I never thought I should be. What's her next picture?

(*"It Ain't No Sin" is the tentative—and beautifully suggestive—title scheduled at the moment.*)

He Wants Wynyard!

FRANKLIN JONES of Seattle, Washington, writes:

Aw, shucks! A grand gal comes to Hollywood, makes a couple of pictures, and then scoots back to England. Diana Wynyard, I mean. She was a real actress. I go to the movies to see a good play with good people in it—not to gawp at some cutie and wish I'd meet a girl like her. Is Diana Wynyard ever coming back—and when?

(*She's in Hollywood right this minute, Jones old chap. She's going to make a picture for RKO but what it will be we can't say as yet.*)

A Carload of Orchids for Norma

ESTHER E. GROMLICH of Hamburg, Penna., would adore to meet her:

I have just read the article "What Stars Would You Like to Meet?" Gee, I certainly was disappointed in Faith Baldwin for not mentioning Norma Shearer. Why, if I had a chance to go to Hollywood, Norma would be the first star I'd want to meet. I admire her pluck for staying with her husband, walking away from the public as she did. If I ever get a chance to meet her, no cop in the country is stopping me!

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes give their answer in our next issue to Homer Croy's story on Hollywood feuds, which appeared recently in these pages. It's a frank, revealing answer—you'll want to read it!

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 107*)

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Story of a gal doctor. Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. **Rather dull and tearful.**

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role involving politics and romance. Elissa Landi plays opposite. **Good—children under 16 will be bored.**

MASTER OF MEN (Columbia)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—Yarn about tough youngsters in a reform school. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. **Good—kids will think so, too.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—A little drama of London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Allison Skipworth and George Raft. **Fair—nothing in it for the tots.**

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)—A story of naval cadets. Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness. **Good of its kind—for children and grown-ups.**

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—The backstage life of a little country girl struggling to become a great actress. Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **MY WEAKNESS** (Fox)—A musical about a charming little Cinderella. She wins a bet and—love. You see Lilian Harvey for the first time in this. **Delightful and entertaining for the whole family from oldest to youngest.**

● **MY WOMAN** (Columbia)—A human little yarn about a devoted wife who gets her husband his "big chance." He becomes a terrific success. Then comes the usual complication of another woman. Helen Twelvetrees, Victor Jory and Claire Dodd. **Rather good—boring for youngsters.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Richard Dix as a cagy advertising man and a still more cagy bachelor. **Very good—young folks under 16 won't care for it.**

OLESON'S BIG MOMENT (Fox)—An apartment house, its janitor, lots of tenants, gangsters and a love affair make this a fairly enjoyable little comedy. El Brendel, Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. **Good slap-stick comedy.**

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Rival love, hatred, revenge and a narrowly averted murder. Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton and Fay Wray. **Excellent drama—not for children under 16, though.**

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore in a characterization of a doctor who sacrifices a brilliant career to practice in a little country town that needs him. Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan and May Robson complete an excellent cast. **Splendid drama—rather dull for tots.**

● ● **ONLY YESTERDAY** (Universal)—A terrifically human drama of a prewar romance. Comes the war. Finally its end and the return of the lover. But he doesn't even recognize his sweetheart nor know that he is the father of her child. Margaret Sullavan, a newcomer, is superb. John Boles plays opposite. **Very, very good—nothing in it for any of the young folks.**

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor in a very charming and impish role of the daughter of an Irish major. She rescues her sister from a marriage for money, falls in love with the suitor herself and saves the family fortune and face. Warner Baxter, Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly support her. **Entertainment for everybody in the family.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Story of a mother's remorse for separating her son from the girl he loved. Norman Foster, Marian Nixon and Henrietta Crosman. **Weepy.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—Unusual picture. It begins with the suicide of an unpopular railroad man. Then the story of his life is told in flashbacks. The best thing Spencer Tracy has done. **Interesting and different—too advanced for children under 16.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners) — The excellent acting of William Powell is wasted in this yarn about crooks. **Only fair.**

● ● **THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY** (M-G-M)—The prizefighter walked off with another man's sweetie, but she walks out on him when success and feminine flattery go to his head. He flies into a rage and goes on a drinking orgy. Then comes the night of the big fight—. It's an old plot, but treated in a most refreshing way. You will enjoy this one with Max Baer and Primo Carnera in the ring. Myrna Loy is the girl. **Verra good—kids will go for the fight.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—A radio entertainer is much publicized as America's Purity Girl. She isn't really, but how she wants to be when her Kentucky hick lover comes along. Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster. **Good—for the whole family.**

● ● **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VII** (United Artists)—Charles Laughton portraying the riotous and colorful life of that much married and individualist king of England. **You must see this one—and take the kids.**

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—George Sidney, Norman Foster and Marian Nixon in a comedy about two young things who can't pay their rent. Roommate complications develop when an obliging landlord rents the same room to them both. **Good amusement for everybody.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in a very sophisticated comedy. **Excellent—but put the tots to bed that night.**

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

ROME EXPRESS (Universal) — Melodramatic love romance on a Continental express. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. **Youngsters will enjoy the excitement and action.**

ROMAN SCANDALS (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS** (Universal) — Robert Young as a smart alec football star. Just before a game he is kidnapped, but he fights his way out and in spite of a broken wrist plays the game. Leila Hyams, Mary Doran, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and Johnny Mack Brown are also in the cast. **Good football yarn—kids will think it swell.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—There is a mysterious room in a castle and everyone who sleeps therein is murdered. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **Very scary—not for young tots.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—Spencer Tracy as a United States Army officer who disobeys an unfair command and is discharged. **Only fair.**

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

SMOKY (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SOLITAIRE MAN** (M-G-M)—Story of a gang of high powered jewel thieves traveling in a fast passenger plane. **Most exciting and thrilling—kids will like it.**

SON OF A SAILOR (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne in an emotional love story. **You might like it—not for the young folks, though.**

S.O.S. ICEBERG (Universal)—A picture that gives you an idea of what explorers suffer and endure for the sake of science. This deals with an expedition to Greenland. Rod LaRocque, Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet. **Spectacular Arctic scenery—educational for children.**

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal)—A mystery that isn't solved even at the end of the picture in spite of the police department and a brilliant reporter. Skeets Gallagher, Alan Dinehart and Wynne Gibson. **Weak and boring.**

● ● **STAGE MOTHER** (M-G-M)—A daughter's happiness, love and marriage are almost sacrificed to a determined mother's desire that her child should become a great actress. Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan give an excellent performance as mother and daughter. Franchot Tone and Phillips Holmes are also in the cast. **Excellent—rather dull for youngsters under 16.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A peppy Western. **Kids will okay this one with a bang.**

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—A vigorous and extremely emotional drama of high school kids who take the law into their own hands when the courts fail in meting out justice. **Excellent—for young and old.**

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **TOO MUCH HARMONY** (Paramount)—Speed, action, gags and lots of crooning. Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks. **A good entertainer for the whole family.**

TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount)—A Western dealing with family feuds. The love interest is provided by Esther Ralston and Randolph Scott. **Only fair—tots will enjoy the excitement.**

● ● **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** (M-G-M)—Story of a man who desires to relive his life. He suddenly gets his wish. But he soon finds out it is not all he wished and planned. Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Otto Krueger and Mae Clarke. **Very good—children under 16 will not understand it.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss portrays that great writer, cynic and wit of the 18th century. Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray and Margaret Lindsay are also in it. **Very good—informative for children over 14.**

● ● **THE WAY TO LOVE** (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier in an exceedingly charming and suitable role as a lovable, carefree tramp of the streets of Paris. His sole ambition is to be a guide. He gets his wish and love thrown into the bargain. **Swell entertainment and some knockout musical numbers—for everybody.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Not a love triangle but a quadrangle this time. Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan, with Alice Brady to make it all the more entertaining. **Amusing and sophisticated comedy—not for children.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Story of a spoiled society deb (Fay Wray) and a young engineer (Jack Holt) who takes her to Africa. **Good—not for youngsters under 16.**

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount) Charles Laughton as a very repulsive Cockney who has become a power in the African jungle. He shelters criminals and escaped convicts only to use them for his own purposes. To his shelter come Carole Lombard, Kent Taylor and Charles Bickford. **Monotonous and boring.**

● **WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD** (Warners)—A tragedy of what happens to the youth of America during a depression. **You should see this. Older children could be permitted to see it.**

● ● **THE WORLD CHANGES** (Warners)—The story of a man's life. Beginning with his lowly birth in a log cabin, his eventual rise to great financial success and his marriage to an ambitious woman. Then come unhappiness and grievous disappointment in his good-for-nothing sons. The picture is concluded with his death. Paul Muni, Mary Astor, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Donald Cook and Alan Mowbray. **An excellent picture for the whole family.**

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox)—She isn't so terrible. She is simply a kept woman who becomes bored with her lover and breaks with him. Falls in love with an innocent lad, but eventually returns to her old lover when he has a sudden financial failure. Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou, Harvey Stephens and Helen Chandler. **Only fair.**

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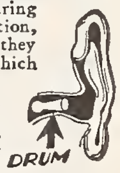

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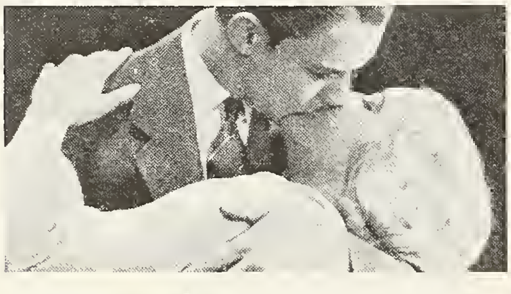

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NRA
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New Men! Where Are They?

(Continued from page 41)

fighting except purely in an amateur capacity. What a variety of jobs he had! In oil fields, on tramp steamers, in surveying parties and he even served in the National Guard. He is now, as you know, married to Adrienne Ames.

Bing Crosby's career, that finally shot him to the top as a radio crooner, is too well known to be repeated here. Odd jobs as a property boy in a Spokane theatre, law studies, glee club, dance orchestra, vaudeville engagements and then as one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. His voice endeared him and made him famous, but on the screen one hears that voice, too. He is a handsome lad and a good comedian.

Preston Foster—a giant with a beautiful baritone voice—came from grand opera. William Gargan has a number of years of stock and Broadway productions to his credit. And then there is Victor Jory, born in Alaska and filled with a spirit of adventure that took him all over the country and made him at one time the lightweight champion of British Columbia. He was well known there as a boxer and wrestler. Varied and colorful were his adventures. He—this boxer and wrestler—once played the role of John the Baptist in the Hollywood Pilgrimage play. I'm sure you remember him in "I Loved You Wednesday" in which he displayed high calibre acting ability.

OTTO KREUGER is one of my favorite stage stars. He is possessed of a devastating smile and a beautiful speaking voice and is a splendid performer on both stage and screen. I remember him well in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and in "Will Shakespeare," a short lived play which was one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. In it, too, I saw Katherine Cornell for the first time.

Kreuger's life has been exciting, for he has travelled much and seen active war service. In films he has had one rôle after another and in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," I caught myself wishing that the Lady would return to him instead of the Prize Fighter. He also appeared, I am proud to say, in "Beauty For Sale," made from my own book, "Beauty."

And then there is the romantic young actor from overseas, Francis Lederer. Born of humble Czecho-Slovakian parents, he felt the urge for the theatre when he was thirteen, but his father and mother both announced that he was no son of theirs if he yielded to that urge. He got a job selling women's dress goods and tried to give his vitality to the organization of a pacifist party (his brother had been killed in the war) but he found few sympathizers amongst the fiery Czechs. His desire for self expression could not be stilled and in Central Europe, London and America he became a matineé idol. Now he is in Hollywood, hailed as a great romantic actor, yet in his first American film he disguises his handsomeness with the costume and hair dress of an Eskimo. That's in "Man of Two Worlds."

Douglass Montgomery—just recently the *Laurie* of "Little Women"—has the soul and fire of a poet. Los Angeles born and educated, a boy of good family, he deserted school to join the Pasadena Community Players when he was just fourteen. Randolph Scott is another young actor from this group. He was an engineer before he turned theatrical. He is a virile, dominant young man who, when he first arrived in Hollywood, set half of filmdom's feminine hearts to fluttering.

Lyle Talbot was romantically considerate enough to be born Lisle Talbot Hollywood. Yes, that is his real name. His parents were troupers and Lyle's youth was peppered by the thrills of the theatre where, during vacations, he played in one of his father's companies.

THE romance of chance has made Kent Taylor interesting. He was working in a business office in Los Angeles—an office organized by himself and his father, when he was asked to partake in a Paramount screen test as a favor. He did so and—P.S. He got the job, without having asked for it.

Then there's Robert Young, whose fine work you all love as much as I do.

I could tell you about more of these new men but what's the use? You can see that none of them lack anything, apparently, of which stars are made. They are all handsome, charming and they can all act. What is more their lives have been, for the most part, as adventurous and exciting and interesting as Clark Gable's. So what's the trouble?

Mind you, I'm not casting aspersions at any of them. I like them all, some better than others, perhaps, but I think they are all good. Why aren't they romantic material of the sensational "box office" variety?

There isn't one who is a potential Valentino. Not one who can ever hope to have the worship and adulation of women lavished hysterically upon him. Perhaps none of them want that. I don't know. I only know that something that Valentino had, they lack.

There isn't one who is a Wallace Reid, a Francis X. Bushman, a Ramon Novarro, a John Gilbert or a Richard Barthelmess—all actors who have been able to stand on their own feet as tremendous "box office" attractions.

What was it, for instance, that Valentino actually had? He wasn't better looking than a dozen others then and now. Nor was he so well built as many, as far as mere physique goes. He was distinctly Latin in type, a good actor, but not a genius by any manner of means. But there was something in his personality, some subtle force that emanated from the screen which made him appeal to the imagination of hundreds of thousands of women. Not so long ago the producers told you that George Raft would rival Valentino. Did he? Goodness, no; Johnnie Weissmuller, too, was touted as the great male box office bet. Well . . .

AND now the most promising runner-up is Max Baer. In one picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady" he was great, because he was utterly natural. But can he enact any other type of rôle? I doubt it.

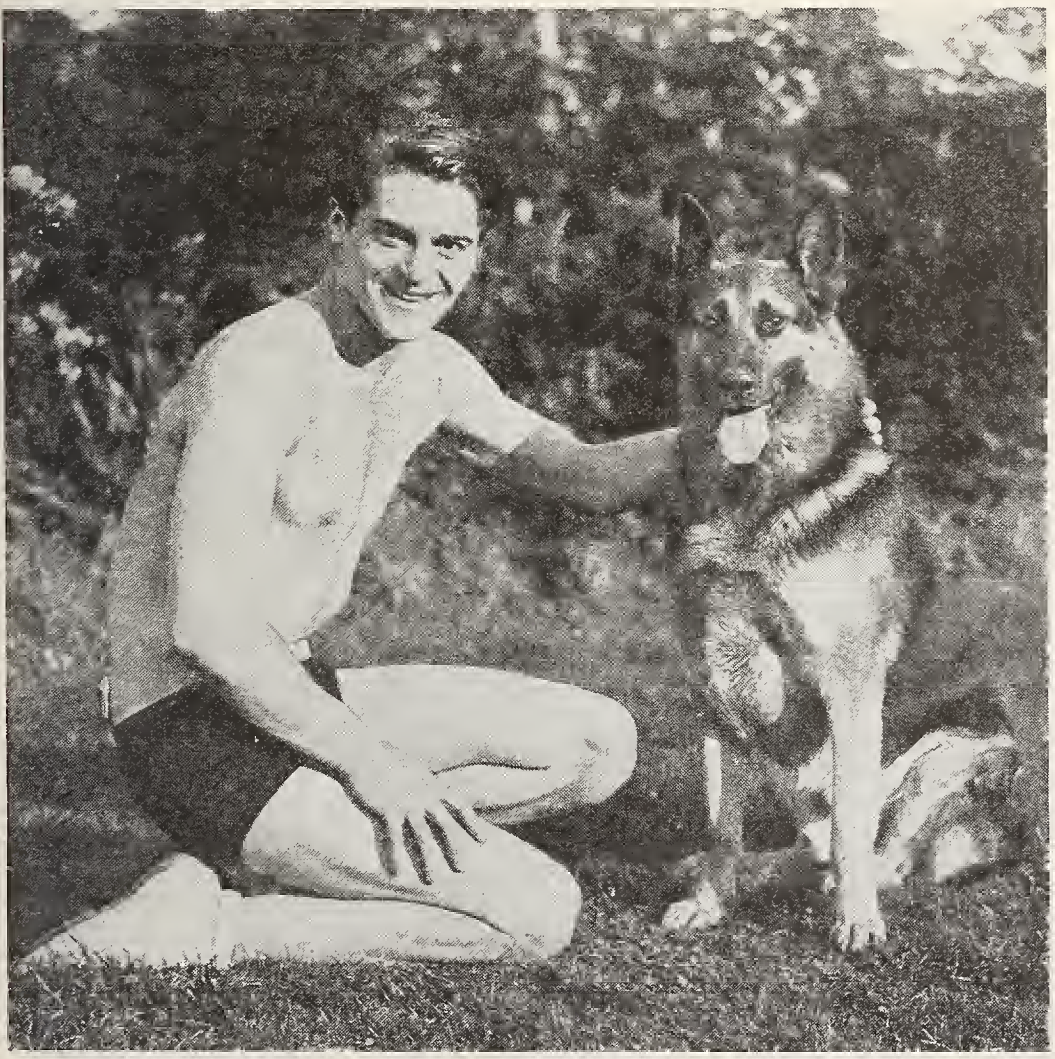
Handsome, strong and interesting as they are, the men of the screen pale into insignificance beside the stars whose *leads* they are. The lads play second fiddle.

Why? Why?

I believe it is because film audiences are mainly composed of women and we women are interested in our own sex. We like stories about us, films about us, experiences that touch us. We suffer with our women stars, fail with them, succeed with them, love with them and see ourselves in other circumstances through them. The male leads are all very well. They cause our hearts to flutter. No doubt, they have their fans and their fan mail and their pictures repose on dressing tables and hang on walls. But the audience is englamored by the women of the screen. Men are in the audience, too, of course (and *they* don't give a continental for the men players) but it's the women mainly who spend their money at the box office. The elderly woman who leaves the theatre—and perhaps she's myself—or the girl who leaves the theatre—and maybe she's you—have been seeing life through the eyes of the woman on that screen. We come to the theatre to see life through the star's eyes—a woman's eyes—and that's why the great smashing romantic box office successes in Hollywood are women. They don't have to be Hepburns either. They can be Dresslers. And how!

But new men . . . Where are they? . . . and if the studios find them, will it matter? Haven't we outgrown the Valentino days? Aren't women more concerned with the lives of women, shadows on the screen; my life, your life, as it might have been, as something one remembers, as something for which one hopes, or as something one dreads? There on that screen I am—and all women are—as I used to be, as I wanted to be. Memory. Frustration. Escape. And this is given us by the women stars. Not by the men. Perhaps we are returning to the matriarchy in which men are only secondary to women. Who knows. Personally, I hope not. But—

Where's your 1934 Valentino?



The gentleman in the trunks is Francis Lederer—the certified Czech. (So sorry!) The noble looking animal is his best pal. The M. Lederer, hailed as a European sensation, will have a chance to do his stuff for an American public in "Man of Two Worlds."

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Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 85*)

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Married to Benn W. Levy. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Working in "Trouble Shooter."

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Cocktail Hour," Columbia; "Counsellor-At-Law," Universal.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg o' My Heart." Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "Operator 13."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Bureau of Missing Persons," "The Shakedown." Working in "Fashion Plate."

DEE, FRANCES: Married to Joel McCrea. Born in New York City, November 26. Fox player. Featured in "Little Women," RKO; "Blood Money," 20th Century; "Rodney," RKO.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Flying Down to Rio." Next is "Wonder Bar," Warner Bros.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Song of Songs." Working in "Catherine the Great."

DIX, RICHARD: Divorced from Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper," "No Marriage Ties," "Forever Faithful."

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Cobourg, Canada, November 9th. M-G-M star. Starred in "Tugboat Annie," "Christopher Bean." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway;" "Take a Chance," Paramount. Working in "Jimmy and Sally."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," "If I Were Free." Next is "Age of Innocence."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What a Liar," "Meet the Baron," "Hollywood Party;" "Joe Palooka," United Artists.

DVORAK, ANN: Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount; "College Coach." Working in "Massacre." Next is "Wonder Bar."

EILERS, SALLY: Married to Harry Joe Brown. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M; "Walls of Gold." Next is "Disillusion."

ELLIS, PATRICIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The World Changes," "Convention City," "Easy to Love."

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forever Faithful;" "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Century; "Joe Palooka," United Artists.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Forever Faithful." Working in "Transcontinental Bus."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9 Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warners; "Morning Glory," RKO. Making pictures in England.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Separated from Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe." Making pictures in England.

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO; "The Shakedown," Warner Bros. Working in "Girl Without a Room," Paramount.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Divorced. Born in Enid, Okla., November 12. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Havana Widows;" "Man's Castle," Columbia; "Dark Hazard." Working in "Hi, Nellie."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "My Woman," "East of 5th Avenue," Columbia.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Rafter Romance," RKO; "Walls of Gold." Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "The Man Who Dared," "Hoopla," Fox. Working in "Sleepers East."

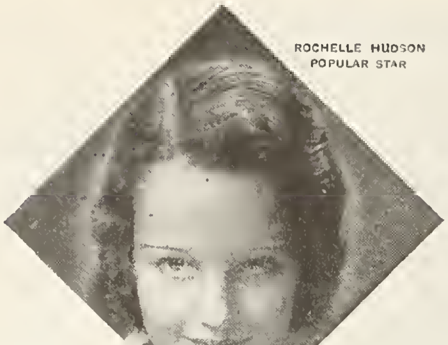
FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "I Loved a Woman," "The House on 56th Street." Working in "Mandalay." Next is "Wonder Bar."

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight," "Dancing Lady." Working in "Night Bus," Columbia.

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me," "Queen Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "Headline Shooters;" "Night Flight," M-G-M; "Four Frightened People," Paramount.

"What is Janet Gaynor's next picture going to be?" many of her fans are asking. "Carolina" is the name of it—and this is the first still from it. Richard Cromwell is her leading man.



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GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Adorable," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. RKO player. Featured in "Her Bodyguard," Paramount; "Special Investigator," Universal. Working in "Sleepers East," Fox.

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers," "Queen Christinia."

GOMBELL, MINNA: Married to Joseph Sefton. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount; "Hoopla." Working in "Cross Country Cruise," Universal.

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19, Paramount player. Featured in "I'm No Angel;" "Born to be Bad," 20th Century. Working in "Alice in Wonderland." Next is "Come on Marines."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "Ladies Must Love," Universal.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M; "Double Harness," "The Right to Romance." Working in "Gallant Lady," 20th Century.

HARDY, OLIVER: Married to Myrtle Lee. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Dirty Work," "Sons of the Desert."

HARLOW, JEAN: Married to Harold Rosson. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Bombshell," "Hollywood Party." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness." Working in "I Am Suzanne."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "What Every Woman Knows."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO star. Starred in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," and "Trigger."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Christopher Bean," "Hollywood Party." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Penthouse," "Stage Mother." Working in "Nana," United Artists.

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker," "Master of Men."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers Return," M-G-M; "Design for Living." Working in "All of Me." Next is "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Way to Love," "Design for Living," Paramount; "Easy to Love," Warner Bros. Working in "The Poor Rich," Universal.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Starred in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Berkeley Square," Fox; "The Lady is Willing," Columbia. Next is "Of Human Bondage," RKO.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Fox player. Featured in 'Dr. Bull," "Walls of Gold," "Mr. Skitch." Next is "Odd Thursday."

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Storm At Daybreak;" "Ann Vickers," RKO: "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Working in "Rodney," RKO.

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. Universal player. Featured in "Saturday's Millions," "Tin Pants." Working in "The Poor Rich."

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists. Next is "Wonder Bar," Warner Bros.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "The Open Road," "Gordon of Ghost City" series.

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Married to Merian C. Cooper. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Hide in the Dark."

JORDAN, MIRIAM: Unmarried. Born in London, England, March 3. Fox player. Featured in "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday." Working in "Let's Fall in Love," Columbia.

JORY, VICTOR: Married to Jean Inness. Born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23. Fox player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday," "The Devil's in Love;" "My Woman," Columbia. Workin "Smoky."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Fox player. Featured in "Flying Devils," RKO; "Sensational Hunters," Monogram. Working in "Trouble Shooter," 20th Century.

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Universal star. Starred in "The Ghoul," Gaumont; "Patrol," RKO. Working in "A Trip to Mars."

KEELER, RUBY: Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City, August 25. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Next is "Sweethearts Forever."

KENYON, DORIS: Separated from Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warner Bros.; "No Marriage Ties," RKO; "Counsellor at Law," Universal.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "The World Changes," "Havana Widows," "Convention City," Warner Bros.

KREUGER, OTTO: Married to Sue MacManamy. Born in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Prizefighter and the Lady;" "Forever in My Heart," Warner Bros. Working in "The Comeback."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Columbia player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday" Fox; "By Candlelight," Universal. Working in "Man of Two Worlds," RKO.

LARUE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "To the Last Man;" "Kennel Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount star. Featured in "King Henry VIII," Gaumont; "White Woman."

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Dirty Work," "Sons of the Desert."

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Free lance. Write him at RKO. Featured in "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils," "Bird of Prey," RKO.

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount Studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy." Next is "Cat's Paw."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Divorced from William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Brief Moment," Columbia; "White Woman." Next is "Bolero."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Columbia player. Featured in "Her Bodyguard," Paramount; "Dinner At Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Let's Fall in Love."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Penthouse," and "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room;" "Little Women," RKO; "By Candlelight." Next is "The Golden Fleece."

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Working in "The Comeback."

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M. Next is "My Gal Sal," RKO.

MACK, HELEN: Unmarried. Born in Rock Island, Ill., November 13. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Bean," M-G-M; "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men." Working in "All of Me," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes for Sale," "The World Changes." Starring in "Heat Lightning."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "Torch Singer," Paramount; "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Design for Living." Working in "All of Me." Next is "Death Takes a Holiday."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. RKO player. Featured in "The Right to Romance." Next is "Sea Girl."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared," "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Solitaire Man," M-G-M "Four Frightened People."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Strawberry Roan," "Rider of Justice." Working in "Wheels of Destiny."

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Divorced from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Morning Glory," RKO; "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox; "Convention City," "Easy to Love."

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Bombshell," "Forever Faithful." Next is "The Comeback."

MILJAN, JOHN: Married. Born in Leeds, So. Dak., November 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Mad Game," Fox; "King for a Night," Universal. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Another Language." Working in "Transcontinental Bus." Next is "Rip Tide."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. RKO player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Nothing Else Matters."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Man's Castle," Columbia; "Cradle Song," Paramount.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Bombshell," "Dancing Lady." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "The Mad Game," "Walls of Gold." Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Universal player. Featured in "Tomorrow At Seven," RKO; "Golden Harvest," Paramount; "King for a Night."

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "The World Changes." Working in "Hi, Nellie."

(Continued on page 124)

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Don't be a "stay at home", ashamed to go places, because your complexion is marred by pimples and blackheads—or because you are embarrassed by some itching condition of your skin. Adopt the safe, simple Resinol treatment as your external aid in restoring skin health.

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Let's Talk About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 78*)

her mother about it and was somewhat surprised at the reply.

"Yes, I have received all the studio stills. But haven't you any little snapshots?"

MAY ROBSON and Marie Dressler have gone places and seen things together for years, which experiences have resulted in lots of reminiscences and anecdotes with which to regale their friends.

Among the Robson's favorites is the one about their travelling to England on a cattle boat during the eventful days of the World War. When they finally landed, Miss Dressler bought a London paper to see if their arrival had been mentioned. Bold face type announced the event.

"A large cargo of cows, May Robson and Marie Dressler arrived in town yesterday from New York City."

DIAMOND MAE'S *heart* is big, too. It seems that when la West was planning that personal appearance tour a year ago, she needed a maid. And, wishing to give a job to a member of the theatrical profession, she visited Equity and discovered Libby.

Libby was at one time a comedienne in minstrel shows and revues. Miss West hired her and later on, put her in the act. When the tour was over, she took Libby to Hollywood. And, when you see "I'm No Angel," you'll discover the sepia siren playing Mae's maid.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ARLISS wear synthetic furs.

No, it's not a scandal, just an attempt to cooperate with the Humane Society. This has led him to give support to the manufacture of synthetic fur. So, if ever you happen to meet Mr. Arliss wearing a seal-trimmed coat, don't make the mistake of rushing up and exclaim-

"Where the Ames speaks only to Cabot, and the Cabot speaks only of love." The newly married Adrienne and Bruce are very comfortably curled up in their new love nest, thank you.

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You can't afford to miss this brilliant feature about Mickey Mouse, the Silly Symphonies and their creator, Walt Disney.

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ing, "What a beautiful seal he must have been! Did you kill him yourself?"

YOU probably have heard that John Barrymore is a doting father—and you've heard correctly.

A gushing gal, anxious to ingratiate herself, started a discussion on child-raising with the actor recently. Her queries turned to the subject of bathing infants.

"Just how do you tell what temperature the water must be?" she drawled.

By this time Mr. Barrymore was becoming better than slightly bored.

"It's really quite simple," he replied. "You toss the baby in and, if the little darling turns blue, you know the water is too cold. But, if he turns red—say, like a lobster—well, the water's too hot!"

Which answer had the desired effect by way of changing the subject.

ONE of the few laughing photographs of Garbo came about by accident.

It seems that the cameraman's youthful assistant, usually efficient in his work, becomes all thumbs when Greta steps around.

The star lately requested him to tune in some jazz music while she was posing. First, the poor boy dialed an effusion on the care of the stomach, then turned quickly to a sermon at Sister Aimee's Temple and quickly found another station just in time to hear the announcer say, "Good-night."

Garbo laughed gaily at his discomfiture and the photographer got a grand and unusual picture.

Except as a joke—made during the last year or so—Garbo never said those now famous words, "I t'ank I go home."

THE Paramount lot looks very empty these days. So many of their players are away on vacations. Miriam Hopkins, Frances Fuller and Gary Cooper are in New York. Miriam and Frances are appearing in stage plays and Gary, well it seems it's marriage plans he has. Then, over on the other side are Cary Grant (also with matrimonial ideas), Randolph Scott (ditto) and Charles Laughton. Adrienne Ames is honeymooning in Hawaii.

THE Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf are going abroad. Yep, they speak French and Spanish now and are going over there to amuse all the little French and Spanish kiddies—to say nothing of the grown-ups!

JEAN HARLOW'S latest flicker, "Bombshell," has been retitled "Blonde Bombshell" because most everybody thought it was a war drammer . . . causing the box-office receipts to be almost NIL! But now that they know it's all about sex and all that, everybody's happy.

SINCE Elizabeth Allan had that infection in her big toe, she has been unable to wear regular shoes. Therefore, out of necessity, she has had to wear nudist sandals with her evening gowns. Now *everybody's* wearing nudists' sandals with their evening gowns.

THE "Tarzan and His Mate" company continues to have trouble. First there was script difficulty. After weeks of shooting, Rod LaRocque was replaced by Paul Cavanagh, which necessitated retakes. Then Maureen O'Sullivan, the leading lady, was hit with appendicitis and rushed to the hospital for an operation. The company has to await her recovery before production can go on. With all this trouble, the picture ought to be good!

LOOKS like Paramount is about to lose some more of its talent. Gary Cooper will definitely not re-sign with them. Rumor is that he will go over to Sam Goldwyn and fill the vacancy recently left by Ronald Coleman. Fredric March is another who has left the home studio. Dissatisfaction over stories was his complaint. He has signed with Twentieth Century . . . at a very fancy figure they say.

THERE'S a bit of moving been going on around town. Clara Bow has taken over Marlene Dietrich's former palatial Beverly Hills home and Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are occupying Garbo's recently vacated house. The latter is merely a temporary abode until their ranch is fixed up.

YOUNG Master Richard Ralston Arlen is only six months old but already his "figger" is beginning to play a big part in his life. When his "curves" began developing into rolls of fat, the youngster was put on a diet. Less cereal and more spinach. But undaunted, the Ralston heir continued his progress toward more and more poundage. Now, he's under the care of a masseuse, the kind that slaps and pounds!

A COOLING romance! Sally Blane and Russ Columbo. Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee romance is waxing warmer, with an old-fashioned wedding not far off. Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur are expecting another "Act of God." Verna Hillie, one of Paramount's "Panther" women, recently married Frank Gill, Jr., radio announcer.

ALICE BRADY doesn't know whether to feel pleased or not. In a scene in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," she was to scold little Spanky for wiping his dirty hands on her dress. In the midst of the "bawling out," Spanky rushed off the set and started sobbing. When asked what was the trouble, he cried, "She's too natural!"

LARRY CRABBE'S the name, folks. Used to be Buster Crabbe but that was before he became a married man and a dignified movie actor. The nickname, which his parents so fondly gave him when he was a youngster in safety-pins, has just recently been discarded in favor of his real name.

So, shake hands with the new Crabbe—*Larry* Crabbe, don't forget.

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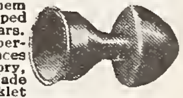
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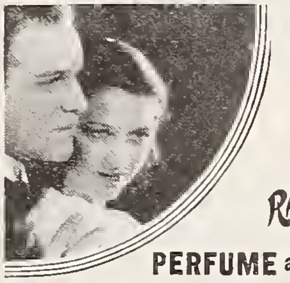

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Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 121*)

McCREA, JOEL: Married to Frances Dee. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Chance at Heaven," "Flying Down to Rio."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England December 10. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Lost Patrol," RKO. Next is "No More Women." Paramount.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," RKO.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Dr. Bull," Fox; "Chance At Heaven," RKO.

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Barbarian." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Too Much Harmony," "Sitting Pretty." Working in "Alice in Wonderland," Paramount, and "Trouble Shooter." 20th Century.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," "Only Yesterday," Universal; "Meet the Baron." M-G-M; "Little Women." Working in "The Poor Rich," Universal.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Married to Marguerite Churchill. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Life in the Raw," "The Last Trail." Working in "Heir to the Hoorah."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Bureau of Missing Persons," "College Coach," Warner Bros.; "Bombshell," M-G-M. Next is "Hell's Bells."

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie," "Stage Mother." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winifield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "The Kennel Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "Shanghai Madness," Fox; "From Headquarters," Warner Bros.

PICKFORD, MARY: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO; "Dummy's Vote;" "Meet the Baron," M-G-M. Working in "Wild Birds," RKO.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mountain View, Ark., November 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "College Coach," "Convention City." Next are "Sweethearts Forever" and "Wonder Bar."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Divorced from Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Double Harness," RKO; "The Kennel Murder Case." Working in "Fashion Plate."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club;" "The Bowery," 20th Century. Working in "All of Me." Next is "Bolero."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Columbia player. Featured in "Brief Moment;" "The House on 56th Street," Warner Bros.; "Flying Down to Rio," RKO. Working in "I Am Suzanne," Fox.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "I Loved a Woman," "Dark Hazard." Next is "Napoleon."

ROBSON, MAY: Married to Ora H. Brown. Born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Beauty for Sale," "Solitaire Man." Next is "Comin' Round the Mountain."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "The Best of Enemies," "Take a Chance," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. RKO player. Featured in "Rafter Romance," "Flying Down to Rio," "Hips Hips Hooray." Working in "Sitting Pretty," Paramount.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Dr. Bull." Next is "Mr. Skitch."

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Mama Loves Papa." Working in "Girl Without a Room."

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Man of the Forest," "To the Last Man," "The Thundering Herd." Working in "The Border Legion."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M; "Fury of the Jungle," Columbia.

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "Rip Tide."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "Good Dame."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club," "Tillie and Gus." Working in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Six of a Kind."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Baby Face," "Ever in My Heart." Next is "Broadway and Back."

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Bureau of Missing Persons," Warner Bros.

STUART, GLORIA: Separated from Blaire Gordon Newell. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "The Invisible Man;" "Roman Scandals," United Artists; "Beloved." Working in "I Like It That Way."

SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Unmarried. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 16. Universal player. Featured in "Only Yesterday." Next are "Good Red Bricks" and "Little Man, What Now."

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Her First Mate," "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," "Tin Pants."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in Havana Widows," "College Coach." Working in "Mandalay."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Mama Loves Papa," "Too Much Harmony."

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "I Loved a Woman;" "Golden Harvest," Paramount; "Dark Hazard," "Easy to Love." Working in "Let's Fall in Love," Columbia.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Stage Mother," "Bombshell," "Dancing Lady." Working in "Moulin Rouge," 20th Century.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Bombshell;" "Advice to the Lovelorn," 20th Century.

TRACY, SPENCER: Separated from Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Shanghai Madness;" "Man's Castle," Columbia; "The Mad Game." Working in "Trouble Shooter," 20th Century.

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Disgraced," Paramount; "My Woman," Columbia; "King for a Night," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE: Married to Johnnie Weissmuller. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hollywood Party;" "Joe Palooka," United Artists.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel." Next is "It Ain't No Sin."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Married to Lupe Velez. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. RKO player. Featured in "Diplomaniacs," "Hips Hips Hooray."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Patterson, N. Y., August 28. Universal player. Featured in "King for a Night." Working in "Cross Country Cruise." Next is "The Good Red Bricks."

WIECK, DOROTHEA: Married to Baron Ernst Von Decken. Born in Davos, Switzerland, January 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Cradle Song." Working in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen."

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Goodbye Again;" "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Bedside."

WEINBRENNER, BABY LEROY: Child actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., March 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Bedtime Story," "Torch Singer," "Tillie and Gus." Working in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. RKO player. Featured in "Diplomaniacs," "Hips Hips Hooray."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "The Bowery;" "Master of Men," Columbia. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Reunion in Vienna." Next is "Declasse." RKO.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "Born to Be Bad."

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie;" "Saturday's Millions," Universal; "The Right to Romance," "Trigger," RKO.

A noble, inspiring, gorgeous picture—don't you agree? It's Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina," of course. Garbo is regal enough for any queen. And the two Great Danes are pleased as Punch to appear with her.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

"MARRY MY KING,"

said his lips . . . but his eyes said, "Marry *ME!*"

• Did ever a woman have stranger lovers than Queen Christina? There was Magnus who loved her passionately . . . but advised her to marry Prince Charles, for his own good reasons!

• And there was Don Antonio, come from sunny Spain to ask her hand for his king, but now a slave to his own love for the woman who belonged to his monarch.

• Why did Magnus want Christina to marry Charles? And what choice did Antonio make between king and self? "Queen Christina" will tell you! The story of Greta Garbo's fascinating new motion picture will enthrall you. And SCREEN ROMANCES brings you that story complete in the February issue, which is now on sale.

• You will thrill to this beautiful tale of the Swedish girl queen who learned to know her people by traveling among them in man's garb. And you'll also enjoy the many striking illustrations in the story, dramatic stills of Garbo and John Gilbert reunited at last on the sets of Hollywood.

• But that isn't all the romance magazine of the screen offers you! In the same issue you will find eleven other complete stories of the latest and best motion pictures, all profusely illustrated by scenes from the screen productions.

• Join the wise screen and story lovers who have discovered this unique magazine, and give yourself a real treat. Today—at any newsdealer—ask for February

1. QUEEN CHRISTINA. Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.
2. FLYING DOWN TO RIO. Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire.
3. BY CANDLELIGHT. Elissa Landi, Nils Asther, Paul Lukas.
4. GOING HOLLYWOOD. Marian Davies, Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin.
5. BEDSIDE. Warren William, Bette Davis.
6. FROM HEADQUARTERS. George Brent, Margaret Lindsay.
7. ALICE IN WONDERLAND. All-star, including Charlotte Henry, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie.
8. I AM SUZANNE. Lilian Harvey, Gene Raymond.
9. MR. SKITCH. Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts.
10. HAVANA WIDOWS. Joan Blondell, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell.
11. THE WORLD CHANGES. Paul Muni, Mary Astor, Aline MacMahon.
12. GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM. Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill, Charles Ruggles.

And Scores of Illustrations

Screen Romances

FEBRUARY ISSUE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

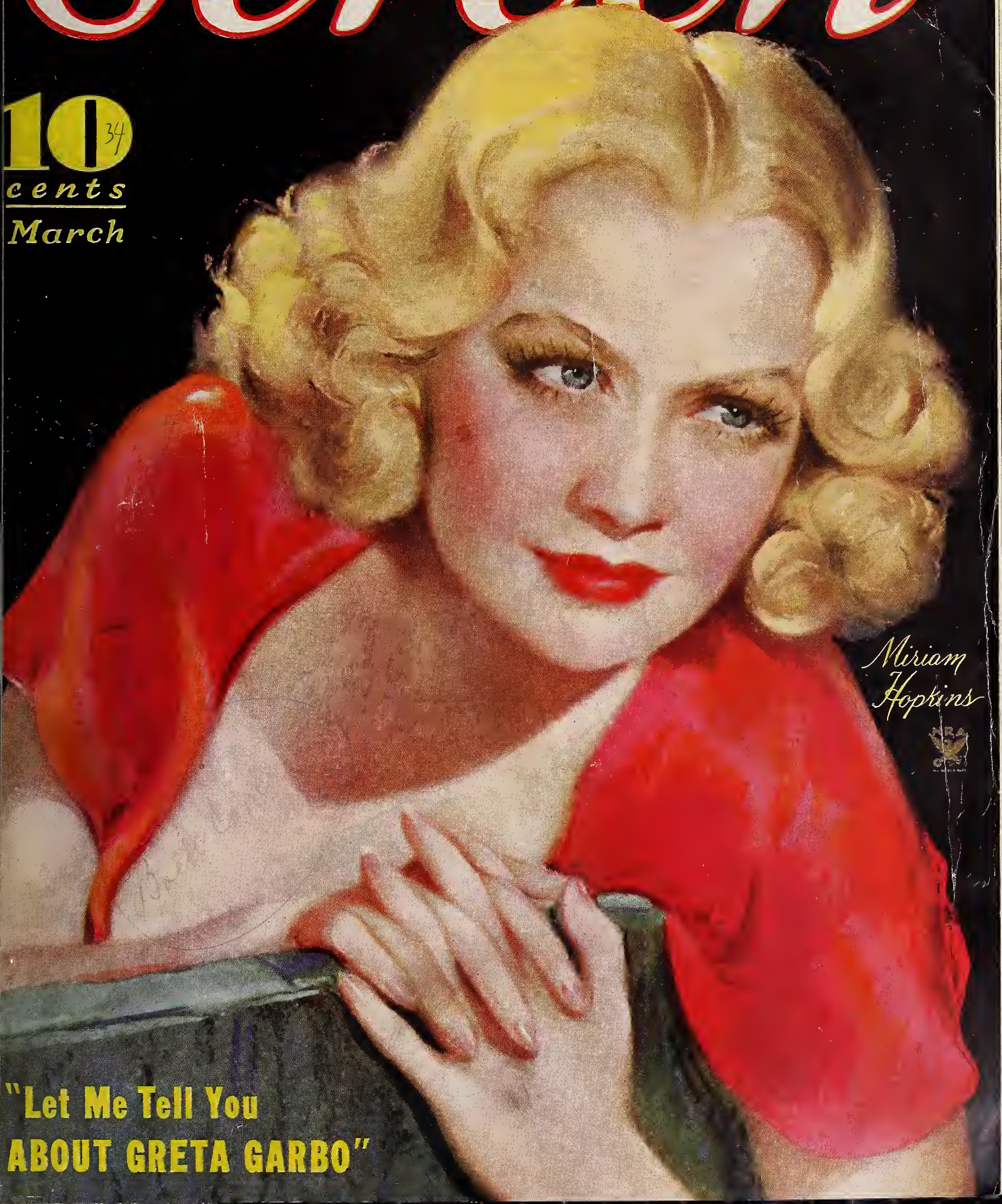
Reach for a Lucky, for always Luckies Please

Copyright, 1933, The American Tobacco Company

MODERN Screen

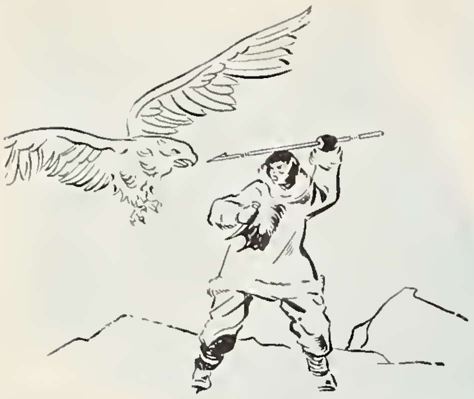
10 34 cents

March



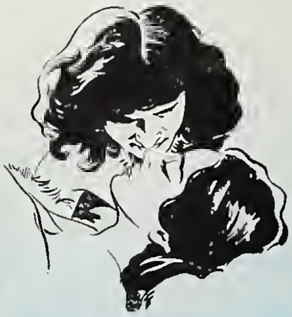
Miriam Hopkins

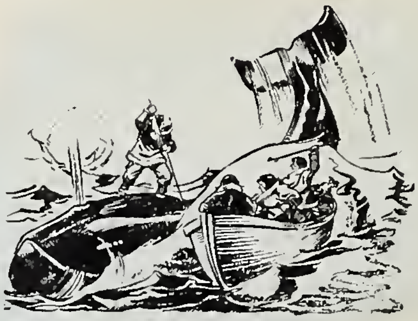
"Let Me Tell You ABOUT GRETA GARBO"



He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

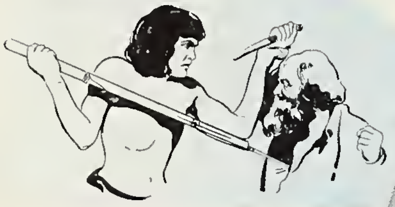
They loved, happy till the white man came!



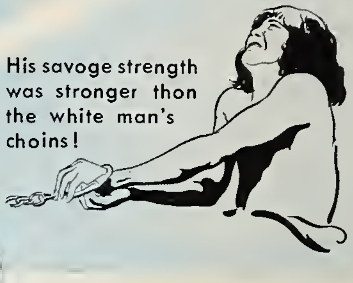


The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

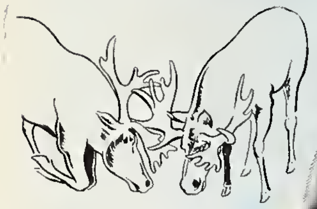
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



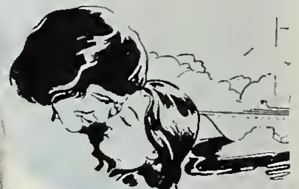
His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



Stampede of thousands of caribou!



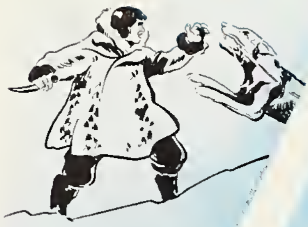
Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



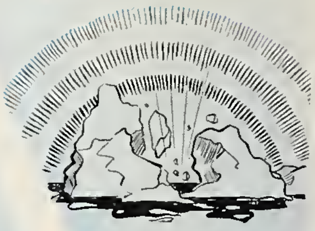
ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.



Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-34
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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MAR -3 1934

Modern Screen

FOR MARCH

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How Elizabeth Young met her idol (as told to Dena Reed)

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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

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Marlene Dietrich
in
"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)
directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

BEAUTY ADVICE

for men this time

By

MARY BIDDLE

The men of Hollywood must be well groomed, fit and attractive—or they lose their jobs. Their proper weight is stated in their contracts—and woe betide them if they "go over." Lew Ayres (above) probably never would be fat. But he plays tennis like fury—just in case, you know.

You all know that, when Johnnie Weissmuller was a kid, the doctors gave him up because he was so weak and thin. And just look what swimming has done for him! (Left) The rough jobs the Gable feller tackled in less fortunate days gave him his splendid muscular body and excellent health.

UH-HUH. I said last month I was going to write a beauty article for men—or, at least, for wives, sisters and girl friends to read *for* their men. And never let it be said that a Biddle broke a promise.

Seriously, though, it's high time the men did come down from their lofty masculine perch long enough to learn a few simple rules about caring for their skin and their hair. And — some of 'em — about keeping fit. That's all I'm going to talk about. Just grooming and keeping fit.

Men are a little bit afraid—a trifle scared of being thought sissies — when it comes to grooming. They're clean enough, Lord knows. If all the hours they spend under the shower were laid end to end—well, we'd be a couple of centuries ahead of hourselves. They stand there—under their old showers—letting the water run on their heads (washing all the oil out of their scalps, incidentally) and—what are they doing? Why, they're thinking that those blamed invoices must be checked today (or whatever one does with invoices) and they'd better call Bill Blither for lunch, wondering what in thunder causes that knock in the car, and singing "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

I have made the astounding observation that nine men out of ten never really wash their faces! Fact. I'll repeat for you, word for word, a conversation I heard between a man and his wife.

Man: "Wish to heck I knew what causes these funny little black specks in my skin. I always look dirty."

Wife: "Well, maybe you are."

Man: "Listen to that! And I just this minute shaved."

Wife: "Shaving isn't washing."

Man: "What is it, then?"

Wife: (The light is beginning to dawn on her.) "Do you mean to say you just *shave?* Don't you ever scrub your face real good?"

Man: "No. Should I? I use soap when I shave, don't I?"

There—you see? And the guy wonders what causes "those funny little black specks" (blackheads to you and me) on his face.

Blessings, I say, on the make-up which we women wear! It does, at least, make us thorough with our cleansing routines.

ALL that masculine face needs to keep in the pink of condition is a good bland soap, warm water, and plenty of rinsing in cold, cold water. If the skin is hardy and doesn't get irritated easily, a vigorous scrubbing with a roughish wash cloth should be the order of the day. If the skin is delicate—and men can have delicate skins, just as we can—the fingertips should rub the lather well in—gently, but thoroughly. The oily skin should get a brisk slapping with witch hazel or a very mild after-shaving tonic. Beware of strong after-shave preparations. They're too heavy on the alcohol side. The dry skin would profit by having a little of sister's or wifie's hand lotion applied to it before venturing out into the out-of-doors. Any suggestion along that line might raise a squawk, but if you will persist in the idea, he will soon discover that your innocent hand lotion has no sissy odor to it—and he'll like it.

The treatment for blemishes and blackheads is the same as I have told you many times. Blackheads can be eradicated by using a pore paste to wash with—use it just like soap. I know one which has only the faintest medicinal (*Continued on page 88*)

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

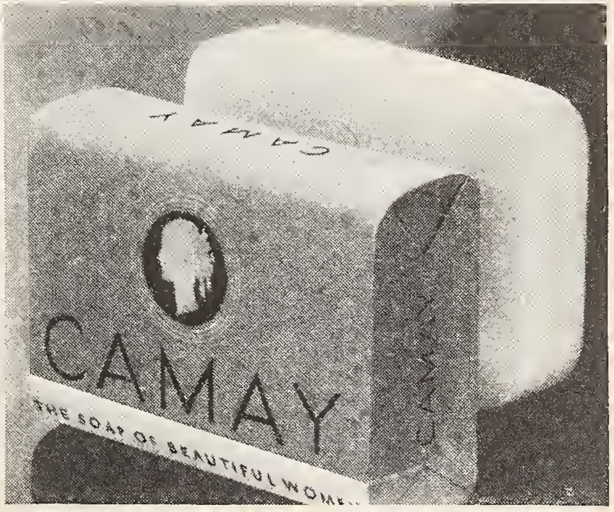
For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



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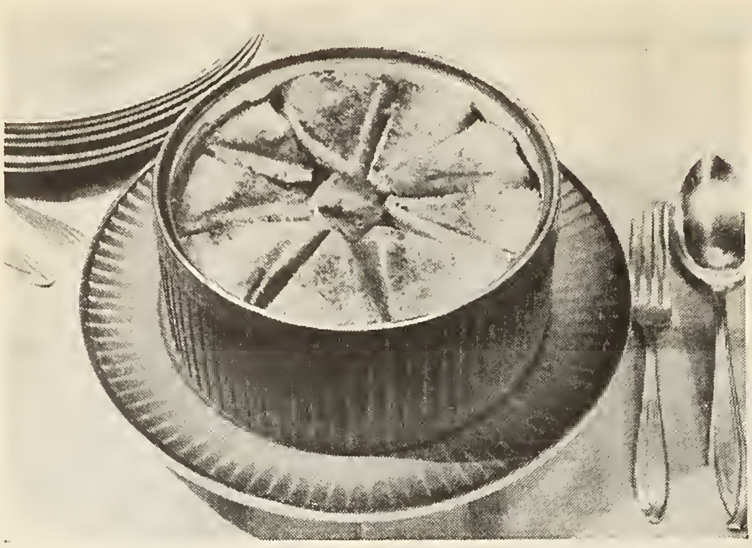
CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



Courtesy Happy Wonder Bakers

Next time you're making Meat Pie, try baking this brown, crispy bread crust over it. Let us send you this recipe, as well as the others which Dick likes. They're all delicious.

The MODERN hostess

How'd you like to entertain Dick Powell? Well, here's what you'd serve him, if he ever visited you

MAYBE you've never thought about it, but the success of any party rests primarily with the hostess herself. A worried, nervous hostess can never put her guests at ease, no matter how bravely she sports her mask of strained gaiety. As Dick Powell expressed it, "There is something unmistakable about the gleam in a woman's eyes when she is worrying about the roast and wondering whether the asparagus is burning which makes me start sniffing the air and fidgeting in my chair."

When we heard him say that, we laughed aloud. We have always called that harassed expression the "burned potatoes look" and it gets us so that we usually end up by asking the poor hostess if she wouldn't like us to dart out into the kitchen and see if things are all right.

Now we don't think there is any excuse for letting a guest go out and help prepare the dinner. That's part of the fun of being a guest—not having to do anything about the food. And what with the way entertaining has been simplified in the last few years, there is no excuse for a hostess having to absent herself for more than a minute or two even though her kitchen be absolutely guiltless of servants. It's all a matter of organization and planning. Your oven and your refrigerator can help you serve splendid company meals, smoothly, comfortably and gracefully. So if you are really smart, you will plan your company menus around foods which can be prepared well in advance, tucked away in one or t'other of those two pieces of kitchen equipment and forgotten until it's time to whisk them onto the table. Thus will you have overcome the first obstacle in the pathway of the hostess who is also cook and waitress.

Take a look at that meal Dick Powell is getting ready to tuck away for instance. There you see a veal and mushroom pie, a casserole of vegetables and a display of stuffed baked potatoes. Could any hostess ask for a more satisfied expression on a dinner guest's countenance than Dick's? This particular combination of foods happens to be Dick's favorite dinner. The recipes for all these dishes are included in this month's little Modern Hostess Star Recipe folder which you can get free by filling in the coupon on page 8 and mailing it to us. There are other recipes included in the folder, too. For instance Dick Powell's favorite dessert, Chocolate (*Continued on page 103*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for March, 1934.

Name ....
(Print in pencil)

Address ....
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents
CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE
TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

by the Editor

DO you mind if I help myself to a page? I have felt rather cramped, sometimes, in the "Between You and Me" department. And you need all the space there for yourselves, anyway.

We are still right around the corner from each other. You'll find "Between You and Me" on page 12. And I think we will be able to chat quite comfortably over the advertising fence that separates us.

Here's something that set me thinking: the enormous success of "Little Women," and, on the other hand, of "I'm No Angel." What does the public want most—sex or sweetness? Or do they want both—provided the sex is sprightly and amusing and the sweetness is genuine and never mawkish?

Which do you suppose will gross biggest at the box offices during the next year—the sex or the sweetness? And which will you spend your money to see? I'm anxious to get the returns from your county.

Your editor has become a raving, tearing Garbo fan. I have always admired Garbo—yes. But I have never gone into the ecstasies of rapture that I have shamelessly indulged in since the première of "Queen Christina." It was her first scene, I believe, in that picture which made me feel this way. There is a "long shot" of her on horse-back, galloping furiously through the snow-hung forest. Up to the palace entrance she rides, flings her lithe, slender figure from the horse, goes up the steps and through the massive doors. All this time, one does not see her face. Only the tall, swinging figure, in the boy's clothes, the drooping hat pulled well down on her head. Through room after room of the palace she strides, men-at-arms saluting themselves silly as she passes. Then—into the council room. Lewis Stone, her chancellor, is waiting there for her. She has not turned her face to you yet. Then she speaks her first words—and turns. And a hard-boiled, critical and snooty bunch of New York première-goers applauded—furiously. I tell you, it was thrilling.

Calming down a bit—I am wondering if we are heading for a return of high romance in our entertainment. Costume pictures. Historical drama. Well-beloved stories of another day.

There is Dietrich's "Catherine the Great." There is the Russian newcomer, Anna Sten, in "Nana," with all its nineteenth century French furbelows. And RKO talks of "The Tudor Wench" for Katharine Hepburn, when her New York play has run its course. For Hepburn, too, they are considering Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

I'm delighted with the idea. Are you?

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade" . . . and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known —"Wonder Bar" Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture

between you and me

INSPIRING
DIV
BE
CH
G!
NG
NUTS!
VITAL!
IN
ALLURING!
BEAUTIFUL!

. . . Fans, this page is all yours. Let us know what you think of this and that movie topic

WE WANT TRACY!

Adjectives, Adjectives and Some More Adjectives

E. BEARD, of St. Louis, Mo., wants to meet:

Nils Asther because he is handsome in a way that no one else in Hollywood is handsome and possesses a magnetism or male allure that can be compared only to the allure of the feminine possessed by The Garbo; because he is all fire and warmth like a smoldering volcano ready to erupt at any moment; because he is the only man I know who can be utterly villainous and adorable at the same time.

ZaSu Pitts because I know she is sweet simple and charming in real life even if she is nutty as the devil in her screen characterizations; because I know that she has a dramatic power that Hollywood refuses to recognize; and because with a smile that only she can smile, and with a motion of those ethereal hands, she can wring the heart of a stone with pathos that makes Chaplin look silly.

Buster Crabbe because he is one "lion-man" or "ape-man" who is really good looking; because he is formed like a human being of exceptional robustness, and not like an ape; because he's a better actor than others of his type. (*Weissmuller fans, will you stand for this?*)

Greta Garbo because no one is as vital as Garbo; no one is as divine as Garbo; no one is as inspiring as Garbo; no one is as unearthly beautiful as Garbo; no one is as alluring as Garbo; no one is as glamorous as Garbo; in short, Garbo is Garbo, and as such, is by that fact without equal or peer.

A Lady Talks

R. KING, of Cranford, N. J., is a lady. She says so.

If I hadn't been brought up to be a lady, I'd emit a few cuss words, because: 1. The "bit" players are being neglected. 2. There's too much fuss being made over Lee Tracy's "balcony" episode. 3. Marian Nixon is getting too many insignificant roles. 4. Ditto Ralph Bellamy. Why won't he cut out his "character" acting and settle down to a "type"? He's not a plausible villain. He's a hero. And let that be a lesson to him. 5. We're not getting enough of Edna May Oliver. (*Oh, no? Wait till you see her with Edward Everett Horton in "The Poor Rich."*) 6. Because you won't have males on your covers. Gene Raymond, for instance. (*Well, you can't say we didn't give you half a cover. Max Baer with Myrna Loy on our February number, f'r'instance.*)

com'n up som'time
CENSOR

"We Want Tracy"

MRS. C. U., of Osceola, Indiana, is just one of Lee's many fans who feels this way:

I'm quite sure that the biggest majority of us are saddened by the episode in Lee Tracy's life that has made him an exile from the screen. We are appealing to Mexican fans as well as to American fans to help him by sending letters or telegrams to the Mexican authorities to relent and be a little more tolerant and kind. He never killed any of their citizens or did any unpardonable thing their own sons might not have done under the same circumstances.

M-G-M, Paramount, Fox, all of you, please remove the cruel wall you've built up keeping him on the outside—the unyielding wall that the fans are beating against so hopelessly. Most of us feel just about as sad as when some loved star has passed on into the Great Beyond.

So, fans, let's steal Eddie Cantor's song and sing: "We Want Tracy! We Want Tracy!"

O-o-h, What Harsh Words

JULIA L. EICHENBERG, of Cleveland, Ohio, says them:

How "I'm No Angel" ever passed the censors is beyond me but probably her "curves" appealed to them. As to her "curves," she's the next thing to a truck horse in my estimation. When a few other stars put on a little weight, they're put on a diet. Yet this Mae West person comes to Hollywood with her curves and bumps and not-so-youngish look and is said to cause a riot.

Hurrah for Toby!

PEGGY McNEIL, of San Francisco, Calif., thinks she's swell:

(*Continued on page 15*)

"I JUST COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT TINTEX!"

Every Home Needs TINTEX!

These famous Tints and Dyes make faded Wardrobe and Home Decorations new again—at the cost of a few pennies

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HAVE you a faded dress — or a sweater, stockings, underthings, or any other wearing apparel that's out of fashion in color? Tintex will restore its original color, or give it an entirely different color if you wish.

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That's the miracle of color that Tintex is performing in millions of American homes from Maine to California—and at a few cents' cost! New, fresh, scintillating color — for everything that's washable. So easy, so quick — so professionally perfect in results.

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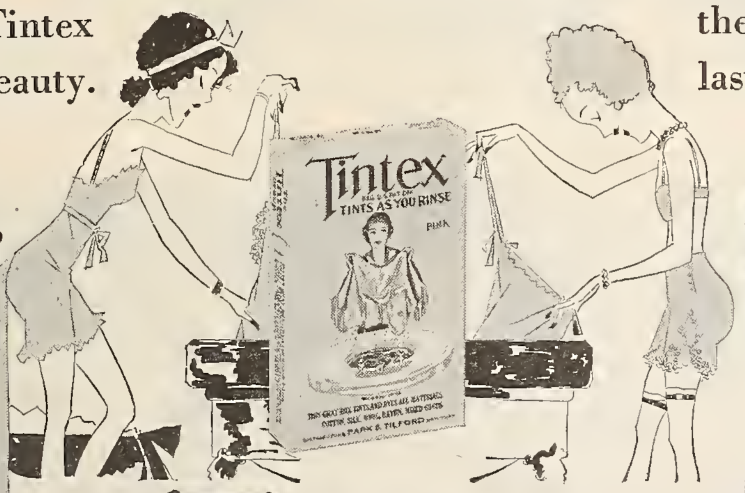
"ISN'T IT A LOVELY COLOR? TINTEX DID IT!"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TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK
PARK & TILFORD

"TINTEX KEEPS MY WARDROBE SO FASHIONABLE!"

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..World's largest selling

TINTS *and* DYES

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

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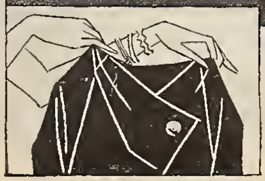
To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

PICTURE NEWS!

Scott

If you have wanted to know what Mrs. Otto Kruger is like, there she is (above) having a late snack, with her 'osband, at Hollywood's popular Russian Eagle. (Below) The photographers caught up with Gary and Sandra when Mr. and Mrs. Cooper checked into Arizona for their honeymoon.

Adolphe Menjou, after a spell in London, made the boat train at Waterloo just in time to catch the Olympic for home. (Below) A medal "For Distinguished Service to Children." Walt Disney, receives same from Mrs. M. S. Sabin of "Parents Magazine." Pres. Von Kleinsmid of S. C. U. looks on.

Wide World

International

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

Even if she is nick-named after a horse that makes no difference. Toby Wing surely deserved the honor of being the prettiest chorus girl in Hollywood. And what a smile! I don't know how she would act, so I don't know whether I would like to see her in bigger roles or not. Toby was darling with Dick Powell in "Forty-Second Street." I saw that picture exactly twelve times. I mean it. And I could see it twelve more times.

A Couple of "Little Women" Raves

CYNTHIA, of New Bedford, Mass., is grateful for "Little Women":

Wasn't "Little Women" a delightful change? One realizes that not all movies are low life, or society, or sex. Several widely advertised pictures have left me unsatisfied, but this picture filled me with the content of perfect satisfaction. It couldn't have been improved in any way.

Now, may one of her admirers add another plea to the many already given for saner publicity for Katharine Hepburn. I've watched her four inspired performances and thrilled to her forceful personality. Then it's quite disillusioning to read about her crazy stunts. It seems to me that if magazines stopped printing crazy stunts, publicity agents might use wise publicity methods.

(Agree with you, Cynthia old thing—partly. If you will read the life story of Katharine Hepburn, which begins in this issue—page 32—we think you'll understand this girl and her crazy stunts a little better.)

WANDA CALLAHAN, of Terre Haute, Indiana, talks up, too:

I think that if there were more pictures like "Little Women," it would help the country more in love and courage. I certainly loved the characters and thought they were all fine. It has made me want to read the book all over again. And although I am only nineteen, I approve very much of the old-fashioned ways, even to the hoop-skirts and pantaloons. I sat from 4 o'clock until 9 o'clock through this show, so you know how much I liked it.

Garbo Is Just Too Mysterious for This Lady

MRS. LARRY GRAHAM, of Salisbury, N. C., holds Joan Crawford up as an example for Garbo:

What you said about Mae West twisting every possible situation into a sex gag exactly expresses my feelings about Garbo's "mystery" act. I went to see "Grand Hotel" because Crawford was in it and would have enjoyed it had it not been for Garbo's silly acting. When I see her cast in such grand and mighty roles, it amuses me as much as a real good

(*Continued on page 123*)

GREAT WEEK-END ISN'T IT? JIM'S NEW WIFE IS A PEACH!
YES..BUT I'M NOT SO KEEN ABOUT MOLLIE'S HOUSEKEEPING. JUST LOOK AT THESE SHEETS AND THINGS!

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"

...and here's what to do about it

UM-M! I SMELL NAPTHA!

It's sad—but true! No matter how HARD some women work, their washes look simply awful! The clothes won't come white—they *will* come gray . . . People notice—and whisper! . . . What's the trouble? . . . Dirt still hiding in the clothes! They aren't really clean! That's what makes clothes tell unpleasant tales. But . . .

Change to Fels-Naptha Soap and say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Unlike *trick* soaps, Fels-Naptha goes into every tiny thread and gets out *all* the dirt. Gets it out—because it brings you two cleaners instead of one. Rich golden soap—*and added to that*—lots of naptha. So much naptha you can smell it!

Surprise yourself! Get Fels-Naptha Soap today and see how *dazzling white* it gets your clothes. Learn how gentle it is—safe for daintiest stockings and lingerie. Easy on hands, too! In tub or washer, whether you soak or boil clothes, Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help—sweet-as-clover washes!

BANISH
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA

© 1934, FELS & CO.

LESLIE HOWARD DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK

Leslie Howard bought a home when he visited England recently. He admits he spent far too much money having it remodelled. And—when will he be able to enjoy it?

By MARTHA KERR

NO—Leslie Howard didn't want to leave England. That is, his *heart* didn't want to leave. His head told him that he must return to the United States and Hollywood. And, as a matter of fact, his head *wanted* to come back. Because—well, I'm getting muddled. Let me tell the whole story properly.

One of the most important news items flashed across the cinema wires lately is the fact that Leslie Howard is on his way to Hollywood for the purpose of acting the chief role in Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." The perfect star for one of the great classics of modern years! Why it hasn't been grabbed up as a vehicle for some good male actor years ago, is one of the many film mysteries that will remain unsolved. When the officials of RKO had approached him with the reminder that he still had one picture to do for them under contract, Leslie felt that something drastic in the way of action on his part should be performed. He was smarting from the recent failure of the play he did in London—"This Side Idolatry." The piece had drawn from the London press unstinted praise for Leslie's artistry—but unfortunately, the play flopped.

"You know really," he said in telling the story, "I simply cannot understand what has happened to the theatre over there lately. They absolutely refuse to patronize anything that is serious. Revues, musical comedies, thrillers, and, above all, farces, seem to flourish like nothing you have ever seen. But when it comes to a drama of genuine merit—they just don't want to see it."

And you—readers—knowing Leslie Howard's work on the screen as you do, can understand how he'd feel about *that*.

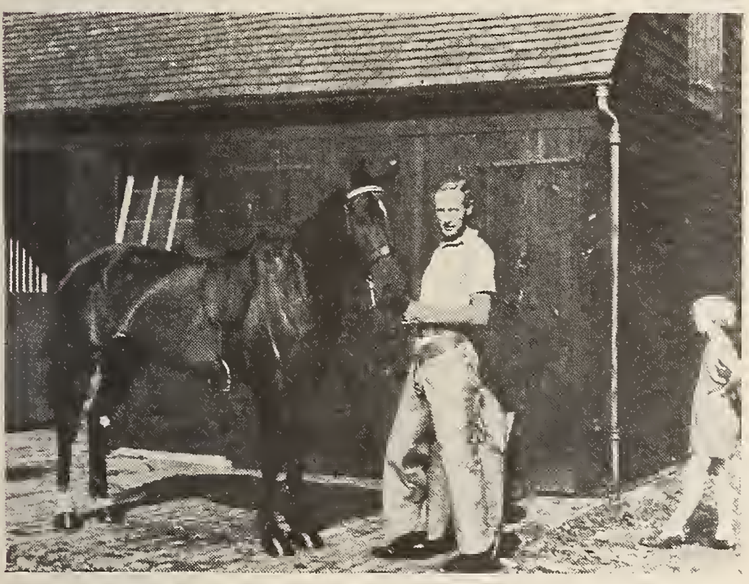
Nevertheless—

"When they told me I had to come back to America to do a picture, I felt pretty badly. I put it off, saying that they hadn't found anything suitable—any story I felt I wanted to do. They showed me script after script and finally in desperation, they asked me what—if any—particular story did I have in mind. As a matter of fact—it was more because I thought it would be impossible for them to get around the idea than anything else that I suggested 'Of Human Bondage.' Well, they got hold of the book, read it, became quite enthusiastic, decided I had shown excellent judgment and proceeded with negotiations to buy it."

He stopped. I had the feeling that he had memorized

. . . Everything closest his heart remains in England. But his driving ambition—his acting genius—can find fulfillment only in our country. And so, he spends part of each year before the cameras of Hollywood

With his daughter—called Leslie, after her father. Outside the former Elizabethan relic which Howard has turned into a beautiful country home. Even the plummy role he'll play in "Of Human Bondage"—which he has yearned to play for many years—cannot entirely still his homesick longings for the land across the sea.



that little speech—prepared it in advance for me, the fan magazine interviewer, to note down neatly for my story. Not that it wasn't, every bit, quite true. Not that he isn't vitally keen about playing the role of the sensitive hero of Maugham's story. But—I had the feeling that there was something else he had much rather be talking about. Then—just as if Hollywood and contracts and pictures didn't exist—he began to talk excitedly.

I WANT to tell you about my new home," he blurted out. "I have always wanted a home of my own in England. And this time when I went over I looked around for one. After quite a search I found an old workman's cottage—that is, it had been one originally, nearly four hundred years ago—but it had been added to and remodelled through the centuries, until now it is most picturesque. It's in Surrey. In the Surrey hills."

He radiated enthusiasm. One could see that his whole heart and soul lies in the land of his birth. He might just as well have been singing "England—My England" at the top of his voice from the expression on his face as he went on to describe his home.

"Of course, I spent much more money than I should have in fixing it up. I put in bathrooms. I added a wing for the children. I enlarged the stables and bought a few horses. There's about thirty acres of ground around it and I had to landscape them. One of the great thrills of my life came to me when I discovered the magnificent old wooden beams under the stucco. They must have been on the house when Queen Elizabeth reigned, so I had all the outside taken off in order that they might be seen. It's really a very nice house," he smiled shyly—just a little embarrassed at his own emotion—so un-British—about the place. "I had a perfectly grand time doing it over—and the children just adore it."

"I like to hunt very much," he continued, "and I hunted right up until the day I sailed for America. My little daughter, Leslie, hunts with me. She's nine and has turned out to be a great little horseback rider. We spend days out on our horses riding through the country-side. The boy doesn't seem to care so much for riding. He's more the studious type. But Leslie is a great companion and I miss her," he added.

"I talked to them both yesterday over long distance. They have their governess, a Miss Gospel (don't you love the name?) and she has been with them ever since they were born. We thought because they love the place so and the fact that they're both in school, they should be left behind."

There! Wouldn't you think it was any average father-away-from-home talking about his kids and how smart and cute they are? But Leslie Howard isn't any average father. He is— (*Continued on page 119*)

Janet
GAYNOR
Lionel
BARRYMORE
"Carolina"

Robert YOUNG • Richard CROMWELL • Mona BARRIE

Henrietta CROSMAN • Stepin FETCHIT •

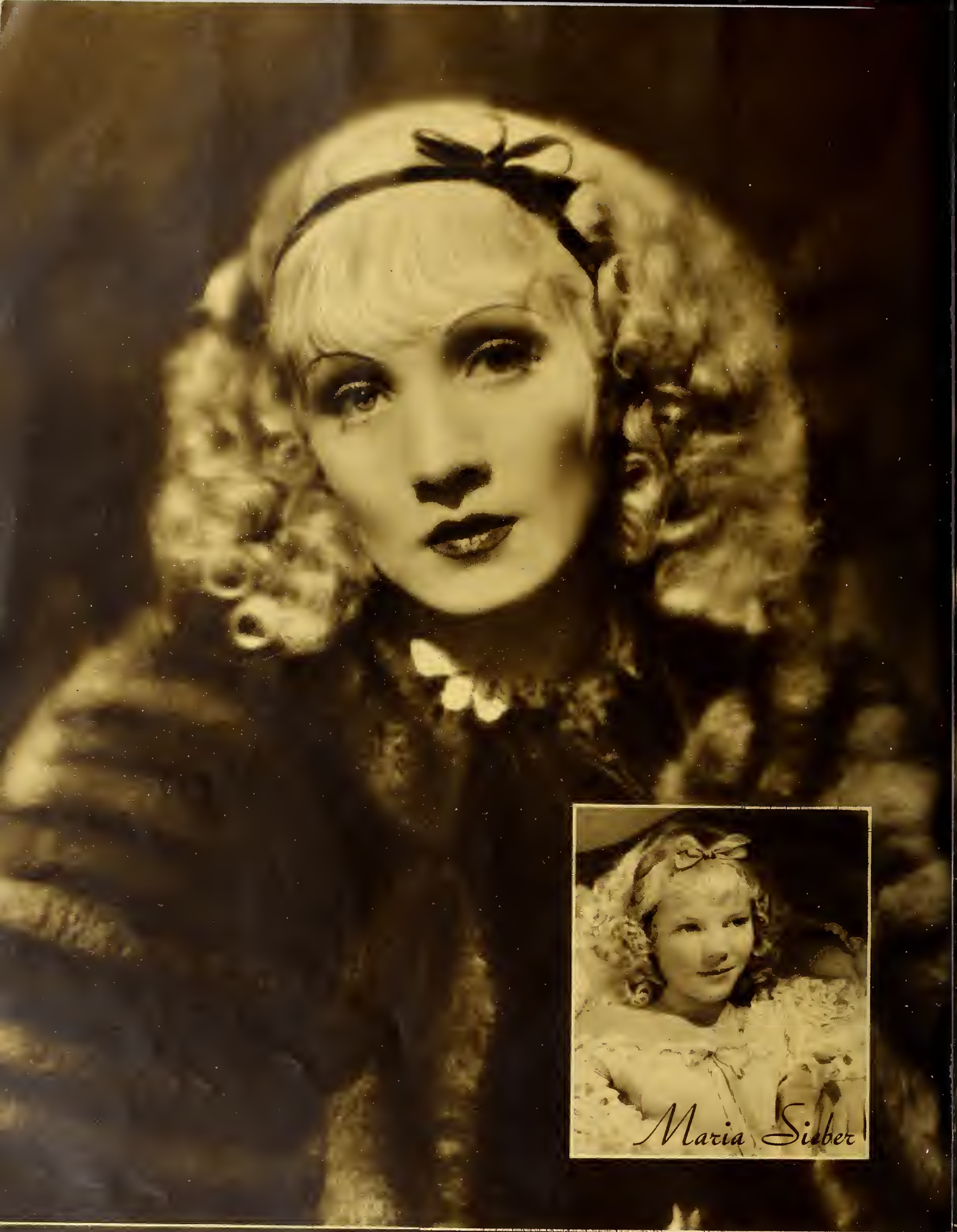
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi felt lonesome without her three thousand books, so her mother is bringing them over from England. The girl's fourth novel (when does she find the time?) will be out in the spring. "Ancestors" is the name. And the names of her latest pictures are "By Candlelight," for Universal, and "Man of Two Worlds," for RKO-Radio.



Marlene Dietrich

Isn't it uncanny? The likeness, we mean. Little Maria Seiber plays the very young Catherine in Mama Marlene's "Catherine the Great." Marlene is magnificent as the Empress who attached more lovers and more power to herself than any lady since Helen of Troy. Joseph von Sternberg directed this picture.

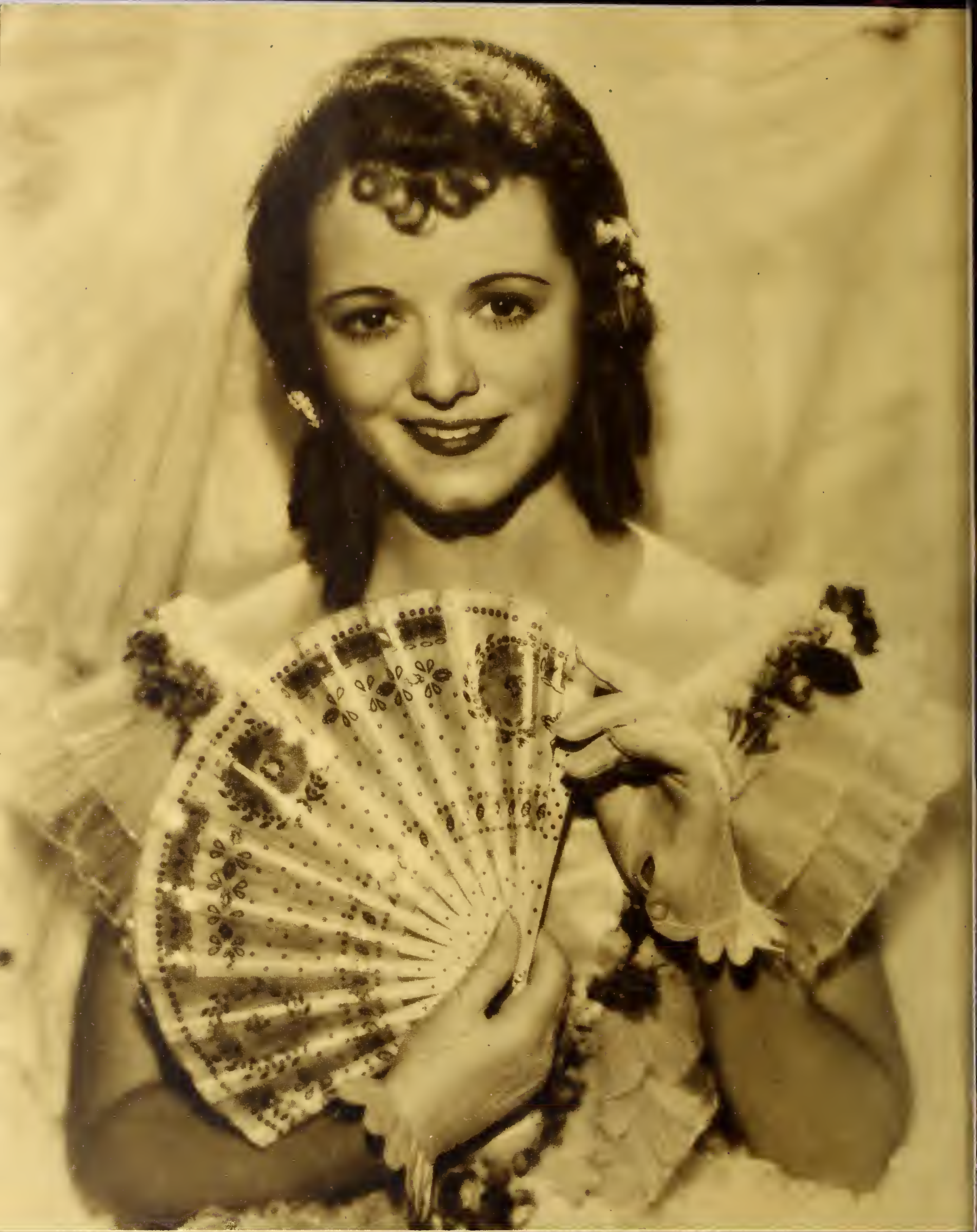
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger

Our entry for the most thrilling clinch of the month. Otto Kruger and Isabel Jewell in "The Women in His Life"—the story of a sensational lawyer. We're glad to see Isabel Jewell (Mrs. Lee Tracy to be?) getting a real break. She's a capable little actress. And she was so darn loyal a little while ago—remember? "Men in White" is her latest.

John Boles since "Beloved" has been working in three pictures. "Disillusion," "Bottoms Up" and the French version of "My Lips Betray." Being that busy, he is to be excused for saying he likes quiet evenings at home with a book. Because it's probably true, in his case. When he'll consent to step out, John is one of Hollywood's smoothest dancers.

Ann Dvorak

Ann Dvorak eats pie, potatoes and pâté de foie gras—and can't gain a pound. She has been conducting a nationwide search for her father, whom she hasn't seen since she was eight. Ann and husband Leslie Fenton live on a ranch and raise rabbits—which ought to be easy. Her latest picture is "Massacre," with Dick Barthelmess.



Janet Gaynor Janet Gaynor loves to visit Chinatown. Most of her close friends are non-professionals. She has been seen around quite a bit lately with Gene Raymond—but it's not a romance, so don't go starting any gossip. Janet has worked ten weeks straight without a day's rest on "Carolina." Dick Cromwell's in it, too. Next—"Movietone Follies."

MARY CARLISLE
in "SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE"
with Conway Tearle
an M-G-M picture

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidingly on a man's sleeve . . . soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek . . . how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

MARY CARLISLE'S lovely hands make her slightest gesture impartant! Shawn with Conway Tearle in Metra-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture, "Should Ladies Behave."

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of

You—who have always wanted to meet Garbo—meet a girl who did! And, more—one who worked, played, and talked with her!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT GRETA GARBO

By ELIZABETH YOUNG

as told to

DENA REED

WHEN I think that a few years ago I was in school and now I'm the girl who can talk about Garbo—actually do a "she said to me and I said to her"—it sends shivers of excitement up and down my spine. When I look at the stills of "Queen Christina" and see myself in scenes with her, playing the only other woman's role in the picture—that of her confidante and lady-in-waiting—I think, "Well, here's something to tell my grandchildren!"

I guess I've seen every Garbo picture. I admire her work tremendously. But that I should appear in one of Miss Garbo's pictures, much less joke with her between scenes and get to know the real woman, I never imagined in my wildest dreams. I had only been in a few New York plays before Paramount gave me a contract and I had appeared in only one picture, "The Big Executive," for my own studio. So when a Paramount official met me at the Cocoanut Grove and asked, "How would you like to appear with Garbo?" I naturally supposed he was teasing me. Everyone in Hollywood has to stand for a lot of ribbing—especially the newcomers. Soon several people told me that Metro was looking for a girl who was "the epitome of femininity" and Paramount was dickering with them for my services. It seemed the typical Hollywood joke, with me the butt. Even on the day I was summoned to the Metro office and Walter Wanger told me I was going into the Garbo picture, I thought he was still joking. But when they sent me to Adrian to have my measurements taken for costumes, I realized Metro wasn't going to spend good money to play a practical joke on Elizabeth Young. From the time I decided that it was all true, I went into a daze.

CONSEQUENTLY my first impression of Garbo is blurred. I know that I was thrilled to death when I met her at a dialogue rehearsal, and she said "How do you do" to me with gracious shyness as she did to everyone else she didn't know. Then we got down to the business at hand. After two weeks of rehearsals with Garbo becoming more and more friendly to me, I gradually emerged from my coma.

Reggie Owen with whom I had played on the stage, teased me a lot and Director Mamoulian, whom I am told suggested me for the part after having seen me on the Paramount lot, soon began his own teasing. He called me "The Funny One" and kept impressing upon me the fact that I was a light little butterfly who had to "float" through the picture. I was to be a sort of comedy relief, a foil for Garbo. But the first time I tried on one of my costumes (which, incidentally, cost fifteen hundred dollars) I told Mamoulian that no one could "float" in such clothes. They were frightfully heavy. Even Garbo couldn't take a step in hers without tottering. In fact, that first day we each went around clutching a bottle of smelling salts. I expected to faint any minute.

But Mamoulian insisted that "float" I must and every time a new man came on the set and I asked who he was, Mamoulian would reply, "He's your new floating instructor." Garbo thought it a great joke, since she could appreciate my predicament.

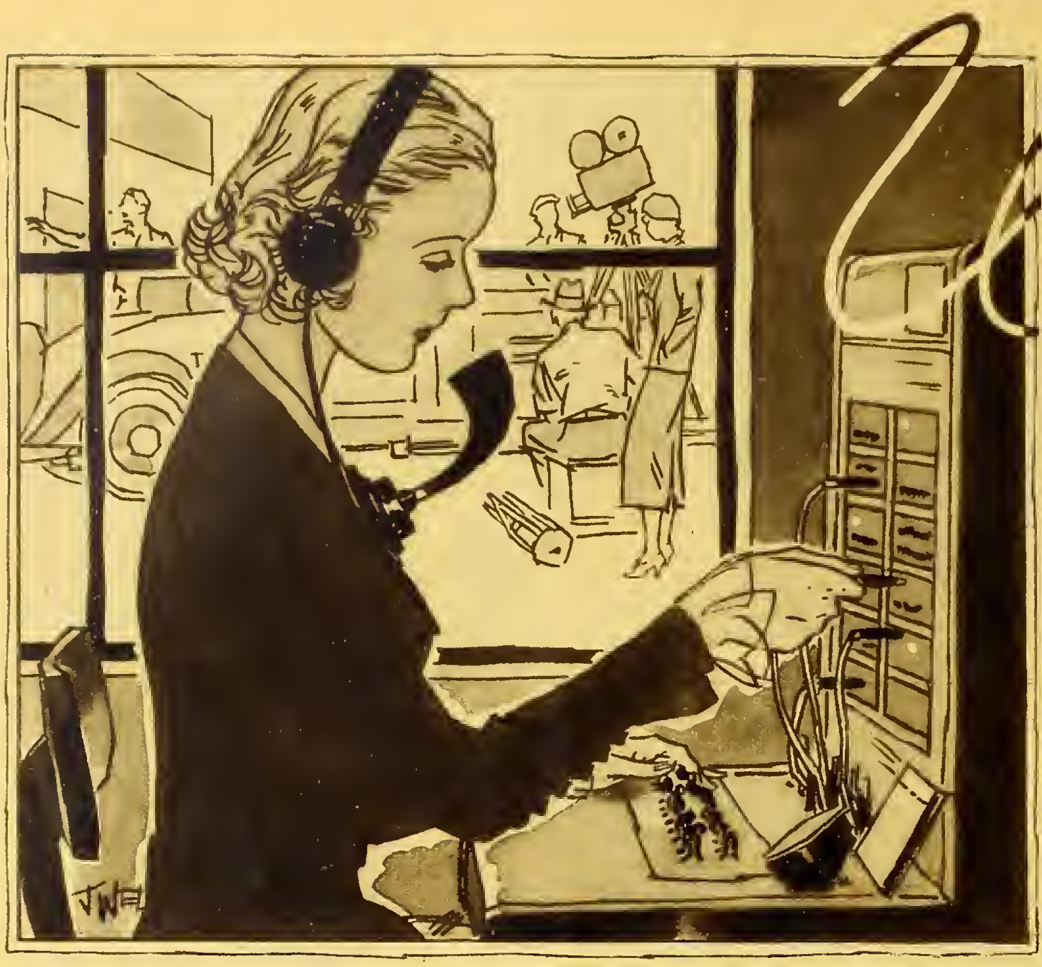
I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to gush and "Oh-Miss-Garbo" her. I realized, as every one else did, how much the picture meant to her. I knew she wanted to be alone to study most of the time and I figured that if she wanted to talk to me, she would do so without my pestering her. So I stayed with Reggie Owen and Lewis Stone and chatted and laughed on the sidelines. Often, I saw Garbo looking at us almost enviously. Garbo legend or no, she is honestly shy and finds it hard to join a group. I got a much better idea of her when she came over to talk to me when I was alone.

SHE began by discussing the picture. She was very intense and serious, both because it was a story of her homeland and because (*Continued on page 90*)

Who's

By JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by JACK WELCH



"What's Miss Crawford's charge account number?"

A GREAT motion picture studio is a machine and the metal heart of that machine, connecting all its various parts by nerves of copper wire, is the studio telephone exchange. There, in a small room walled in by the glossy black expanse of the PBX board, while the plugs shoot into their jacks as swiftly as deft fingers can direct them, amidst the twinkling flashes of light which glide over the board like fireflies, the heart of the studio beats out its hasty rhythm.

"I'll connect you with the casting office in just a minute. Will you hold on?"

"I'm sorry, but he isn't a star here."

"Miss Harlow, a man is on the wire saying he's your uncle."

"I'll give you the story editor's secretary."

"Hello, Chief. A yellow Packard will arrive at the gate in ten minutes. Let it in."

The lights twinkle, the deft hands move across the board, and the trained voices go on in a murmur which blends in a single drowsy hum. But the things which those operators' voices are saying, the noes and yesses, the questions and answers surging in and out along those wires, are charged with action. They are far from drowsy! They are the inner life, the very heartbeat of the studio!

The studio switchboards are usually tucked away in an old building somewhere on the lot, wherever room can be found for them. At MGM, for instance, you enter a door leading into what appears to be the make-up department, take an unexpected turn to the right, find yourself in what must have once been a dark hallway and, all of a sudden, see the tiny lights flashing, and hear the efficient voices. Three hundred calls an hour are humming in and out over that board. It is a link connecting a thousand studio telephones with every state in the Union, every nation of the world. And at the same time it is an electrified wire fence able, at will, to cut the studio off from the outside world as thoroughly as if it were suddenly moved to a desert island.

"Paris calling."

"I'm sorry, but we aren't allowed to give out that information."

IT is with information that can*not* be given out that the phone operators serve one of their most valuable purposes. Literally hundreds of doting mamas, for example, call the studios to say, "My little girl is only three years old, but all the neighbors say she can act just like Marie Dressler. I just thought I'd tell you, so you can give her a contract." Casting directors are busy men. If all the mothers who try to get in touch with them were laid end to end—well, if they were all laid end to end, the casting directors would get a lot more sleep. Here the phone girl steps in, explaining as tactfully as she possibly can that comparatively few motion pictures with children are made and that plenty of children are already available for them. A similar problem are the hundreds of tourists who call in to ask for the stars' telephone numbers. Here again the phone girls step in. Naturally the stars can't give their time to these chance visitors. Their phone numbers—changed every month or so, and kept on a secret list instead of in the regular phonebook—are never

"She can act just like Marie Dressler. Really she can."

calling . . . ?

. . . The studio operator's constant request! And the replies? Pathetic, demanding, often ridiculous, they give keen insight into the hearts of the world and his wife

"He told me he was a director out there."

under any circumstances revealed, otherwise they'd never have a moment's peace to themselves. The phone girl explains this. But what fibs she has to listen to!

"I used to go to school with Miss Garbo. I know she'll be glad to see me."

"Why, I'm Bobbie Stanwyck's *very* best friend."

"Mr. Gable and I used to play on the same ball team. You'd better let me talk to him or he'll be awful sore."

"I'm Connie Bennett's niece from Brooklyn."

And the answer—it has to be—is always the same: "I'm very sorry, but we are not allowed to give out the stars' numbers."

Speaking of fibs, there was one man who called in who actually believed his fib. He phoned the studio demanding to be put on the wire to Robert Montgomery at once. "Just tell Bob it's his brother," he concluded casually.

The head operator at the board knew perfectly well that Bob didn't have a brother, but the man sounded so matter-of-fact that it befuddled her. The phone girl closed her key and, over another wire, called Bob's dressing-room.

"Nope, I haven't any brother," Bob told her.

That convinced the operator, but it did *not* convince the man waiting on the outside wire. He went into a sputter of honest indignation. "I guess I ought to know whether I'm his brother or not," he insisted. "I was brought up in the same house with him. We have the same mother. I ought to know!" He hung up, after five minutes of wasted time, *still* convinced that he was Bob's brother.

"I'd like to give my horse to Mr. Cooper."

CRAZY? There are a lot of crazy people not behind bars, maintain the studio switchboard girls.

Years ago a man called in and asked the operators to tell him which stars had canaries, cats or dogs. He owned a pet store and wanted to give pets to any stars who didn't already have them. Whether he was crazy or generous or wanted to build up some good-will in the movie colony doesn't matter. What matters is that he was only the first with the idea. As we say, that was years ago. Now not a day goes by but what at least one person calls in with the same offer. If the stars took all the pets offered them, every one of them would have to keep a private zoo in his back yard. Nor do these people, making such generous offers in the matter of wild life, ever pause to think that there may be a few stars, here and there, who don't like pets at all.

Recently one of these offers of a pet had a heartache behind it. A man, who evidently had seen Gary Cooper in Westerns, called in and asked if he might speak with him.

"I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to connect you with the stars' dressing-rooms," came the stock answer.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Well, will you just take my number, please," came over the wire, in a voice that sounded as if its owner were close to tears. "I've got a good horse. I can't afford to feed it any longer. I know Mr. Cooper loves horses. He'd take care of mine and be good to it. I'd like to give it to him."

The telephone operators are no strangers to broken hearts. Every day some little extra calls in to ask for Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, "the director." The operators glance through their files of colored cards and regretfully report, knowing all too well what is coming, "Nobody by that name works here."

"But he must," comes the quavering voice. "Why, I met him at a party last night and he told me he was a director out there."

What tragedies of promise and deception lie (*Continued on page 92*)

You don't have to be goofy to be interviewed, but Bob finds it helps a shy feller no end

MONTGOMERY, MAD AS A MARX BROTHER

(Above) Remember "When Ladies Meet" and the way our Robert clowned his way through it? Well, he's a lot like that when he's being interviewed. (Left) Bob gently razzes Madge Evans during the filming of "Fugitive Lovers."

By CARTER BRUCE

YOU'VE heard about the fish that got away. Well, this is the interview that got away. The interview I never got.

Here's how it happened. I went to the studio to see Bob Montgomery. And I went to see him. And, just for a change, I went to see him again. And he was never there. One time he was home with a toothache. Another time he had an "important engagement." The third time (or maybe it was the thirty-third, I can't remember!) he slipped up and pulled the toothache story again. Then, being naturally bright, I caught on and knew he was dodging interviews. He's scared of them, really.

Well, to make a long story short, I finally did get Bob. I went to the studio when he *wasn't* expecting me! There he was, sitting in an office where a friend of his worked, twiddling his thumbs.

"Well, there you are!" I said.

He looked at me and groaned. "Here I am," he admitted.

"Bob, you oughtn't to feel this way about having stories written about you," I said. "Nobody's trying to bite you. People like to read about movie actors."

"But you ask such silly questions," he protested.

"They just seem silly because you don't like to be asked questions," I told him. "Now look. I don't think I've ever seen a story that really got you. The Bob Montgomery that your friends know just doesn't seem to come out. Well, this time I'd like to get the real Bob down on paper."

But I knew I was sunk right then, because that impish grin spread across his snub-nosed, likable face.

"I'll tell you the best way to get me down on paper," he said. "Just get a piece of paper and glue me to it. Then you can mail me around to people."

IT was my turn to groan. "Look, Bob, please. Now just answer a few questions, will you?"

"Sure. The more questions, the more I'll answer."

So I got out my notebook, with all the questions neatly written down in order. Question Number One was: "Bob, you don't seem to throw your money around the way so many stars do. What do you do with it—put it in the bank?"

"No," he replied, "I give it away. I walk down Hollywood Boulevard and every time I see a fire-plug, I put a thousand-dollar-bill under it for the firemen."

"I can just see you doing it," I told him. "And if you're telling me to mind my own business, the reason I asked is that you told me once you never sign checks, that your bank signs them all."

"Oh, I'll tell you why that is," he replied. "It's because I can't write."

I decided I had better drop the subject.

"All right," I began over again. "What sort of a home life do you have?"

"Awful!"

"Tell me the truth, now."

"I'm telling you. Mrs. Montgomery beats me with the poker every night. Then I beat her. We like it. We just do it for fun. Haven't you ever noticed what a funny-shaped head I have? That's from being pounded with the poker."

"How am I ever to write this story, if you keep fooling?" I asked in desperation.

"Who's fooling?" he (*Continued on page 107*)

(Above, left and right) "Morning Glory," oddly enough, was something like Katie's own story. With Robert Young in "Trigger." (Right) Jo of "Little Women" was rather Hepburnish, too.

THE CAREER OF AN UGLY DUCKLING

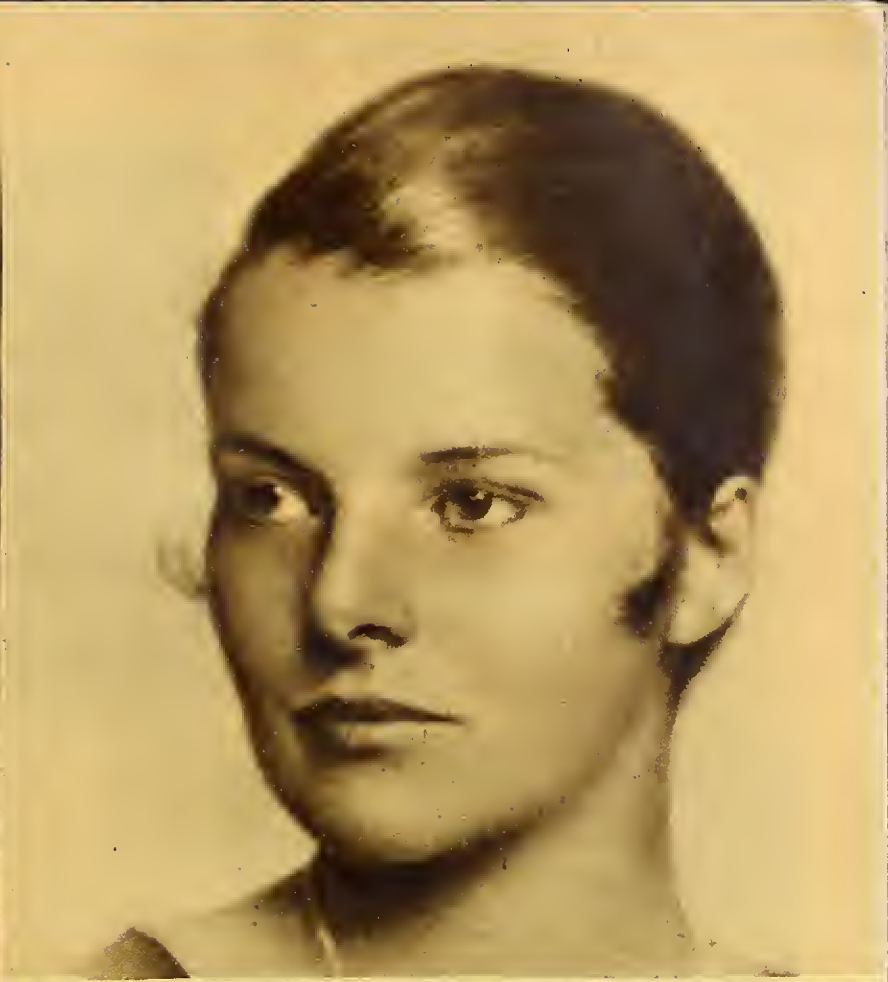
By BEATRICE MACDONALD

I MAY be wrong—but to my mind, the least important element of Katharine Hepburn's success has formed by far the largest part of the publicity she has received in the past year. Every newspaper reporter, each magazine scribbler, has stressed to the breaking point the strange, spectacular nature of the girl; her crazy impulses, her publicity-attracting stunts, her wild exhibitionism.

Of course she is an exhibitionist! She has always been.

I'll tell you why. Because Katharine was an ugly duckling. An ugly duckling who never dreamed she'd grow up to be the beautiful swan she is today. She was long and leggy and thin as a bean pole. She had innumerable freckles and hair which was too straight and too abundant and too unruly, even if it was a beautiful color. She had to do something to make up for her lack of beauty—to attract her share of attention and admiration—didn't she? And—to aid and abet this natural urge—Katie was growing up in a period when almost every girl in every small town was an exhibitionist of sorts. One had to be! There were always more girls than men—at parties, everywhere. Competition was too keen. You will remember—you girls who are Katharine's age now—that the general feeling was, "No matter what they say—no matter how they say it—just so they talk about me!"

At the Hartford Country Club, the girl who uttered the loudest damn was the one who naturally took preëminence over the others. "Here comes that crazy Katie Hepburn! Mother said I wasn't to speak to her." And of course the loud whisper was so much meat to eager ears, and Katie's every girl friend envied her. The next day, the same whisper would apply to some other girl who had been caught necking with a boy outside the Club during a dance. And so it went. The movies provided the chief source of supply for new stunts, and if this source fell down and imagination lagged, and one's reputation threatened to quiet down to normalcy—well, something had to be done quickly. Heroic measures were resorted to. Katie would enter the Club with a flying start, take a running leap across the lounge, and slide swiftly down the long polished top of the desk on her tummy.



You can see for yourself that the Hepburn of sixteen would never have won any beauty prizes.

"Here comes that crazy Katie Hepburn!" they used to say. And why did Katie behave the way she did—the way she still behaves? This story tells you

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And then, one of her most intimate friends would pale this stunt by appearing that very night in a snakily fascinating red silk gown and smoking a cigarette in a long holder. Competition was *very* keen.

KATHARINE was born twenty-six years ago, the oldest of a brood of six children. One of them—Tom—died. She has two younger brothers, Robert and Richard. Her two sisters—one about sixteen, and the other fourteen—are Marion and Peggy. From her very babyhood, she had been brought up in a household where individualism was considered highly important, and self-expression the natural necessity of a child's training.

The family of kids seldom, if ever, heard the customary "don'ts" of average childhood. Mrs. Hepburn firmly believed in childhood rights, and while other mothers shook their heads in dismal prophecy at the "new-fangled child psychology" of Doctor Hepburn's wife, they—the children—managed to grow up ordinary in every way except for an unusually high intelligence rating.

Katharine grew up in the wholesome, everyday atmosphere of the average middle class American household. She fought with her brothers and sisters. They played the usual childish pranks on each other. From her two husky brothers, Katie learned to climb trees, run, jump, (Right) All togged out in best bib and tucker. Katharine—the biggest—has a firm grip on sister Marion's hand. (Below) Independence itself—at the age of four, or thereabouts.

skate and swim like a boy. She never walked—she loped. Her long, lanky body grew so rapidly that her clothes always looked too small for her. Her arms have always been unusually long, and as a child she seemed to take peculiar delight in using them to give grotesque imitations of animals.

Her pet distraction—perhaps a protest against the loneliness of her soul which no outsider was ever permitted to see—was to upset a tea-party given by other children of her own age, at which the little mothers sat serenely aping their elders, their dolls as honored guests. Katie would lope into the scene, swinging her arms like a chimpanzee, and making the most hideous faces—stretching her wide mouth to its utmost, and often driving the other little girls into hysterics with the aptly fitting wild animal sounds coming from her lips.

Her refuge from the world of girlhood which seemed so prosaic—so commonplace—and so indifferent to her own peculiar nature, was to outdo her brothers in their athletic prowess.

From the very beginning of her life, intelligence was stamped in her brain as a natural part of the order of things. In the household of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Hepburn, the mother was always active in some new form of advancement. She took a keen interest in woman suffrage. A graduate of Bryn Mawr College, she led the women of her community in progressive ideas. She legislated for birth-control. She knew the famous women of the country who headed movements of this and similar nature, and whenever a celebrated lady writer, or well known advocate of some feminine problem came to visit Hartford, they were always entertained at the Doctor's house.

EVERY summer, the whole family went to the seashore—to Fenwick, Connecticut. Here Katie formed little stock companies, and charged penny admission for the plays the child troupe put on in a barn back of the house. It was as natural for her to act the part of the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast," as it was for one of the curly-haired girls of her own age to play the more alluring character of Beauty.

As she grew older, her interest in the movies became deeper and more intense, and every penny she could scrape together went to pay for this delight or the purchase of screen magazines. She knew all the stars so well—everything that was written about her favorites was so eagerly absorbed—that if she had been suddenly transported into the house of a Beverly Hills dweller, she could have found her way around the place with the utmost ease—and would have startled the owner with the intimate details of his own life.

But—movies or no movies—education formed the most important part of the Hepburn background, and Katie had to go to school. She graduated from the Oxford School—the leading temple of learning for girls in Hartford in 1924. Her brothers entered other schools, taking preparatory courses for Harvard at which place both now enjoy student life. Of course, Katharine had to be sent to Bryn Mawr where her mother had studied, and in the fall of 1924, she found herself a freshman in that classic female training camp.

One of the most vivid memories her friends and contemporaries at that time have of the now famous star is the passionate longing which even then she had for the stage. Katie was never offered the opportunity to act in the local "amateur theatricals" put on by the younger generation during school holidays. And how she loved to act! But her appearance was decidedly against her. Any part in the production would be utterly unsuited to her thin, long body. She couldn't play the rôle of the heroine—she was far too homely. She couldn't act any of the other girl parts—she was either too tall—too ungainly—or too individual in appearance.

As she stood in the dressing-room watching a friend put on the grease-paint with hands that trembled from nervousness, Katie would (*Continued on page 106*)

They Visit New York

BY Regina Cannon

Left are three beautiful reasons why Max Baer loves a piano. Kay Francis is seeing New York night life and, despite her matrimonial split-up, seems to enjoy herself. Phillips Holmes arrives in town enroute to Europe.

Acme Photos

NEW YEAR'S EVE must come at least 365 nights a year for Max Baer. No one but Fifi D'Orsay and millionaire playboys have quite as much fun as our Maxie. For all the world's a stage or a prize ring or a night club to the pugilistic sheik. And, at the moment, it's the last-named.

The big, good Baer made such a hit in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" that he landed himself a Master of Ceremonies job in Broadway's Cafe de Paree. This is one of the swankier night spots of New York. Our boy friend Maxie, who can fashion an ascot scarf from a Turkish towel and flirt with two blondes while knocking out a contender, is there to provide "witty chatter and snappy sayings." He does. He's completely surrounded by cover charges and chorines. And can he take it? Don't anticipate us! And can he give it? Even Schmeling knows that!

* * *

Anyway, Kay Francis, most recent of Hollywood's "friendly separaters," likes to book herself a ringside table when she's in Gotham, as does Nancy Carroll, Colleen Moore and Irene Dunne. In fact, every star who visits the big town takes a look at the Empire State Building, the Aquarium and Maxie's night club.

Yes, Mr. Baer has just about everything but Edna Dunham, who goes to Phil Plant all wrapped up in gold tissue and legal knots very shortly. Of course, Max announced his engagement to the lady, but somehow she just didn't get around to accepting him.

Well, never mind Maxie, there's always Hollywood, Carnera, cauliflower ears and big cash prizes.

* * *

A BLIZZARD and Katharine Hepburn in "The Lake" arrived in old New York at the same time. No connection, of course, except this time Katie didn't have to arrange for the spectacle herself. The weather man came through like the proverbial million dollars—or at least that's what it cost the city.

It's a moot question whether the Hepburn—who has a string of accomplishments to her credit, ranging from shooting to stardom after one picture to pulling RKO out of the red—clicked on what was billed as her "triumphant return to the stage."

Some say, yes; the meanies say, perhaps and Walter Winchell reports "Me No Lake." Be that as it may, Katie drew a crowd that would make the mob scene from "Julius Caesar" look like a small gathering. You never saw so much sable and ermine and movie stars and Broadway first-nighters gathered under one roof!

Miss Hepburn had the wisdom to put $10,000 of her own cash into the production and the temerity to cast the play with such time-tested troupers as Blanche Bates and Frances Starr, who drew large audiences when she was in rompers toddling around Hartford.

However, Katie rated an ovation, a corsage of gardenias and enough money to buy blue denim for some snappy spring overalls. Yes, we're afraid la Hepburn is a success and, as the old adage says, there's nothing succeeds like it.

* * *

And while RKO's favorite child gathered unto herself laurels and shekels, "Queen Christina," the great Garbo's latest picture, drew an enormous crowd around the corner at the Astor Theater.

After combing the celluloid fields more or less thoroughly, the New York public evidently decided that there is only one Greta and, indeed, there is. The Swedish lady is more thrilling than an adventure story and bravos

(*Continued on page 86*)

Good

George Raft and Carole Lombard doing the "Raftero," a dance creation invented by Georgie himself. You'll see it in "Bolero." (Below) Well, anyway, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill talk it over. To wed, or not to wed, seems to be the question. Master Cary has been very sick.

THIS month Garbo has been cutting Hollywood capers and doing all sorts of un-Garbolike things.

First, she showed up at a beauty parlor and said she wanted her hair "dressed for evening!" The girls at the desk were so dazed they hardly knew what they were about. She arrived at the busiest time without an appointment, and while they had no intention of making her wait long, it was necessary to get one of those unimportant heads from under the dryer before Greta could be worked in. When she said she would wait, they nearly fell backward.

Picture, then, Greta Garbo sitting "up front" looking at a movie magazine waiting to have her hair frizzed.

Rouben Mamoulian, what have you done to our Greta!

THE second Garbo shock of the month was the Swede's attendance at both of the theatre previews of "Queen Christina." At the last preview, the theatre projectionist must have been so excited at unreeling the film for the star herself, that he went haywire and got it so balled up they had to stop the showing right in the middle.

THE third and final voltage occurred at the Hotel Ambassador when a very smartly gowned Greta showed up for lunch with Rouben Mamoulian. She wore a black suit, a small black hat with a veil and over her arm were two stunning silver fox furs.

Such goings-on from the lonely Swede are too much—much too much.

MAE WEST most certainly "was an angel" to various charity organizations during the holidays. Mae has been offered $5,000 for a single radio appearance and turned it down because, in her own lingo, "I gotta be seen to be appreciated."

When a charity institution went on the air recently, Mae offered her services gratis in order to plug the worthwhile propaganda.

Next to Marion Davies, whose charities are innumerable, Mae rates tops with the local institutions.

NOW that Ginger Rogers is forging to the front of the movie ranks she is dissatisfied with her name. That is, she doesn't consider the moniker, Ginger, sufficiently dignified and dramatic for her future screen career. As she says, "Ginger is all right for a comedienne, but is hardly appropriate for an actress who hopes to become identified with dra-

Acme

THEY ARE MARRIED

News!

. . . All the latest intimate gossip straight from the camera coast

matic characterizations."

They say Ginger rather has her heart set on the name Gloria. Well, that would save changing the monograms on her lingerie, anyway.

WITH the possible exception of Joan Crawford, no girl in Hollywood has know the bitter, defeated, cruel childhood that was Jean Parker's. Yet, something has survived those dark years and that is her romance with Pancho Lucas, sweetheart of her "little girl days." Now that Jean is on top of the heap, she is doing all in her power to promote a screen career for Pancho. Success crowned her efforts when M-G-M cast him in "Viva Villa" with Wally Beery.

HAVE you been going around humming "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking?"

Believe it or not, but nobody else but Ginger Rogers is responsible for the success of this song.

Ginger was supposed to sing a song called "Gypsy Lover" during the romantic interludes of "Sitting Pretty," but she had heard a new little ditty "something about a dream" fresh off the piano of the composer and not yet published, and had her heart set on singing it. The New York execs said, "No." Ginger put her foot down and finally they gave in. Now they are selling ten thousand copies of the sheet music daily in New York alone.

CLARK GABLE'S latest enthusiasm is horse racing. His two-year-older "Beverly Hills" made her first appearance on New Year's Day at Caliente.

RECENTLY, when Joan Blondell was too sick to go to the studio to emote, the crew packed up their equipment and moved into Joan's bedroom. It was the only shot needed to complete the picture and luckily it was a bedside scene. Still very weak, and many pounds lighter, Joan did her stuff with plenty of realism.

Scott

AT THE GROVE

Scott

LUPE MEETS MAMA W.

International

THEY ARE TWICE WED

(Reading up) Charles Beahan and Sydney Fox liked their first wedding so much that they decided to celebrate their first anniversary by having another—wedding, of course. And (center) Mama Weissmuller, son and wife Lupe. Doesn't Lupe look sedate? The Tom Meighans entertain lovely Diana Wynyard at the Cocoanut Grove (top picture).

BECAUSE he was too bashful, an extra muffed a chance for a big break. The director picked him from the ranks because of his doggy dress and seemingly suave mannerisms for a close-up bit with Sally Rand, hotsy café dancer. He was instructed to stick a roll of bills into her stocking (just above the knee) and say coolly, "There you are darling!"

After many retakes, during which the "man-of-the-world" perspired profusely, the director dismissed him on the ground that he was too nervous for the part.

SALLY RAND isn't like most gals who, after struggling for years to keep the wolf from the door, plunge into an orgy of spending the minute they get an income. Instead, Sally is taking the dough she has earned from her famous fan dance and invested it all in a modest little orange ranch on the outskirts of Los Angeles. "If the wolf should happen by my way again," says she, "I'll at least have a place to live—fans or no fans!"

RUDY VALLEE'S dog "Windy" doesn't think much of the Hollywood pooches. The first day

. . . Maybe Katharine Hepburn wasn't so generous to give that "grand"

Good

Scott

International

Scott

Scott

(Reading Down) Mike Levee had a party. Well, everybody does. See if you can find Fredric March, Michael Farmer, Harold Lloyd and Doug, Jr. Randy Scott, Paul Lukas and Dennis King return from a trip abroad. Mary Brian, Colleen Moore, Hedda Hopper and Dick Powell met at tea recently. And this group all broadcast recently. John Boles, Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. But then, of course, you know 'em.

he was here he entered into a hair-raising battle with Jeanette MacDonald's "Captain" when the two met in a very ritzy hotel lobby. It took a police squad to separate them. The following day out at the Fox lot, he picked a fight with a director's Scottish terrier. But Windy has yet to prove himself a champ. Both times it was a draw.

GEORGE O'BRIEN was so tickled with the new suits his tailor made up for him in a jiffy just before Christmas that, wishing to show his appreciation, he told the little man if he had any kids he'd like to give them something for Christmas.

"Sure I got kids," said the seamster. There's little Reuben, Herman, Isabel, Isaac . . .

George was beginning to get weak.

". . . and Samuel, Aaron, Sarah, the twins and . . ."

But he never got to finish. George had swooned.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and Edna May Oliver were discussing a well known actor who has suffered an increase of hat size as the result of recent success.

"I never saw such a man," exclaimed Miss Oliver. "He won't work more than four hours a day. He has to have everything just so. He's certainly a candidate for the NRA. Why, that man already is working under a great big eagle."

"Big what?" asked Horton.

"Eagle."

"Oh, I thought you said *Ego*."

THE ladies will have a treat when they view Norma Shearer's picture "Rip Tide." For weeks Adrian has been designing creations for the star to wear which are said to be so advanced in style that they will positively startle the world. The studio is very secretive about it all, refusing to give out even a hint as to what trend the fashions will follow.

The difficulty Adrian has come across so far is that the models, which were originally supposed to be for Norma exclusively, made the other costumes look so dated and *passé* that he now has to "dress" the entire cast, including extras, in the new mode.

Incidentally, Lilyan Tashman plays Norma's sister in the picture. Now Lil has long held the record for being the best-dressed woman in pictures, so everyone's holding his breath. There's sure to be an explosion soon.

WARNER BROTHERS don't want Dick Powell to get married . . . and how they don't!

They're trying to get him to put it on paper and promise he won't hie himself altarward, at least until his contract has expired.

Dick says he doesn't mind waiting a year, but the idea is not at all popular with several cinema débutantes.

Mary Brian, for instance, says, "It's a great idea—if it works."

THE meanie old gossips have it that there is a little story back of that $1,000 check sent by Katharine Hepburn to the Community Chest before she departed for New York.

It seems that Katharine had one day's overtime work to be done on "Trigger." For this little service she asked, and received, the sum of $10,000. The only catch was that la Hepburn was to donate $1,000 of this amount to some local charity.

They say Hepburn first held out for the $10,000 clear and thought the studio should donate the $1,000 to charity. But she was finally made to see the light.

Then, the other side of the story is that Hepburn voluntarily offered to make the donation. That's the story that comes out of the publicity department and it's the one we'd like to believe.

W. S. VAN DYKE, M-G-M director, has a good memory.

Last Christmas, John Miljan bought a dilapidated T-Model Ford and had it delivered Christmas morning to the lawn of Van Dyke's

News!

. . . Is Rudy's romance on the wane? Doug, Jr. says he knows love at last

home in Hollywood.

This Christmas, as a gag, one of Van's friends mailed invitations to every member of the movie colony to a Christmas party at Van's home. Acceptances poured in, much to Van's surprise, but he was determined to see it through.

In the meantime, he purchased a run-down fifty-passenger bus from a transportation company and had it deposited on the front lawn of Miljan's home.

But his chuckling was short-lived. Miljan showed up at Van's party with the bus filled to capacity—fifty in all!

SAW Ann Harding and her daughter lunching in Sardi's the other noontime and all those meanies who used to claim that Ann was a "dowdy dresser" should have seen her this day. The small green felt hat she wore was one of the brand new "turn back off the face models," extraordinarily becoming to Ann's classic profile. Her tailored suit was also green, and the scarf at her neck was a silvery grey fastened with a green pin. But even more important was the evidence of carefully applied make-up on her face. There was a time when Ann "never used a thing," but apparently those days are over. The lady looked grand.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has gone on record as stating, "There is no one I admire more than Franchot Tone." Mr. Tone, you will recall, is Doug's ex-wife's present fiance.

Wonder how it happens then, that Doug and Franchot were both shopping in the commissary of the popular Vendome café the other day without speaking to one another. Of course there was another customer in the shop, too, so perhaps they didn't see one another in the "crowd."

THE Vendome was the scene of another amusing highlight of the Hollywood month.

In a conspicuous booth in the front of the café the Countess di Frasso was lunching with a woman friend. Directly across from her sat Lupe Velez being interviewed by a newspaper woman.

A newsy stuck his head in the door, yelling: "Gary Cooper marries Sandra Shaw in New York. Read about it. Read about it."

Neither of the ladies looked up—and neither bought a newspaper.

DON'T be surprised if trouble breaks out in a fresh place between James Cagney and the Warner Brothers Studio.

Jimmy was pretty upset when he noticed the Warner Theatre in Hollywood had billed Joan Blondell's name above his in "Footlight Parade." What's more he engaged a cameraman to photograph the "evidence" of his breach of contract which stipulates "no one shall be billed before Cagney."

IT is no secret that Lilian Harvey is not the musical comedy sensation she was expected to be. For some reason the beautiful Lilian just hasn't clicked in either "My Weakness," or "My Lips Betray." Some people attribute this to the fact that Janet Gaynor "beat her at her own game" in "Adorable." Others insist the continental star "tries too hard" before the camera and this effort to succeed makes her work seem stilted.

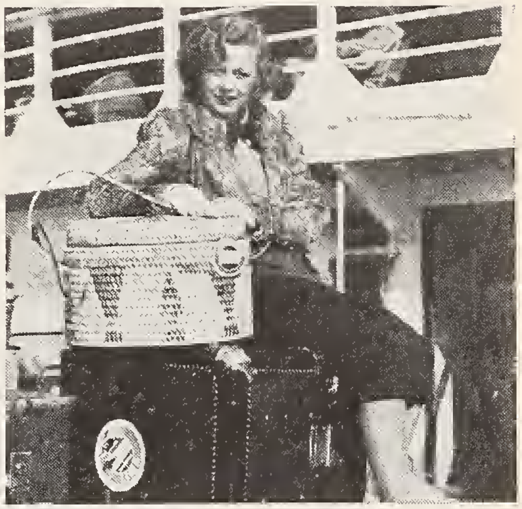
It was no surprise when Lilian and the Fox company began to have difficulties. The latest feud developed over Lilian's role in Rudy Vallee's picture. Lilian contends the part was so unimportant it was insulting and so she walked out. But now that Rudy's girl friend, Alice Faye, has been cast in the Harvey role you hear reports that the part is being "built up" to almost co-starring proportions. Is this the "freeze-out" for Lilian or not?

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78

(Reading down) A new hot romance is Busby Berkley's and Merra Kennedy's. They're oh, so-o happy! And more good news is that of Maureen O'Sullivan's recovery. No more appendix trouble now! Margaret Sullavan recently landed in California by boat and is all set for her next picture. And—guess? Joan and Franchot Tone again with the latter looking adoringly, as usual, upon his sweet'n-heart'n.

Wide World

Acme

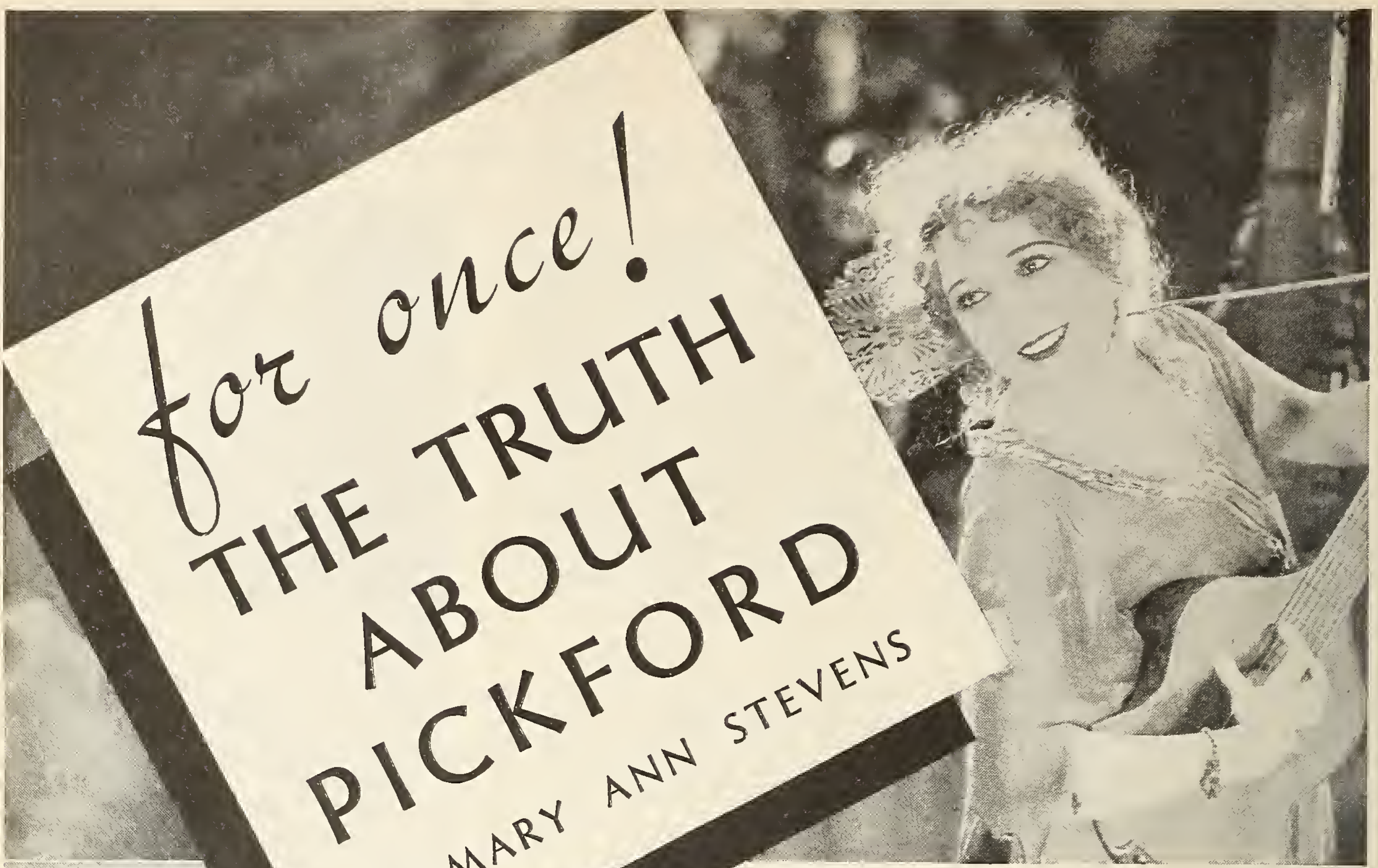


Scott

Scott

for once! THE TRUTH ABOUT PICKFORD

By MARY ANN STEVENS



(Above) Miss Pickford as "Rosita" and left, with Buddy Rogers, her rumored beau. (Opposite) Douglas Fairbanks in faraway St. Moritz—and his wife as the heroine of "Secrets."

WHILE you arose luxuriously late Christmas morning and leisurely untied holly-decked packages and deplored the fact that Aunt Emma could always be depended upon to give something of which you already had plenty, Mary Pickford prepared to play five shows at the Paramount Theater in New York City.

And as you carelessly threw caloric discretion to the winds and passed your plate again and later rhumba-d your way through a festive evening, America's Sweetheart sat in a whitewashed dressing-room waiting to be called for her fifth performance Christmas day.

For, even as the world and his wife decides to call a holiday once in a while, Mary Pickford, possessor of millions, a veritable female Croesus, elects to work.

As a child, work to her was a dire necessity; as a girl, it became a well-established habit; as a young married woman, it represented the thrill of achievement; and now, as a matron standing on the brink of divorce accompanied by disillusionment and a sense of futility, it appears as a boomerang. For Mary Pickford's capacity for accomplishment has struck deep at the roots of what might have been her happiness. It is responsible for her inability to play, to enjoy leisure, to make a success of her marriage.

That last, to the Pickford devotees, seems like a sweeping statement, for they will tell you—and rightly so—that in matters matrimonial Our Mary turned her cheek until she no longer could with any semblance of pride. She bent backwards in attempting to recapture the feeling Douglas Fairbanks once held for her. But it seems to be just another case of locking the stable after the

At forty Our Mary faces disillusionment and divorce. And, as usual, there's a woman to blame. But not the one you think

horse is gone. For, years ago when her husband had taken all Hollywood could possibly offer—fame and money and social position of a sort, and a little more of each—he was ready to pull up stakes. Enough to Douglas Fairbanks was slightly better than a feast.

At the time, he urged his beautiful wife to call it a day cinematically, but Miss Pickford pleaded for "just a little while longer." And, to compromise, suggested that he take his next trip abroad alone. This, in view of the fact that it amounted to almost a boast at Pickfair that its owners never even danced save with each other.

CLOSE friends, realizing Mary's devotion and generosity to Doug, tried to point out that separation might mean the beginning of an estrangement, a gap in their lives that one day could not be bridged. But Miss Pickford, self-confident, a little autocratic and terrifically ambitious favored her even-then waning career.

Mary Pickford, undoubtedly, was the greatest personality the screen has ever seen. Her potent charm has always outweighed her histrionic ability. Her celluloid child sufferings touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the world. But when Our Mary grew up, her career began to hit the skids.

"Rosita," one of her earliest adult roles, did not come under the head of dramatic achievements. She made a pretty mediocre "Coquette" and a rather deplorable "Kiki." But pride and the insatiable desire for work kept her going and even after the first attempt at "Secrets" was shelved—at a breath-takingly stupendous cost even in an industry where money is thrown about recklessly—Miss Pickford began on it again. The picture, finally released, received but fair appraisal.

Meanwhile, the host of Pickfair was going places and seeing things. Foreign cities, big game hunts, titled ladies. And, ironically enough, Mr. Fairbanks' penchant for royalty was born and fostered in Beverly Hills. Literally, lords, dukes and even a prince or two were entertained at Pickfair. And Mary Pickford arranged it all.

She also arranged, in the early years of their marriage, that her leading-man husband be given a nice section of the United Artists lot for his productions, and, as the connubial bliss continued, Miss Pickford gradually took less and Mr. Fairbanks more of the space and privileges in the great organization. She wished it that way, for it was just another proof of her love and loyalty.

Mary has always wanted to do things in the right way, being fundamentally a stickler for good taste, ever ready to sacrifice fun to form. Whenever there was a tea thrown at Pickfair, one instinctively knew it meant Orange Pekoe with nary a potato chip in sight to encourage a thirst. For the hostess respected and liked convention. It contrasted with her early gypsy-like theatrical life, an era fraught with hard work and sacrifice during which she figured as the bread-winner for her family. Hard work that later could not enlist the interest of her brother Jack in the career she planned for him, nor induce her sister Lottie to divert her energy into profitable channels. Hard work that built the barrier between her and Doug.

And even when the barrier had been erected, Mary could not, and would not believe it. (*Continued on page 117*)

Fredric March is the recipient of all the glamor Miriam Hopkins has in "All of Me."

WHY MEN FALL FOR

WHEN "the girls" get together in Hollywood, one of the favorite topics of conversation is, "But, my dear, how does she do it? Really, aren't men fools—falling for that baby stare and that Southern accent."

The "she" referred to is Miriam Hopkins, most arch of charmers, most subtle of allurers. And you wouldn't suspect that she has the ability to make men get all flustered and jittery—just to look at her. She is pretty, yes, but certainly her beauty is not nearly so lush and lavish as that of lots of the stars. And it is an actual fact that Anita Loos fired her from her play, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," because her eyes weren't big enough.

That girl knows how to get her man. And the other girls don't know how she does it. When a certain director fell hard for her his wife said, "I don't understand it. Why, he actually thinks she's a little innocent ingenue."

Yet when that connoisseur of glamor, Cecil B. De Mille, was asked for his choice of the most glamorous lady of all the Hollywoodians, his answer was—and did it burn up the other women!—"Miriam Hopkins. Because she is subtle. Because she wears her glamor almost unconsciously like a rich cloak which she knows she has a right to wear."

And there you have some diversified opinions about Mariam Hopkins. Truly, she does know how to make men fall in love with her. And, truly, every time a romance has been brought to an end, it is Miriam who has done the breaking-off. So what of the girl herself? What is she really like and what makes her tick?

I, for one, am not baffled by her seductive abilities. I think when one analayzes her it is all plain enough. She was born in Bainbridge, Georgia, and even as a child with long, golden curls the boys carried her books home from school and willingly deposited their treasures—bits of string, marbles and broken pocket-knives—into her little white hands. There is something about long, golden curls that gives a girl the confidence and self-assurance that she is able to keep for the rest of her life.

Now—in her late twenties—she has more than just

Like a certain other Hopkins, all the lads find Miriam too, too fascinating

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Miriam Hopkins

golden curls. With a curiously clear-eyed outlook on life she inspires men to friendship. They are taken off guard by the fact that she seems to be such a wonderful pal (she plays tennis, swims and rides horseback). Furthermore, she has a remarkable self-sufficiency, a capacity for being alone which prompts them to think, "Now here is a girl that one can be safe with, a good friend, a fine scout, a woman with every feminine charm but with the intelligence and outlook of a man."

Before they know it, the poor darlings have fallen head over heels in love with her and are begging her to marry them. This transition from friendship to love is not done by means of trickery but simply with her natural graces, the subtle quality of her face—a face where the mouth seems to be smiling and the eyes serious, calm and clear, with just the faintest trace of the sardonic in them. The men experience the vague feeling that she has not always been happy and that in spite of the fact that she and Austin Parker remain the best of friends, now that they are separated, that there must be something in her life which she wants to forget. They feel that they are the ones to make her do that forgetting.

THEN, of course, there is the matter of her adopted child. Surely, they figure, any busy woman who would undertake the rearing of a baby (he was only six days old when she adopted him) must be starved for mother love, must want to have babies of her own.

Miriam is a girl of many moods. Not long ago she said to me, "I'm in sort of a transition period now. I don't know what I believe. The things about which I was so definite a year or so ago I'm definite about no longer."

Men sense in Miriam some wild, free spirit. She is a creature of impulse, as witness her mania for renting houses, equipping them, hiring servants and then giving them up and moving to another place.

When she first moved to Hollywood she chose Garbo's one-time home. She left that for an apartment and then moved to Bel-Air. Not so long ago she came to New York to do a play. At one of the (*Continued on page 118*)

Is it that Southern accent? Is it that head of golden curls? This tells you

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert make "Queen Christina" one of the year's distinguished pictures.

●● **SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED**
● **RECOMMENDED**

●● QUEEN CHRISTINA
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, Ian Keith.

TRIUMPH FOR GARBO! One of the great pictures of the past few years, this historical epic makes a sustained drive for artistry. Besides, we have Garbo and Gilbert together again —with Gilbert very good, indeed. But you know how it is when there has been a lot of criticism? You *look* for faults.

One of the best scenes discloses Garbo, travelling as a man, and stopping at a wayside inn, there to be placed in the same room with a nobleman from Spain (Gilbert) because all other rooms are occupied. (No reason to censor and every reason to try.) One does not resent the situation because it is so beautifully handled.

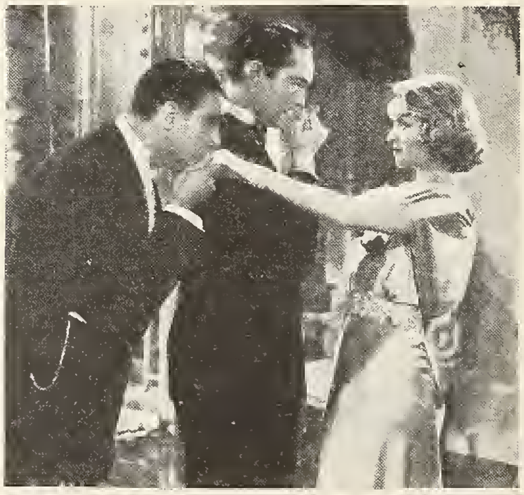
The picture is an unending series of exceptional scenes, packed with fine characterizations and good direction. A triumph for Garbo, a comeback for Gilbert with an orchid apiece for Messrs. Stone and Keith. The production is in a class by itself, so you cannot afford to miss it.

●● MOULIN ROUGE
(20TH CENTURY)

Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone, Tullio Carminati, Russ Colombo.

BENNETT SCORES! Indeed this is about the best picture Connie has ever made, which is praise aplenty. The heroine is a stage-struck wife, which husband Franchot does not like. However, a little thing like that doesn't stop her. She heads for the footlights

Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond in "Flying Down to Rio."



Tullio Carminati, Franchot Tone and La Bennett in "Moulin Rouge."

Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi appear together in "By Candlelight."

in brunette disguise and, of course, makes good.

Connie sings well, dances beautifully and dresses stunningly—and her husband, not knowing who she is, falls for her. In the end he claims he knew her all the time, which statement perplexes la Bennett considerably. (Shades of "The Guardsman.")

See this picture by all means. Mr. Tone becomes better in each new production and Russ Columbo warbles a tune or two.

• BELOVED
(UNIVERSAL)

John Boles and Gloria Stuart.

LADIES, PREPARE! This will give you what you want in the way of heart throbs. We follow John Boles, a composer, and Gloria Stuart, his wife, through an entire lifetime. After they have struggled for years, their adopted son makes a hit with the Paul Whiteman type of composing, which Boles (an old man now) claims has been lifted from his symphony.

The incidental music is by Victor Schertzinger and its loveliness will haunt you long after you have left the theater. See this one and weep.

• FLYING DOWN TO RIO
(RKO)

Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

JUST MIDDLIN' GOOD. This one is about an orchestra leader (Gene Raymond) who is always losing jobs because of his penchant for lovely ladies. He eventually gets around to Dolores Del Rio, promptly falls for her charms and as promptly finds himself among the vast army of the unemployed. Hearing of a job in Rio, he grabs Dolores aboard a plane and they become stranded on an island near the landing field.

Ginger Rogers sings and Fred Astaire dances—and very nicely, too—and the picture is punctuated with catchy tunes. While it is not exactly tops insofar as musicals go, you're apt to get a bang out of it. And the Del Rio gal is surely sumpin' to look at.

• BY CANDLELIGHT
(UNIVERSAL)

Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Nils Asther.

VERY GOOD: You will enjoy every moment of this picture. It's a huge masquerade party, set in Vienna and Monte Carlo, in which Miss Landi, the maid in the house, decides to be the mistress for a few days. The butler (Paul Lukas) tries his hand at being master and the real prince (Nils Asther) getting into the spirit of the thing, plays his own butler.

Reviews

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

The cast and story are far better than the direction, which makes the picture just miss being excellent. It is the type of story that requires subtlety and deftness in making the clever situations unravel the idea. Individual performances are pretty swell and you are scheduled for several good laughs.

MASSACRE
(WARNERS)

Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak.

PRETTY FAIR. You might like it. The story is rather slender and the theme rather depressing, which does not exactly make for entertainment. Barthelmess gives a good performance as the Indian boy who leaves the reservation to become a swaggering, conceited performer at the World's Fair.

When he eventually returns to the reservation, which is overridden with crime, he does an about-face and tries to help his own people. Ann Dvorak is adequate as an Indian girl. The youngsters will undoubtedly think they should see this, but we cannot recommend it to them.

I AM SUZANNE
(FOX)

Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond.

FAIRLY GOOD-SIZED CHEERS. Yes, this picture is better than the usual run, a different sort of musical and one you will maybe enjoy. Lilian Harvey lives up to her European reputation with an appealing, emotional performance as the dancer whose career is halted by an accident. Befriended by a puppet master, she falls in love. Puppeteer Gene Raymond is too shy to mention his love and Lil thinks he cares only for the puppets! Drama is high in the scene where her jealous rage makes her shoot one of the puppet dolls through the heart. We like Raymond more each time and Harvey is making us wonder why her success has been so luke-warm.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE
(UNIVERSAL)

June Knight, Lew Ayres, Alice White, Alan Dinehart.

NOTHING SENSATIONAL. This little film rolls along at a pretty fast clip. It's another bus yarn with an exciting murder and crash in the finale. June Knight (you'll like her) is on her way to California because of marvelous pictures painted by villain Alan Dinehart. Lew Ayres follows June, much smitten. Minna Gombell is Dinehart's wife and helps the situation by keeping an eye on him, and Alice White is the hitch-hiker who gets a lift. This is the most believable bus picture of the month—with more to come, we hear.

Gene Raymond and Lilian Harvey in a new musical, "I Am Suzanne."

Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak in a scene from "Massacre."

John Boles and Gloria Stuart co-star in "Beloved." Ver' sad.

(Left) Roscoe Karns, Irene Franklin and Otto Kruger appear in "Women in His Life." (Right) "Jimmy and Sally" brings a new team, James Dunn and Claire Trevor, to the screen, (Below) Zasu Pitts and Will Rogers combine to give you lots of of laugh in "Mr. Skitch."

THE SHAKEDOWN
(WARNERS)

Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Farrell.

GOOD CAST WASTED. It is really a shame to put such a fine group of players in a yarn so undeniably trite. The story is about a cut-rate drug racketeer (Ricardo Cortez) who uses a dumb chemist to make up inferior products which he sells under standard labels. All goes well until Chemist Charlie Farrell's wife (Bette Davis) and his baby fall victims of the bad remedies.

• JIMMY AND SALLY
(FOX)

James Dunn and Claire Trevor.

LAUGHS GALORE. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is a cute, fast-moving little comedy and a pleasant entertainment. Sally Eilers, however, was wise to turn it down. Yet, even though it wouldn't have done her any particular good, it does plenty for Claire Trevor. She certainly has a lot of what's-its-name. Jimmy Dunn is the publicity man for a meat company and Claire is his secretary as well as his inspiration until Harvey Stephens steps in and almost grabs her. Adults and youngsters alike will enjoy this one.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Otto Kruger, Isabel Jewell, Una Merkel.

HARD TO TAKE. It's that old, familiar story about the criminal lawyer and his women and doesn't compare with the best of this type. However, it has its moments. Poor Otto Kruger wanders around in cemeteries in the driving rain, has races with death and his slow marches down the "last mile" are typical of the old silent days. However, when they give Kruger a chance (such as the sickbed scenes and his convalescence) he puts his heart into it and his swell acting triumphs. Isabel Jewel is good in a sympathetic rôle and Una Merkel and Roscoe Karns take expert care of the laughs. We'd like to see Irene Franklin some more. She was fine as the husband-shooting lady in deesa peecture.

GOING HOLLYWOOD
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

MIDDLING MUSICAL. They had a tough time dragging in the explanation of such gorgeous clothes for "poor girl" Marion Davies—and the story was kind of hokey and Bing Crosby steals whatever there is—but aside from that, a good time was had by all. It's a little ditty about a gal (Marion) who falls in love with a radio crooner's voice (Crosby's) and follows him to Hollywood, only to (strange, unusual plot) get the star's rôle in his picture. There are a couple of good tunes, too. We've never seen Marion look so beautiful, but whether it was the exceptional camera work or the fact that the cast of young ladies chosen to surround the star were so *well* chosen, we couldn't quite figure. Elaborate production and good ensemble numbers plus Bing's warbling make this worth your money.

• MR. SKITCH
(FOX)

Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts.

COMEDY and tears. Yes, the Fox Studio certainly rings the bell with this combination. It's funny that Will and Zasu haven't been thought of before. This opus concerns itself with the "repression" and how Will has to sell the furniture and pile Zasu, the twins, daughter Rochelle Hudson, a son and the dog into the rambling family vehicle and start out "traveling." Their destination is California, but there are several auto-camps, laughs and tears before they get there. We laughed at Florence Desmond and her imitations and loved Rogers in this human, natural rôle. Let's have more with Zasu Pitts and Will. The youngsters will love it, too.

• MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN
(PARAMOUNT)

Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby LeRoy, Jack LaRue.

VERY GOOD. Dealing with the timely topic of the kidnapping racket, this offering includes a fine story and grand acting. It may leave you a little limp—memories being memories—but we want you to see it. Dorothy Wieck is still a bit cold as the movie star whose baby is stolen, but Alice Brady has warmth enough for both of them, as she gives a grand performance of the simple soul (with a brood of children) who rescues the stolen baby and has a big moment as she rides into town with motor-cop escort. A good scene is the one in the kidnapper's shack when Baby LeRoy listens to his mother's voice over the radio. We defy John Barrymore to do the scene better. Jack LaRue and Dorothy Burgess click as "snatchers" and Spanky is adorable. We recommend this one highly . . . better see it!

BOMBAY MAIL
(UNIVERSAL)

Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

MAYBE we're fed up but anyway, it didn't click with us. Too many people bobbing in and out, confusing, and the plot didn't have much chance against it. Eddie Lowe, as the Inspector who tosses off the not-so-wisecracks isn't up to par. Shirley Grey is the gal and Ferdinand Gottschalk gets murdered while Hedda Hopper, his wife, stands by. Onslow Stevens is the suspect. You have to be very hot for mysteries to go for this one.

(*Continued on page 120*)

the BOOBY PRIZE

(Above) Lil Tashman (snapped with Dolores Del Rio and spouse Eddie Lowe) went haywire on that hat. (Right) Loretta Young has to be coaxed to pose with sisters Sally Blane and Polly Ann.

(Right) Lew, maybe Ginger wouldn't be too pleased to hear about that gal in the stationer's shop. (Below) Arline Judge (between Marian Nixon and Leila Hyams) was just a bit too nonchalant about the diamond brooch.

WANT to know what this page is all about? Well, listen: Each month, we shall pick out—from the pictures which we see and from the news which our spies gather for us—various things which we no likee. It may be a bit of ham acting from a player who should know better. It may be a bad boner in direction. And then again, it may have nothing to do with any movie—it may point out, instead, some ungracious or just-too-simply-ridik action on the part of one of your favorites.

It's all in a spirit of fun—with malice toward none (not much, anyway). And if you would like to join in the merriment—why, come ahead. Send your contributions to The Booby Prize, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

● A large, ancient umbrella goes to Greta Garbo as a booby prize—for appearing *twice* in the lobby of the exclusive Ambassador Hotel, wearing raincoat and galoshes—when it wasn't raining! Was she *trying* to disappoint the tourists?

● To Lew Ayres, we present a slightly used copy of Casanova for consistently trying to date a cute little gal in a local stationery shop—who wouldn't even give him a tumble.

● Dareos gets a textbook on astrology for predicting "no marriage" for Gary Cooper in the February MODERN SCREEN.

● Will Hays gets one year's subscription to "The Nudist" for holding up photographs until he decides whether the stars have enough clothes on. There is no truth in the report, however, that Mr. Hays wants Johnnie Weissmuller to wear modest leopard-skin overalls in "Tarzan and His Mate."

● Tullio Carminati—who sings just booful but who makes the most gosh-awful faces while he's doing it—gets a pocket mirror to practice with.

● The director of "The World Changes" gets a copy of Little Nellie's First Music Book for letting that piano player in the 1857 Wild West Saloon tickle the ivories in so 1933 a manner. Mercy, ragtime didn't appear on the scene until long after 1857—let alone Gershwin blue-notes.

● While we're on the subject, will directors in general do something about phony piano playing in general? Why, even in "Little Women" which was so perfect, one sees Paul Lucas seated at the piano, playing and singing a lovely—and difficult song. There's a shot of Lucas' hands—doing nothing whatsoever except bobbing up and down as if he were playing chopsticks.

● Lil Tashman gets D-minus for wearing a contraption on her head which looked like an inverted carpet sweeper. It was supposed to be a hat.

● Arline Judge gets one of Mr. Winchell's onions for this: she lost a $1500 brooch. And she merely tossed her head and said, "Oh, well, what of it?"

● Loretta Young gets stood in the corner for being so snooty about posing

(*Continued on page 89*)

. . . **Boners of the month, pointed out for your amusement. All in a spirit of good, clean fun, you understand!**

"I've dressed them all!"

(Above) Norma Talmadge threw a handful of loose diamonds on a jeweler's table, much to the amazement of the author. (Right) Wherever Betty Blythe goes, she's still the "Queen of Sheba"—even today.

By HOWARD GREER

IN telling you all I know about the stars whose gowns I have designed and who have signed my famous autograph book, I have selected the names about which to write at random.

I find now that those I have overlooked are the stars of a generation ago and I mean a movie generation, which is about seven years. But these players were so glamorous that I must tell you about them.

Here's a signature I prize. Picture stars may come and go but Norma Talmadge, whether she is on the screen or not, goes on forever. I have known her in Hollywood, New York and Paris and our experiences together have always been mad and bizarre.

Only last winter I met Norma in New York and we started on a shopping expedition which led us to the elegant show-

. . . The modiste is the privileged one who knows what makes the wheels go round in a star's mind—and this famous designer discloses to you the intimate secrets of Hollywood's great and near-great in his own chatty way

(Left) Evelyn Brent is as extravagant as she is charming and as talented as she has lately become unlucky. (Above) Her beauty and ability triumphed over Dorothy Mackaill's penchant for make-up.

room of Cartier's, one of the greatest jewelers in America. I was impressed when I saw a row of little carved tables behind which sat the most serious individuals selling beautiful jewels to beautiful women. One of the men, a stately moustached individual, arose and approached us. He had waited on Norma for years and knew every jewel she had.

Norma sat before the little table, casually opened her handbag, took out a handkerchief, the four corners of which were knotted together, undid it and spilled upon the table a handful of loose diamonds. Little ones and big ones tumbled out and a few fell on the carpet.

"I want all this junk put into a pair of earrings," Norma announced. It suddenly occurred to me that there was something sensational about a woman who could be so unmoved by such a quantity of priceless stones. A momentary madness seized me. Everybody was being so nonchalant about all this wealth.

I was wearing an old polo coat which I flung on the thick carpet at my feet. Then, kneeling beside it—and by this time everyone in Cartier's was looking at me—I picked up a corner, peered beneath and said quite seriously to Norma, "The outside is sable all right. I'm convinced of that. But they've cheated on the lining. It's summer weasel."

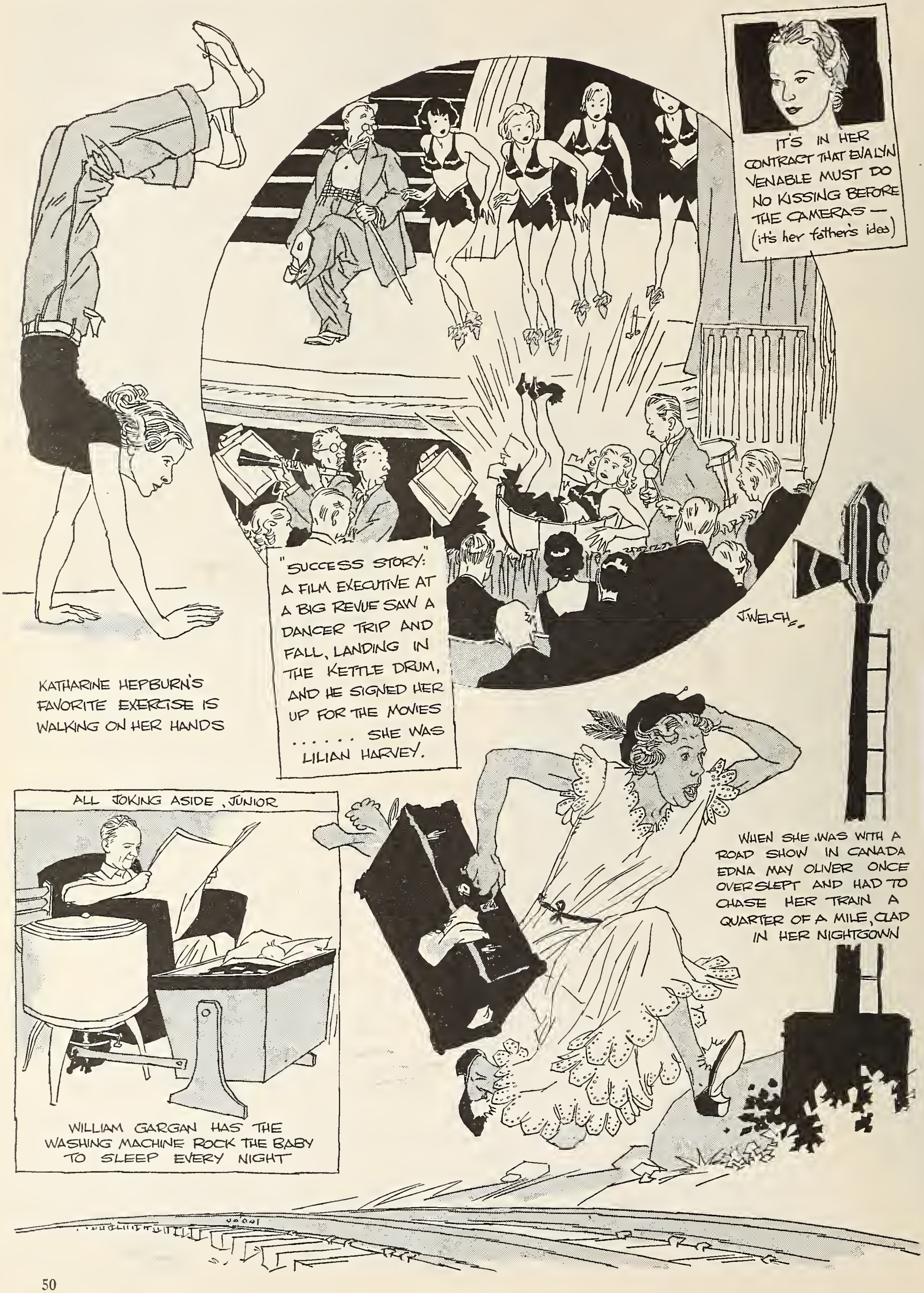
Norma, seeing me behaving in this mad fashion, burst into a mild hysteria which so frightened the poor salesman that he immediately swooped up all the loose jewels and clapped them in a drawer for safe keeping. I'm sure they all thought that I was feigning insanity and would, at any moment, seize a tray of diamonds and bolt for the street. But Norma never tired of telling about how I completely upset the dignity of Cartier's.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, now Mrs. Paul Whiteman and retired from pictures, was another girl with a marvelous sense of humor. She was once working in a picture supporting one of the greatest stars. We were having difficulty with the star's wardrobe and had tried this gown and that, but none suited. Finally Margaret said, "I think I know what that dame wants. She's mad for beads! Now I've got an old dress at home that's falling to bits, but it's covered with beads. Put some ostrich around the skirt and let's see what happens."

Well, we took the remains of Margaret's beaded dress. did as she suggested and presented it for the Great Star's approval. "But that's exactly what I want," she said. "It looks expensive but it should." Well, only Margaret and I knew what it really cost.

Dorothy Mackaill was adored (*Continued on page 96*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



IT'S IN HER CONTRACT THAT EVALYN VENABLE MUST DO NO KISSING BEFORE THE CAMERAS— (it's her father's idea)

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S FAVORITE EXERCISE IS WALKING ON HER HANDS

"SUCCESS STORY:" A FILM EXECUTIVE AT A BIG REVUE SAW A DANCER TRIP AND FALL, LANDING IN THE KETTLE DRUM, AND HE SIGNED HER UP FOR THE MOVIES . . . . . . SHE WAS LILIAN HARVEY.

ALL JOKING ASIDE, JUNIOR

WILLIAM GARGAN HAS THE WASHING MACHINE ROCK THE BABY TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT

WHEN SHE WAS WITH A ROAD SHOW IN CANADA EDNA MAY OLIVER ONCE OVERSLEPT AND HAD TO CHASE HER TRAIN A QUARTER OF A MILE, CLAD IN HER NIGHTGOWN

BABY LE ROY:

HA-TA-TA

BABY DURANTE:

HA-CHA-CHA

They speak the same language and do not go in for much Hollywood night life. In fact, the only matter that threatens the beautiful understanding between Messrs. Durante and LeRoy is the latter's likelihood to creep off with the coveted title of "Jimmy, the well-dressed man." Chevalier's choice will soon be seen in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen" and "Schnozzle" is ready with "Palooka" and "The Hollywood Party."

Anna Sten's chief worry since arriving in Hollywood has been how to teach her cook (colored) to prepare borscht and shashlik in true Russian style. Anna's first American picture, "Nana," has suffered long delays—but all say it's superb. Her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, is in Hollywood with her.

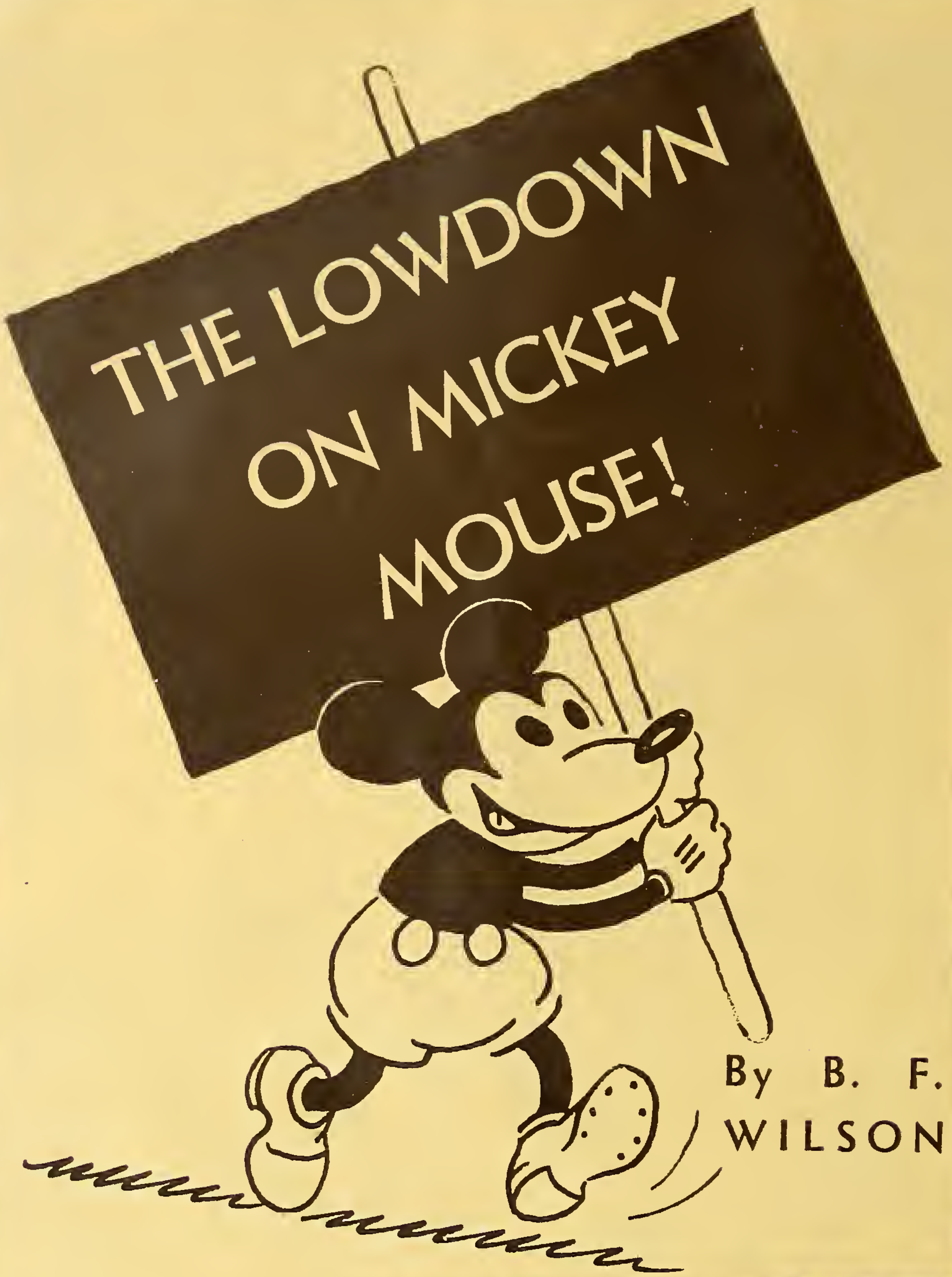
Warner Baxter has been in the show business since he was five. He has been happily married to the same woman for sixteen years. His chief hobby is picking up charming odds and ends for their new house. After "Fox Follies," you'll see him in "Grand Canary."

Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are still romancing. Loretta dislikes all sports, except badminton (of all things) and adores all picture shows. After "Born to be Bad," she'll be in "House of Rothschild" with Mr. George Arliss.

How would you like to see Lew Ayres teamed up in a picture with that eccentric girl and marvelous actress—Margaret Sullavan? They may do the best seller, "Little Man, What Now?" after Lew's "Cross Country Cruise."

Johnny Mack Brown, in his quiet, unassuming way, has managed to keep his fans loyal through a series of bad breaks. His present pride and joy and chief topic of conversation is his three-months-old son. Like all good Southerners, he's a bit daffy about duck hunting. Latest picture—"Swan Song."

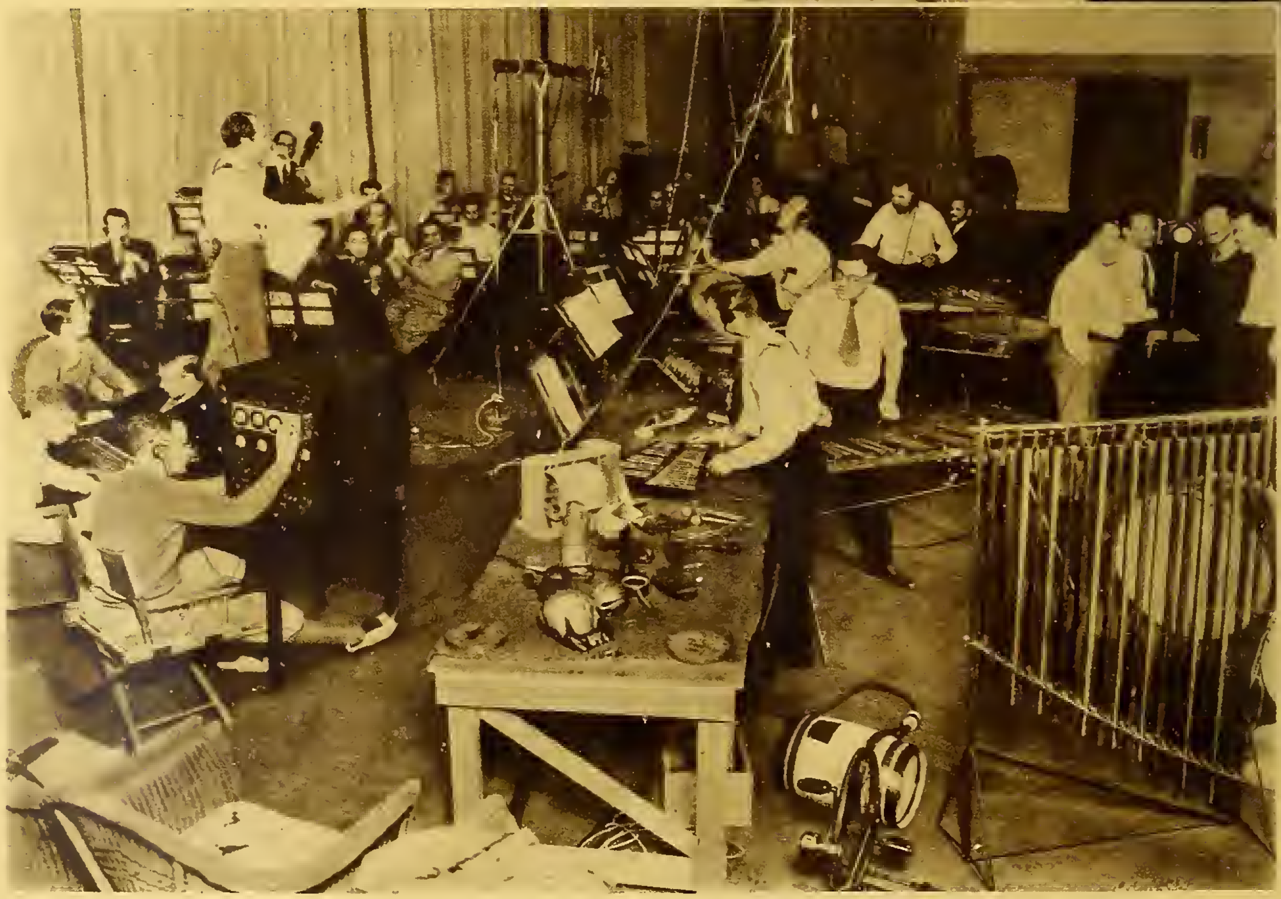
Madge Evans gets up every morning at six to play tennis with Tom Gallery—and then expects us to believe she isn't going to marry the chap! Madge dotes on ice cream sodas and eats them without any figure-fears. With Montgomery, she has completed "Fugitive Lovers." A grand cinematic team.



THE LOWDOWN ON MICKEY MOUSE!

...He's five year's old and famous—yet it hasn't gone to his head. For Minnie's boy-friend knew days when producers wouldn't give him the price of a piece of cheese

By B. F. WILSON



This may look like a photograph titled, "Each man for himself." But in reality the boys are co-operating in the music room of Walt Disney's film factory, to synchronize one of Mickey Mouse's celluloid adventures. A rehearsal is in progress, as you see.

When these enthusiastic tango-ers are transferred to the screen, they will be Mickey and Minnie in the throes of the "light fantastic." The cartoonists draw from life in order to get correct body movement, while Mr. Disney supervises the proceedings.

Here is Walt with his best pal and severest critic. Mrs. Disney used to draw in her famous husband's studio. However, that was before she became mistress of a six-room bungalow, a three-year-old car and a new refrigerator. They're oh, so-o happy.

WHAT would you say if you discovered that the greatest star of them all—a screen favorite who has leaped far above the heads of players like Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford or Barrymore—draws a salary of a mere two hundred dollars per week? You would immediately jump to the conclusion that I should be rushed around to the nearest padded cell, wouldn't you?

It is true, however. The most famous movie star in the world today is Mickey Mouse. He leads the band of popularity from Timbuktu to far Japan, where he is known all over the land as "Miki Kuchi." Each country has its own peculiar name for him. He has been placed, along with the other immortals, in Madame Tussaud's wax-works Hall of Fame. He has been acclaimed by writers, scientists, savants and the "Brain Trust" of the world. He has played command performances before the Kings and Queens of Europe. And his fan mail outnumbers that of any other star.

And yet, he is the only celluloid luminary who isn't riding around in a Rolls-Royce or living in a palace. The reason being, that the man responsible for him in every way, has his own ideas about success.

Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies, is a shy young man of thirty-three. He lives in a six-room bungalow five minutes walk from the studio where Mickey Mouse is made. He has a three-year-old car of modest cost, and his chief luxury, up until now, has been a new electric refrigerator. He is very happily married to a girl by the name of Lillian Bounds, who used to draw for him in his studio. Just recently, his wife presented him with a baby, and that, as you all know, is a far greater luxury than any ice-box. He takes a weekly salary for himself of two hundred dollars. Every other penny goes back into the making of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies.

Mickey Mouse is only five years old. When he was born, Disney tried to get every movie producer in Hollywood to back him financially. About this time, talkies had just appeared to give the film magnates further headaches, and bustling around trying to get sound effects into pictures which were almost finished, or had just been finished, made these same magnates deaf to Disney's entreaties. He decided to make them himself—on the proverbial shoe-string. He also decided that Mickey needed sound effects to increase his attraction. He made Mickey dance and sing, and that was the beginning of such fantastic, incredible feats as elephants pirouetting like Follies girls; pigs fiddling with the ease of concert masters; wolves turning into Fuller Brush men as realistic as the most every-day visitor of that well-known household necessity to your back door.

WITHIN a year every producer in Hollywood who had refused to listen to Disney, was crowding the office of his studio with tremendous sums on the contracts they offered him. Mickey Mouse went up in electric lights at movie houses. People flocked to theatres where he appeared. And when the success of Mickey became assured, Disney began another series of one-reel features, and called them "The Silly Symphonies," which caught on with such sure-fire (*Continued on page 97*)

DON'T SEND GILBERT INTO EXILE

By GLADYS HALL

> ### HIS FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS
>
> Read this story and see what cruel calamity can overtake John Gilbert. Do you resent it?
>
> What is to become of this player? Is he headed for a break or oblivion? Will he be given further opportunity to work at his chosen profession, or is he doomed to the limbo of forgotten favorites?
>
> It all depends on you. And you and you.
>
> Does it matter to you? It should. Real talent is as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.
>
> Write and tell us your opinion. It is valuable. It will influence both producers and exhibitors mightily. It will determine John Gilbert's future.

JOHN GILBERT called me on the phone one night. He said, "I am filing a complaint against the studio to have my contract construed. When I gave you the first story about my comeback, thanks to Garbo, I told you I'd give you the next big story that might happen to me. It has happened. Come up tomorrow and I'll tell you about it. My lawyers have just left. You are the first to know anything about it."

I went up the next morning. My pulse was accelerated by ten beats to the minute. There had been Jack's ad in the Hollywood Reporter advising the world that he was at liberty. "At liberty"—when it was understood that he was under a seven year contract. There had been a mysterious silence at the studio where he was concerned. On one hand rhapsodic reports of his superb performance in "Christina" and on the other hand silence when you asked, "What is he to do next?" Still, I couldn't believe it, whatever it was.

I was thinking of Jack as he had been a few weeks ago when he first knew he was to play with Garbo in "Christina." He had been exalted, transported, in Seventh Heaven. He had been like a man reborn, revivified reinstated in Paradise. One would have sworn that he would endure all things rather than allow anything to interfere in any way with his "new deal" in this game he hates and loves.

I thought, the man is really tremendous. He is a rebel in the ranks. He is a militant pacifist. He is the stuff of which the mad martyrs were made. He is of the blood that fight their lives through for some Holy Cause only to fling it, bloody, into the teeth of the first offender.

It's grand that there can be a man like this in a world gone soft and compromising and riddled with poor little cowardly fears. A man without compromise or caution, with a fierce and violent pride, with a lusty heart and a skin as thin as tissue paper.

Jack paced that long and sumptuous living-room of his. His brown, lean hands were gesticulating, his hair was wild and black. I thought, "What an actor!" There isn't anyone else like him. He brings the old and barbaric colorfulness of the theatre back to us again. An actor who doesn't have to act, because there is greasepaint in his very veins, histrionics in his very blood, drama in every cell of his body.

He said, "You know how happy I was when that magnificent Swede *made* the chance for me to play with her in 'Queen Christina.' I would have given away twenty

A chance to work, a try at happiness seems little to ask—yet an unjust

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in the tavern scene from "Queen Christina." (Left) Jack registers a court "smash" on his day off.

years of my life to have done that picture. I would give the twenty years away again today. It was and it is the most magnificent thing that ever happened to me, or ever will. You know how exalted I felt at my chance to get back to where I had been, to do what I had once done. It doesn't happen twice to most men, you know. It happened twice to me, thanks to Garbo.

AND I want to tell you that she was magnificent to me while we were working together. She is greater than she ever was, greater to work with, greater *in* her work. She knew that I was nervous, raw, almost sick with the excitement and the thrill of the thing. And never once did she fail in consideration of me, in tact, in saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. She was gracious and friendly. She sensed every one of my feelings and was tender toward them.

"It was hard work, of course, making that picture. I was nervous and gun shy. I felt that only Garbo really wanted me there. I was sick a lot and Garbo was sick. There were delays and retakes and troubles like that. The executives were looking at me with the old-time and too-familiar suspicion and hostility. I didn't care. I was working again.

"Then, after the picture was finished, I was feeling on top of the world one day and thought I'd call up one of the executives and just say thank you to him, for the part, for the chance, for—well, for everything, you know.

"I got him on the phone. I started in to say thank you to him. I'd hardly opened my mouth before he opened up on me and let me have it—foul abuse, threats, damnation and all hell let loose. I tried to scream into the phone that I was just trying to say *thanks*. I didn't want any more dough, I tried to (*Continued on page 112*)

fate can and— more—may deny them to this star

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM ALINE MacMAHON

You can learn a secret of quiet charm—more potent, sometimes, than glamor and sex appeal can ever be

She is prettier than her screen portrayals would have you believe. Fairer of skin. And slighter of figure. As for wisecracks—she believes they belong on the screen. Not in a woman's life. Wise girl, Aline.

By FAITH BALDWIN

IF you met Aline MacMahon you would see instantly that she is a much prettier woman than her screen portrayals had led you to believe. There is a charm and a harmony there and a grace of carriage which is most attractive, for she has something in her features, mobile and alive, something in her long, slender hands, something in her perfect poise which will endure long after merely pretty and even beautiful women have been forgotten.

I had expected a dash of brusqueness, a slight amusingly hard-boiled veneer and a constant effect of comedy. I found none of these. And I was very glad that I didn't find them. Because I think that too often, girls of Aline MacMahon's type are apt to take refuge behind a hard-boiled manner and a barrage of smart wisecracks. And by "girls of Aline MacMahon's type," I mean this: girls who are not beautiful in the accepted sense; girls who are not born with sex appeal sticking out from every pore; girls whose intelligence tells them that they are not sirens. These girls are too apt, sometimes, to sit down and decide that they have no sex appeal at all. They become the "good eggs" of this world. The "perfect peaches." The girls to whom men tell their love troubles—about other girls. Not that you can't have sex appeal and be a good egg. too, but—you see what I mean, don't you? That is what you can learn from Aline MacMahon.

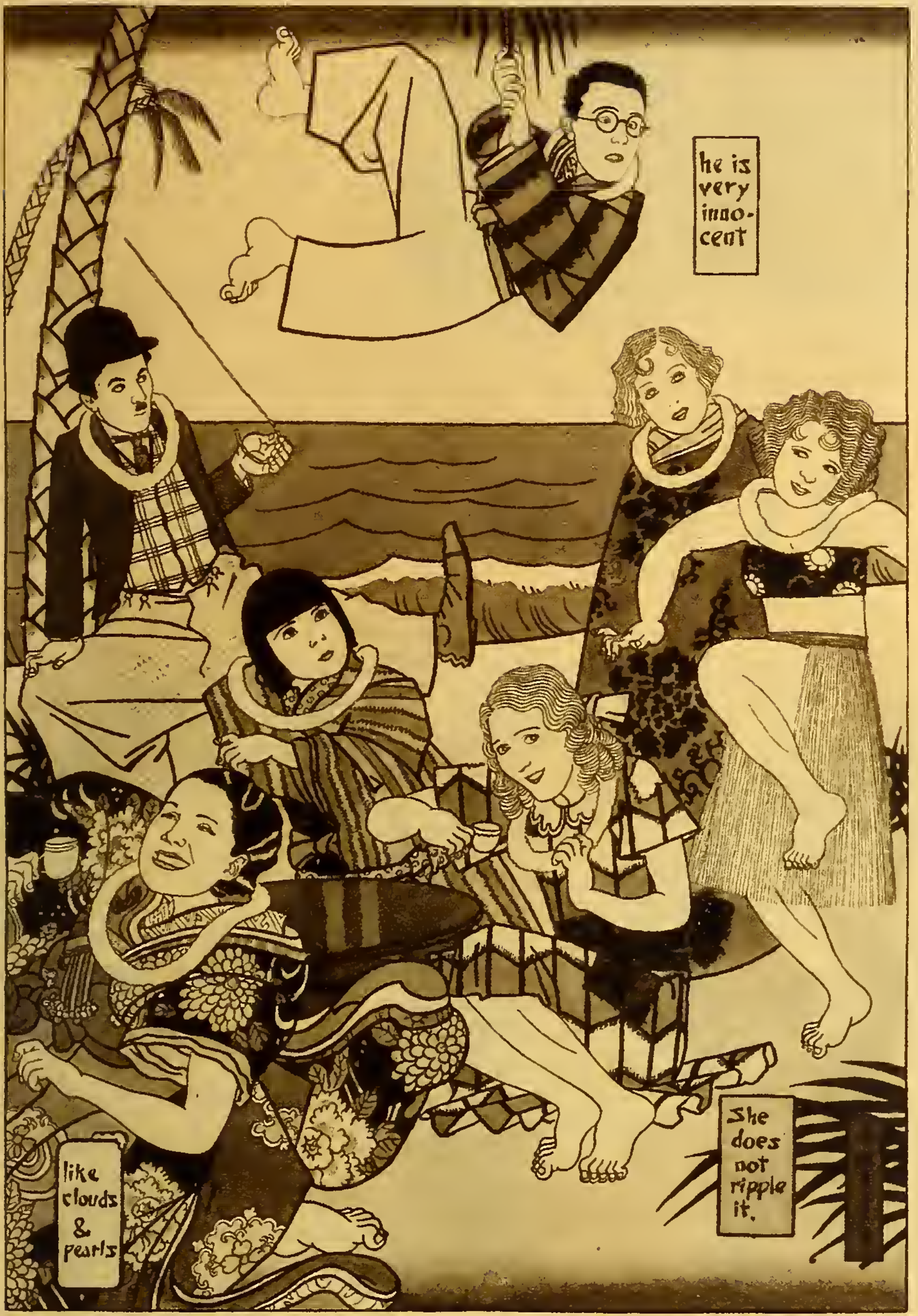
Aline MacMahon can be as funny as a crutch—on the screen. But you don't find her playing the clown—or even the flippant wisecracker—in real life. Because, somehow, in a woman, that just doesn't go with charm—unless you happen to be Mae West. And Aline has a lot of charm. I might say, oodles of it.

Aline MacMahon is fairer of skin than I thought and her hair is brown and I am trying to remember whether her eyes were hazel or a blue gray. She has a low, delightful voice and a way of making you feel that you are interesting to her. She was an excellent stage actress before reaching the screen. She told me of an incident in her theatrical career which was both amusing and pathetic.

We were speaking of the unfailing regularity with which dreams come true if you have the wisdom to work for them and the gift requisite for the realization of your especial dream. We agreed that often they come true, not quite as one expected and sometimes too late or in a different form. She said that she had her first leading part in a play called "Collusion." The play was well received and after it was over someone said, "Well, this is your big night, the night you were to have been dragged through the streets in your carriage by the wild and cheering multitudes."

(*Continued on page 105*)

Their "BEST ESTEEMED" Stars



. . . Delightful—and somehow touching—tributes to some of our movie stars, written by the young Oriental pupils of a Hawaiian school. The English may be wild, but the sentiments are sincere!

Most elegant artist, Jack Welch, have pulled these sketch. Very uproarious they show the stars in such costume they imaginatively attire in Land of Ancestors. We cogitate they most amusement for illustrate this fastidious article

NORMA SHEARER: the magnificent star, functions on the screen and is known as an excelling beauty. She looks excessively repose with tooths like clouds and pearls. Her hairs are so undulating that I think so it is hard to comb it. Her eyelashes are tedious and exceedingly cute. When she commences her eyes, her eyelashes goes reluctant, as if she did it for intentionally. Her lips are not spacious, but paltry. Her nose is not so inadequate, nor are they too comparative. They are just upright. She exploits so pungently that she is known as one of the movie stars.

AYAKO MURAOKA

MARION DAVIES: My most best, esteemed actress is Marion Davies. She is one of the superior actress. Her complexion is fair with large blue eyes, circular countenance, extended hair with a modish dress. She have a fine proceedure in walking, and is fitful to be at every show and are well prepared to act movies kind.

Marion Davies is calm and perfectly good. Her reputation is what people ponder she are. I maxim she is preferable to any movie star that exploits. She is an actress of not so long ago.

KINUYE HASHIMOTO

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Charlie Chaplin is a man of the jollity class actor. He has a black hair, a dark blue organ of vision and always vesture himself in a funny condition in a long pant and a coat with a large space exposed by the end of the front part. He have pregnant feet, and when he walk the part by the toes propogate away from each other. He were always winking the eye, but without utterance a bit of laugh.

I perception no actor can act so comedies as Charlie Chaplin. I most desirious to sit downing in the Princess Theater and observation how he shackle his basis. In one movies his foot grew a corn, and everyplace he go he would conveyance a cane.

KIM YUN HO

COLLEEN MOORE: MY most propitious esteemed actress is Colleen Moore. I saw

(*Continued on page 95*)

~~"I said that Ralph Forbes and George Brent were no longer good friends and that either one could see the other at the bottom of a well with total unconcern."~~

"I was wrong. I discover that Ralph and George are still Damon and Pythias to each other and that Ruth, George and Ralph are the greatest of friends."

The real truth about

By HOMER CROY

Ruth beams—instead of scowling—upon ex-husband Rafe.

IF you will turn to your file of back copies of MODERN SCREEN (which, of course, you keep) and get the October issue, you will find something interesting. In it you will discover an article entitled "Hollywood Feuds" written by myself. It now brings the blush of shame to my brow, and when I walk the street my eyes are lowered and I skulk in alleys where once I strode boldly in the full light of day among my fellowmen.

The reason of my ignominy is that I listened to the scandal of Hollywood and spoke harsh words about Ruth Chatterton and George Brent when I had better been in Sunday School studying the golden text instead of believing all that fell upon my unsuspecting ears. In the article I said that Ralph Forbes, who was once the husband of Ruth Chatterton, and George Brent, to whom she is now married, had once been the best of friends, in spite of the rather unusual relationship; but that they were no longer so, and that either one could see the other at the bottom of a well with surprising composure.

Thus the report came to me and I put it into words and it went forth to the world. But I am new at keyholes; in all my long years I have never been the first to tell an astonished husband that a Blessed Event is about to come into his life. And, these days, no writer who has not done this amounts to shucks. I set the words down in New York as I heard them, but now I am in Hollywood and I discover that Ralph Forbes and George Brent are still Damon and Pythias to each other and that the three are the greatest of friends and at least once a week get together at food time to celebrate their three-cornered moon. So unusual is the situation, and so deep my humility at having cast them into a well, when I should have exalted them upon a housetop, that I fared forth to meet them and to see the moon with my own dim eyes.

ONE may well marvel at my temerity in accepting an invitation to a peace conference with three properly indignant celebrities, but mutual friends assured me they were really the souls of tolerance and that I need not have any fear of being drawn and quartered.

Rafe, friendly—not hostile—husband-in-law and good friend of George.

Ruth, George and Ralph

Besides, I welcomed the opportunity to tear down the Hollywood grapevine, which has long disseminated falsehoods of the Brent-Forbes relationship.

What might well have been an embarrassing situation was instantly dispelled by the charm and graciousness of a lady and by the good-natured attitude of two gentlemen. Their behavior, despite the distressing circumstances, merely reflected their good breeding.

In my career as a writer I have experienced many strange interviews, but none so strange as this meeting with Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes. It took place at the Brent home in Beverly Hills.

To find myself, an alleged author of homely humor such as Will Rogers plays, suddenly precipitated into a frank and intimate discussion of the marriage, divorce, and remarriage of a celebrated actress—with the lady herself; and on the cause and effect of the preservation of an extraordinary friendship between the former and present husband of the lady—with the two gentlemen themselves; is an experience that seldom, if ever, befalls any mortal.

Controversy rages in Hollywood over what the picture colony loves to believe is a bizarre domestic situation, worthy of a Noel Coward plot. I said as much in my introductory remarks as we bent elbows together in the famous Brent "glory hole," which has probably heard more brilliant conversation and sparkling wit than any other rendezvous in the picture capital.

Miss Chatterton: "Since living in Hollywood, Mr. Croy, I have come to entertain the deepest sympathy for Irvin Cobb's goldfish. Apparently there is no limit to the violations of one's privacy. I feel that there are intimacies in one's life that even an actress in the public eye is entitled to hold sacred. To publicize, or to consent to the publication of such, is bad taste. It has always been my policy to ignore gossip and scandal, but this latest slander is too unjust to pass unanswered."

I heartily agreed. This continuous gossip of the doings of screen stars, which is usually based upon garbled hearsay, sweeps our country from one end to the other. It often results in the blasting of the reputations of innocent persons.

Mr. Brent: "Our friendship with 'Rafe' here is so thoroughly honest and sincere that it is a perfectly natural relationship to us. Perhaps it is so simple that it becomes complex to people of limited understanding. They can't seem to believe that it is possible for two men, who have loved the same woman, to remain staunch friends."

Mr. Forbes: "Certain people won't understand it, you mean. If they can't dramatize and scandalize, they have nothing to talk about."

Miss Chatterton: "When 'Rafe' and I were divorced and George and I married,

(Cont. on page 110)

George seeks—instead of shunning—the company of Rafe.

"SLAPSTICK'S

Hal Roach lights twenty candles

Illustrated by

(Reading down) It looks as if Irving Thalberg and Thelma Todd are having themselves a grand time, doesn't it? And here are Ginger Rogers and her mother with Lew Ayres serving as escort. Will Rogers tells Hal Roach and Harold Lloyd that the party is a huge success and we agree with him.

ONCE upon a time Bebe Daniels told Harold Lloyd that some day comedians would be making one hundred dollars a week. Mr. Lloyd, who had great respect for the Daniels judgment—even when it went reckless—passed the good word on to Hal Roach. The latter, listing tolerance among his finer qualities, smiled sympathetically at his be-spectacled co-worker and murmured something about, "everything's gonna be all right; just you take things easy for a while."

The foregoing incident occurred in the not-so-good old days and much celluloid has flowed into the camera since. Much gold has clinked into the Roach coffers, too—hard-earned and well-deserved gold, the result of thoughtful planning and wise investment.

And now, in the land of sunshine and sound tracks, Hal celebrates his twentieth anniversary. Short subjects—good ones—have made him a time-tested success, for no sky-rocketing, flash-in-the-pan sensation is Mr. Roach.

Perhaps best-known of his products are the "Our Gang"

ANNIVERSARY"

and Hollywood helps him celebrate

JACK WELCH

(Reading up) Stan Laurel, Walt Disney, Hal Roach and Oliver Hardy are all happy to be "among those present." Our cameraman snapped the host with Jean Harlow and her mother. The Messrs. Hardy, Roach and Laurel join Thelma and Patsy Kelly to cut themselves a piece of cake.

comedies. These bright juvenile two-reelers have consistently proved to be the exhibitor's delight, for there has always been an audience for them. Little Farina's sufferings and Fatty's pie-eating lures an adult as well as a very youthful spectator.

Later—much later—Mr. Roach signed Laurel and Hardy and then Charley Chase and, to date, he hasn't missed as a "spotter-upper" of talent, as Jimmy Durante would say, if "Schnozzle" had a better vocabulary.

Hal Roach was once a cowboy. He literally rode into Hollywood, parked his spurs and donned a celluloid collar. Perhaps it was the material of his neckwear that gave him the cinematic idea. At any rate, we're glad he got it, for we have all indirectly profited by his success.

We feel sure that the infant industry, long since out of swaddling clothes—having learned to talk with various and varying qualities of diction—joins us in congratulating this king of comedy purveyors on his many achievements and in wishing him continued prosperity.

ALICE BRADY IS LIKE THAT!

The publicity boys and girls didn't find Alice Brady very good copy. Too independent. Too truthful. Too natural. What do you think?

By HILARY LYNN

YOU don't know very much about Alice Brady, do you? Except that every performance she gives is superb. But—I mean—the lady herself hasn't been plastered all over the magazines in story and picture; you haven't been invited to read an exposé of her love life; you haven't seen her pottering domestically around a prop kitchen—or lolling on Malibu's sands in beach pajamas. Right? Right. And you never will. Because Alice Brady just isn't like that. I'll try to give you a picture of what she really is like.

Hollywood's suavest comedienne (who is also one of Broadway's greatest tragediennes) lolled back on a white leather couch before the fireplace in her red and white Empire drawing-room, nibbled at a lamb sandwich and sipped a glass of sherry.

It was tea-time. Jessie de Brady, Sammy de Boy (born Hayworth Thane—much too aristocratic a name for him, so Alice Brady changed it), Nina Hopkins and Hotcha Lavinia Mannon solemnly gnawed at enormous beef bones spread bare at our feet on the thick biscuit-colored rug.

In order not to confuse you, let me quickly introduce the above-mentioned bone-gnawers. They're Alice's three wire-haired terriers and one very sedate Scotty.

"A well-meaning woman once asked me why I always wore black," Alice was saying, "and I answered, 'Because I love red so much!' She didn't know what I was driving at. But what I meant was—if once I started wearing red, there'd be no stopping me. So I keep as far away from it as possible and usually dress entirely in black. That's safe!"

Certainly there was no doubt about her passion for all shades of red. What wasn't white in her striking drawing-room was *red*. And through the open archway which led out into a combination library-bar, one saw cozy red leather chairs and lounges and red woodwork. Also such warnings as "Ladies not permitted to smoke" and "Dogs not allowed." But since the dogs hadn't yet learned to read, those signs didn't disturb them!

The predominant color in the dining-room was also red—several shades of it. Red-flowered wall paper, red frames on the pictures, red tones in the furniture and woodwork, red and white crystal candelabra and the glow from a California winter sunset in the rich red Bohemian glassware on the buffet.

Bill Brady's daughter, with her French eyes and her Irish grin, has given the screen a number of superb comedy roles. (Opposite page, left) "Should Ladies Behave?" was one of the finest. In "Miss Fane's Baby" (right) she plays a very different sort of role. Yes, believe us, that's Baby LeRoy, with his hair and face blacked up for the part.

YOU know, I rented this place furnished," Miss Brady was saying, "and then decided that the furniture in the house just wasn't *me*. So I stripped it bare and started all over again and the result is what you see." She watched me amusedly for a moment as I glanced around the room.

"You don't have to be polite about it," she said. "Be frank and say what you think. It wouldn't surprise me if you thought exactly what Adrian did."

It seemed that shortly after moving into her new Beverly home, the whimsical Miss Brady, all hopped up about her original ideas for decorating and furnishing, rushed into Adrian's studio at M-G-M to tell him all about it and to get the reaction of a connoisseur. When Adrian heard about the red-flowered wall paper and that large slap of still life—the red flowers in a red frame—on that particular flowered wall paper, he threw up his hands and groaned with horror.

"It sounds frightful, Miss Brady," he said.

"Come out and look at it before you convict me," suggested the unperturbed Alice. Adrian did.

Politely, he suggested that perhaps there was just a *leetle* too much red in the room for comfort. Perhaps it might hurt someone's eyes, said he. Gently, he advised that she might improve it by removing that large blotch of red flowers from the wall.

"But I didn't," said the redoubtable Miss Brady, jingling the bangles on her wrist. "As I said to him, 'You're a lamb to give me your frank opinion, Adrian, and I'm sure you're right. But I'm afraid *I prefer to rot in my own bad taste.*' No matter how wrong it is—it expresses *me!*" And Alice Brady is like that!

ALICE BRADY is one of the few actresses—or women, for that matter—who is completely *sufficient unto herself*. In the disapproving face of the most violent objections, she goes blandly and contrarily on her own sweet way. Unconcerned, cool and filled with lazy mirth over the consternation caused by her perfectly harmless, legitimate foibles. In this typical Brady, but most untypical movie star fashion, she lives in Hollywood exactly as she might live in New York, London, Paris or Kamchatka.

"I'm one of those people who is never affected by environment," she once told me, with a flash of her French eyes and a broad flicker of her Irish grin. "I suppose I'm just too lazy to live any other way. That must make me a terrible worry to the publicity department of M-G-M. Not good copy. What a blow!"

If she only knew! Vividly I remember the day of my first appointment with her. Just before going out to her house, I called up that much-harassed department to get some idea about the mentionable virtues or vices of Broadway's famous dramatic actress.

I knew nothing whatever about her, except that she was the daughter of William Brady, the theatrical producer. And that she had made the role of Lavinia Mannon in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" burn with such malignant, tragic passion that some New York critics, who were pre-convinced that Nazimova would carry off the honors overwhelmingly, staggered out of the theatre wondering whether Alice Brady hadn't stolen the show.

I also knew that her first

(*Continued on page 108*)

Have YOU background in

1. Here is a novel black and white fire-place graced by a gay red dancing girl. 2. A modern room—gray-green carpet and white furniture. 3. An interesting parchment lamp shade is trimmed with red plaid. 4. An attractive corner featuring a peacock green vase and a black figurine. 5. And a brown and white kitchen boasting practical plaid piqué drapes with voile curtains. 6. This suite of Ramon Novarro's is done in two shades of green with lamps and tables of chromium. 7. A white corduroy couch sets off a chair of brilliant red leather. 8. An "intimate" living-room—ivory woodwork and mantel, plain walls.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

VERY few people, says Willie Pogany, realize how much a house can do for them. The proper setting is not only conducive to greater happiness, but to success. And he reveals the way to get that proper setting.

Pogany is a wizard at creating certain moods with the sets he designs—as the studios have discovered. He says a house, no matter how small or how large, can take on any quality you wish it too—peace, cheeriness, sophistication.

There's adventure, in his estimation, in John Barrymore's home. You feel it when you see that dagger picked up in India, those queer scimitars. And there's romance in it, too. As witness that vase from Florence, the little rose quartz figurines.

Pickfair reflects a queenly elegance. But it misses being austere because of the low ceilings. He doubts very much if Douglas Fairbanks ever felt at home in it, principally because of the oyster white woodwork. "So much of it is repelling to a man of his active nature," explained Pogany. Your background, you see, must always be in

3

4

the right YOUR home?

. . . The right setting can enhance your personality or change your whole life, for with it you may create peace or glamor at will. And here is how you can do it

6

8

tune with your personality. Otherwise it becomes irksome.

Pogany sees Joan Crawford, for instance, striving toward strength in her surroundings. "I think," he observed musingly, "she must hate mere prettiness. She wants strikingness. I can't imagine her having any pink or blue ribbons about or any boudoir pillows. She has the vividness of a gypsy. She's intense, restless and romantic. I picture her in an enormous studio living-room, having all the incongruity of a studio. No particular system, but great stimulation. Strong, vibrating colors like rich deep green, with a touch of black here and there. No interior could ever be soothing to her. It must be restless like herself for her to really enjoy it. Her relaxation she must get from a beautiful garden, from huge windows giving on to wide sweeps of velvety lawn.

"Janet Gaynor, on the other hand, is a typical little home girl. You see her amid gay chintz and lace curtains and canary birds. In a pretty house, possibly on the bungalow order, with bright flowers in the window boxes. In the sort of house most men love coming home to.

"There's only one environment in which I can fancy Marlene Dietrich—the Dietrich, that is, of the screen. I see her sitting immobile on (*Continued on page 101*)

On Dress Parade

Ann Harding, in "The Right to Romance," adds a bit of feminine fluff-and-ruffle to an otherwise severe black gown with armlets and muff of white ruching.

Satin lure—and plain as plain, can be. Dolores Del Rio, in the sparkling "Flying Down to Rio," wears this satin hostess gown with its stunning corded trimming.

By MARGERY WELLS

THIS is a new department. I hope you're going to like it. If you do, write and tell me. And if you don't, you can write and tell me that, too, but please tell me *why*, at the same time, so that I can give you something that you will like.

Briefly, this is what the department is going to do for you. I shall dash busily around and see all the movies I can. And I shall watch, with an eye like a hawk, for good fashion in those movies. Then I shall tell you in this department about the clothes that I see. About the clothes that are good—and the ones which are not. About the ones which would be adaptable for everyday wear. About the ones which will bring glamor into your soul and happiness into your lives—for clothes can do that, you know!

Also make a note of this—I'm working on a scheme whereby you will be able to obtain copies, at a reasonable price, of certain particularly good dresses which I see on the screen. Watch for this! And now—to work.

Talk about dressing aiding the art of "Going in a big way for a Gigolo"—or for any he-man for that matter! See Dolores Del Rio pull off this stunt in white and more white, transparent or opaque—in "Flying Down to Rio."

Over and against her dark skin (you can do it with tan make-up, or real) white thinnesses and surfaces make her sparkle. And as for those spotted organdy puffed sleeves over her arms, around her dark face, setting off her dark eyes—well, mark that down in your June calendar for Summer Madness. Added, a little white cap over black hair and the enchantment is complete.

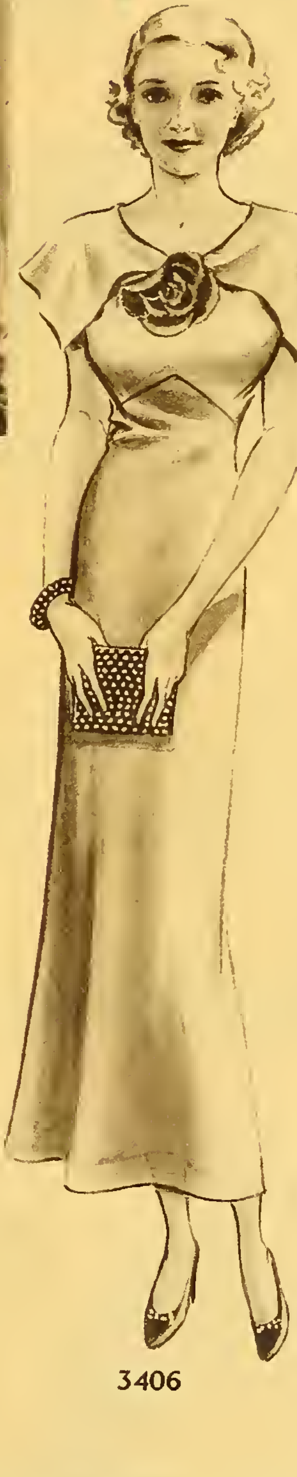
Then, for sparkling, shimmery, satiny lure, take the home gown, in white room (in picture). Not a frill in a carload—just banded cordings, and what a setting for a jewel of a head.

White net—yards and yards of it—making sleeves mostly, for a blouse, for a gray suit. These voluminous sleeves over dark arms,

(*Continued on page 114*)

• Reviewing the movie clothes as they flash past us on the screen •

Three Star Patterns



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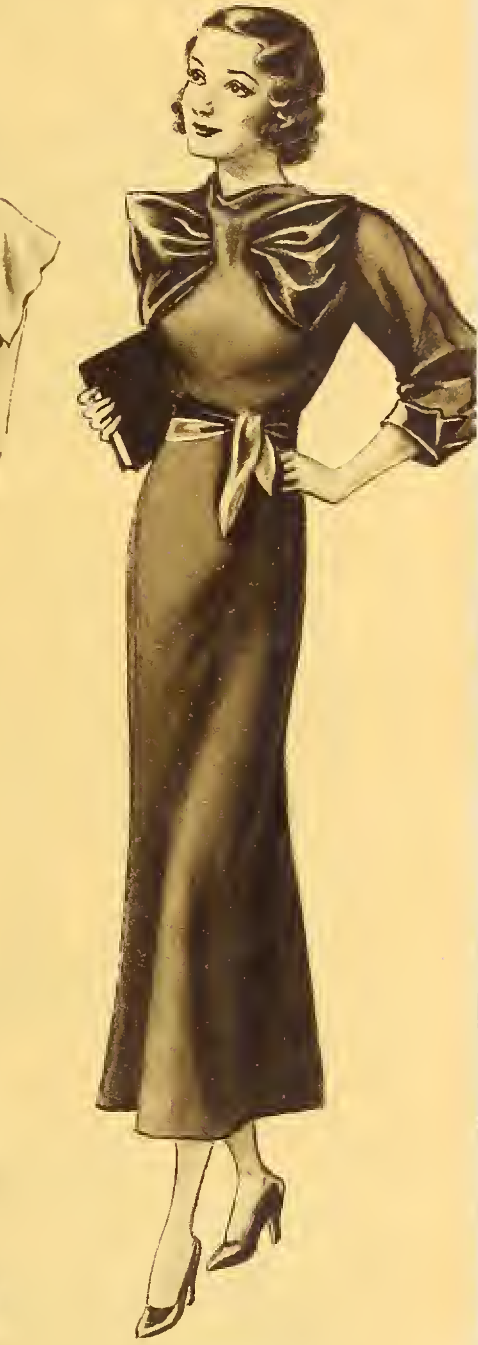

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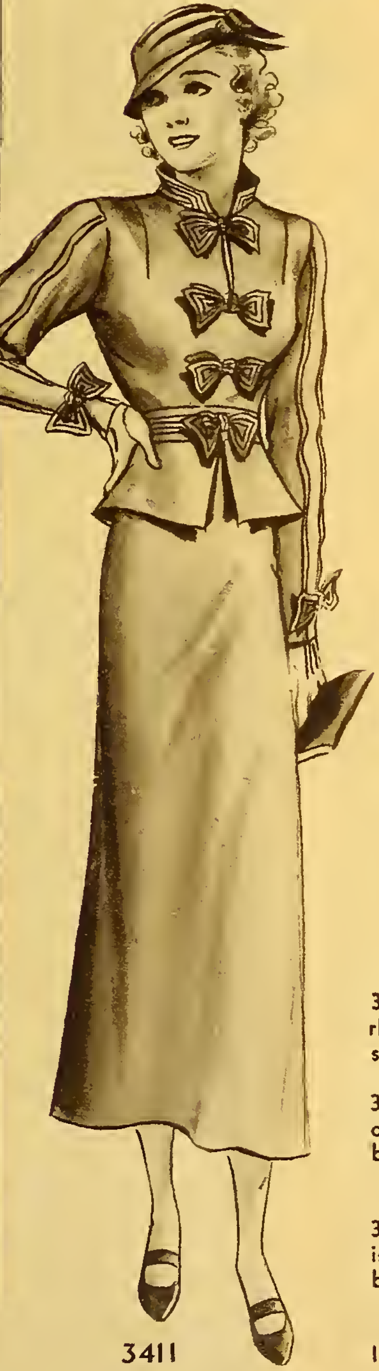


3411

3411—Wynne Gibson's interesting tunic dress fashioned of rhumba-rust wool. The stitched bows at the front and on the sleeves make a smart trim. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

3406—Bette Davis' charming satin afternoon frock. The wide collar covering the shoulders and upper arms meets in the back, fastening with a single rhinestone button. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

3392—Ann Dvorak's dusty emerald green wool daytime dress is trimmed with cire satin cuffs and tie belt matching the brown bow at the front neckline. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

Instructions for ordering patterns—and back views—on page 114

WHAT KIND OF A GIRL IS HEATHER?

. . . She knows India, Yogi philosophy. the thrill of escape from sudden death. Indeed, Miss Angel's past has been almost as colorful as Joseph's proverbial coat

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

TO see her sitting so calm and so British in the very dignified living-room of her very dignified home in Hollywood, you would not believe that her life had been made up of anything but pouring tea for the village vicar—"one lump or two" and "cream or lemon?"—or taking a prim stoll across the English countryside.

Heather Angel is a typical English girl—low voiced, charming, placid and it tests one's credulity and imagination to picture her a part of the curious and sinister atmosphere of India. Yet in this country one finds her for fifteen months, traveling far into the interior, as a member of a repertoire theatrical company.

She was born in Oxford, England, on a bleak day in early February. As a child, she attended the Wyncombe Abbey School and just as a final fillip, she was sent to Switzerland and went to school there since family tradition must be upheld. Her father—and incidentally Angel is their real name—before his death in the World War was a lecturer on chemistry at Oxford and her uncle, Horace Lamb, was a professor at Cambridge. There is also in her family a titled lady, Lady Brooke, her first cousin.

One can see that Heather is what is known in effete circles as "well connected." All the more strange, then, that she should have felt impelled to break away from the family patter and become—"oh, my deah, is it really done?"—an actress.

Heather was attending a dramatic school when the death of the head mistress threw the school into such confusion that the girl tried her own wings and went on the stage immediately, where for three years she played small and featured rôles in London.

It was in 1929 that the chance came for her to tour India, China, Burma and Egypt. There she found an entirely new life, a life different from anything she had ever known and there she (*Continued on page 94*)

"COWBOYS NEED HEALTHY NERVES — AND, BELIEVE ME, SO DO HOUSEWIVES"

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, *says:* "To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., *says:*

"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing *my* cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
QUALITY

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

What makes skin *Smooth*
—— *Wrinkle-free?*

TWO REASONS!

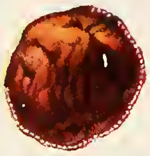
1 Active Oil Glands in Under Skin
2 Natural Moisture in Outer Skin

You have Two Skins. You need Two Creams—*a different cream for each skin*

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY

Smooth—Glossy
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!

Soft—Spongy
2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from outer skin.



Wrinkled—Discolored
3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START
OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS

Eleanor Roosevelt

lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, has already started using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Read the story of the apple above!

Amazing that your skin, too, is subject to changes like that!

But there *is* a way to keep it youthful . . . free from dreaded lines! That way is to give *each of your two skins* the different care it needs.

To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under Skin firm—Begin *early* to help this under skin. When its oil glands begin to fail you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil cream that goes deep down. That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. It penetrates to the very under skin. Your skin feels toned, renewed. Soon you feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up. No wonder it is so refreshing!

To Correct Dryness—What to do for your Outer Skin—Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to keep this outer skin from growing dry—chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. *It is greaseless.* It contains a marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by *a single application* of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry chapped skin! The roughnesses are smoothed away! Your skin is pearly looking. And this cream holds powder and rouge smoothly for *hours!*

The Two-Skin Beauty Treatment Society Women Use

Eleanor Roosevelt describes the method for you:

"My night cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream—and Pond's Tissues take it off. The tissues show how marvelously this cream cleans. I do this twice.

"After cleansing I like to leave a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face overnight. It's so good to keep the skin clear and smooth. And there's no heavy stickiness about it.

"In the morning, and in the day when needed, another good Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. Tissues blot it up. Then a dab of Pond's Vanishing Cream to leave on. It holds powder nicely—keeps off any shine."

Send for the samples offered in the coupon below. In a few days see your own skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier every day!

POND'S
Liquefying Cream
FOR CLEANSING
POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

For Your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream.

POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
Finishing

For Your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Overnight or daytime softening. Holds powder.

SEND FOR SAMPLES!

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. C, 136 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name____________________________________
Street___________________________________
City________________________State____________

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

NILS ASTHER, ENEMY OF HOOEY

By WALTER RAMSEY

"FORGET everything you have ever read about me! For the most part it is bunk!"

Nils Asther asks this of his fans.

The man who is known in Hollywood as "The Lone Wolf," "The Male Garbo" and the guy-it-is-almost-impossible-to-make-an-interview-appointment-with, stood with his back to the blazing fire in the living room of his hilltop home and grinned at my mood of obvious bad temper. In the first place, I had been exactly three weeks making an appointment with the fellow. In the second place, I had run out of gas on the very perpendicular hill where he maintains his hide-away. And to top it all, I had been assailed at the door by his Great Dane who, assuredly, does not approve of callers.

I had said, sarcastically, "Nice little place you've got here. Bet you get a lot of 'drop in' trade. What *is* it—a gambling joint?"

"No," said Nils, "it is just a *plain* joint. It is very simple. But we love it. We call it home."

The Chinaman who does Nils' cooking set down a large platter of *hors d'oeuvres* and a bottle of wine. Though it was early winter afternoon, the lamps in the enormous room were already lighted and the logs on the hearth flared and crackled in genial warmth. As my tall host set about his duties with the wine, I began to feel better about the whole thing.

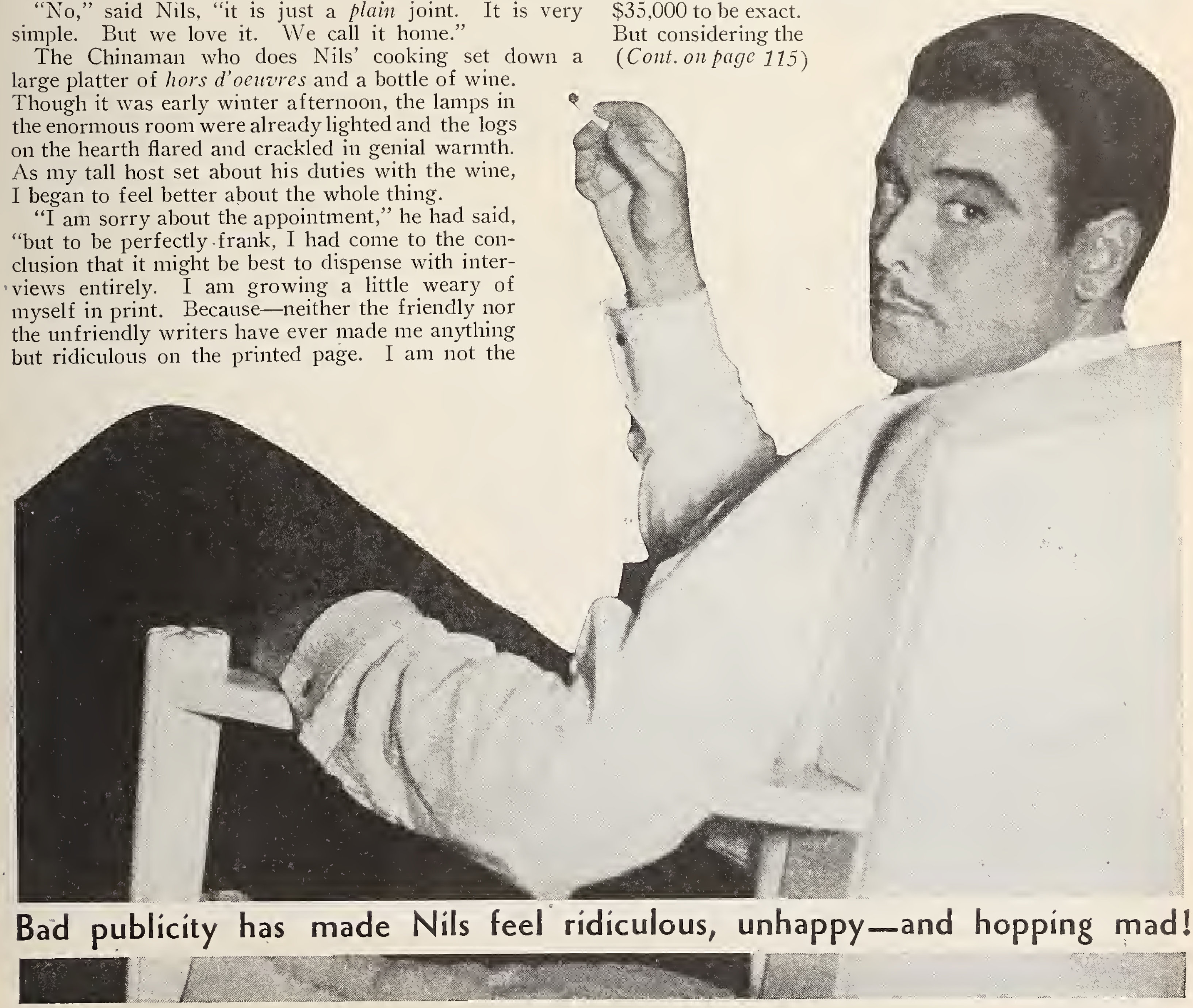
"I am sorry about the appointment," he had said, "but to be perfectly frank, I had come to the conclusion that it might be best to dispense with interviews entirely. I am growing a little weary of myself in print. Because—neither the friendly nor the unfriendly writers have ever made me anything but ridiculous on the printed page. I am not the kind of person you have been reading about! But on second thought, I realized that it would be impossible for me to stop talking for publication because I would immediately be called a recluse . . . attempting to create a mysterious atmosphere about myself. But I should really like to tell the people that have read stories about me just what I have said to you:

"Forget everything you have ever read about me."

I SAID: "Why *not?* It's an excellent idea. Why don't you tell just exactly what is, and what is *not,* true about Nils Asther? I'll try to remember and set it all down in your own words."

"The oldest and most popular story about me," Nils began, "is the one about my being broke—or that I *would* be broke if I didn't rush furiously from one picture to the next. I suppose that yarn started with the news that the Bank of Hollywood had failed and that I had money deposited. I did. $35,000 to be exact. But considering the

(*Cont. on page 115*)



Bad publicity has made Nils feel ridiculous, unhappy—and hopping mad!

Let's Talk About Hollywood

Cary's illness is Randy's luck . . . L. Barrymore feels his age . . . Scandal about Landi? . . . And other highly seasoned tid-bits from talkie town

"CARY GRANT unable to leave England for at least one month on advice his physician" read the cable that arrived at the Paramount studios the other day. This is particularly bad news to Cary's pal, Randy Scott, but the results might be the greatest "break" that Randy ever got.

When Cary left for England recently, it was for the purpose of saying "Hello" to his own folks and "May I" to Virginia Cherrill's folks. He was to have returned at once. His health changed that plan and now Randy may get his great chance in drama after months of Westerns. "Thirty Day Princess" is the picture and Scott will co-star with Sylvia Sidney—if he makes the grade. Luck, Randy, and *better* luck, Cary.

"YOU'RE more the platinum vamp type," wailed the big shots over at Paramount the day that Ida Lupino arrived from London to try out for the rôle of "Alice" for the "wonderland" picture.

Now the boys-around-town are saying that she acts as a platinum is supposed to with regard to hittin' the high spots. This little gal, Ida, wants to go places every night in the week. She wore out her first escort, Jack LaRue, in no time and now she is playing the field. Ida's field includes Johnny Warburton, Frank Albertson, Teddy Joyce and a dozen others. This is the only way a gal can get around to all the places in short order. Ida never seems to get tired.

WHEN Dick Arlen said, "Elmer will have to fight his own battles. We're going to register him at the casting bureau at once," we all thought he was kidding.

Last week, however, Richard Ralston Arlen sent his card into the "front office" and when he was admitted said, "I'm trying to work my way through kindergarten. Can you help a fellow along?"

"Yes," the executive said. Within five minutes, the young would-be student had signed a contract to play in pictures at a salary of $100.00 each week. He will be the "Baby in The Ice Box." Must be great to have a kid who can get out and hustle at the age of six months. P.S. And was the father burned! Remember, Dick Arlen made one of his greatest pictures, "Wings," at a salary of $75.00 a week.

FLORENCE DESMOND and Ted Fio Rito lost the following things in the order named: their heads, hearts, their way and their urge.

The actress met the band leader and their hearts beat as one. They decided to skip to Yuma and get married. The driver lost his way in the fog and they never reached the airport. By the next day Florence had lost the urge. Maybe it's better to wind up losing the urge. It's certainly better than losing your heart and then having it handed back to you as fast as they usually do in Hollywood.

IN spite of the Hollywood impression that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister will reconcile, the rumor is now out that they won't have time. Harry is scheduled to leave town almost immediately. Maybe their child really was the reason for the get-together after all.

RKO is trying to sign Ruth Chatterton for the lead in "I Loved An Actress" and it looks as though they might succeed, what with Ruth being out of her Warner Brothers contract just in time to make it.

There's a funny story behind it though. Lenore Ulric was handed a nice contract some weeks ago by this same studio and told to rush to Hollywood for the lead in "I Loved An Actress." She rushed, but when she got here nothing happened. First, Lenore didn't like the story, then RKO didn't like the resulting changes. At last the studio came to the conclusion that it was silly to keep such high-powered talent standing around waiting, so they handed her a check for 25,000 dollars and told her she could call it a day. At the last minute RKO thought of using Ulric in a new version of "Lulu Belle," but the Hays office said "Naughty, naughty; mustn't do." So that was that.

THE late word on Garbo was that she is negotiating with Prince Sigvard, King Gustave's grandson, to become a producer of motion pictures in Sweden. But 'tain't so, brother. 'Tain't so.

LIONEL Barrymore admits that he is "growing old." The realization dawned on him the other day when Tom Brown reported on the set of "It Happened One Day" for the juvenile rôle.

The last time Lionel and Tom worked together, some twelve years ago, the present "juvenile" was about six years old.

RONALD Colman is back. Yes, that bit of good news has just flashed around Hollywood. Colman is returning to the same lot, but not to the same company. That peeve with Sam Goldwyn is still very much on. Ronnie will do "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

(*Continued on page 80*)

Mrs. M. Johnston of New York City writes:—

"That's what our Doctor does for Coughs—

—and it works!"

● "Mother's cough wore her out," writes Mrs. Johnston. "We finally decided she must see a specialist. His advice was simply, 'Pertussin.' It was certainly good advice. Mother's bad coughing quickly stopped . . . *Pertussin has helped us all again and again.*"

INSIDE your throat and bronchial passages are millions of glands—like tiny water faucets—that keep the tissues healthily moist.

But these glands clog up when you "catch cold." Thick mucus forms. Your throat tickles—feels dry. You cough so hard, but you can't "raise" a thing.

Get those little moisture glands working again, to stop that cough! . . . *That's what Pertussin does!*

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin stimulates the glands and starts their *natural moisture* flowing freely. Your throat feels relieved. Germ-laden phlegm loosens up almost instantly. Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!

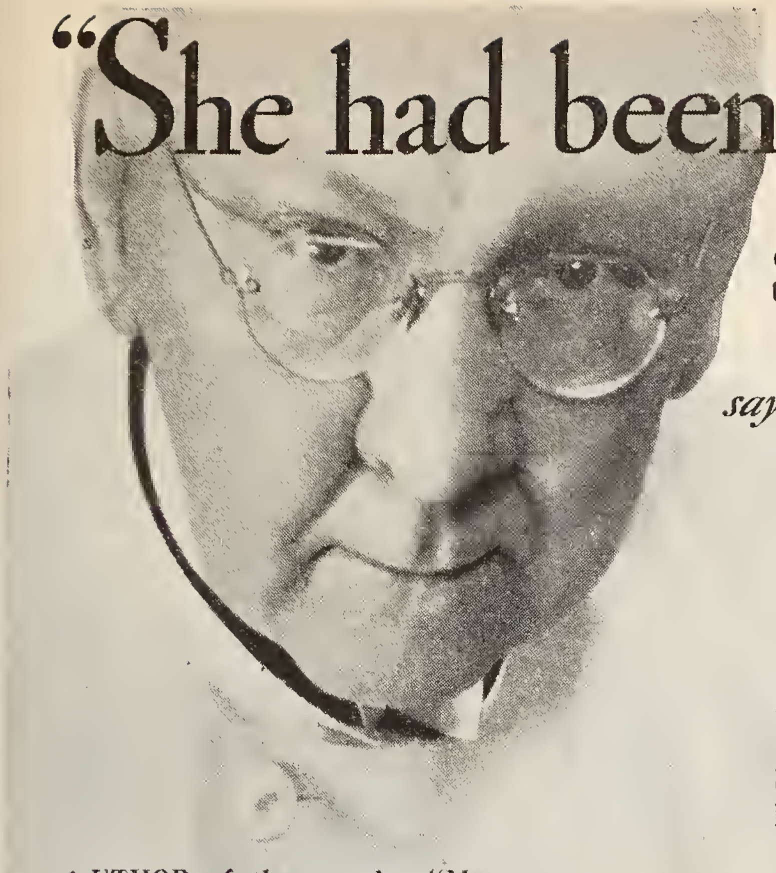
There are no narcotics or harmful drugs in Pertussin . . . it's the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors to treat the most severe coughs known. Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin now?

●

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies . . . it's safe! "I have prescribed it for 25 years," writes one doctor. It won't upset digestion; and is pleasant to take.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*



"She had been Constipated since *childhood*"

says DR. PLOOS VAN AMSTEL *of Amsterdam*

The celebrated Dutch intestinal specialist, Dr. P. J. de B. Ploos van Amstel, describes this very typical case:—

" . . . young married woman. Symptoms—loss of appetite, over fatigue, dizziness.

"Examination showed auto-intoxication. She had been constipated since childhood—had been a frequent user of cathartics.

"I prescribed yeast. Her intestines gradually began to function normally. Her appetite returned; dizziness disappeared. *Patient showed a surprising gain in vitality.*"

AUTHOR of the popular "Medische Encyclopedia" (1933) and member, Netherland Assn. of Physicians and Surgeons, the noted Dr. Ploos van Amstel states:—

"Constipation leads to poisons which impair health very seriously . . . cause headaches, skin eruptions, loss of appetite and a generally run-down condition.

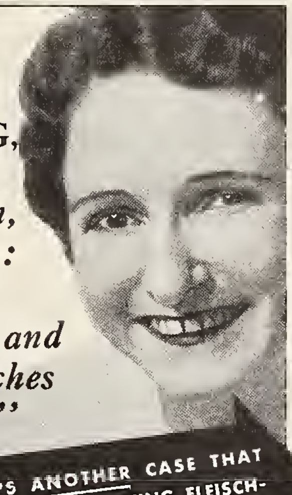
"To correct constipation," Dr. van Amstel explains, "I know nothing quite as satisfactory as yeast."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, "tones" your intestines—softens the wastes—makes eliminations *regular*. Extra energy, a clearer skin and much better health result!

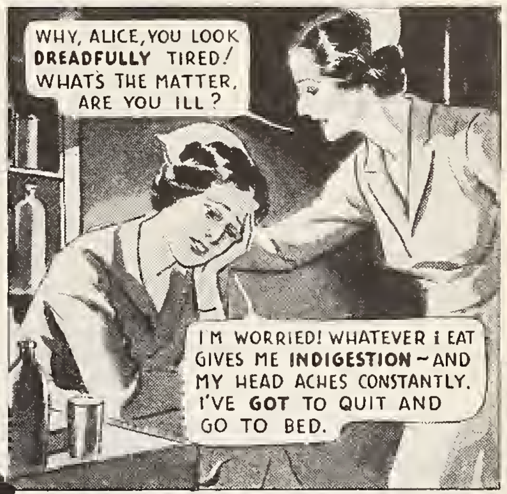
Just eat 3 cakes a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in a third of a glass of water. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it!

HART (HEART)
LEVER (LIVER)
MAAG (STOMACH)
INGEWANDEN (INTESTINES)

MISS ALICE SPINNING, *of Washington, D. C., says: "My pep came back and my headaches stopped"*

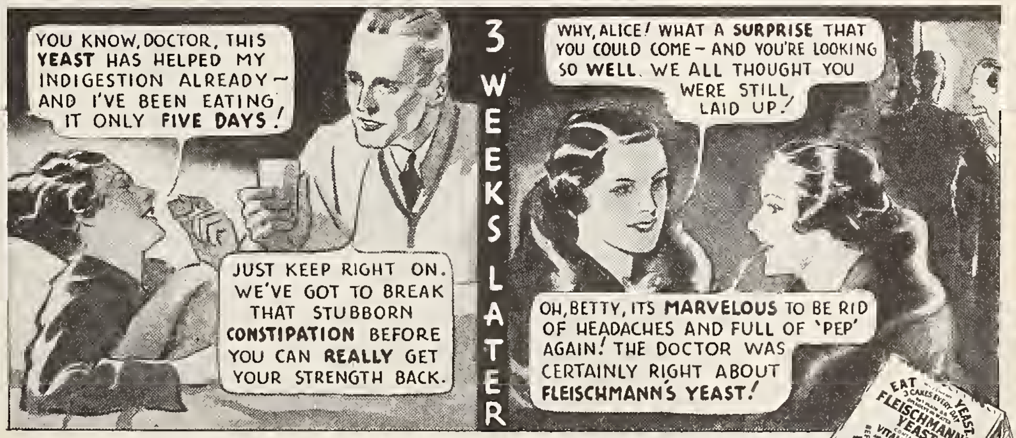


HERE'S ANOTHER CASE THAT SHOWS WHAT EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WILL DO! MISS SPINNING (ABOVE) WRITES:—



WHY, ALICE, YOU LOOK DREADFULLY TIRED! WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARE YOU ILL?
I'M WORRIED! WHATEVER I EAT GIVES ME INDIGESTION—AND MY HEAD ACHES CONSTANTLY. I'VE GOT TO QUIT AND GO TO BED.

"I AM A NURSE—often on duty for 20 hours a day. I need good health. But I had become constipated—chronically. This led to indigestion. I also had headaches. And then . . .



YOU KNOW, DOCTOR, THIS YEAST HAS HELPED MY INDIGESTION ALREADY—AND I'VE BEEN EATING IT ONLY FIVE DAYS!
JUST KEEP RIGHT ON. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THAT STUBBORN CONSTIPATION BEFORE YOU CAN REALLY GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK.
3 WEEKS LATER
WHY, ALICE! WHAT A SURPRISE THAT YOU COULD COME—AND YOU'RE LOOKING SO WELL. WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL LAID UP!
OH, BETTY, ITS MARVELOUS TO BE RID OF HEADACHES AND FULL OF 'PEP' AGAIN! THE DOCTOR WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

"I HAD TO STOP WORK and go on a strict diet. But my digestion got no better. Then I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. The doctor urged me to keep right on with it . . .

"MY ELIMINATION became normal. My indigestion and headaches left. *I agree with the doctors about yeast . . !"*

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B G D
IT'S HEALTHFUL
NRA

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat—the smoke actually *is* several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOLS is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobaccos. Cork tips are lip-savers. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 78*)

for Twentieth Century. Loretta Young will help him strike. It's our fond hope that Sam keeps his distance. The title of the picture might become an actuality.

IN spite of the fact that most of Hollywood thought that "Alice In Wonderland" was just another mistake, Paramount is cleaning up so much dough with the picture that they are laying plans for a "repeat" on the fantasy-type story for the next holiday season. It looks, now, as though "Cinderella" will be your next Christmas present. Charlotte Henry will no doubt be it.

SOME kind, good friend should get to Mary Pickford and advise her to go easy on further "sob story" publicity in regard to her divorce. In the beginning, Mary's simple, direct statements of her unhappiness caused everyone to realize how broken-hearted she was. But lately America's Sweetheart has overstepped the bounds of good taste in sobbing out her heart to every casual reporter who comes along.

CONSERVATIVE Elissa Landi will probably be annoyed, but there has to be a first time for everything, even a separation rumor. Yes, the report is out that Elissa and her English barrister husband will very quietly call it quits some time this Spring.

More and more frequently Elissa has been seen in the company of a young man named Abram Chasis. In fact, when Elissa recently departed for a vacation in New York, Chasis was not long in hopping an eastward bound train after her.

THAT Mexican business has certainly taken the starch and pepper out of Lee Tracy. Hollywood hardly recognizes the former good-time kid who seldom took anything seriously.

The other day a wisecracker standing by the Brown Derby tossed a fast one at Tracy as he departed from the café. Six months ago Lee would have jovially topped his gag. But this time he ignored the joking remark and stepped hurriedly into his car.

He looks worried and older and he is dodging the stay-up-late places like the plague. No one would be surprised if Lee and Isobel Jewel were married by the time this appears in print. A year ago Tracy was quoted as saying he was a "habitual bachelor." His best friends now claim he has had a change of heart and wants to settle down to the simple life.

COLLEEN MOORE'S "four to six" cocktail party was just about the biggest success of the social season. There were so many people about that one wag remarked he couldn't see the house for the people.

We didn't see Constance Bennett, but the Marquis de la Falaise was there and what's more he was speaking most cordially to none other than Gloria Swanson. So many people were enthralled by this intimate little tête-à-tête they failed to take note of several other interesting developments.

Marian Nixon becomes very peeved when Eddie Hillman announced in a loud voice he was giving a luncheon party for "both of my ex-wives" and went around inviting people to be guests at the interesting event.

Mary Brian and Dick Powell held hands all afternoon.

Jeanette MacDonald and Barbara Bennett evoked the greatest admiration for their beauty.

Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were posing for the press photographers when we drifted by the library.

WHO do you suppose?

One of the local husbands of a very famous wife is collecting first editions as follows:

He writes famous authors, mentions his celebrated wife's name and by re-

(*Continued on page 82*)

Three happy couples and one lone wife! They are John Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Chas. Farrell, Johnny Mack Brown and wife, Fay Wray and hubby, and Mrs. John Lodge at the Russian Eagle in Hollywood.

"I can help you win hearts— and hold them." says BARBARA STANWYCK

GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST . . .

I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH !
LUX TOILET SOAP

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER-SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS . . AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP — YOU'LL SEE !

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

Men can't resist alluring skin —you can have this charm . . .

Barbara Stanwyck tells you Hollywood's secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

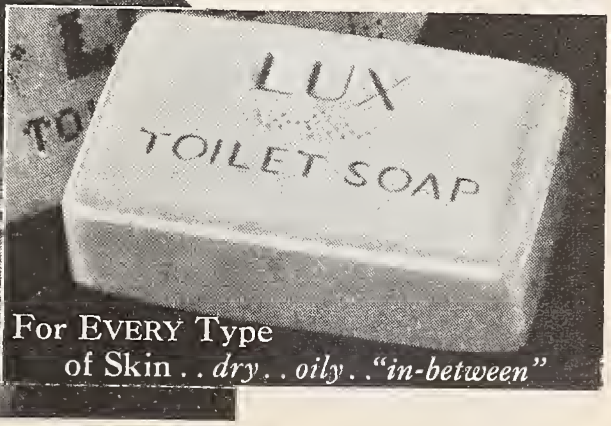
You see her as she looks in her own boudoir. Notice how smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice —make *yours* as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to Hollywood's complexion care.

Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Get some today. Begin at once to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."


LUX TOILET SOAP

For EVERY Type of Skin . . *dry* . . *oily* . . *"in-between"*

I wish
somebody
would
tell
her!

"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has *'come hither'* if I ever saw one. But it becomes *'go thither'* after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

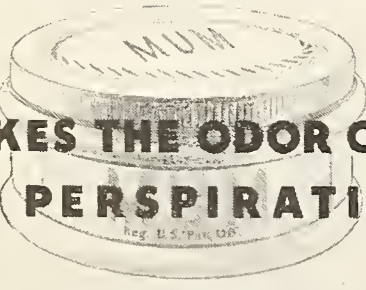
The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 80*)

turn mail (usually) comes an autographed volume of the book he has mentioned.

This little hobby might be worth a lot of money, if the worst happens.

CREDIT Mrs. Pat Campbell with the two most widely quoted "insults" of the current month. To a popular sex appeal star, who is noted for her very hectic kissing scenes with her screen lovers, Mrs. Pat snarled, "My dear, why do you insist on making a meal off your leading man's lips?"

And after taking a look at Lil Tashman's new hat (with a fringe of feathers hanging down over her eyes) the ruthless lady remarked: "You look just like a Sheep Dog in that remarkable hat."

HUGH HERBERT did a nip-up in the middle of his act on Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann's Yeast Hour the other Thursday. Hugh forgot his little piece or lost his notes or something. There was a long silence followed by a heart felt: "Oh, my God!"

Of course the technicians had to switch the rest of it off. There can be no profanity over the ether waves.

SAYS Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in referring to Gertrude Lawrence, "She is the most fascinating and sophisticated woman I have ever known. For the first time in my life I know what true love is."

If Doug's love observation was intended to irritate Joan Crawford, it didn't!

RADIO has offered Katharine Hepburn $6000 per broadcast if she is interested. Marie Dressler has been offered more per broadcast than an entire picture engagement will net her.

And yet this same Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, who is holding out all this gold to Hollywood celebs, is the same gentleman who recently protested in Washington that stars were being paid too much in the movies.

Wonder why they don't clamp a code on radio salaries.

IN the last few months Jeanette MacDonald has, slowly but surely, been adding weight to her lovely figure. The first five pounds were becoming, but the holidays began to play havoc with her curves.

If she does rate the title role in "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier, a strenuous diet and exercise program is in store for her.

AL JOLSON may be all the world to Ruby Keeler, but the entire cast of "Wonder Bar" is beginning to wonder why.

Their collective necks are out of joint from trying to twist their faces into the camera when Al is in the scene.

Jolson and Ricardo Cortez have been at feud heat ever since the picture started, but lately Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Dick Powell have rated as conscientious objectors to Al's "camera hogging."

During the making of one of the scenes, Jolson had to carry Ric Cortez (who outweighs him by fifty pounds) about a quarter of a block. Was it revenge which prompted the director to shoot and re-shoot this scene? It's too bad the camera couldn't pick up the delighted expression on Ric's face as Al tugged along under the burden of his dead weight.

WONDER what's happened to the reputed Rudy Vallee-Alice Faye romance since they both hit Hollywood? Latest gossip is that Rudy's interest has turned purely managerial and that his social life is being divided between several charming cinema queens. Heigh-ho, everybody!

IT happened on the "Bolero" set t'other day.

One of the character actresses, a Swiss, had a very slight understanding of the English language. Her role was that of a dumb innkeeper. She was to appear with George Raft in the following scene.

"Now, remember," the director explained to her, "you're just a great big yokel."

The scene was ready to shoot. At the proper cue, the Swiss woman appeared before the cameras . . . and to everyone's surprise began a series of loud mountain yells.

"Stop!" shouted the bewildered director, "What are you doing?"

"Vy, I yodel," answered the Swiss. "Didn't you tell me I vas a great big yodel?"

GENE RAYMOND has a cute little romantic habit. At the beginning of every new picture he sends his current leading lady a dozen of American Beauty roses. However, on the first day of "Coming Out Party," Gene hesitated about his floral offering and finally decided against it. Frances Dee is the leading lady and bridegroom Joel McCrea might object.

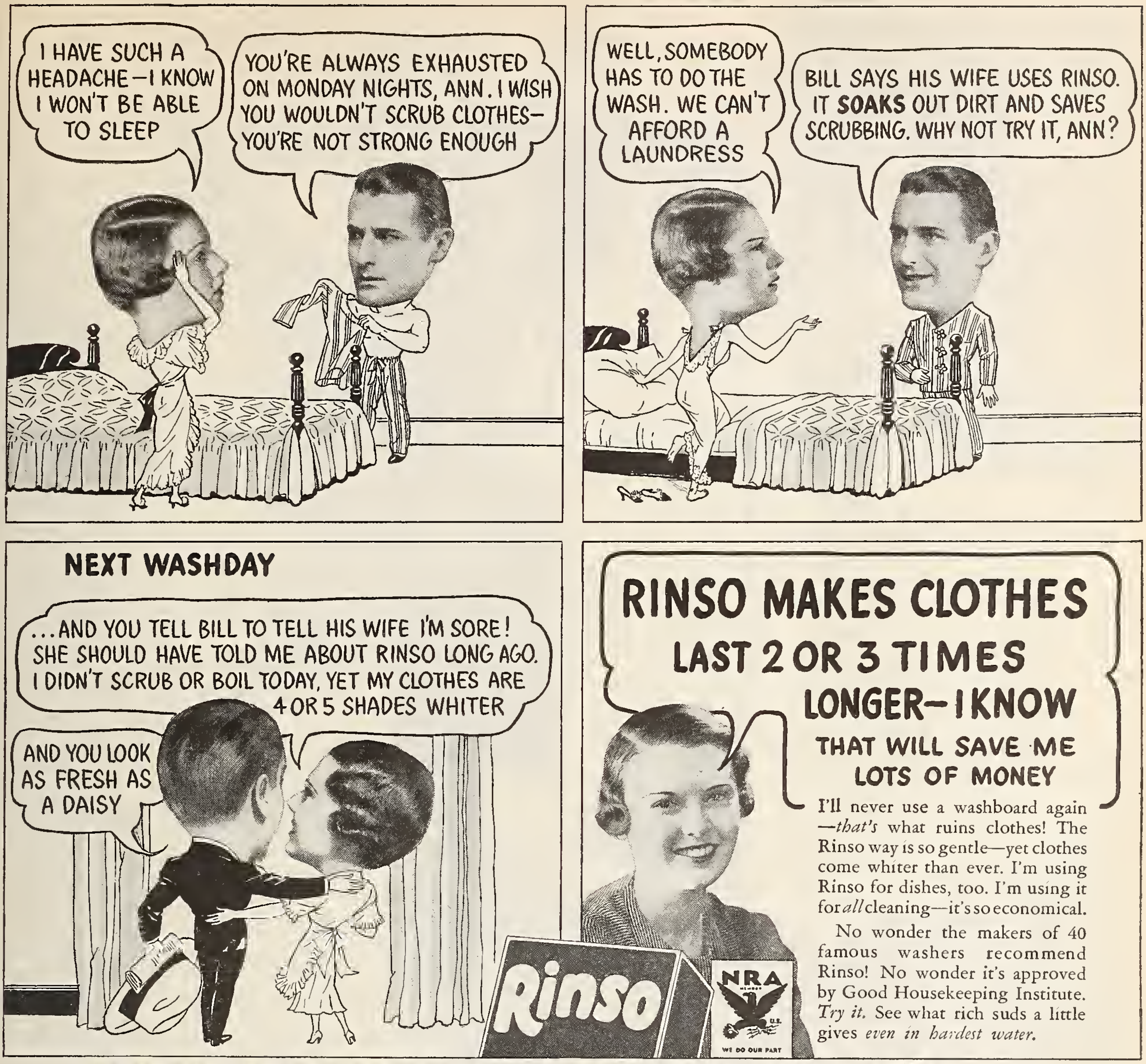
CAROLE LOMBARD gave a big housewarming a while ago and invited her estranged husband, William Powell.

That was all right with everyone except Carole's current boy friend. Did he burn up when her husband showed up also!

ALISON SKIPWORTH swears her brother loves her even if he did write her the following letter:

"I see all your pictures. Why don't you come home?"

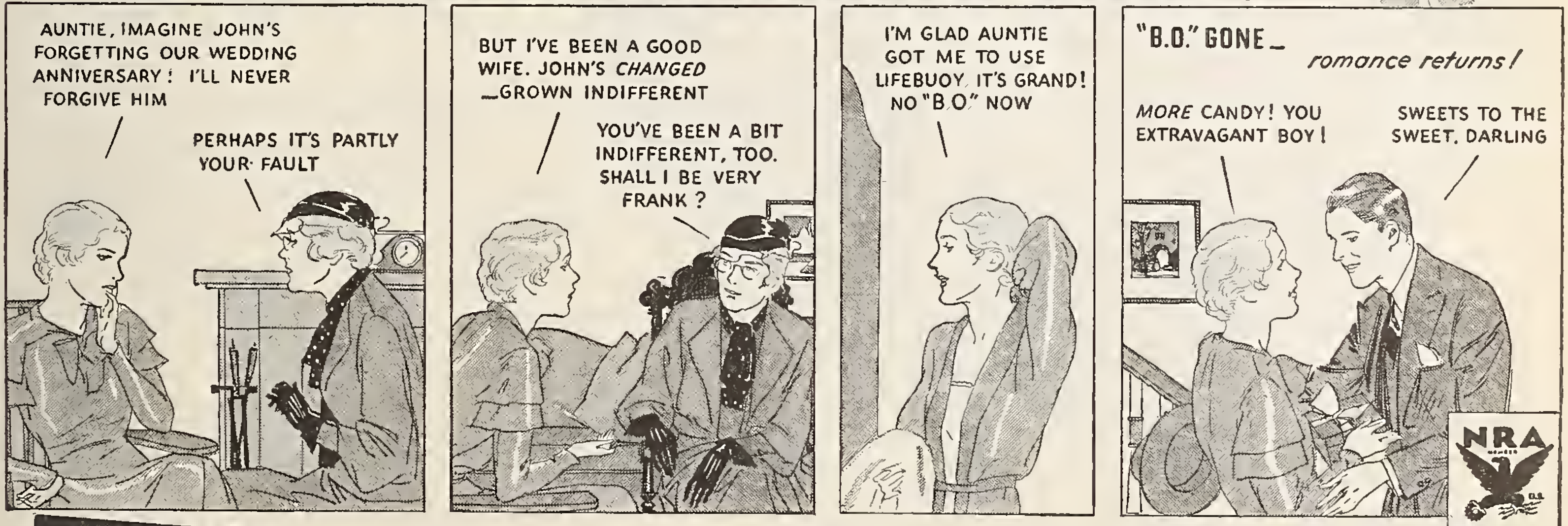
(*Continued on page 84*)


I HAVE SUCH A HEADACHE—I KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP
YOU'RE ALWAYS EXHAUSTED ON MONDAY NIGHTS, ANN. I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SCRUB CLOTHES—YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH
WELL, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO THE WASH. WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS
BILL SAYS HIS WIFE USES RINSO. IT **SOAKS** OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. WHY NOT TRY IT, ANN?
NEXT WASHDAY
...AND YOU TELL BILL TO TELL HIS WIFE I'M SORE! SHE SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO LONG AGO. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL TODAY, YET MY CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
AND YOU LOOK AS FRESH AS A DAISY
RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—I KNOW THAT WILL SAVE ME LOTS OF MONEY
Rinso
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

I'll never use a washboard again—*that's* what ruins clothes! The Rinso way is so gentle—yet clothes come whiter than ever. I'm using Rinso for dishes, too. I'm using it for *all* cleaning—it's so economical.

No wonder the makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso! No wonder it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Try it.* See what rich suds a little gives *even in hardest water.*

CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS?


AUNTIE, IMAGINE JOHN'S FORGETTING OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM
PERHAPS IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT
BUT I'VE BEEN A GOOD WIFE. JOHN'S *CHANGED* —GROWN INDIFFERENT
YOU'VE BEEN A BIT INDIFFERENT, TOO. SHALL I BE VERY FRANK?
I'M GLAD AUNTIE GOT ME TO USE LIFEBUOY. IT'S GRAND! NO "B.O." NOW
"B.O." GONE— *romance returns!*
MORE CANDY! YOU EXTRAVAGANT BOY!
SWEETS TO THE SWEET, DARLING
NRA MEMBER U.S.

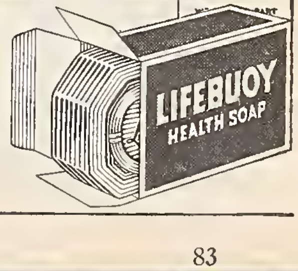
"B.O." (body odor) —a kill-joy

To guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B. O."

For a lovelier skin

Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

"Don't blame that tie!"

YOU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family . . . when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

A most likely cause of this let-down feeling was that your red-blood-cells—the carriers of oxygen to all parts of your body—had been reduced to the point where you were not up to your full strength. You were all worn out. No wonder you did not like that tie.

Though you have no organic disease*, you may have a lowered red-blood-cell count with deficient hemo-glo-bin. When this occurs, and it is very common, you need a tonic. Not just a tonic so-called, but a tonic that has the virtue of stimulating gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to make it natural for you to "carry on" without exhaustion.

Don't wait until you face a breakdown. It is well to remember that you cannot have good health, energy, and cheerfulness if your blood is in a rundown condition.

If your condition suggests a tonic, we recommend S.S.S. because its value has been proven by generations, as well as by modern scientific appraisal.

S.S.S. is truly a blood and body tonic. It is carried by every drug store in America in two sizes—the larger being more economical. ©The S.S.S. Co.

Consult a physician if you suspect an organic trouble.

S.S.S.

builds sturdy health

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 82)

Pretty soon Hollywood won't know what an "eligible bachelor" looks like. The latest to fall is Mervyn Le Roy. She's Doris Warner—of the Warners.

RUSS COLUMBO and June Knight were at the Beverly-Wilshire the other night, but not together. This didn't prevent them from gazing dreamily into each other's eyes, however, over the shoulders of their respective partners as they danced about the floor.

Must have been a grand evening for the guy-what-brung June and gal-who-was-brung by Russ.

George Raft is so "azycray" about Marjorie King he even invites her mother along when they go out. If that isn't love with matrimonial intention, what is it?

RAFT *did* punch production supervisor Barney Glazer in the nose. George Raft *didn't* punch Barney in the nose. He merely pushed him. Those are the two Hollywood stories of the interesting affair which took place on the "Bolero" set, and you may take your choice.

Anyway, the disputed dispute was over a line in the script supposed to be spoken by Georgie.

"How about those pictures of me at my mother's grave? They'd be great publicity!"

George said he wouldn't say such a disgraceful thing. Glazer said the character he was portraying would say such a thing and wound up by wanting to know whether Georgie was an actor or merely a Boy Scout. He found out.

This isn't the only row Raft and Glazer have had. The first took place when George refused to work in "The Story of Temple Drake." The boys just don't get along!

THERE is something a bit sad about that romance between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy. Intimate friends know well that Spence is hard hit by his deep affection for Loretta and yet they are both deeply devout in a religion which does not countenance divorce and re-marriage.

It is an unhappy and almost hopeless Hollywood love story.

SOME of the boys were trying to crash the "Bolero" set at Paramount to watch Sally Rand do her famous Fan Dance and the studio, anticipating their idea, posted four guards at the door.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the troupe went hopefully to the cutting-room the next day to see the rushes, but no soap, either.

So they consoled themselves by trotting over to the "Good Dame" set and watching Dorothy Dell, beauty winner, do her version of a hootchy-kootchy number.

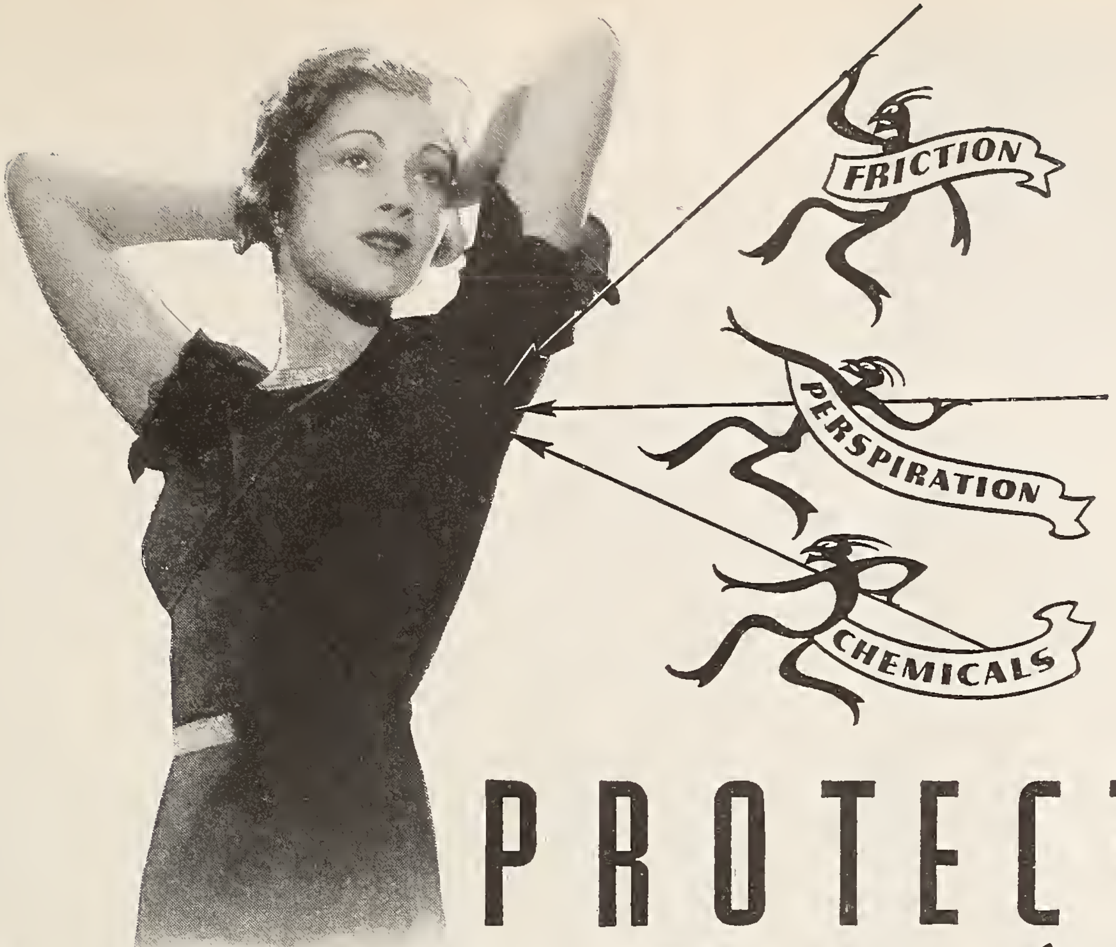
THE small son of the Skeets Gallaghers is called "The Duke." Now that he has a brand new little sister all Hollywood has named her "The Duchess."

MARY CARLISLE is mad at M-G-M.

She has a little trouble keeping down her weight, anyway, and when the studio cast her in a role where she had to eat a whole pound of chocolates it was adding insult to injury. What's more, they made the scene four times and the candy couldn't be faked.

It took a solid week of massage to remedy *that* trouble!

BABY LEROY is a gold digger! The other day he vamped Mrs. Alexander Pantages out of fifty dollars worth of baby wearing apparel from her Baby Shop. The original idea was merely to photograph the irresistible Mister Weinbrenner in the latest baby fashions for publicity purposes, but before the sitting was over he looked so cute in his "models" Mrs. Pantages packed them up for him to take home.


FRICTION
PERSPIRATION
CHEMICALS

PROTECTED

with Kleinert's Dress Shields

Sudden emotion, over-heated rooms, strenuous exercise, strong underarm preparations — these increase the danger to your dress from underarm moisture, friction, and chemicals.

Keep your frocks new and fresh with the guaranteed protection of Kleinert's Dress Shields. There are sizes, styles and colors for every type of costume.

Why risk your dress by trying unknown substitutes when you can buy genuine Kleinert's Shields for as little as 25¢ a pair where you bought this magazine.

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NRA MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

AS LOW AS 25¢ A PAIR

Kleinert's DRESS SHIELDS

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

filled the air and rocked the house when her likeness first appeared on the silver sheet.

John Gilbert, too, came in for his share of praise. His old friends rallied around and he garnered many new ones.

The evening-garbed audience was punctuated with celebrities and among 'em we spied Nita Naldi, Gene Raymond, Estelle Brody, Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Young, Phillips Holmes, Margaret Livingston and Kay Francis.

Yes, "Queen Christina" was an enormous success.

* * *

LITTLE old New York has been doing right by the famous. Teas and dinners and Repeal parties seem to be the order of the day. First, there was Randolph Scott, who was "done right by" by Paramount.

The southern gentleman, who rides like a westerner, had just returned from across the Big Pond where he and his pal, Cary Grant, stepped around, met royalty and Noel Coward and, in fact, knocked things off in a big way socially.

Randy is "for" movies and "ag'in" marriage; that is, for himself. He claims connubial bliss just "isn't" in them thar Hollywood hills. Besides, he has five sisters who pulled booby prizes in the matrimonial grab bag, which is enough to discourage a more sentimental lad than the Scott.

Of course, he does like Vivian Gaye "much big heap," as the Indians would say, but that's all there is, there isn't any more. Mr. Scott told us this with his hand on his heart and promised not to make us look any more foolish than Nature did, by marrying the lovely lady the day this issue appears.

* * *

And, speaking of the lovelorn, there's Phillips Holmes, as fine a young actor as never wasted any time in a dramatic school. Phil balanced a potato chip at the Waldorf-Astoria's glittering bar as he talked of his future.

He was set to set sail for London, where there is a play waiting and a couple of tempting movie offers. There was a nice picture proposition in the U. S. A., too, which he was about to leave behind with Florence Rice, a pulchritudinous miss who acts on the stage and cares for Phil and hates to be parted and all of that.

They, too, say "some day," and even though Florence has changed her religion in preparation for the big event, it is not as yet scheduled.

There is going to be fuss and feathers connected with the Holmes entrance into wedlock. In other words, this afternoon's wedding isn't going to be a result of this morning's hangover. Tch, tch, now you *know* it's been known to happen!

WELL, the Gary Coopers left New York in a blaze of glory. They fooled the public, the press and their friends here and, having grown tired of kidding us, called in the preacher and planned a honeymoon.

On said wedding tour the happy pair took four trunks and the bride's parents. They had never seen Gary's ranch in Arizona, either, and the papers do tell us it's sumpin' to look at.

The Coopers appeared at all the opening nights—he, looking very proud and she very luscious and young—and the smart night clubs and were the envy of just about everybody. Another Hollywood bachelor become a benedict!

* * *

Here's a little item fraught with sentiment and prosperity.

The old Biograph studio way up in New York's Bronx has just reopened for production. Yowser. Chester Erskine, who has sound financial backing, is about to start a series of fifteen pictures, the first of which will be "Frankie and Johnnie," co-starring Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Morgan, this month.

Biograph was the locale in which the real film famous began their then precarious careers. The master director, D. W. Griffith, wielded his megaphone there fifteen years ago and Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and Lillian Gish were among the celebrities who first faced a camera on that old lot.

This is the really cheering news of the month.

* * *

WELL, the rumor hounds on lil old Broadway certainly had themselves a field day when Kay Francis was discovered making the rounds with Billy Gaston. Just by way of keeping the records straight, said handsome man-about-town was once Kay's husband. When the pair decided to call it a day, the gentleman wed Rosamond Pinchot, talented stage actress and, as you know, Kay eventually became Mrs. Kenneth McKenna.

Incidentally, those reputed to be "in the know" claim that the "inside" on the star's recent matrimonial split-up is one of those Harry Bannister-Ann Harding headaches. While Ken was hitting the theatrical high spots in New York several seasons ago, Miss Francis couldn't get a break and when the pair migrated to the land of milk and honey, earthquakes and cloudbursts, the tables were turned and the groom just couldn't take it.

Anyway, we hear that since Kay and Billy Gaston are both apt to be free in the not-too-distant future, they may become Mister and Missus once more.

Wasn't it Will Rogers who said, "Revivals are always flops?" But then, maybe Our Will is just pessimistic!

• *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau*

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

REDUCE *YOUR* WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

. . . or it won't cost you a cent!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 533, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Except for a couple of cuts and bruises, the Wesley Ruggles arrived safely in our midst. 'Twas a little matter of their train and another one arguing for right of way or something. Mrs. Ruggles (Arline Judge) has about regained her land legs at this writing.

Wes, who just finished making "Bolero," is here to look over the New York theatrical fare with a view to translating something promising to the silver sheet and Arline has promised herself a shopping spree.

OUR town holds no mysteries to Charlotte Henry. Chotsie was born, you see, just across the river in Brooklyn, so subways, the Empire State Building and the Aquarium are mere landmarks that have been hanging around for years. Nothing spectacular a-tall!

However, "Alice in Wonderland" drew a swanky party when she hit Park Avenue. It was unreeled at the Waldorf-Astoria with much gingerale and ice to keep things stimulating.

Miss Henry, contrary to the impression one would gather from her "wide-eyedness," seems to know all the answers. She has had stage experience and social contacts and whatever it takes to gain one assurance. No shy violet is this pretty Brooklyn belle. Indeed, she can hold her own—and anybody else's—in matters conversational.

And because she's a smartie, a good trouper and shows promise, Paramount—ever grateful for favors received—has presented Charlotte with a brand new long-term contract. She'll probably play the title rôle in "Lovey Mary" next.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of social celebrations, the combined press agents of the town—or so it seemed—staged a little whoopee for Gene Raymond, the occasion being the platinum blond's departure on a three-months' European tour with his mother.

There were *hors d'oeuvres* and clinking glasses long before there was a handsome young actor, for Gene got tied up in the traffic somewhere en route and couldn't get himself disentangled. The blizzard again. When he finally arrived he was gracious and nervous in about equal proportions, but made a great hit with the susceptible New York newspaper women. Gosh, Mary Brian's apprehensions!

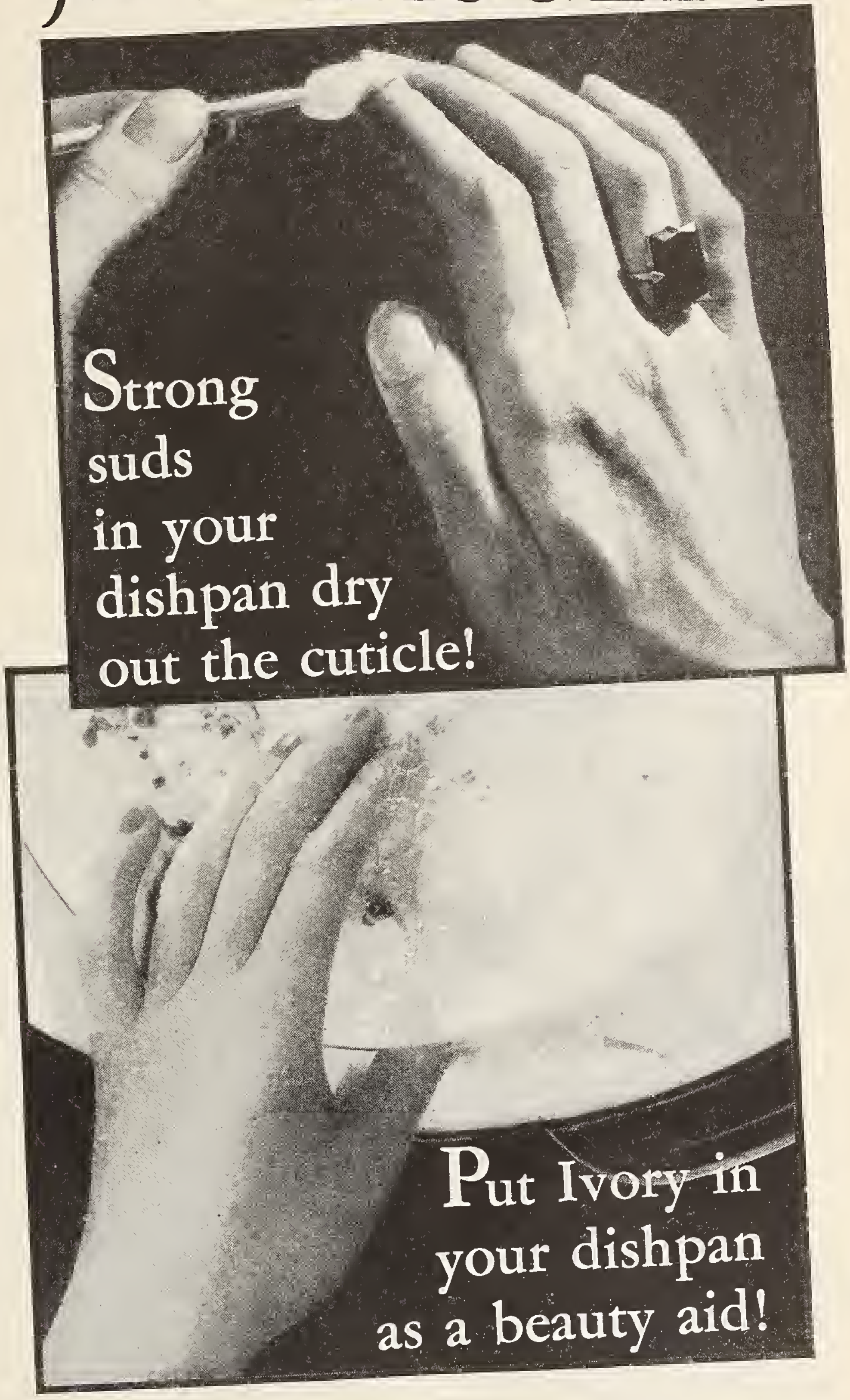
The party was gay and Gene, who isn't due in Hollywood until April first, seemed to survive it with an eventual show of equanimity. In other words, he made the grade with the people who help make the actors.

* * *

And now the O'Briens are here. George and his bride, Marguerite Churchill. They are on sort of a second honeymoon, making unscheduled "personal appearances" at all the places where the smart set gathers.

This popular pair look inconceivably "un-movie-ish" which must help them out in public places, when one takes into consideration the way most stars are

"Why does my Cuticle get so RAGGED?"


Strong suds in your dishpan dry out the cuticle!
Put Ivory in your dishpan as a beauty aid!

It costs so little to use Ivory for all soap-and-water tasks, why ruin your hands with strong suds? Ivory keeps busy hands looking nice . . . . 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

COLDS
Go Overnight

When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

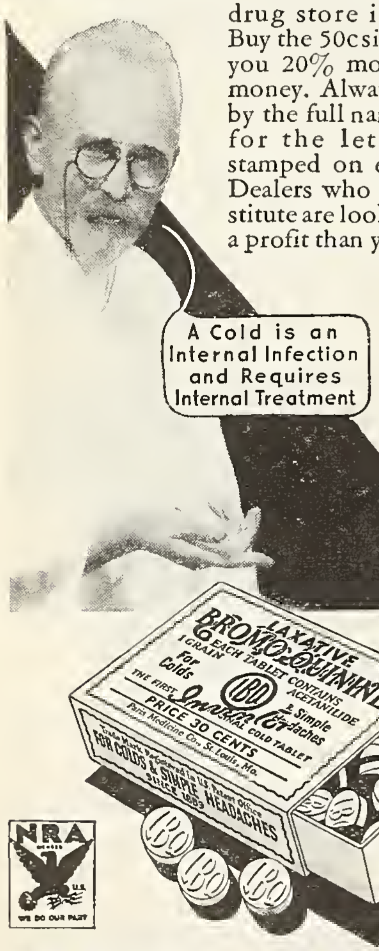
First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.


A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
PRICE 30 CENTS
LBQ
NRA
WE DO OUR PART

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

mobbed and mauled once recognized around these parts.

* * *

The Algonquin, famous hostelry housing celebrities and exuding intimate atmosphere, takes on a Hollywood aspect these days; that is, from the standpoint of luncheon guests. Seated around the main dining-room recently, we spied Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Laura Hope Crews, Roland Young and Ross Alexander. Yes, everything there but the cameras and sound track!

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

odor. The strongest he-man couldn't object to it. For a pimply condition—watch the diet. The plainest of foods for a while. Lots of vegetables. Tomato juice. Fruits. Very little starch. No sweets nor heavy, oily foods. Hot applications to the offending blemishes will help. And a medicated skin cream would help, too, if you get him to use it without his suing for divorce.

Now, about hair. I do see the most pathetic heads of masculine hair. Stiff, dry, no-color-at-all-hair. Dandruff. Oily hair. And hair that looks like a wet whisk broom from being sopped under the shower until there isn't a speck of natural oil and life left in it.

Goodness knows, it ought to be easy enough for every man to brush his hair vigorously once every day. There isn't much territory to cover. And it does give such a grand polish and sleekness to a head of hair. It makes hair stay put and look neat, too.

THERE'S no reason, either, why a guy shouldn't wear a shower cap under the shower. A once-a-week shampoo is plenty, I think. It should be a thorough one. Three soapings with liquid soap. A good rinse under the shower. And plenty of rubbing and scalp-massaging while the hair is drying. Then, when it is quite dry, a little tonic rubbed in. Or one of the good oil preparations, if the hair is dry. But what the dears usually do is to pour on their oil tonic—or rub in the stickum—while the hair is still wet. And there you have a beautiful mess clinging to the hair. This collects dust. And the hair is so caked down all the time that the scalp never has a chance to breathe. The scalp must get aired every day. That's another reason for the brushing. It's a good thing to rumple the hair up—stand it on end and pull it a little, to stimulate the scalp. (That task may be a pleasure to some married ladies, huh?)

For advanced cases of dandruff and for hair which is falling out so fast that it makes your head swim, special care is needed. And one of the best lines of hair preparations that I know about has a remedy for every hair evil. None of the preparations are perfumed. And alcohol—where it must be used for preservation—is used sparingly. They are reasonable in price—neither too high nor too cheap to be good. Write and ask me about them, if you would like to know their names, and I promise you a very prompt reply.

I don't suppose I need to tell men that they should all get regular exercise. I don't need to tell the young ones, I'm sure. They look after themselves pretty well. They're mostly scared to death of getting fat. In fact, they err a bit on the other side, there. I'd like to see some of the young fellows with a little more flesh on their bones. They have natty figures and nice, flat stomachs—but their faces look so thin, sometimes. I think it is because the average young American male is usually so "on the go" that he never has a chance to relax after a meal. I know it's that way with a certain younger brother. He's off—on some mysterious "date" the minute the dessert is finished. A girl may have some home duties to putter with. Her face to fix or her frock to change. That's a bit of relaxation, in a way. Food is digested properly.

Older men, however, are the ones who get careless. You see many more good looking middle-aged women these days than middle-aged men, don't you think? The women have better figures. Competition has been keen, for them, and they have had to spruce up and keep slim and fresh-looking in the face of Father Time.

Middle-aged men are always saying, "Must get some exercise. I'm putting on weight." They may even go so far as to buy a rowing machine—and park it in the coat closet in the hall, where it stays, winter, summer, autumn, and spring. They may, perhaps, play a little golf. And then they open a quart of the finest stuff in the locker room and undo all the good work the golf has done. Liquor is *extremely* fattening, I'll have you know.

Systematic, regular exercise—be it tennis in summer and rowing machine in winter or whatever—will keep the figure flat where it should be flat and muscular where it should be muscular. And that's the only really important requisite for a good, masculine figure, isn't it?

I'm afraid to say any more about beauty advice for men. I'm afraid of butting in where wives fear to tread. Honest I am. But if anyone feels inspired to write me about any personal problem, I'll be only too glad to answer it—confidentially, of course. I've helped the ladies with a good many of their problems and I'm sure I could handle the men's, too.

Next month, I'll return to the ladies again. And a darned sight easier it will be, says I!

The Booby Prize

(*Continued from page 47*)

for news pictures with her sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. She *did* pose with them at Colleen Moore's party—but with what poor grace!

● Eddie Hillman announced in public (and in the presence of his latest ex, Marian Nixon) that he was going to throw a big party in honor of his two ex-wives. Was that the best of manners, Mr. Hillman?

● Gene Raymond, leaving for New York, invited three girls down to the train to see him off: Janet Gaynor, Marian Nixon and Mary Brian. He gets a prize—and the girls all get a special prize for showing up!

● We don't quite know who should get this booby prize. But—well, anyway . . . We're a little tired of movies in which the heroine is a brilliant surgeon or a brilliant something else—and looks not a day over twenty-two. Ann Harding, for instance, in "The Right to Romance," was, for the purposes of the plot, in possession of all the surgical knowledge which brilliant men spend years and years slaving to acquire. We seem to remember "Mary Stevens, M.D.," too.

● And Joan Crawford's shoes in "Dancing Lady" provided us with a snicker. "Don't wear bows on your shoes," said Franchot Tone to her. "They're cheap looking." Close-up of the famous Crawford legs and feet. And what did we see? Lovely, expensive, hand-turned slippers. Probably cost $15 per each. And great, big, luscious grosgrain bows on them. Cheap, my eye!

MODERN SCREEN
ON THE AIR!

At 5:30 on Monday afternoons—until 5:45 on Monday afternoons you'll find us holding forth over Station WMCA. If your set will behave nicely and get this station for you, you can obtain an advance broadcast on what this magazine is doing in the world.

"Dry those tears, sister. You were a silly to believe that fancy soaps would make you beautiful. We've known right along that no soap smooths up the skin like Ivory!"
"And don't think your complexion stops at the neckline, sister! Please, if you want your all-over complexion to match your face, do as we do—take Ivory baths."

If you want a baby-smooth skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dull-looking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baby-smooth complexion.

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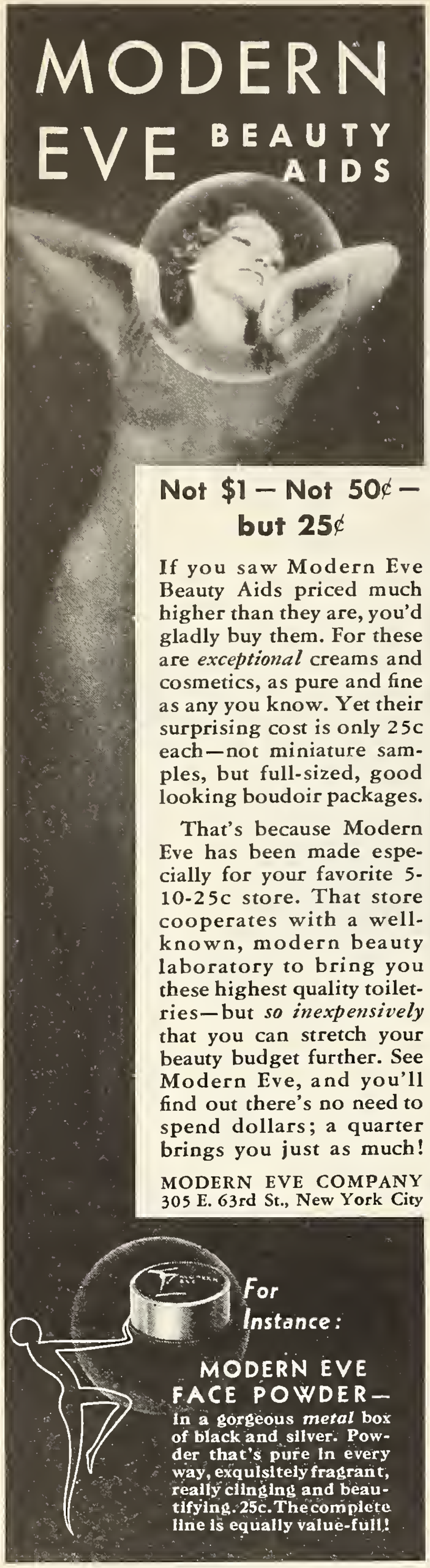

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Let Me Tell You About Greta Garbo

(*Continued from page 27*)

M-G-M was spending a huge amount for her comeback. When she works, she concentrates so hard that I think a cannon could be shot off at her side and she wouldn't move. Lots of men have that power of concentration but very few women have it.

Imagine my surprise, then, in the midst of all this intensity to have her wisecrack the first time she talked to me alone. We were speaking of a love scene in the script and she said:

"This is a very low scene—a *very low scene.*"

I knew she meant it had to be played in a low-pitched voice but the repetition made me imagine she meant something more—and she did! I looked up and found her smiling slyly and looking at me out of the corner of her eye to see if I got her double meaning. When I giggled, her smile spread to a grin. She always waits mischievously to see whether you get her *double entendres* and if you do, she's as pleased as punch.

But she has the true aloofness of the great. No matter how well you know her, I don't imagine you can take your hair down with her. She's not the sort of person to whom even her intimates would yell, "Hi! Greta." She is "Miss Garbo" always, no matter how human she is and, in my opinion, she's swell.

At first I couldn't forget the "Garbo legend." I remember the first scene we played together. I had to curtsey and kiss her hand. I had been perfect in rehearsals but the "take" was almost spoiled. In the middle of it I thought, "My God, this is Garbo!" and it darn near broke me up. Of course, as the picture progressed and we became more friendly, I got over my awe of her.

We began to gag together. We wore long dresses that swept the floor and hid our feet. One day she lifted her beautiful Adrian creation and showed me her feet encased in an old pair of tennis shoes.

"They said I have four pairs," she laughed, "but I've got only these."

Not to be outdone, I lifted my beautiful dress and showed her my feet in an old and comfortable pair of slippers. It got to be a morning ritual with us. Each day with all solemnity, she'd lift her gown and the tennis shoes were in evidence.

"And you?" she'd ask.

To keep up with her prank and hear her wicked laughter, I used to wear the oldest and most outlandish clodhoppers I could find.

Another gag was her "Nay! Nay!" When she had to give a decision about something, instead of saying "No!" she'd say "Nay! Nay!" until it got so that everyone from Mamoulian down was "Nay, naying."

One terrible day she walked through the sets saying in a sepulchral voice, "There's trouble afut! There's trouble afut!"

We all looked at one another in dismay. There was fear and trembling, for none of us knew what the trouble was. Fortified by her friendship to me, I approached and asked timidly:

"What's the matter, Miss Garbo? Why do you say, 'there's trouble afoot?'"

She looked at me and answered solemnly, "I have just learned your delightful expression. 'There's trouble afut!'"

ANOTHER day I told her I knew one word in Swedish but I didn't know what it meant. My aunt had had a Swedish cook who used to say "forbaunod" a great deal. Garbo roared when she heard that.

"It means damn or hell," she explained. "I have visions of that woman knocking the pots and pans about and shouting 'Damn, damn, damn!'"

She used to take as much pleasure in teasing me as Mamoulian did. She loves tennis and she knew I did, too. When the tennis matches were on, she'd say to me, "Maybe we can get you off today in time for you to see them."

I protested that I didn't want to get off but she kept teasing me about it just the same. And because sometimes some young man would be waiting to take me home, she'd keep asking, "How are all your boy friends?"

One morning I answered lightly, "I'm through with men. They complicate life so."

She answered very seriously, "You're right. If you want to be a success, you must not let anything interfere with your work. You must concentrate. Everything must come from within you."

She's the most amazing person. Wearing the same costume and make-up, she can look hard and sophisticated one day and the next be so radiantly beautiful that "dewy" is the only word that fits her, much as I hate to use it. She is never satisfied with her own work. She used to stop in the middle of a scene which overwhelmed me by its perfection and say, "It's not right." She'd bite her lip, shake her head and walk about in distraction, almost like a caged animal.

Mamoulian always let her do a scene over if she wanted to, even though he thought it had been done all right. He knew better than anyone how hard she was striving for perfection.

Gossip has linked their names but I don't think they were anything more than good friends and fine artists, each appreciating the other's ability—and sense of humor, too.

They would both love to play kids' pranks on each other. We had a man on the sound track called "Skippy." He was short, pot-bellied and wore glasses. Just to look at him made you feel good for he would giggle at you as if you and he had some secret joke.

One day he turned up in a turtle neck

sweater and a white cap. It so happened that Mamoulian, who is very tall and wears glasses too, had the same kind of sweater on. Garbo called him over and pointing to Skippy said, "I think you two are brothers."

MAMOULIAN waited until she was off the set and then he sent to the wardrobe department for a white cap like Skippy's. When Garbo was expected back, he motioned for us all to be silent and went over and stood posing with his arm around Skippy. I can't tell you how funny they looked—tall Mamoulian and little Skippy wearing the same kind of clothes. When Garbo came on the set and saw them, she roared. Skippy had his own sense of humor too and I think Garbo liked that. His arms were tatooed and we asked him if he had ever been a sailor.

"Sure," he answered. "I was the captain of a schooner."

When we were all duely impressed, he added, "A prairie schooner."

You can see from this that Garbo created an atmosphere of friendliness to everyone. She didn't play the great lady but was her gracious self to one and all.

And when it came to work, her own flawless performance made us all give our best. She helped us all, particularly myself and Gilbert, who worked at high tension all the time because it was his comeback and he is especially high-strung anyway.

She did lots of kind little things for me that I shall never forget. Whenever she sent her maid out for coffee or tea, she saw to it that I had some too. And one day when we had been working on the back lot and were waiting for the cars to take us to the studio, it began to snow and I began to shiver. Garbo and Mamoulian usually took the first car and I went into the second with the others. But this day the second car didn't come up right away and before I knew what had happened, the first car had backed up and both Garbo and Mamoulian were beckoning me to hop in with them.

I think her good-bye to me was typical of the woman about whom so many conflicting things are written. She didn't say, "It was nice to have you in my picture," as so many great stars do, but instead:

"It has been very nice working together," and remembering that I had told her I was going back East for a holiday with my family she added, "You're going to see your mother and your brother, aren't you?"

"Yes!" I replied and I'm afraid I acted too delighted at the prospect, for she said in the most tragic tones:

"Oh, how I envy you!"

I forgot her greatness then. At that moment I felt that she might be my chum who was frightfully alone and homesick and I was very sorry for her. Imagine, me, Elizabeth Young, feeling sorry for The Great Garbo. Oh, it all sounds too absurd but it's true. That's how I felt.

Do you blame me for thinking that Garbo is a regular person and that I've got something to tell my grandchildren?

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Who's Calling!

(Continued from page 29)

behind some of these encounters of trustful little girls with men who claim they are directors, it is perhaps best not to think. Most of them only go to show that there are a staggering number of empty-headed braggarts in Hollywood. The operators say that calls for these non-existent "directors" often run up to eighty a day.

THEN there are the pitiful calls from people down and out, beaten by life, willing to snatch at any straw. "I'd like to ask about a job," they begin hesitantly.

"In what department, please?"

"Oh, acting — any department — any kind of work," comes the vague answer. "I just hoped—I just thought maybe—"

People who don't even know what kind of job they could handle don't stand much chance of getting any job at all. But it is never without a pang that the operators pull their plugs, saying, "We're sorry, but you'll have to get in touch with the department your work fits you for."

Heaven knows, though, the phone girls get enough comic relief in their daily round. There are the ardent swains who call in to entreat, "When will Betty Daniels finish work in the chorus on that dance picture you're shooting? I've got a date with her and she's three hours late now!" Betty, or whatever her name happens to be, is still on the set.

When will the chorus be through? Doesn't the chorus wish it knew! Don't the studio executives wish they knew! Doesn't the director wish he knew! And if *they* don't know *how* can the poor telephone operator know?

Then there are the curiosity hounds who want to know "Is Ruth Chatterton really married?" "Does Cagney wear a wig?" "How old is Randy Scott?" "Is Jimmie Dunn going to marry Ann Harding?" They know the answers already. They just want to hear them via voice from the studio itself. There are the downcast salesmen who say to the phone girl, "I can't seem to get to Mr. X. Will you sell him a car for me?" There are the skeptics who demand suspiciously, "Did Eddie Robinson really ride that horse in that picture I saw last night or did he just wear the riding-clothes and let a double do it?"

An odd quirk is that people who call in to ask questions like these—"Is Norma Shearer's hair really curly?"—and so on—almost always preface their questions the same way. "A bunch of us were sitting around the house the other day and we had a bet that such and such was the case," they begin. It seems to make it less embarrassing, that old fib about the bet.

ANOTHER mix-up out at Warners' recently might not have been so funny had not Jack Warner, vice president in charge of production, had a sense of fun. One evening after hours Mr. Warner came into the office and said to the girls on duty, "I'm Mr. Warner. Please get me long distance to New York."

People are always trying to swipe free telephone calls. The girls exchanged knowing smiles. Mr. Warner actually had to write his signature on a piece of paper before they would believe him.

And as with production heads, so with stars. The operators know their voices, know them well enough to kid them over the wires, but quite frequently they have never seen them off the screen. Of four operators on duty at a major studio, only one has ever been on a set.

Poor little Jackie Cooper went unrecognized one day, too. The girls at the M-G-M board heard a childish voice saying, "Please let me talk to Miss Joan Crawford." The operator who got the call closed her key and turned to her chief. "It's a little boy wanting to talk to Joan," she said. "Gee, I've got half a mind to put him through to her. You know how she is about kids. She'd talk to him." But rules are rules and so, opening her key again, she said, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you talk to the stars."

"But I'm a friend of Miss Crawford's," the young voice insisted.

A friend! That's what they all say. "I'm sorry—"

"But darn it, Marie," said the voice, peeved by now, "I *am!* This is Jackie."

Only then did the girls recognize his voice.

Joan Crawford, by the way, once checked an attempt at robbery by a peculiar accident of the switchboard that could not happen one time in twenty thousand. A woman's voice called the studio saying, "This is Robinson's Department Store. What is the number of Miss Crawford's charge account with us, please?" This is an old dodge of department store thieves. They make every effort to get a charge account number. Once they get it, the star finds thousands of dollars of merchandise charged to her name. But the operators are wise to the stunt and never give out the information. Ordinarily they would simply have cut the connection. What happened on this occasion is inexplicable. The operators to this day don't know exactly. Joan must have lifted the receiver of her private phone at the exact instant the call came in to the main board, just as the operator was ringing her. The department store crook, little though she had planned for it, was talking straight into Joan's ear. She must have shivered as she heard a quiet voice ask, "This is Miss Crawford speaking. What was it you wanted, please?"

There was a moment of stammering, and then the connection was hastily broken.

JOAN was once a phone operator herself. Now and then she drops in at the studio switchboard and clips a transmitter around her neck just for old times' sake. Would it thrill you to know that that husky-voiced operator who took your call that time you phoned Republic 0211 was Joan?

The lengths to which people will go to talk to their favorite stars over the phone are unbelievable. A girl called Hollywood all the way from St. Louis not long ago to enquire, "May I talk to John Barrymore?"

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Oh, I haven't got anything to say, I just want to talk to him," came the answer with blissful assurance.

"Mr. Barrymore isn't on the lot today." Mr. Barrymore was, but the phone girls try not to antagonize people if they can help it.

"Then can't I talk to Jean Harlow? She'll let me reverse the charges. I know she'll be glad to pay for this call."

There's egotism for you! Such long distance calls are by no means uncommon, the girls say, although they may cost all the way from ten to fifty dollars, depending on their point of origin.

Another egotist is the elderly woman who calls in every day to tell one studio what picture she saw last night and bawl them out for making it the wrong way. "Now, if I had written that story," she begins, and goes on for fifteen minutes to criticize plot, casting, performances, dialogue, everything.

But that's the sort of thing the phone girls are paid to listen to. Guardian angels, they sit between the studio and the world. When a man called in frantically to swear he was the only person in the world who could cure Clark Gable of appendicitis, the phone girls had to decide whether he was a crank or a physician who really had something to offer. Clark was in the hospital at the time, scheduled to be operated upon the following morning. When, as once happened, it was reported over the radio that Wallie Beery was dead in a plane crash, it was the phone girls who called his home in a rush, talked to him, and issued reassuring denials to something like fifteen hundred persons who telephoned to ask whether the report was true.

But exciting moments are rare. The routine calls which flood in hour after hour, day after day, year in and year out, are less dramatic. They're the same over and over.

"I'm a high school girl. Will you please ask Gloria Stuart what kind of rinse she uses on her hair?"

"Will you give me the colors of all the gowns Claudette Colbert wore in 'Tonight Is Ours'? I'm getting married and I want to copy her clothes for my trousseau."

"Your call to New York is ready, now, Mr. Marx."

"Good afternoon. Universal."

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios."

The tiny lights blink, the patient voices go on giving infinite answers, the deft hands glide over the board like the pale ghosts of a million hopes and dreams.

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NRA

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CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

What Kind of a Girl Is Heather?

(*Continued from page 74*)

almost met a cruel, horrible death.

In England she had been a good horsewoman and considered that day lost when she did not have an early morning canter. So when one morning she decided, unbeknownst to the rest of the company, that she would like a horseback ride she felt no uneasiness. But she had not reckoned on the wildness of Indian horses nor the curious mountain trails of India.

THEY were playing far in the interior and were the only English speaking people for miles. So, completely alone, Heather hired an Indian pony and set out.

Happily she climbed a mountain road when suddenly, directly in the pathway, she saw a huge snake. The horse saw it, too, and instantly bolted. She had no idea how to stop him and there was nothing for her to do but to cling tight and let him go. He tore around a narrow mountain path and once Heather turned her eyes from the road to see a thousand foot cliff falling sheer below. There was room on the narrow path only for the horse. She could not possibly risk jumping because on the other side the mountain rose like a formidable wall of rock. Her only alternative was to cling to the mad pony's back with all her strength.

What went on in her mind when she was making this wild race with death only Heather Angel knows. Her recounting of the experience is done without embellishments. She describes this hair-raising situation as calmly as she would say, "My mother and I took a walk down Hollywood Boulevard." But it did one thing for her. It gave her a philosophy, a philosophy that death is inevitably so near to all of us and that our fate is held by such a gossamer thread that nothing is important enough to cause us to worry and fret.

That is why there emanates from her a calmness that is seen in very few young people, stoicism that only an old soul seems able to attain.

Perhaps Heather Angel is an old soul. At any rate there was something in the atmosphere of India which fascinated her. She heard much Yogi philosophy and saw the strange peace that possesses even the humblest and most impoverished of Indians.

There were amusing experiences in the Far East, too. The company played in one very small and obscure town where the natives had never seen a theatrical performance before and, when the villain in the play stalked across the stage to show the heroine what a Fate Worse than Death would be like, the fiery natives in the audience bore down upon the stage and made an attempt to kill the poor young actor who was simply playing his part. After that it was as much as his life was worth to show himself upon the street and the fact that the next night his rôle was that of the gentlest of heroes made no difference at all to the natives.

BUT all of these experiences gave Heather a background which she would trade for none other. And incidentally, while she was learning a philosophic outlook on life, she was also learning the rudiments of acting.

Still avid for knowledge of her chosen profession, when the Eastern tour was over, she traveled in rep shows in England. While she was playing in London a picture director saw her and gave her the rôle of an Italian girl in a film which was being partially filmed in Italy. Her screen career had begun. While she was working in a UFA production, the American producers discovered her and she was gobbled up by Hollywood.

Seated in a huge chair that seemed completely to swallow her slight frame and with cigarette smoke curling about her crisp brown hair, she said in her precise little way, "I'm sure I shall always adore Hollywood. It looks so clean, so sun-baked and it has such marvelous sports, my dear. One doesn't have to go long distances to play tennis or swim or skate. It's all spread out before one. I do love it, really."

Her mother is with her in California and Heather's life is much the same as it would be if she were still in Oxford, England. Her friends are found mostly in the English colony of Hollywood. Her tastes are simple—plain but dainty clothes, very little jewelry, and a home not too elaborate.

She isn't "glamorous" in the real sense of that overworked word, but there is about her, some indescribable British charm—something still and deep inside her which assures you that what you see of Heather Angel at first or second—or even tenth—meeting is not all the girl has to give.

Whether or not she will be a brilliant success in Hollywood remains to be seen. She gives clean-cut performances like herself, but she is neither the sloe-eyed allurer nor the wistful, saccharine heroine. I'm afraid she doesn't fit into a pattern. Her life has been too full and she has taken too much out of it to say to herself, "I am this or I am that." There is too much of the philosophy of the East in the blood of this thoroughly British girl.

Don't miss the final installment of the Katharine Hepburn life story in our next issue

Their "Best Esteemed" Stars

(*Continued from page 63*)

her acted in "The Perfect Flapper" "Ella Cinders" and "Twinkle Toes." She were amazing and I counterpart her very much. She is bobbed with a black, conspicuous hair, a bulky eye and lips so consequent red like an Hibiscus flower. Her nose is tall with an exorbitant shape. Colleen Moore is very clever in making cock-eye, and she frequent acts as poor girl in a country house with a barbarous mother.

She has a complete white tooth in a row. Her feet are trivial and phantom and her astonishing, genteel shoes carry her wonderful legs from place to place. I think so Colleen Moore can acted impudent things for make people rapture. She have so many external coverings that when she acts and wore on those dresses you sure would like it.

Sometimes when she make comedy you could hardly stand it because she act it so mirthful. I hope some day she will come to Honolulu for we all can see her embellish face, hair, eyes and how witless she are.

HATSUE NOJI.

MARY PICKFORD: My favorably actress is Mary Pickford. She have a long curly hair with a ribbon tied at the terminate. I ponder she possesses the most extreme delicacy of outline of any actress in Hollywood. I have from Hollywood one of her photographs which it is one she herself have sending me direct. She were standing upright in this photograph, and I ardent it very much.

Mary Pickford have clothes with many decorations of lace, ribbon, long skirt and very fine. She have brown protracted and embellished eyes. Her eyelashes vicissitudes aloft so it constitutes her superior elegance. Her hair is very undulating so people cogitates she ripples it, but it are not so. Mary Pickford was birth with undulating hair. Mary Pickford, in fact, is my extreem favorable actress.

SUN MOY KAM.

HAROLD LLOYD: Harold Lloyd is construction thin and slendor with a sportive eye glass, tedius feet and very jollity. When he act in the movies he makes every individuals laughing, so people are taking him for joke, but Harold Lloyd is very innocent and spotless.

On his childhood he were always sally to school, so his parents were very pleasure and ardent him very much. When he were too enlarge to go to school he became a movie star. Now he is an opulent, salutary man. Sometimes he combs middle, and sometimes sideways. He acts very brilliant and when his film extends to Honolulu all the nations of the Hawaiian islands are ardent to vision the show. Some of his pictures begins with a laugh and

It's hard to believe I was ever so SKINNY!
SO LONG SKINNY!

Posed by professional models

Amazing EASY WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS FAST

Sensational gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty in a few weeks

NOW you can easily fill out that skinny, beanpole figure, and be just as attractive and have as many friends as *anybody*. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh and shapely, enticing curves that everybody admires—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

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Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Dept. 33, Atlanta, Georgia.

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Letters like this prove that you too can have a lovely skin. Doctor's tests prove it too. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser, quickly clears up muddy complexions, prevents blackheads and pimples. An old French formula, first made in this country only to private order, Ambrosia Cleanser is now available at all 10c stores and in larger sizes at drug and department stores. Begin today to have a kissable skin. Get Ambrosia at once. For very oily complexions follow with Ambrosia Tightener. It is tonic and antiseptic. Also on sale at 10c and other stores.

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New Easy Way

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

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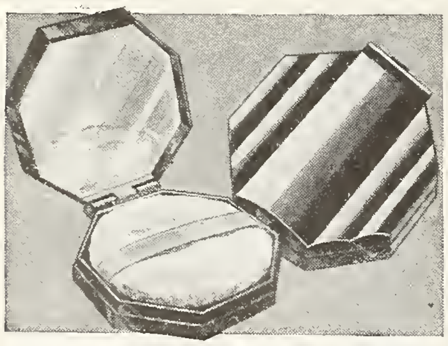
PUSH-CLIP
10 Cents
at KRESGE'S

Amazing invention guarantees neat, quick job. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Improve appearance of your rooms—keep all wires off floors with JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP. *Economical.* Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

BEWITCHING



Ultra-smart octagonal compact in genuine bakelite, with beveled glass mirror . . . fashionable enough and fine enough for twice the price! Case in red, black, brown, green, blue; high grade velour puff. Odorless, durable, yet light as a feather. 15c at leading Chains.

An exclusive creation of A. L. SIEGEL CO., Inc.
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HANDYSIFT
Loose Powder Vanity

terminates with a riotous conduct.

TIN CHAN GOO.

CLARA BOW: In my period of youth I judgment Clara Bow is my most affectionated actress. She have a merriment proceedure and a circular, bulky eye with a moderate eye ball in the point of concentration. When Clara Bow was a diminutive girl she did not like to stay domestic but loved to go abroad. I have perused this in one movies magazine. Her ambitions was to be well nurtured and also be intelligent but not indolent.

Before Clara Bow become an actress she would lotion the dishes for her mother, purify the house and keep it free from extraneous matter. Now I have acquired knowledge she is attaining her living by being a Hollywood star.

Clara Bow have a short cut red hair, a spherical face with a prostrate nose which is just medium, not too high or too low. She have a broad eye and walk on elevated shoes. She is not very meagre nor too corpulant, but is a frolicsome girl. She is one of the juvenilest girls in Hollywood, and indefinitely she is my utmost movie star.

OI FONG CHUNG.

I've Dressed Them All

(Continued from page 49)

by everyone. When she started in pictures, Lon Chaney taught her the gentle art of make-up. But his hand was not so gentle when he applied it and in her first test she looked like nothing human. It was her talent and beauty that triumphed over too much make-up.

Very often the stars of the screen are different in real life from their film rôles. I saw Theda Bara when she was at the height of her vamp success and was amazed to find her dressed as unobtrusively as a Gish girl. Such, however, was not the case with Betty Blythe. When Miss Blythe walked into my shop she was still being "The Queen of Sheba." We discussed clothes for a vaudeville sketch and she wanted trains eight yards in length, tight skirts slit to the knee, cuffs of fox which would trail on the ground, head dresses of pearls and rhinestones and I was a bit dazed to learn that anyone thought in terms of such ridiculous clothes. At length Miss Blythe swept out—and I mean *swept*—and I spent days working upon the fantastic sketches. They are still somewhere among my souvenirs, for she never remembered to come back or even to telephone. Maybe it was all a rehearsal for a part she hoped to play.

Here's a girl who sat on top of the ladder and fell to the bottom over night. Evelyn Brent was one of the most extravagant, grandest, badly managed girls who ever crashed pictures. Money was something which was put into the bank without her seeing it and upon which she could draw endless checks. I used to think of her unimportant extravagances—gold-tipped cigarettes at ten cents apiece, two copies of every paper so that she and her husband could each have one—and I knew that anyone as thoughtless with minor things would indulge in the greater extravagances. However, this is no criticism. I adore Betty Brent. But I have often watched her order twenty dresses when I knew she could not possibly use so many. However, I realized that if I didn't sell them to her she would buy them elsewhere. Of all the people temporarily out of the spotlight, I hope Betty will be the first to come back—not bit parts but honest-to-goodness starring rôles.

AND here's another Betty, the grandest of them all.

Betty's real passion in life is the circus. Recently we were invited to go backstage before an afternoon performance and when the elephants and camels were being caparisoned in glittering spangles, we both begged to be part of the opening parade. Betty, draped in chiffon and beads, rode around the arena atop an elephant and I, dressed in an Arabian costume, led a camel. And nobody knew that Betty Compson was in that parade.

Years ago on the Lasky lot one of the most beautiful girls there was Agnes Ayres, who had played with Valentino in "The Sheik." Before silent pictures went out of existence she had married and retired. Severals years later she tried a comeback but never achieved her old place in the cinema sun. This summer on my way home from New York I stopped off in Chicago for a look at the World's Fair. One of the first concessions to draw my eye was the one called "Hollywood." Inside there was a perfect replica of a huge open stage, with a set built in one corner and a company busy "shooting." There was a director's stand, a chair for the assistant director, actors and extras in make-up, electricians, prop boys and a script girl. I thought for a minute I was in Hollywood.

Several thousand people sat around the enclosure wide-eyed at being permitted to see the taking of what they believed was an actual picture. I stood wondering who might be the "stars" and was amazed when Agnes Ayres and Grant Withers came on the set. It's a far cry from films in Hollywood to empty reels at the Century of Progress but, after seeing Agnes before the camera and realizing that she is as beautiful as ever, I wonder why she isn't in Hollywood making pictures.

And now my task is ended. I've come to the end of the famous names in my autograph book. It's been grand sitting here writing about the great and the near-great and if the readers of MODERN SCREEN have enjoyed reading what I've written half as much as I have enjoyed telling it, I'm satisfied.

The Lowdown on Mickey Mouse

(*Continued from page 59*)

results, that they bid fair to out-rival even Mickey's phenomenal success. Witness how "The Three Little Pigs" has swept the country by storm. It has broken all records everywhere of any other short ever made.

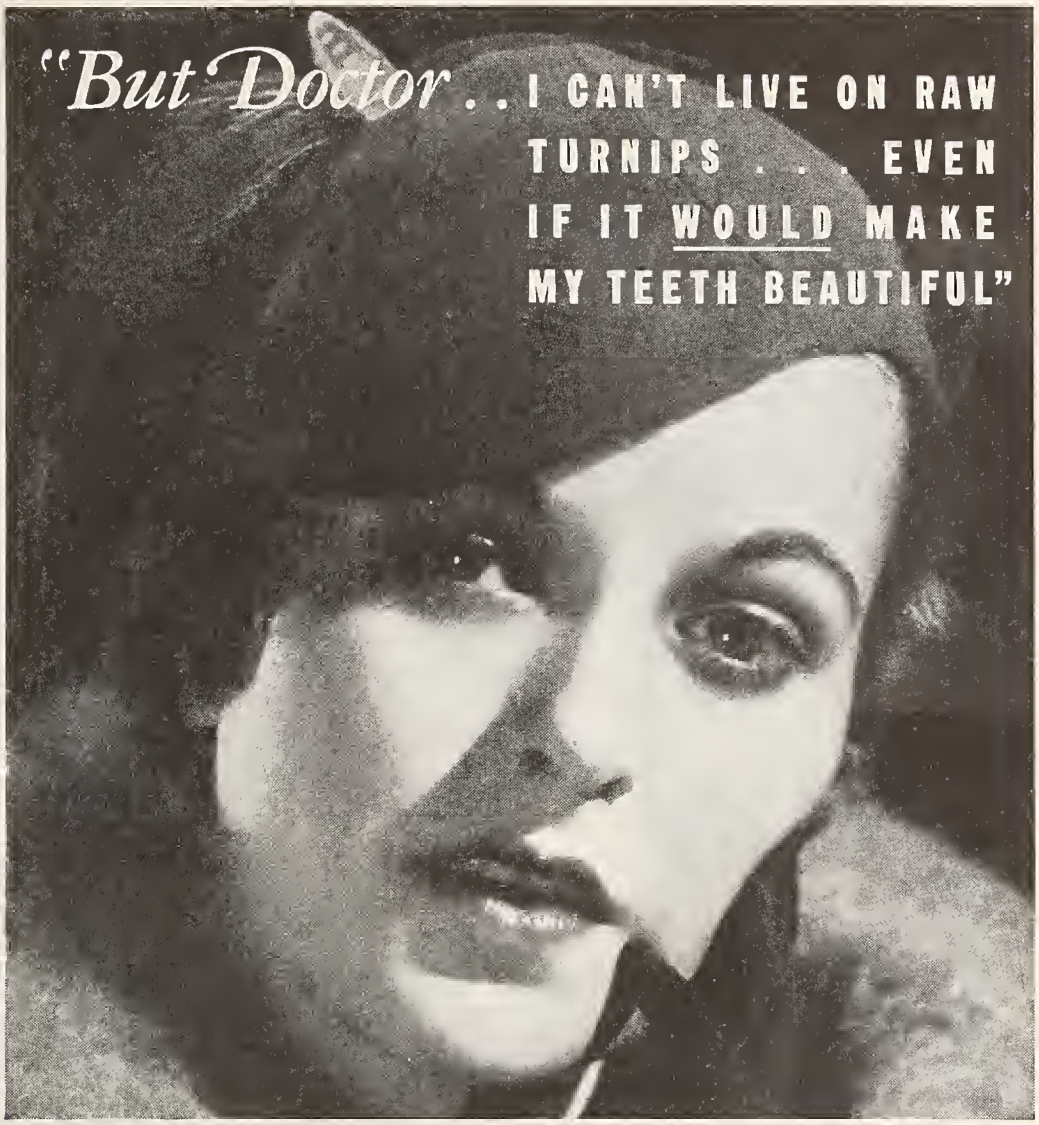
With the first money earned by Mickey, Walt Disney started the building of his now famous studio. Every year the earnings of the entire output were poured back into construction of a work-shop for the universally beloved little rodent. Now he cavorts in a model establishment that is the most interesting studio in all Hollywood. It cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build, and is complete with every latest mechanical device for the development of the pictures.

At the end of this year he will have made his first profit. A ridiculously small sum when you think of the work involved and the extraordinary popularity of his material. But he puts an average of twenty thousand dollars into the making of each black and white feature and his Silly Symphonies in color cost over thirty thousand each and when you realize that he must produce two features each month—well, figure it out yourself—and don't forget to include the facts of operating cost of the studio, his staff salaries, etc.

By the end of next year he will begin to reap the harvest of many years' hard struggling and infinite faith in his products, but I doubt that Disney will ever be classed with the prodigal spenders of the California coast, for the fundamental traits of his character offset any such possibility.

He was born in Chicago in 1901. He went to school there, and having shown from boyhood a natural propensity for drawing, he entered the Chicago Art Institute to develop this talent. The World War came along and he was sent to Europe to drive an ambulance for a year and then came the Armistice. When he returned to America, he headed for Kansas City, bought himself a camera and for a time tried to earn a living taking newsreels. But there isn't enough excitement in Kansas City to support an independent newsreel man and Disney took a job with a store selling supplies to farmers. He drew advertisements of contented cows dreamily chewing their cuds over the delectable taste of some new brand of salt, or wild-eyed hens regarding the stupendous result in their egg-laying from being fed some new kind of grain. The young artist got about ten dollars a week for his work and incidentally laid the foundation of his future success in acquiring a thorough familiarity with barn-yard inhabitants.

HE was, and still is, an inveterate movie fan. He drew some animated cartoons of Kansas City celebrities and sold the idea to a local movie


"But Doctor.. I CAN'T LIVE ON RAW TURNIPS . . . EVEN IF IT WOULD MAKE MY TEETH BEAUTIFUL"

Poor Miss D! When the doctor told her about the beautiful teeth many uncivilized races had . . . she thought he was prescribing their diet for her. How delighted she was to find that she could get better mouth health and sturdy, clean teeth — by chewing Dentyne Gum.

For Dentyne is a delicious gum, with a marvelous flavor. It is the favorite everyday chewing gum of millions who chew it just for pleasure.

The special consistency of Dentyne means vigorous, thorough chewing . . . and this chewing exercises the mouth and makes it clean itself automatically, just as nature intended. It is the lack of this hard, vigorous chewing that makes our teeth decay, in spite of all our care. Read this report based on famous doctors' writings:

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the health of teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth . . .

. . . to help develop the mouth structure to normal size and shape;

. . . to improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth;

. . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy by insuring a proper supply of blood to all tissues;

. . . to help keep the mouth and teeth clean through an increased flow of saliva.

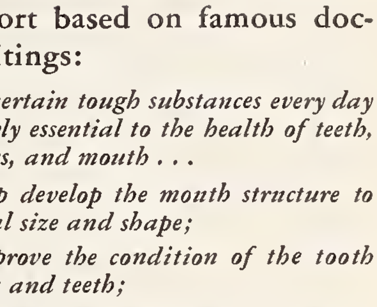
Dentyne Gum is made with a special consistency to give your mouth the exercise necessary to bring about these healthful results.

So chew Dentyne . . . enjoy its delightful flavor, its firm chewiness. Try it today and you will want to chew it every day. It is a delicious chewing gum.

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE



Very few girls are Born with Curly Lashes!

NO HEAT
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NOBODY . . . ever or ever . . . *liked* having straight lashes. (What is it about that slow, upward sweep that's so devastating?) But up to now, there hasn't been much choice about it. Now there *is* a Way. Kurlash . . . *a new, improved Kurlash.* Kurlash is that ingenious little gadget that takes your straight lashes and turns them out divinely curled . . . and instantly! It isn't a cosmetic, and you don't use heat. Slip your lashes in, press the Kurlash handle, and that's all there is to it. It costs $1, and if it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store, or beauty shop, we'll send it direct.

Kurlash

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Apply Tonight
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No matter how dull and dark your complexion; how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, tested and trusted Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty the quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for: creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. At toilet counters, or by mail, postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box M, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes of Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

producer. Flushed with the windfall handed him by the producer and thoroughly convinced that nobody as yet had done a thing with the real possibilities of the animated cartoon, Disney formed a small company and began to make movies with pen and ink drawings for the artists.

He produced quaint little shorts of Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Bean-stalk and other fairy tales and released them. But the sophisticated boys and girls of ten years ago treated these short features with open scorn and the clamor Disney had hoped for came, but not the kind he had expected. Soon the little company was bankrupt. But Disney had not lost faith.

With about forty dollars saved from the wreck, Disney left for Hollywood, determined to wheedle some motion picture producer into letting him make a niche for the animated cartoon features. His brother Roy Disney, who is now general manager of the Disney corporation, thoroughly believed in Walter's idea, and when every producer in town had turned Walt down, he offered his little capital and with about five hundred dollars between them, they began to make movie shorts on what was known as "Poverty Row."

The "Alice" cartoons were the beginning of the Disney single reel pictures. It showed a small girl playing with fairies. He had to make thousands of drawings for the short feature and he literally slaved in his efforts to put Alice over, doing every bit of the work himself. He admits that she was "pretty terrible" and as soon as he could, he chased her back into fairyland.

But the idea of the animated cartoon had caught on and Disney next produced a new character known as "Oswald the Cat." Oswald was something of a success. He enabled the brothers Disney to save about fifteen hundred dollars, but trouble was brewing between Oswald's creator and the company releasing him to the theatres. And along came Mickey Mouse into existence.

"I can't say just how the idea started," said Disney. "We wanted another animal. We had had a cat. I suppose a mouse just naturally came to mind. I think we are rather indebted to

Clark likes them dark, too. That is—er—of course, as co-stars. And we don't blame him because Claudette is one dark-eyed, dark-haired lass whom we all like. Clark and Claudette are doing "Night of Love" together for Columbia.

Charlie Chaplin for the idea—that, and the fact that we knew the public, particularly kids, liked animals that are cute and small. We wanted something as appealing and wistful as Charlie and we thought of a tiny bit of a mouse, a little fellow trying to do the best he could and getting into difficulties through no fault of his own."

BUT Mickey had a tough battle ahead. No producer thought he was good enough to tie their money to his now-famous tail and Disney made two pictures, using up most of his small capital and getting little or nothing in return. With the advent of sound, however, things began to turn, and when producers watched the hitherto-despised little mouse toot on a flute and heard him sing and saw him dance in perfect rhythm and harmony with a chorus of assorted animals behind him, they fell over each other trying to grab him. Up until two years ago, Mickey was released through Columbia Pictures. Now he heads in importance the glittering galaxy of United Artists Corporation.

When you walk into the Mickey Mouse Studio in Hollywood, after having seen the large electrical figure of the famous star above the building, and just inside his own coat of arms with the words "Ickmay Ousemay," you immediately realize that you have entered a movie work-shop unlike any other studio in the city. The first thing that strikes you is the absence of all that usual hush and pompous air of formality so noticeable in the other studios. You see a busy mob, numbering about two hundred, milling around and working with a cheerful clatter that makes you think you're in the city room of some big daily newspaper. Then you notice that all of these whistling, humming, talking, laughing crowd are very young. The average age seems about twenty-five.

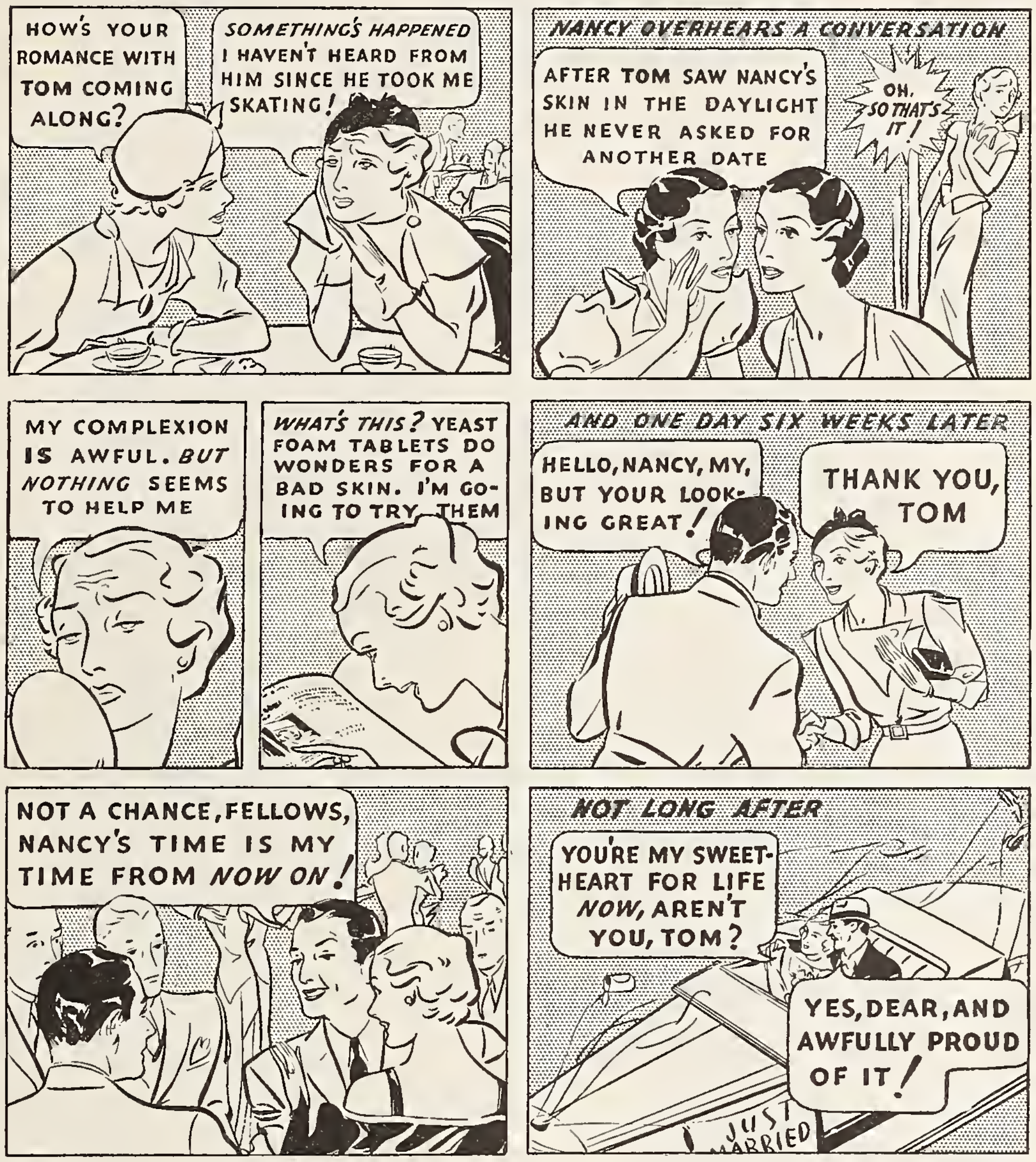
They all look alike, they all call each other by nicknames. They all dress alike, somewhat negligently if you consider the buttoned-up, be-spatted exquisites of the other motion picture studios. But they look so comfortable and jolly and as if they were all having a grand time making fun out of work.

Suddenly you hear one of them yell "Walt" and you look around quickly, because you are anxious to see what the father of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies looks like. If you hadn't known that his name was Walt, you would never have picked him out from any of the others. You are actually seeing Mickey in the flesh. He is about five feet eight inches tall, slim and with brown hair and eyes. He looks shy and interesting. He wears a shirt open at the collar and a shaggy wool sweater. He walks with energetic steps and you can sense a dynamic fund of restrained energy in his body as he moves. His eyes reveal a deep sense of humor.

He slips an arm around the bent shoulders of a draftsman who is working on his board. The two exchange ideas freely. "Okay, Walt!"

"Well, Charlie, if you think that can be done—go right ahead." Somebody

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy


HOW'S YOUR ROMANCE WITH TOM COMING ALONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE TOOK ME SKATING!
NANCY OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION
AFTER TOM SAW NANCY'S SKIN IN THE DAYLIGHT HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANOTHER DATE
OH, SO THAT'S IT!
MY COMPLEXION IS AWFUL. BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP ME
WHAT'S THIS? YEAST FOAM TABLETS DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN. I'M GOING TO TRY THEM
AND ONE DAY SIX WEEKS LATER
HELLO, NANCY, MY, BUT YOUR LOOKING GREAT!
THANK YOU, TOM
NOT A CHANCE, FELLOWS, NANCY'S TIME IS MY TIME FROM NOW ON!
NOT LONG AFTER
YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FOR LIFE NOW, AREN'T YOU, TOM?
YES, DEAR, AND AWFULLY PROUD OF IT!
JUST MARRIED

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today.

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"For more than a month", writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinol Ointment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

Does *your* skin annoy or embarrass you? Does it itch so that at times you can't resist scratching, no matter where you are? Does it get chafed or rough, then burn and smart unbearably? Is it pimply?

Here is the way to get real relief. Bathe the affected parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. Pat dry, and freely apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots. See how quickly the discomfort is relieved. Remember, Resinol Ointment is safe for any part of the body. Physicians have recommended it for thirty-five years.

Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from your druggist today—use them at the first sign of skin irritation, and watch the improvement.

For a free sample of each with skin treatment instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 1-E, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Blondes

why be blind?

Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky. Used by millions of blondes.

FREE—TRIAL PACKAGE

To get a generous trial package of Blondex entirely free, just send your name and address to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 103, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store—either the economical $1.00 bottle or inexpensive 25c size.

NRA

else shouts and he is hurrying to answer a call from the sound room. In the room where you are standing there are about fifty draftsmen, each busily making some particular set of drawings utilizing his own peculiar talent.

To take the procedure in its proper sequence. First of all there is the story conference, just as there is in any other studio. About twenty-five members of the staff and Walt get together and decide on the plot. After the story is written, the gags are carefully and thoroughly planned. Although these are not recorded until the picture is actually made, they must be taken care of along with the story writing so that the action of the animals' mouths will synchronize with the words and songs as they are uttered in the picture.

Then the artists get busy. Each has his definite part of the picture to draw. Disney makes all assignments, as he knows that this one can draw better animals, that one better scenery, another better boats, automobiles, etc. Often it takes fifty drawings to show Mickey open and close his mouth. As you all must know, the smoothness and success of an animated cartoon depends upon the number of drawings. That is why sometimes as many as twenty thousand drawings are made for one of these shorts, which even at that run about seven hundred feet in length and the average single reel feature runs to a thousand feet in length. You can imagine, somewhat, the amount of work necessary for a Disney feature.

When you see Mickey's pal, "Pluto," galloping off down the road, you scarcely realize that the faster he runs, the more drawings necessary.

The artists all use a light-weight, semi-transparent drawing paper. The work on illuminated boards, necessary because after one drawing is made the second piece of paper is placed right on top of it so that the artist can vary his drawing just enough to make the movement—say of Mickey wagging his tail—smooth. After the drawings have been assigned, the entire action of the characters is acted, and boy, do they have fun! Can you imagine Disney, who always speaks for Mickey Mouse himself and usually acts his rôle, together with several of the others, taking the parts of Minnie, Pluto, Horse-collar Horace, Clarabelle Cow, and any of the other animals, going through the antics assigned to their rôles so that the draftsmen may get the proper action down on their drawing-boards? Each animal has his own artist.

Every detail is thought out to perfection. When you see a Silly Symphony on the screen, the rapidity of the action makes you feel that the thing has been dashed off in a tremendous hurry. That's just exactly the effect on your minds Disney strives for. Spontaneity! But in order to get it, his research work is as involved and thorough as that of a great scientist. He never puts an animal into an embarrassing situation. He knows how many legs a caterpillar has and how he uses them. When a spider weaves a web on the screen, he is absolutely faithful in his movements to his brother in a field. Does a bat drink water? Disney knows. Trees and flowers bend and dip with the grace of a Pavlova; a cabbage may weep with the same wistful tenderness as Lillian Gish, but when a centipede walks, he does so properly. A blue jay never waddles nor does a duck hop. And when you see a crow on the screen walking sedately across the set, you know that he does so in real life.

DISNEY has one inviolable rule around his studio. No living thing can be killed on the place. Not even a fly. And often he can be found in an undignified position, sprawled on the floor and deeply engrossed in watching the movements of a beetle that has strayed into the studio. He spends hours, armed with a miniature motion picture camera, in the various zoos and parks of Los Angeles. He is thrilled when he gets a shot of animals that are unknown to the public. He shows his pictures to the staff at the studio and then they are drawn for the animal characters in the Symphonies. The research is also a strict necessity to the musical staff in order that they may arrange the proper musical accompaniment for the movements of the animals.

"Sometimes we write our musical score to fit the picture and at other times we create the picture to fit the music," Disney explains in the construction of a cartoon. "It all depends upon whether we get the idea for the story or the music first. The perfect rhythm we have in our pictures is a result of coordinating two mechanical forces, drawing and music, without the disturbing human element influence."

"If a man worked alone, it would take him about two years to turn out a Mickey Mouse reel," he continues. "In the studio, it takes about two weeks for a force of one hundred and fifty men and women to complete a feature. We alternate between the Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphony cartoons, producing one of each every month."

The music and dialogue are made on one sound track and not the least amusing and interesting phase that goes into the making of the Disney shorts is the watching of the actions in the recording room. A symphony orchestra is ready for action and a number of men, handling all sorts of weird contraptions that are used in making the sound effects, stand by. That is how the sudden popping of machine guns coming from a flock of birds flying in perfect aviation formation in the sky is heard so realistically from the screen, or the whistling of a steam engine from a cow who has suddenly turned into a locomotive, or any of the other utterly fantastic but strangely plausible sounds that are used in the Mickey Mouse features are made.

It is delightful to know that he is entirely unspoiled. He is simple—like all the really great—and reserved. He has been living in Hollywood for several years and it has been only lately that he has begun to cultivate the friendship of one or two film stars like Will Rogers and Leslie Howard. He met Charlie Chaplin for the first time at the Chicago Fair and this encounter thrilled him as it would a child.

Have the Right Background in Your Home

(*Continued from page 71*)

a throne chair in a room that has no feeling of action. Marble, highly polished wood panels, very high, narrow windows and hidden light fixtures. Chastely geometrical furniture. Yes, and there would be dark wine-colored hangings and deep blues with gold."

THE secret lies in dramatizing yourself in your home. It may be the simplest place in the suburbs, but you can make it a man's castle. Your castle.

If you've been pretty dissatisfied with things as they are, if you've been wondering what changes to make and how to make them at little cost, listen to what Pogany prescribes.

First, he suggests that you remove all the lamps and knick-knacks from the room in order to get a clear perspective of it.

Now study your four main areas—your floor, walls, upholstery and draperies. In order to get balance, two of them should be plain and the other two figured. For example, if your floors and walls are plain they will not only make your room look twice as large, but they'll emphasize the pattern of your hangings and overstuffed pieces.

"A good many nervous breakdowns could be attributed to living in too motley surroundings," said Pogany. "After all, what you want in a home primarily is rest and comfort. You won't find that in a combination of decorated walls, rugs with bright designs and boldly figured furniture! The thing to work for is casualness, a human touch. The more squarely you place your pieces around the wall, the less human they become.

"No, what you want to do is adjust everything so that it seems to beckon invitingly to anyone in the entrance. The sofa should be spotted against the longest unbroken wall space; *flat* against it. If possible have it face the door in a sort of wide-armed welcome. Or if your fireplace is the chief feature of the room the sofa might be placed at right angles to it with a couple of cozy chairs opposite and a coffee table between.

"Most people instinctively place upright pianos correctly—right against the wall where they belong. But a grand piano is more difficult. The best way is to have it straight with the wall and with the curved side fronting the room. The bench should be in the corner so the pianist faces his audience.

"If you have a lot of little things for which you simply must find place in the living-room, by all means keep your walls dark. Arrange your large pieces, especially if you're limited for space, so that they melt into the background. The sofa, for example, might be covered in a brown-black satin. You could make translucent taffeta shades for your lamps, of pale green, lemon-yellow and gray-pink as delicate color accents against violet-brown walls. Incidentally, this makes a superb setting for

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IN rooms that are naturally dark, all the light, warm tones should be used exclusively. Cream with much yellow in it is most satisfactory. And do a little experimenting with touches of yellow, rose and orange. Gray and blue are bad, although they're charming where you have southern exposure with plenty of sunlight.

"I have in mind a clever young married woman of very moderate means who turned a tiny drab bungalow into a paradise. Various relatives had given her comfortable furniture, but nothing matched. There were chairs and a couch left over from the mulberry age, a red leather wing chair, a green footstool. She began the transformation by tinting the walls a rich golden tan and having hubby paint the mantel and woodwork ivory color. A carpet toning in with the walls, but three shades darker, made the room appear infinitely bigger. Then she selected a gayly patterned, inexpensive chintz. With this she covered the larger articles and balanced them with plain occasional chairs.

"Next came the problem of how to make the room seem higher. Curtains, she knew, would do this trick for her. By putting the poles several inches above the windows and concealing the space with a wide valance of the chintz, the ceiling appeared to be actually raised. With the arrangement she used long narrow side draperies of a green that blended with the figure in the chintz. And by the way, inexpensive cretonnes and chintzes may be made practically fadeless and more satisfactory by lining them with ivory colored sateen on the outside. Soft straight curtains of sheer beige material were used next to the glass.

"Ivy trailing down over the mantel, long mirrors at the end of the room, amusing old-fashioned oil lamps for side lights—all these added character and charm at very small cost.

"Where you can use them, white and green walls lend a silvery quality to the small dining-room and serve as a perfect foil for daintily flowered china. In this room it's color and freshness rather than intrinsic value which count. Unbleached muslin, hand-dyed or stenciled, can be used with the greatest effect."

Of course if you're a bachelor girl, Pogany points out, and want escape from humdrum office routine, the way to do it is to have an exciting home. Even if it's just a one-room kitchenette apartment. You can do it easily—have a place where you can dream and change personalities at the stroke of five-thirty. How?

Pogany suggests an unusual color scheme. Like black and white and red. Go bargain hunting until you find a marbleized linoleum in black and white squares. Have most of your furniture painted white and add black touches. A modernistic ebony ash receiver. A black rose jar. Make your own parchment lamp shades in white with a plaid border in the three colors. Attach a saucy plaid bow. Bind interesting little Japanese prints in red. Find one of those black velvet wall hangings with a beautiful señorita painted on it. Move in one deep red chair. Oh, the whole thing can be worked out with a bit of ingenuity, and what it will do to lift your spirits!

In fact, any time you feel that mad urge to "get away from it all," just try re-arranging your furniture and buying a picture or two. It saves travel money.

It's taken Ric a long time to make up his mind (he's been seen with a good many of the Hollywood gals) but he's quite sure about Christine Lee. Here they are at their engagement party at the swanky Russian Eagle.

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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

Bread Pudding. We must admit it doesn't taste much like the bread pudding you usually get. It's creamy and smooth and when served with a velvety sauce it is positively delicious.

ANOTHER thing which the hostess must guard against is serving too many courses. Three courses, or at most four, are ample. Here are a couple of menus which exemplify what we mean for they not only can be prepared in advance and require little or no last minute attention but they also won't spoil if dinner is late, can be served with but little effort, and will result in a minimum of dishes to be washed after the guests have gone home:

Corn and Tomato Bisque
Baked Hawaiian Ham & Sweet Potatoes
Cabbage au Gratin
Celery Olives
Hot Banana Cake with Whipped Cream
Coffee

Shrimp Cocktail
Veal and Mushroom Pie
Escalloped Vegetables
Baked Stuffed Potatoes on Half Shell
Chocolate Bread Pudding
Velvet Sauce
Coffee

In the first menu you will notice that the soup is something you have probably never tasted—we never had until Dick mentioned it to us—but since then we have served it on every possible occasion and we are always careful to save a bowlful for lunch the next day. But don't smile at our saving some for our own special delectation until you have made the soup yourself; then see if you don't do likewise. Here is the recipe:

CORN AND TOMATO BISQUE
2 cups milk
1 cup canned corn
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup cold water
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 bayleaf
3 whole cloves
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon baking soda

Add corn to milk and scald in top of double boiler. Mix flour and water to a smooth paste and add to milk and corn mixture. Stir until thickened. Cover and cook over boiling water fifteen minutes. Meanwhile cook together the tomatoes, cloves, bayleaf, sugar, salt and pepper. Rub through a sieve, reheat and add butter. When butter has melted add the soda and stir slowly into the milk and corn mixture. If it is necessary to reheat, do so in double boiler.

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THE Hawaiian Ham and Sweet Potato suggestion is one of Dick Powell's own inventions—that is, he says it is. According to Dick he thought up that combination one morning while he was shaving and suggested it to a young hostess he knows. But we don't believe it—why it would take months and months of thoughtful contemplation to think up that miraculous dish. But Dick didn't tell us any more about its origin than the obviously false statement listed above. However, now that we have made it and eaten it, we really don't care where he discovered it. Here's the recipe:

BAKED HAWAIIAN HAM AND SWEET POTATOES

Place an inch thick slice of ham in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle lightly with ground cloves and dry mustard and cover with brown sugar. Parboil sweet potatoes 10 minutes in boiling salted water, cut in halves lengthwise, brush with melted butter and arrange around the ham. Place slices of canned pineapple on the potatoes and pour pineapple juice over all. The juice should be about ½ inch deep in the pan. Cover and place in a moderate over (375°) and bake 45 minutes. Uncover and continue baking ¾ hour longer, and basting occasionally.

We wish we could give you the recipe for that Banana Cake right now (the one that is suggested as dessert in the first menu) but we haven't room so we have had to include it in this month's recipe folder. If you want to have a typical Dick Powell dinner for your family or friends, fill in the coupon on page 8 right away and send it to us. Besides the recipe for the Banana Cake (which is like nothing we have ever tasted), you will get the recipe for the Veal and Mushroom Pie, including a description of the way to make the Bread Crust which is as delicious as it is unusual. There are also recipes for the Escalloped Vegetables and the Chocolate Pudding with Velvet Sauce. That array ought to be enough to make you reach for your pencil, fill in the dotted lines in our little coupon and get it off in the mail right away!

By the way, if you've been too busy to ask us to send you last month's recipes — Dick Cromwell's — or even those for the previous month—William Gargan's — let us know. Besides DEVILLED CRABMEAT, Dick had some excellent sandwich ideas, especially good with cocktails. And William Gargan's QUICK CHILE CON CARNE recipe would put a Mexican to shame.

Johnny Mack Brown has a new tennis court. And he invited everybody to the "opening." The Fredric Marches have just played a set.

What You Can Learn from Aline MacMahon

(*Continued from page 62*)

But this opening night had not lived up to that tradition. It had merely been quiet and successful and fallen a little flat as most realized dreams must, since our dreams are generally bigger than we are.

I SPOKE of the ladder and the slipperiness of the rungs, the difficulty of staying on each round and of climbing to the next. But Miss MacMahon did not agree with me. She does not believe that one should be as concerned with the round above as with the round one has reached. And the point of the climb, she feels, is to make each step as good a step as possible. She does not admit that anyone should grow stale or dated. The world is altering rapidly and one must alter with it. It is an exciting world, she believes. Something happens in it every minute and there is a veiled future with no guide posts. That is, to my way of thinking, a rather courageous way of looking at life.

On the day we met, the evening would see the opening of her picture, "The World Changes." She did not appear nervous or in doubt. She said merely that she hoped people would like it, that she had enjoyed her part and had been painstaking in her search for detail and had even collected old advertisements of that period in order to steep herself in the proper color.

Aline MacMahon likes to play real women, old or young. She has no vanity about such matters. She told me that when she was playing her lovely role in "The Silver Dollar," she studied the diaries of the original woman after whom the screen character was faithfully drawn.

I want you to look at her with me in some of her parts. Remember the slightly world-weary, very wise, rather sardonic woman in "Once in a Lifetime"? Remember the hard-boiled but sympathetic, brisk and competent nurse in "Life Begins"? Recall the efficient, hard-working wife in "The Silver Dollar" who was deserted for the younger woman and whose affection for her husband endured without mawkishness over the period of time which elapsed between her middle years and old age. And of course you recall her in "Gold Diggers," a grand yet entirely different part? What I am trying to say is this. It would be a pity if they ever "type" Aline MacMahon. She is far too good an actress. Notice, when you see her, that no matter what the part, she is always sympathetic; she always holds her audience. She gets under the skin of her role and stays there. She is the person she depicts.

ALINE MACMAHON grew up in a family that was interested in life. Her steady climb to fame had not been the result of circumstance, but

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the reward of hard, unremitting work and talent. Not the breaks, but work has put her where she is and will keep her there, growing steadily for years to come. That's what interests her most—growth. She doesn't want to stand still and she believes that resting on one's laurels must be uncomfortable. Laurels fade and one must renew them.

I left her stepping out briskly to do some shopping and apparently unconcerned with the fact that, a little later there would be a big opening with all its hullabaloo and fanfare. I imagine she accepts these things as part of the game but that they mean a great deal less to her than the game itself, which she plays with everything in her and a strict attention to the rules of fair play, sportsmanship and an attention to goals.

If you met Aline MacMahon, you would profit by it. Her mind is firmly knit—no knots and loose ends, dropped stitches or ravelings. She said that she felt the best advice you can give to anyone is to tell them to make up their minds what they want to do and then do it. Because a person, however talented, pulled this way and that by varying ambition is bound to be disseminated, torn into a thousand pieces and can never really succeed in anything.

I don't believe for a moment that you can sit down and dream of being a great actress or a great anything, even if you work toward it and have your dream realized, unless you have the talent. Dreams can't create the gift. But if you are born with that gift, work to develop it, and are pretty clear about where you're going, you will succeed as Aline MacMahon has.

A scene from "Viva Villa," the picture made over because of the Lee Tracy ructions. Here are Wallace Beery, Kate DeMille and Stu Erwin.

The Career of an Ugly Duckling

(*Continued from page 34*)

remark—"I could act that part better than you can. And the friend would answer, "I know you could, Katie—none of us can touch you as an actress—but what can we do? They want me to do it just because I happen to have blue eyes and yellow hair—and a pretty face—not because I know anything about acting. Why, you could act rings around the whole lot of us."

But the words failed to comfort the beating young heart and Katie would stand with dilated nostrils, head high to show her bravado in the face of bitter disappointment and perhaps she would answer briefly but emphatically, "Some day—I'll show them! Every damn one of 'em! And will they be sorry they wouldn't let me play in their rotten show!"

It was through these girlish disappointments—this unconscious ostracism of thoughtless friends, that the deep-rooted determination to succeed with the talent that she knew she possessed, took root. The heartbreaks one has at sixteen are just as severe and lasting as the bitter trials of older years, and I can think of no more poignant picture than the slim form of Hepburn watching wistfully from the home-made wings of a small town stage, her girl friends marching off with the honors of the evening—and receiving that priceless reward of applause from her townsmen seated around the hall. And knowing in her heart—that her own ability was so superior to theirs!

You know the Katharine Hepburn the world sees today. But do you know the *real* girl—and do you know how she overcame her many and peculiarly individual handicaps? In the second—and final—installment you will see how the Ugly Duckling Became a Beautiful Swan. And you will end up knowing and loving Katharine Hepburn as a *real* girl—instead of criticizing her for a publicity-crazy movie actress!

Mad as a Marx

(*Continued from page 31*)

demanded, picking up an empty wastebasket and putting it on his head for a hat. "I was never more serious.

"If I ask you less personal questions, will you answer them sensibly?"

"Sure."

"All right," I said, beginning for the third time, "what do you want most in the world?"

Bob jumped up and clapped one hand to his heart. "You're not proposing?"

"Be serious, now. You promised you would."

"All right. State the question again, please, boy. I'm not so young as I used to be and I'm a bit hard of hearing."

"I said, what is your dearest ambition? What do you want to do most in life."

OH, Signor!" Bob cried, grabbing his hair and rocking his head back and forth. "Vot I want most iss to zing in de grant opera. You know de grant opera? Like Carus', like Leelee Pons, I want I should zing." He jumped up on top of a desk and began singing at the top of his lungs. "*Oh Soo-loo Mi-oo, Oh Soo-loo Mi-oo——*"

The windows rattled and I thought I was set to lose my hearing.

People in offices all down the hall began to yell, "Stop it! Kill it! Shut up!"

Polly Moran stuck her head in at the door. "In the name of——" she said. "What's going on in here? Who's hurt?"

"Hello, Polly," grinned Bob, standing on the desk.

"So it's you, is it?" she asked. "A Colorado soprano!"

"A colora*tura* soprano," he corrected.

"Whatever it is, I don't care for it," she said.

"That's because you don't have a musical ear. You don't appreciate the finer things of life," Bob informed her. "Come on. Get up on the desk and we'll have a quartette, just you and I, my love, my life, my light, my own!" He burst into song again, a mile and a half off key. "*Because you're wonderful—you're marvelous—you're gawgeous and divine. And you are mine—and you are MINE!*"

"Thank you," said Polly, dropping him a curtsey. "I mean, no, thank you.

"Shut your eyes and see if you can tell whether it's me or Kate Smith," Bob begged her.

"No, sir," repeated Polly. "I'm going right now. I'm going home to bed."

"Goodbye," Bob told her, climbing down off the desk. Turning back to me, he put on his best Lord Chumleigh Bottomley manner. "You must pawdon deah Miss Moran for interrupting our chat, Mister Bruce. She realleh has no manners, y'know. Now, where were we?"

"I don't exactly remember," I admitted. "Oh, yes—I was asking what your ambition was."

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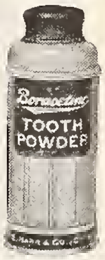

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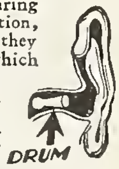

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"Ah, yes. Ah, yes, indeed." Bob folded his hands across his stomach and gave an imitation of a fat Wall Street capitalist. "My ambition is to be a chiropractor."

"Why?"

"So I can rub my own back when it aches."

I GAVE him as dirty a look as I could manage. "What are you going to do in your spare time?" I asked him.

"In my spare time? Oh, in my spare time I'll take out all my friends' appendixes."

"The word is appendices," I told him.

"I know, but I didn't think you could spell it."

He stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Hi, there, kid!" to somebody I couldn't see. "Hi-yah, Charlie! Whatcha looking for?"

"My truck," came a voice—belonging, I imagined, to a truck driver.

"Did you lose it?" Bob yelled.

"I sure did," drawled the voice.

"You ought to tie it to your finger," Bob told him, pulling in his head. "That's how I keep from losing things."

I sighed and put my notebook away.

"Bob," I said, "this couldn't possibly mean that you don't *want* to do this interview, could it?"

"I?" asked Bob, registering astonishment, amazement and alarm. "Perish the thought!"

"Maybe I just picked a bad day," I suggested.

"No, Wednesday is a fine day," he told me. He spread out his hands, like a magician with a pack of cards. "Now here, you see, I have a pack of days in my hand. You just pick one, little lady, and I'll tell you which one it is without leaving the room. Nothing up the sleeves, no confederates hidden behind the curtains, all fair and above board. Wait till I close my eyes. That's right. Ah—the little lady picks a Wednesday. Fine! She wins a kewpie doll. Step right up, boys, and win your girls a kewpie doll. They all win. No blanks, no ties, no draws, and a prize to every winner!"

"That's enough," I said, exhausted. "I won't ask any more questions. You can go now."

He dropped on one knee and threw out his arms, *à la* Al Jolson. "Please, please. One more question. Just ask me one more question!"

"No, sir!" I said, firmly. "I've learned my lesson. I'm all through."

"Just one question."

"No!" I repeated.

"Then let me ask you some," he begged.

"No, I came out here to try to write a different story, one that will put the real Bob Montgomery on paper. And how much help do you give me? Not a bit!"

"It's my eczema. I can't think. I keep itching and scratching all the time."

"It serves you right," I told him. "I hope you itch and scratch for years to come."

But at the door I turned and *did* ask him one more question. I asked it fast and caught him off his guard.

"Bob, you clown like this to keep from showing that you're really shy and scared, don't you?"

He tried to wisecrack again, but his mouth answered before he could stop it.

"Yes," he said. "I mean—no—I mean——"

But by this time I was down the hall.

At first I thought I had failed, and I'd go home and tear this story up. But then I got to wondering. What I wanted to do was to give you the real Bob, shy, boyish, kindly, a little scared of Hollywood, and trying to put on a perpetual clown act to cover it up.

Maybe I've given him to you.

Alice Brady Is Like That

(*Continued from page 69*)

screen performance—in which she portrayed that scatter-brained, tactless, modern Mrs. Malaprop of "When Ladies Meet"—panicked her film audiences. I knew that all her subsequent screen roles had done likewise. Panicking 'em with her humor in each picture. And now, in "Miss Fane's Baby," playing such a different sort of role—that of a hard-worked, ignorant farm woman. And how she plays it. But there—that's all I knew. Just about what you know yourselves, isn't it?

"I don't know what to tell you about her," said a solemn young man at the other end of the telephone wire. "Frankly, we know nothing about Miss Brady ourselves, aside from the usual chronological facts you could pick up on her automobile registration card. You know—'white, female actress. . . .'

"She doesn't go around much; she works like a demon on the lot; her friends here seem to be among the writers rather than the actors; and she spends most of her time away from the studio at her home."

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Eating and sleeping, as far as we can figure out," came the rather tired answer. Then, worried, because he might have committed a *faux pas,* the young man at the other end of the wire hastily added, "Of course, I was just kidding."

WHEN I repeated the young man's statement to her about "eating and sleeping," she was positively gleeful.

"Well, that's about the truth," she said, again giving me that disarming Brady smile. "What else can I do here? I'm not by any far stretch of the imagination an *outdoorsy* person. I loathe athletics, although I suppose I shouldn't admit it. That's why I refuse to let them pose me in a bathing suit, or on the tennis court, or, of all things, on a bicycle in *shorts.* Fancy *me* in shorts.

"Anyway, when I'm not working on a picture, I'm more apt than not to be sleeping. I just got up about a half hour before you arrived." (And I'd arrived about 3.30 in the afternoon.)

Can you imagine any other feminine star admitting her laziness with such capsizing unconcern? But *that's Alice Brady*.

"I'm sure that my laziness accounts for my preferring to be a sort of recluse. I am perfectly happy alone in this house for days, never desiring once to go out that front door. Sleeping, playing with my dogs, and reading detective novels." (Five new mystery stories had arrived by special delivery during my visit.) "Then, after a while, I get a terrific desire for companionship. I want people around me in *clumps!* Not one but dozens."

Apropos of people "in clumps," reminds me that Alice Brady has been pleasantly disappointed with Hollywood in one respect.

Before she came out here, her New York friends warned her against a peculiar breed of creatures who inhabit only Hollywood; creatures who spend most of their time bursting in on innocent newcomers at any hour of the day or night—of course, without invitation—and insist on making whoopee whether the newcomer likes it or not.

Being a person who values her privacy more highly than almost anything else, Alice Brady desperately resented and feared the rumored invaders; and had already, before arriving, worked out several schemes by which she could evade them on her arrival in the wild and fuzzy west.

It was delightful to hear her relate, naively, with genuine surprise, that no one had as yet pounced in on her and that she was almost ready to believe that no one would.

Another thing that quite confounds Alice Brady about Hollywood is what she quaintly refers to as the "motherliness" of everyone in the studio. It might give some of those hard-boiled electricians and burly members of the technical crew a shock to learn that Miss Brady thinks they're so motherly. But that doesn't worry Alice.

She insists that everyone, from the highest executive down to the humblest office boy, has adopted "such a kindly, protective attitude" toward her. She never found it with the people she worked with in the theatre. "They're so much nicer in Hollywood," she insists.

I didn't dash her illusions by suggesting that "they" might not have had such a motherly attitude toward her if she hadn't early proved to the studio that she was worth coddling—perhaps even humoring!

And there's Alice Brady—how do you like her?

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The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior Street, Chicago

The Real Truth About Ruth, George, and Ralph

(*Continued from page 65*)

we gave the facts—and the truth about the facts—to the world as honestly as we knew how. Distasteful as it is to go over this story again, I think it best to clarify the situation once and for all. To know the facts is one thing but to know the truth about the facts is quite another."

Briefly, here is the story in chronological order:

WHEN George Brent came into Ruth Chatterton's life nearly two years ago as the leading man in her picture, "The Rich Are Always with Us," she and Ralph Forbes had previously decided that their future paths lay apart. They had been married seven and a half years. Although love had flown, they entertained such a deep respect and admiration for each other that they remained the staunchest of friends. In the meantime, Brent and Forbes developed a mutual regard.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent fell in love, suddenly and unexpectedly. Straightway, Brent took himself to Forbes with the truth. He, Brent, feared their friendship was at an end. Instead, Forbes congratulated him on his good taste and fortune. Anxious to preserve their friendship, these three intelligent people simply sat down to talk over what promised to be a more dramatic situation than they had ever played in their entire lives.

Ruth would not marry George if it meant sacrificing Ralph's friendship; George was only too willing to preserve it, while Ralph was only interested in Ruth's happiness. Whereupon agreed, these three took the pledge of eternal fidelity which they have kept religiously.

Ruth went to Europe for a vacation; Rafe went to Reno to arrange for the divorce; it was later secured, and Ruth married George in New York on her way back to Hollywood. While Hollywood gasped, Ralph met the newlyweds at the train and gave them their first dinner party.

Hollywood sat back to watch the fur fly. But the Brents and Forbes took up where they had left off. They continued to exchange dinner parties. George and Ralph continued to play tennis or polo together; they went hunting and fishing together. Ralph even brought his new girl friends around to the Brents'. But such unconventional goings-on couldn't last, said Hollywood. They must be playing parts. Such was the unwholesome gossip that was sent forth to the world, via the gossip grapevine.

As George Brent so aptly puts it: "Insidious gossip has caused broken engagements, separations and divorces of once happy couples. Scandalmongers hit a new low when they try to wreck

Is Lila Lee a fit companion for Ralph Forbes? Yes, say George and Ruth. (If you've read the above story, you'll know why their stamp of approval is necessary.) No, there's no romance between Lila and Ralph—this foursome just went to the opera together.

the friendship of two men."

During the evening I found occasion to draw each of the two men aside, to secure from them definite statements that should put an end to all gossip—without the innocent victims suffering undue embarrassment at the presence of the other.

Said Brent: "Rafe and I hit it off from the start. We like the same things, sports and the outdoors. We like to hunt, fish, ride and indulge in every sport we can afford. We speak the same language. There is no man I'd rather see or with whom I'd rather be. We fully understand each other. He is welcome in my house at all times as I fully respect and admire the friendship he has for Mrs. Brent. I make very few friends. The staunch friendship of a thoroughbred like Rafe Forbes, I intend to cherish, come hell and highwater."

Said Forbes: "From the time I first met George Brent, I liked him instinctively. Between us there grew a deeply understanding friendship which was in no way affected by my divorce and his marriage to my former wife. George Brent, as I have repeatedly said before, was in no way responsible for this divorce. His conduct both before and afterward has been all that true friendship calls for. The fact that he is now married to my former wife might well have become a source of enmity, but for the straightforward honesty and consideration shown by everybody concerned. That honesty and consideration seems to baffle and confuse those not legitimately concerned, who it seems to me might just as well mind their own business and save their feelings in the end."

It strikes me that "minding your own business" has almost become a forgotten art. Most folks today remind me of a sage truth uttered by an old Missouri "colonel" of my acquaintance. He was engaged in an argument with his son, who had very positive ideas of what they were talking about.

"The only trouble with you, my boy," said the colonel, "is that you know so many things that aren't so."

The brothers Westmore—who know more about beauty, make-up, grooming and such, than you could shake a stick at—are writing an exciting series of articles for MODERN SCREEN. The first one will appear in our April issue.

You'll want to read this series — watch for it!

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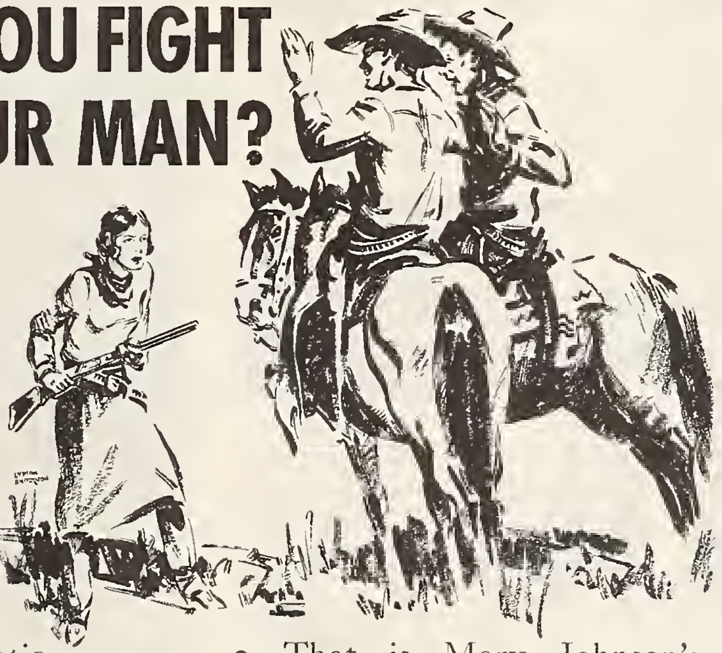

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Don't Send Gilbert to Exile

(Continued from page 61)

say. I wasn't asking for anything. I was trying to say thanks to him, so what the hell?

"It wasn't any use. He wanted to tell me that he didn't have any use for any part of me. He wanted to tell me that I'd work again when they saw fit and nothing would be done about it until 'Christina' had been not only previewed at the studio and for the press, but had run for four or five months throughout the country at large, in order to get the full public reaction to me. Then and only then would they have anything to say to me about anything. He went on to let me understand that my contract reads for seven years. If they wish to exert their power they can keep me off the screen for seven years. For seven years they can prevent my working, either on their lot or anywhere else."

John told me all this, of course, before the "out-of-court" settlement of his contract. I am repeating it all in order that you may understand exactly what the man has been through. To continue, then, with John's story:

"I REALIZED that the four long years of ghastly martyrdom I had undergone before the incredible summons to play 'Christina' had come to me was still going on. Garbo had got me into that picture by virtue of sheer power, *used* power. They had been forced to concede that point to her. They'd be damned before they would concede another point to me—unless they have to. Unless they find that the public reaction constitutes a demand, a demand for me they will not dare to refuse while box office receipts fill the money-bags.

"They told me I'd been sitting around for months before I made 'Christina' and I could sit around for thirty-six months more and it wouldn't hurt me any.

"I knew then that the old days were back again, never having gone. Then, while I was still under the old contract and holding on to that contract with my teeth, though they had every eminent lawyer in the country examine it with the hope of breaking it. Then the different executives used to call me into their offices almost daily and say to me, 'We don't like you. Will you get out?' Of course I wouldn't get out. Not when a million and a half dollars were in the bag for me. Now I will get out. I

OPERATING ROO
B

The set of "Once to Every Woman," where Mary Carlisle is working, is equipped in modern hospital style. So Mary took her "Sammy" with her and put him through all the routine of a new-born infant.

want to get out. And they say they won't let me go. They want me there. They don't want me there. And what is it for? To torture me? Good God, what am I? A specimen pinned to the wall and wiggling for their satisfaction?

"I tell them that I am an actor and I simply want to go to work and do my job like any other man. I get no answer. They sit back and regard me with suspicion thick in their eyes. They look at me as though I were an ogre, a demon, an outcast.

"After 'Christina' and after it became rumored that things were not plain sailing for me at the studio, I had a few nibbles of offers here and there. Nothing ever came of them. They were nipped in the bud. How? Why? I asked them if they would allow me to work, to earn some money. I'll have over $3,000 a week to pay in 1934 for this year's income tax. I have my wife and baby to support. I have other dependents, other calls on me. They wouldn't give me that right.

"And so I am going to file the complaint. No, it doesn't take nerve. It isn't a matter of courage. It's a matter of conviction. I've got to know where I stand and why. I can't get a human reaction when I ask for it, man to man. I'll attempt to get one in a court of law. The complaint is going to be, actually, in the nature of having the judge define the contract for me. I say to them that I am befuddled, that I want to know whether this is a fair and equitable arrangement, or not. I want the judge to tell me what I am to do and to tell the executives what they are to do. If I lose the case, I shall appeal it. If not, then that is another story.

THEY will doubtless raise the point that I signed the contract, being of sound mind. That won't mean anything in court. I could tell you that I'd sell you Brooklyn Bridge and you might sign a contract to that effect. It wouldn't mean anything. And that is precisely what my contract means—nothing.

"I've already told you the terms of it. They agree to submit to me three stories a year. I can write the stories. I can direct them or I can act in them, as I see fit. I have the right to reject one or all three if I so elect. That sounded swell to me at that time. You must remember that I was sore to the bone over the bad stories they had been giving me. You know and I knew what they were doing to me, those stories, what they *did* do. Here then, it appeared, was my chance, more vital to me at that moment than anything else in the world—to have the right to reject stories that would continue to ruin me. That was all that mattered. That was all I 'saw.' It never occurred to me then, that the old enmity might still persist, that they might, deliberately, submit to me stories I couldn't do—Little Lord Fauntleroy or something!—and that, as a consequence, I couldn't work, I could do nothing. For seven years they could have me tied up in a sack, a dead man when they came to take me out.

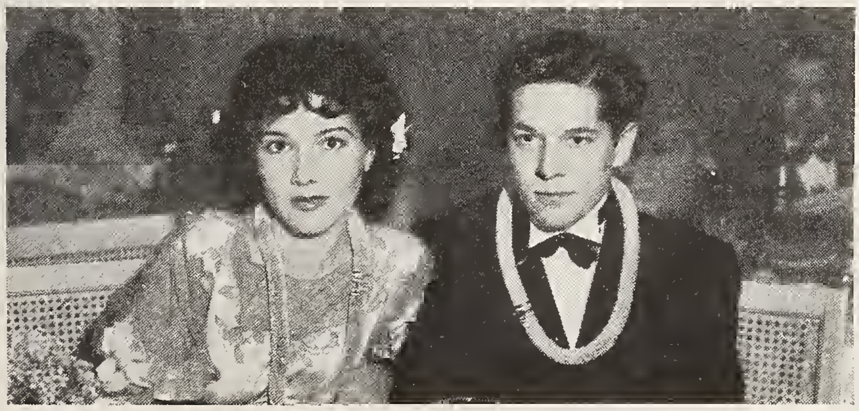
"Thus my reason for squawking, that I don't get a guarantee for anything but money, such as it is. My only reason for existence is self-expression. I don't care about the money. I want to be able to work. The certain and not very considerable sum of money which I am guaranteed at the end of each year of my contract is not the point at issue. It is that they don't *ever* guarantee to make the pictures.

"I don't understand it. I know that I am hated. Even that isn't a sufficient explanation. Why don't they let me go? Or, if they want me to stay, want me to give them performances, why do they treat me in such a manner as to destroy the only value I have to them? Why ruin the stock on their own shelves?"

Why, indeed? John is too good stock to waste. He knows pictures from many angles. He will work his head off, if given half a chance.

His contract has been settled out of court—yes. But I'm not sure just how much that will mean to him. There is, at present, a rumor that he may play Marc Antony opposite Claudette Colbert's "Cleopatra" for Paramount. But for his own studio—M-G-M—his next assignment will, they say, depend upon the public's reaction to his Don Antonio in "Queen Christina."

Well—let him have your reaction. Whether it be good or bad. He wants to know just how you feel about seeing him on the screen. Do you want the Jack Gilbert of old to return to us? Speak up—and let him know! Let the man know where he stands.



Jean Parker and "Pancho" Lucas are childhood sweethearts. When Jean's five years in pictures are up, they're going to wed.

Capable Hands

must be lovely, too!

Woman's place in the scheme of living has changed, but Romance still holds sway. Wise indeed is she who preserves her feminine charm at any cost!

Don't let the workaday world rob you of the allurement of soft, smooth, white hands. It's too easy to keep them lovely with Pacquin's! Apply a pat of this marvelously penetrating, skin-feeding cream every time your hands have been in water. Use it before and after every exposure to the wind and weather. You'll be delighted at the way rough, chapped skin regains a smooth, soft texture. Pacquin's protects your hands against the drying out of natural oils that is so fatal to hand beauty.

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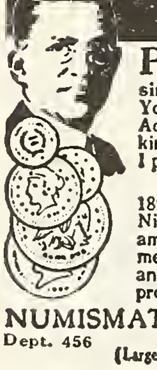

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On Dress Parade

(Continued from page 72)

there I'm telling you, if you are out for attraction purposes, there you have it. And over the blouse effect, a gray coat, gray fur collar with a purple orchid pinned to it. Baby, what an effect for a pure, young, protected girl. She knew how to get around the walls of chaperonage—did that girl.

GINGER ROGERS—did she step out—in the same picture, "Flying Down to Rio." Study her dancing frock when she whirls with Fred Astaire. Black, but how it fits, and then spreads into ruchings about the feet, not to mention ruchings over the shoulders. Don't deviate a step from her dress standard if you want to shine on the floor.

Girls who have been too business-like—too intent upon being the good little bringing-in-the-bacon variety of female—do go to see how Ann Harding works out the problem, via clothes, in "Right to Romance."

When her lover says to her, "I never knew what two yards of organdy could do for a woman," then you see the whole story.

Study her striped organdy dress when she goes female instead of working-woman. Simplicity to a standstill—cape over shoulders, baby bow under chin, and with it, all that smartness. Only proving that you don't have to strive and struggle to be well dressed. Just do it in the sweet, simple way—in style.

Ann Harding went back to her work-a-day love but only after she had worn ruffles to her heart's content—see picture in black dress, with ruchings for shoulders, a muff and earrings. She could be pretty all right even though experience taught her that wasn't all! It's not enough to be just all right.

Goodness knows, Ann Harding's uniforms were becoming enough. Anyone with half an eye could see she was pretty and sweet with the handkerchief thing draped round her throat. But then, it seems to be a matter of record that males want a ruffle or two and a couple of rosebuds somewhere in the setting when they're out to be fascinated. They've been brought up on it and they like it.

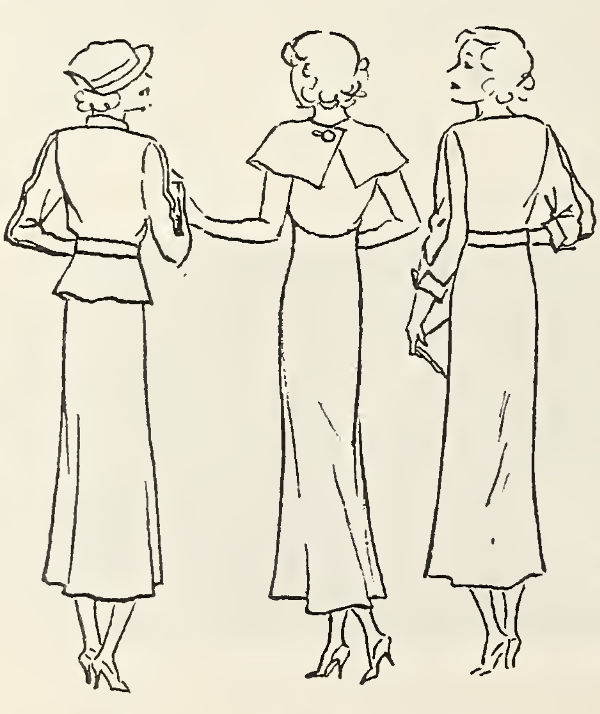
QUITE frankly rosebuddy and girlish is Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." Her clothes in that picture are a real education in good taste for any youngish person. They give—subtly—the appearance of being absolutely natural for her type of girl, no pose, no striving after an effect.

Take the several white bows under her chin, for instance. One is white piqué, stiff and starched. And that, be it noticed, is the only note on a black frock. Just one other repeat note of the white, and that a snip of an ostrich tip on the side of the crown of a cocky sailor hat. She's just too cute for words in that get-up. Then, on another black dress, she wears a white ermine bow. Nothing stingy about it either. It's a good, wide, spacious bow.

Note: Anyone can dress up an aging frock with a bow copied after one of Marion's. There's an idea for a new season.

It is interesting to see in this picture, how in old-fashioned clothes, or new-fashioned ones, in over-alls, dancing bloomers, even wrapped up in a blanket, Marion Davies looks swell.

See the white organdy dress in the dream picture. Fussy, it might be on someone who failed to know how to carry it off, but Marion in that fluffy



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white hat with a flower at one side is truly a dream girl in the costume.

Her hair—well, it's girlish and all, and flattering to her young face. But don't you think it's a bit too, too long to look smart in real life just now? Don't copy that too literally, I beg of you, if you want to make a hit with the boys.

Alice Brady, now, in "Should Ladies Behave?" is a grand hodge-podge of good taste and bad taste in dressing. If you want to know what not to wear, go look at her in that grand picture. Of course, she dresses that way frankly to be funny, for she is a killing character and the clothes help her to do her stuff. But for putting ruffles where they should not be and drapings where they look most terrible, she could take the medal any day.

YOU see lots of people who dress like that. One minute she wears a silver lamé coat at the theatre and looks quite lovely, if a bit over-dressed for coming to town by train. Then in a following scene, you see her in a black and white plaid with white pleatings skating all over it, accenting all the wrong spots. It's a funny sight, all right, but a terrible warning against over-dressing.

Mary Carlisle, who plays the young girl in this picture, is nicely gowned for the part. I liked particularly her suit, when she came home unexpectedly to that wild house party of her mother's. It was so well tailored and still managed to avoid a mannish look which a suit is apt to have. It was not too severe for so young a girl but had the soft dressmaker look, with all the correctness of tailoring. That's an achievement, too, you know, if you've had any experience with choosing suits of this sort. Her's had a softish scarf, sleeves just full enough and a coat which was a bit lighter in tone than the skirt. An extremely well done outfit.

For the theatre she wore black velvet with white gardenias. Now it's a funny thing, but the younger a girl is, the more she loves to wear black these days. It is generally considered a color for an older woman but the interesting thing about it (and all girls seem to realize the fact) is that it sets off extreme youthfulness as nothing else can. And then the combination has quaintness about it that turns out to be utterly charming.

If you want to see thrilling lingerie, you can get an eyeful in this picture. Such fascinating night gowns and negligées. I liked particularly Alice Brady's lace bedecked nightie with wide ribbon bows over the shoulders. It was different and one of those fussy ones which managed to be strongly in the good taste class.

Nils Asther, Enemy of Hooey

(*Continued from page 77*)

fact that I have been on the stage and screen in both Sweden and this country for quite some years and lived modestly within my means all that time, it was a terrible shock to learn that I had 'lost every penny.' Believe me, the story was far from the truth. Still, everywhere I went I was met with 'Poor old Nils' sympathy.

"But it wasn't only *that* story that was so very painful," he continued. "It was the story that followed. This particular magazine article went on to say that '. . . since Nils was so desperate for money and had no job, he finally bethought him of a marvelous way to clean up. He got out his fan mail—found that a great deal of it was from love-sick ladies in small towns in the Middle West—and decided that he might be able to sell them something if he was to call on them in person. *Life insurance!* That was it! Thus he borrowed enough money for expenses and began a house-to-house canvass of his women fans who, of course, were so flattered by the presence of their love-dream that they purchased great gobs of insurance!'"

THE bare memory of this seemed to make Nils so beside himself that he jumped from the chair and began pacing the room with long, angry strides.

"Oh, it was terrifically embarrassing and humiliating," he continued after he had calmed down. "The silly story was even re-printed in some of the European papers and magazines and some of my former friends whom I had been helping out a little financially wrote me that they were sorry and that I mustn't bother with their checks any further. They could not stand to be a burden on a man who was peddling insurance from door to door. Considering the fact that I never left Hollywood—not even once—the Middle West fabrication was a bit uncalled for to say the least. I can't understand it. Never for one minute since I came to Hollywood have I felt pinched financially. For years I have been putting away money against the rainy day. *If I never worked another day I would have no reason for changing my present comfortable way of living!*"

"Other stories," he went on, "go off on even funnier tangents. One says I am a 'difficult, mysterious man who walks alone.' (Ugh! Did you ever hear anything so nauseating?) While another says that I scorn all social contacts and live like a hermit. Why, just the other evening, a local newspaper columnist revealed that I had 'come out of hiding long enough to eat dinner at a popular cafe.' That was the *third* time I had eaten at that cafe in one week. And I had been out every night during the week—to the theatre, the fights and had spent two evenings at the home of friends.

"Another little story tells of the

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THOUGHT
WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS AND GIVE ME A LONG KISS?
2
I'M SO DISCOURAGED-JACK HAS NEVER EVEN TRIED TO REALLY KISS ME . . .
LISTEN-TRY THE LIP MAKE-UP OF THE MOVIE STARS-THE WONDERFUL NEW KISSPROOF INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
3
HER NEXT DATE WITH HIM
YOUR LIPS DRAW ME LIKE A MAGNET-I CAN'T SEEM TO RESIST THEM...
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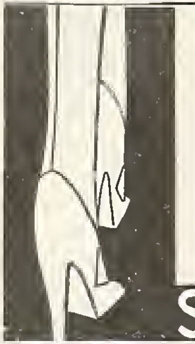

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28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
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astounding fact that I have a mysterious island—where I shall retire to live the rest of my life in seclusion. It says further that I shall not allow a mirror on my secret island because I shall not want to watch myself grow old!" (Here, another period of pacing the floor.) "It is too preposterous to deny. My friends know that I have a summer home on one of the hundreds of little islands off the coast of Sweden. I shouldn't want them to think that I would actually give out such a story.

"Even those writers who would like to be kind to me generally become *so* kind that I am made ridiculous. I once told a writer that I often ran three miles before breakfast. When the story came out I was running *thirty miles.* That's a sleeper-jump—that isn't an exercise.

"And one writer will say that: 'Nils Asther is a woman-hater who has not been able to make a success of marriage.' And the next magazine says, 'Nils is really a gilded Don Juan. He has had a thousand affairs.' It is true that it will take me a long while to get over Vivian divorcing me and taking the custody of our little girl. But I am by no means a woman-hater because my marriage turned out badly."

He stopped. I know he still feels badly about Vivian and I know he isn't fixin' to marry anyone else, so I didn't ask him any fool questions about his love life and such. I just let him tell me what was on his mind.

"I haven't given you anything except a denial of other people's stories," he said.

"Quite okay," said I. "And I'll put them all down just as you told them to me."

"Grrrrff!" said the Great Dane. Which, being interpreted might have meant, "And just see that you do, Ramsey!"

Announcement of Our Cinema Shop Contest Winners

Girls all over the country, girls from London, Australia, the Philippines, rushed to send opinions about the Cinema Shop dresses, to the end of winning the prizes offered.

Pity the poor judges whose duty it was to choose the best letters from so many that were, good, better, best. What the girls of today know about style is something to bewilder the most hard-boiled fashion cynic. No wonder they are a well dressed crowd, judging from their letters and their evident knowledge of what is right and wrong.

Well, anyway, after pondering and eliminating, the following winners were selected:

Irene Dunne's dress went to

THERESA FITZGERALD
Tampa, Florida

Mary Howard's dress went to

KAYE GIDDES
Dunellen, New Jersey

Constance Cumming's dress went to

M. COLLINS
Chicago, Ill.

Miriam Hopkins' dress went to

HILDEGARDE MILLER
Cleveland, Ohio

We are very proud of all of the thousands of girls who answered this contest, and only regret that our coffers will not stand the strain of sending consolation prizes to each and all of them.

For Once—the Truth About Pickford

(*Continued from page 41*)

It was she who requested a separation and "time to think things over" when her wandering husband suggested a divorce a few years back. She had not lost her self-confidence at that point and believed that time would take care of everything.

It did. But not in the way she wished.

The announcement of the sale of Pickfair was the definite and final answer to her watchful waiting for the breach to heal. The mistress of the estate did not know it was on the market until she read the shocking announcement in a newspaper. It was evidently the Fairbanks way of burning bridges and, while one doubts if his method was according to Hoyle, it was certainly effective.

And now Mary Pickford is alone and, if she is being brave a little too publicly and keeping a stiff upper lip a bit consciously and with perhaps an unwitting nod to the world, one must admire her pluck and her ability to "take it."

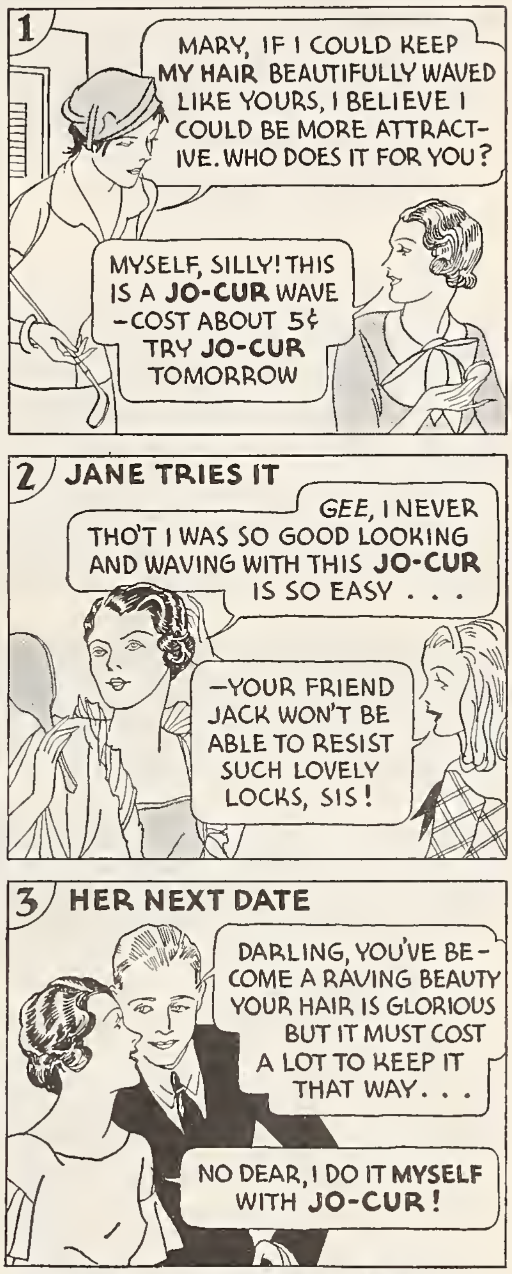
Buddy Rogers is now her more constant male companion. She has known the boy for several years; in fact, ever since she cast him in "My Best Girl." They go about to the approved gay places together, where Buddy enjoys Mary and Mary attempts to catch up on her fun. It is kind of hard, though, when all one's life has been devoted to work, to get into the spirit of the thing, especially when you feel cheated of the things for which you have worked.

For Mary Pickford believes that life has not treated her squarely. Why, even the old adage says that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, and goodness knows, she has never been idle, yet what she valued most has gone.

Whether she will marry young Rogers is still a delectable morsel about which the gossips may speculate. Indeed, she doesn't know herself as yet, for you see, Mary Pickford has work to do. She feels the urge to write and appear in a Broadway play, make another picture and perhaps direct one. Work, that's what she must do. And yet work is what has done all this to her.

Clark is just a "softie." He bought this dog from a stranger with a hard luck story. Then the stranger disappeared. And the dog followed suit.

JACK FALLS
when Jane Finds the
"keynote" of CHARM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MYSELF, SILLY! THIS IS A JO-CUR WAVE —COST ABOUT 5¢ TRY JO-CUR TOMORROW
2 JANE TRIES IT
GEE, I NEVER THO'T I WAS SO GOOD LOOKING AND WAVING WITH THIS JO-CUR IS SO EASY . . .
—YOUR FRIEND JACK WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST SUCH LOVELY LOCKS, SIS!
3 HER NEXT DATE
DARLING, YOU'VE BECOME A RAVING BEAUTY YOUR HAIR IS GLORIOUS BUT IT MUST COST A LOT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY. . .
NO DEAR, I DO IT MYSELF WITH JO-CUR!

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International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 361, Chicago

Why Men Fall For Miriam Hopkins

(Continued from page 43)

smart hotels she found comfortable living quarters, but suddenly she wanted a house. She found the perfect place, got five servants and moved in. A couple of weeks later, she dismissed the servants and moved back to the hotel! What a girl!

Her face, her figure, her voice are all soft and feminine but her mind is crisp and brittle. And her life shows the strong determination for success that has motivated most of her deeds.

A good Episcopalian, she left her Sunday school flat to come North and —horror of horrors—became a dancer. The dancing school she attended gave her the chance to become one of the Chester Hale Girls and she made her first stage appearance by being literally thrown through a trap door into the arms of Chester Hale, much to his amazement. It was not a part of the revue but the accident did not daunt Miriam and she went on as a dancing and singing girl in musical comedies.

A sprained ankle changed the course of her career. She found she couldn't dance professionally again but she wasn't going back to Georgia defeated. She went out for the great adventure of dramatic acting. She was fired from many a show. She played in many a flop, but you can't down a girl like Miriam.

Somehow, men sense her forthrightness, her determination, her courage, which bridge all disappointments.

STRANGELY enough, in her second film she appeared as the unattractive princess in a Maurice Chevalier picture. That was before Hollywood had discovered her strange form of glamour—a glamour that needs no props to manifest itself, that is just as much in evidence on the tennis court as in a luxurious boudoir. When Hollywood saw the men flocking around her, enchanted by her beguiling ways, the producers realized that the lass had It and gave her rôles more suitable to her particular type.

There is a touch of madness in Miriam Hopkins, the kind of madness that allowed her once to barge in (she was broke) to a prominent Wall Street banker and demand a loan of $5,000. He gave her a third of that amount. She took a taxi back to her New York apartment and, thrilled by the loan, tipped the taxi driver with a five dollar bill.

Hers is the sort of madness that inspired the high-brow playwright Eugene O'Neill to risk his life by canoeing with her and entrusting her with the plot of his then unwritten "Strange Interlude." It is the sort of madness that shows her how to make a lark of a forced airplane landing at Amarillo, Texas, where she drank beer with the Mayor and practically every newspaper reporter in town before she entrained for Chicago. No wonder she's popular.

For Miriam Hopkins is a baffling creature of strange powers. It is, I feel sure, her very uncertainty that keeps men jumping through hoops. As this is written she is starring in a play on Broadway. If the show is a success—well, that's grand. If it isn't, she'll hop off to Italy and have a grand time. She never plans ahead. It would spoil the fun. She takes what comes and enjoys every hour she lives. A variety of things interest her—books, music, babies, parties.

You just can't blame men for loving a girl like Miriam!

Although Sheila Terry and Lyle Talbot seem to be very much interested in each other, don't let them fool you for a minute. Lyle is still seeing a lot of the Countess di Frasso. That is a romance.

Leslie Howard Didn't Want to Come Back

(*Continued from page 17*)

Leslie Howard. And Leslie Howard must work. He knows it.

"I've no idea how long I shall stay over this time," he went on. "I'm anxious to do a play besides the picture work. But I must confess I want to get back to England just as quickly as possible. While I know this is the best place for me to work, I keep feeling the house and the kids and the thousand and one things I love doing over there pulling at me all the time.

"When I'm in London, of course, I have the feeling of being home. That's another side of the question. I think I can truthfully say I like New York best because of my work. London next because I'm an Englishman and London is home. And Hollywood—well, I suppose I like Hollywood because it gives me a sensation of space.

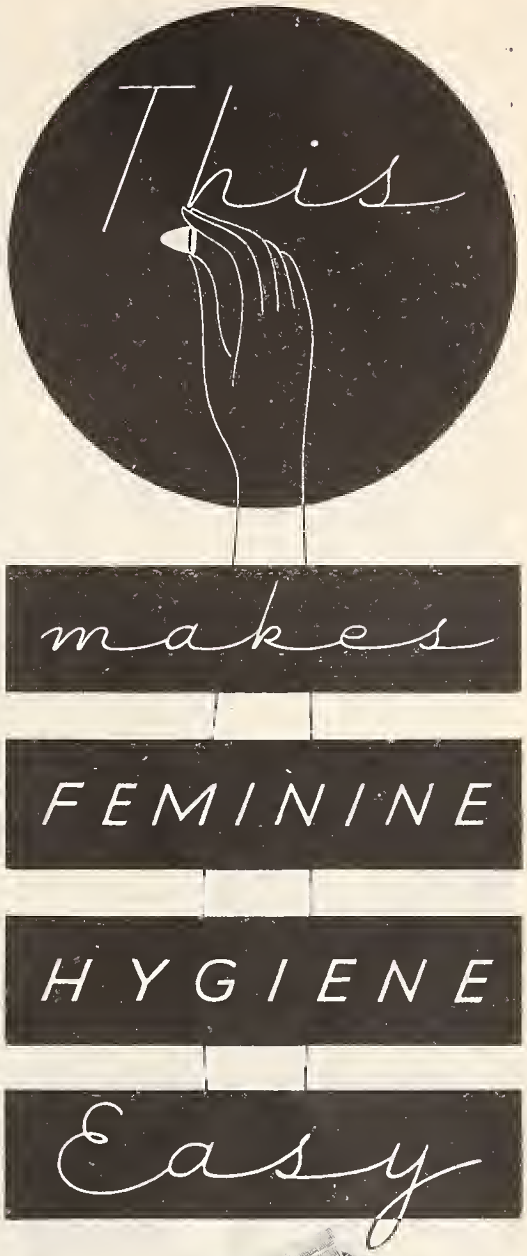
"You know," he continued, "that tiny little spot of Hollywood set in a vast, geographical background is fascinating. You have the feeling that humanity—individuals really don't exist. That all those great high mountains—that wide silent desert, the huge trees and the enormous Pacific Ocean—those are the things that actually count.

"I never think of Hollywood itself as a place of any importance. My work goes on under ideal climatic conditions and material comfort. I enjoy polo and every day after studio hours I am off to a little club I belong to—'The Riviera Club.' We have a team captained by Walt Disney and we call it the Mickey Mouse Polo Team. Will Rogers and his son, Will, Jr., play on it. Bob Montgomery and a couple of other fellows belong. A man by the name of Perkins is captain of the rival team. He has nothing to do with the movies, but loves polo. He calls his team the Perkins Cats and we have some grand games. There's a cup that sometimes the Mickey Mouse team wins—and again the Perkins Cats take it away from us. And the way we play you would think the cup was worth at least a million dollars."

He's a strange mixture, this Howard man. A half artist, half-domestic soul. There is a sensuous streak in his character which is in direct contrast to the stark, austere ambition that dominates his soul. A certain brilliancy that is almost poetic envelops him at these times, and again at your next meeting with him, he is the most matter-of-fact, commonplace of men. A devoted father, a home-lover with genuine deep domestic roots embedded in his heart and soul. A lover of horses, a good swimmer and a keen enthusiast of the outdoors, he might be any ordinary young Englishman until you see him in one of his superb performances on either the stage or screen—and then you realize that above all things else he is wholly an artist.

That artist must work—here, in our land. It was Leslie Howard, the man who "didn't want to come back."

Everybody who is anybody turned out for Colleen Moore's house party. Here you see the hostess, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray and Wesley Ruggles. Incidentally, Wesley had a terrible time getting wife, Arline Judge, away from that party. She just loves to shoot dice and he just couldn't tear her away from the floor where she was gambling with one of the news photographers. She was losing heavily, too!



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*Address*____________________

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I found it equal in quality and texture to brands selling at $1.00 and $2.00
Sincerely
Joan Foster

Joan Foster is right—Gayanne Face Powder is an exact copy of Fifth Avenue's most expensive and exclusive face powders.

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PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM
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PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

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Stuart's Calcium Wafers have helped thousands of women to restore their Natural Beauty. They have seen a dull, lifeless, pimply skin become clear, smooth and firm again and with a flush of natural color that nothing can remove. Now their powder and rouge are only a habit instead of a necessity.

Try Stuart's Calcium Wafers for just a few days. Let this gentle, internal beauty-aid prove to you the system's need for Calcium and why Natural Beauty must come from within. A Free Sample will be sent you if you mail the coupon below.

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A sample package sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will be sent you if you mail this coupon to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 32-H, Marshall, Mich.

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Address ____________________

Town ____________________

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 46*)

• THE POOR RICH
(UNIVERSAL)

Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

THIS IS FUN. Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton make the most of a swell story about two cousins whose wealth has dwindled with the depression. Too proud to admit they're broke, they try to put up a big front when a Lord, Lady and daughter come to visit them. The game is up, however, when a neighbor stalks in and indignantly demands the return of his goose. Your sides will ache from laughing. Oliver and Horton make a grand team and Andy Devine, Leila Hyams and Andre De Berenger help the fun along mightily, and we know you'll like it heaps.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT
(PARAMOUNT)

Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson.

TEAR-JERKER. Just one of the girls in a European finishing school commits an indiscretion in the moonlight, but to look at the sobs crammed into this opus one would imagine that all eight of the girls were in the same boat. Dorothy Wilson is the indiscretionee and Douglass Montgomery is the indiscretionist, but he finally turns noble and offers marriage (cheers). Kay Johnson, as the school teacher, made Simon Legree look like an amateur in the first half, but she turns almost human in the finale. When the tears should come and won't, everything looks rather silly.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN
(RKO)

Zasu Pitts, Pert Kelton, James Gleason.

PRETTY bad. This one, kiddies, goes on your "Must Miss" list. It reminded us of a lot of ancient gags strung together in a line with, once in a while, a funny line that seemed out of place. Zasu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Jimmie Gleason, Skeets Gallagher and El Brendel seemed to realize it was hopeless. Zasu is the hotel keeper, Brendel is the barber-in-love—oh, what's the use? You won't say we didn't warn you about this one!

• GALLANT LADY
(20TH CENTURY)

Ann Harding, Otto Kruger, Clive Brook.

CONFUSING REPORTS. Three of us saw this one and we got three answers: "Swell," "fairly good" and "not so hot." It's that old gag about the destitute mother (Ann Harding) who gives up all claim to the child, finds it later and finally marries the adopted father (Otto Kruger). Ann looked lovely, Clive Brook as the drunken sot is great and Kruger is good. Maybe you better guess.

• MAN OF TWO WORLDS
(RKO)

Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi.

FRANCIS LEDERER makes his bow. In spite of the fact that he can't bow very deeply for this one, you'll have a strong hunch you would like to see more of the same man—provided he stays in this World. In the first part where Lederer as an Eskimo assists the expedition from London, it is fairly interesting, but his trip to "white man's land" goes a bit flat. Elissa Landi *et al* lend support, but it's this fellow Lederer that methinks you'll go for. Some of the local ladies mentioned the name Valentino and something about "successor." What do *you* think?

FUGITIVE LOVERS
(M-G-M)

Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Ted Healy.

BREEZY hokum. It looks as if they started out with a swell idea here and then too many fingers spoiled the pie. Bob Montgomery, an escaped convict, hops atop a bus in which ride Madge Evans, chorus girl, and racketeer, Nat Pendleton, whom she had hoped she was hiding from on the trip. Bob goes through the luggage on top of the bus and comes out with Ted Healy's suit and a flock of bonded stuff. The coppers chase the crew for five reels and Bob and Madge save a lot of school kids from freezing to death in another bus. If you think you can swallow it, we advise you to try. Too bad, it was a swell cast.

• HORSEPLAY
(UNIVERSAL)

Andy Devine and Slim Summerville.

VERY funny indeed, my friends. However, we must warn you that the title means what it says. All about a couple of cowboys (Andy Devine and Slim Summerville) who suddenly wake up millionaires. Accompanied by Slim's horse, Cynthia Anna, they set out for England in search of Leila Hyams, Slim's sweetie. Cynthia Anna occupies the bridal suite on board and, not to be outshone by the horse, Slim and Andy are funny. Their antics, while hobnobbing with royalty, are screamingly-screaming. Go ahead. Have a laugh on us.

THE REPORT CARD

Here you may see at a glance which are the good pictures—and which are not

A MEANS EXCELLENT
B MEANS GOOD
C MEANS FAIR
D MEANS POOR

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
CAPTURED (Warners).
CONVENTION CITY (First National).
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
ESKIMO (M-G-M).
FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners).
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners).
I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
LADY FOR A DAY (Columbia).
LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
MORNING GLORY (RKO).
MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century.)
NO MARRIAGE TIES (RKO).
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON (Paramount).
ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M).
ROMAN SCANDALS (United Artists).
STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
TURN BACK THE CLOCK (M-G-M).
VOLTAIRE (Warners).
THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount).
WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M).
THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M).
BEAUTY FOR SALE (M-G-M).
BELOVED (Universal).
THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox).
BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS (Warners).
BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO).
THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
COLLEGE HUMOR (Paramount).
CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
FEMALE (Warners).
FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount).
FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
GOODBYE AGAIN (Warners).
HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
HER BODYGUARD (Paramount).
HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
HER SWEETHEART CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
HOLD YOUR MAN (M-G-M).
HOOPLA (Fox).
HORSEPLAY (Universal).
THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
KING FOR A NIGHT (Universal).
THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
LADY KILLER (Warners).
LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY (Universal).
THE MAD GAME (Fox).
MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).

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RINGLET
Curl Pins
INVISIBLE
HALF ROUND
PRECIOUS LITTLE AIDS TO BEAUTY

New!

Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. *Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).*

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Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....

"I Deserved a Sour Stomach
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But TUMS Kept My Stomach Sweet"

I ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.

Free Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. CAA19 St. Louis, Mo.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS STOMACH DISTR 10¢

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative **NR** (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—**"SHAMPO - KOLOR"**. No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with **"SHAMPO - KOLOR"**. No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept 39, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

UP TO $15 A WEEK and your own DRESSES FREE

I need 350 ambitious women to demonstrate nationally known Fashion Frocks. Glorious new Spring Styles at unbelievable low prices. Sold with money-back guarantee. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

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No experience necessary. No investment ever required. The work is easy, dignified and pleasant. Requires no canvassing. In addition to your weekly income, you earn your own dresses absolutely FREE. Send no money. Write fully for this unusual opportunity giving your size and color choice.

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BLACKHEADS!

DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY. RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in business and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities, the Beauty Editor of this magazine and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only $1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. MR-1)
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( ) Here is $1. Please send me 2 mos. supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or ( ) I will pay postman plus 20c P.O. charge. Outside U.S. $1.25—no C.O.D.'s
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MAIL COUPON NOW

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
THE MASQUERADER (United Artists).
THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
MY WEAKNESS (Fox).
MY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PILGRIMAGE (Fox).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).
PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART (RKO).
RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M)
SMOKY (Fox).
SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

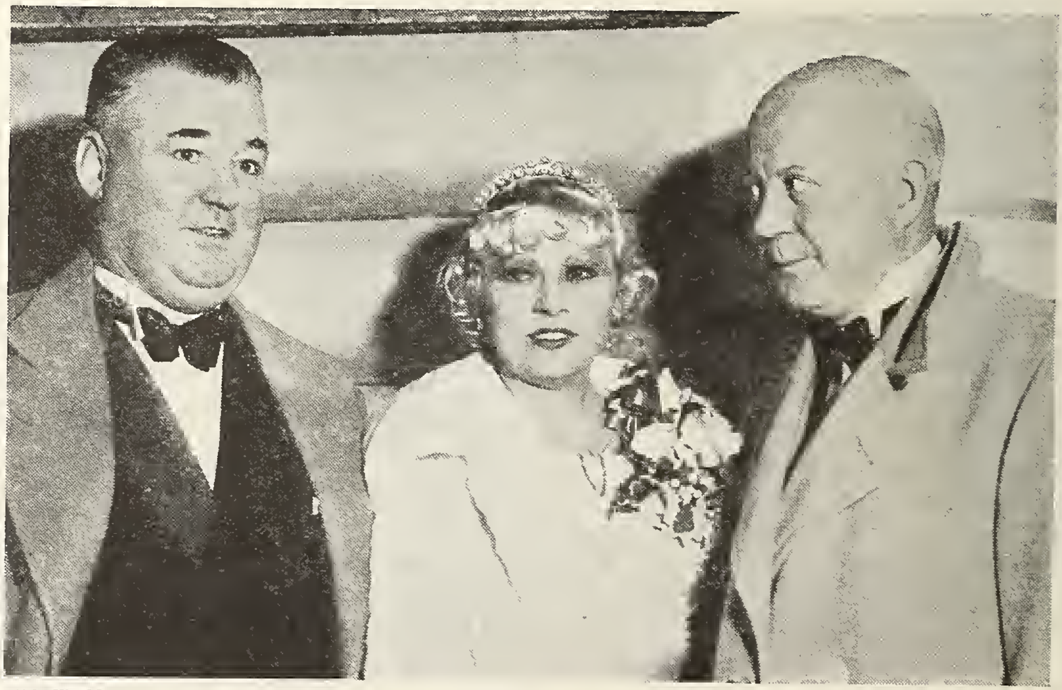
THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
THE BOWERY (20th Century).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
OLESON'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
BITTERSWEET (United Artists).
BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN (RKO).
THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).



Wide World

Meet Jim Timony (on the left) —Mae West's manager and (many people say) her boy friend as well. The two of them, with William Le Baron, are dolled up for a Little Club dance at the Cocoanut Grove.

IF YOU LIKE TO LAUGH-

If you like to laugh, long, loud and often; and if you like pictures, hundreds of interesting shots of your screen favorites, then

FILM FUN

is the magazine for you! Get the March issue today, at any newsstand, and enjoy

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 15*)

Laurel and Hardy comedy. If she is so shy and afraid of people, some time when she goes on one of her famous house hunts for privacy, it might help her to get a place close enough to Joan Crawford's home and see how a real honest-to-goodness actress goes about being a lady—and at the same time serving her public. To my mind, her last publicity act, the one about being in love with her new director, and treating Gilbert like the dust under her feet, is the best yet. And yet the American public goes on eating up this bosh. As far as I'm concerned she can go home to Sweden. (*But, I say, Mrs. Graham! Garbo didn't exactly treat Gilbert as dust, you know. First place, she got him that part in the picture. And they say she was very friendly with him throughout the making of the picture. Incidentally, she has actually been stepping out with Mamoulian. Maybe it is more than a publicity stunt.*)

AUGUSTA BURGER, of the Bronx, N. Y. C., wants Paul:

Let's give a hand to Paul Kelly who played in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Would you send me his studio address. Let's try and have lots of pictures starring Kelly. How about it?

(*Well, Augusta, Paul Kelly is with 20th Century Pictures, Hollywood, Calif. He isn't doing very much at the moment but don't let that worry you. He's on his way to do big things.*)

All Right, All Right

MISS KELLY, of we-don't-know-what-town, isn't at all satisfied with the way they're treating that little Southern gal, Una Merkel:

When Una first came to the screen she was sweet and unhardened but now in all her pictures she plays hard, cold, roles—well, you know what. And the public is not so hot on that stuff as you may think. Am a steady theatre-goer and I have noticed this change with interest. I suppose it isn't her fault. I suppose she has to play the type of role assigned to her. But then it would be nice if she could play the kind that fit her. She has a nice Southern drawl which is pleasant to hear if they will just let her be herself.

Australia Takes Us Over the Coals

MRS. R. FARGUHARSON, New South Wales, Australia, speaks her mind:

Australia is very much neglected in the way of pictures. Certainly, we see good pictures but we also see a lot of rubbish generally putting America and American people in a very bad light. We see divorce treated

GLORIOUS NATURAL COLOR in Cheeks and Lips

EVERYWHERE girls are changing to DIXIE DEB ROUGE AND LIPSTICK because they give such glorious, glowing color . . . yet look so natural . . . free from that artificial effect. And it is no longer necessary to pay high prices for rouge and lipstick of fine quality.

Dixie Deb
for Youthful Charm
Dixie Deb
ROUGE
POPPY

DIXIE DEB ROUGE AND LIPSTICK cost only 10c each, yet they are identical in quality with cosmetics costing many times as much. The rouge comes in Light, Medium and Dark., The lipstick in Pappy (changeable) Vivid and Raspberry.

Dixie Deb
Your Best Beauty Value
Lipstick
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10c each

Our enormous sales make such a value possible.

DIXIE DEB

Quality Cosmetics

At Better Chain Stores

IVAN LEBEDEFF AND GLORIA STUART--POPULAR STARS

Love!

—the reward of Beautiful Hair!

Clever Girl! One does not have to look further than her lovely hair to understand her popularity with men. Its marvelous luster adds sparkle and vivacity to her eyes and accents her other good features. Her secret? Perhaps you've already guessed it but if not, just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way. 25c at your dealers', or send coupon below for free sample,

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. C, Seattle, Wash. * * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name
Address
City ________ State
Color of my hair:

(*Continued from page 123*)

as a matter of course, and morally weak youths crying and sobbing like hysterical women. Sex abounds in pictures. Many a time I have blushed and squirmed on my seat in humiliation for my sex when some screen star lowers herself to go through some dreadful scenes, chasing men I wouldn't walk on and abandoning herself almost to hysterics in a sob scene.

That's why I admire men like Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard and others like them. Also women like Diana Wynyard, Kay Francis and Marion Davies for their sane and restrained acting.

Joan Crawford was not bad in "Today We Live" but she is getting set in her mannerisms. To portray surprise, she lifts her eyebrows and rolls her eyes. Fear—she bites her bottom lip and rolls her eyes again. Abandon and love—eyes roll alarmingly.

Gary as a strong silent gent just fills the bill. He's getting that bored look about him, "I don't do this because I like it—I'm paid for it," says his face.

Clark Gable seems the ideal sheik to me; strong-arm stuff with not too much brains. I can see him doing his stuff *à la* Valentino and hear the girls saying, "Isn't he too, too marvellous!"

Mae, Take Heed

SANDRA, of Salem, Mass., wants our Mae to do a different type of role:

I am an admirer of Mae West. Her first picture was a great hit but with many more pictures along the same lines, she will be a flop. The public is wondering what she can do with a different role. Give her a picture in which she can do something more than walk around swinging her hips and handing out wisecracks.

(I'm afraid we'll have to disappoint you, Sandra, because Mae's next picture is "It Ain't No Sin." Nuff said?)

Isn't He Too Wonderful

JANICE EARL, of Logan, Utah, wants you to know that she's c-r-a-z-y about Georgie Raft:

Many biting remarks have been made about George Raft but, personally, I think he's the most handsome man I have ever seen on the screen. His dark eyes and black hair make a wonderful combination. And when he smiles—well, my heart skips a beat. That smile displays a marvellous set of teeth and a very charming pair of dimples. I like the way he moves and talks. In short, I like everything about the man. He surpassed all my expectations in "The Bowery." More success and an orchid to you, George Raft.

Well—Beer's Good, Too

FLORENCE KRATTEBOL, of Minneapolis, Minn., looks like Barbara Stanwyck:

Although I am just one of those persons with a champagne taste and a beer pocketbook, there are many stars whom I would like to meet should opportunity every present itself. I would like to meet Joan Crawford because she seems to be a very mysterious person (Oh, I don't mean the kind of a person you read about in a mystery story). But she appears to be rather a moody type, yet there is something magnetic about her personality.

Too, I would like to meet Barbara Stanwyck because I have been told by several persons that I resemble her a great deal and that my voice is exactly like hers. But aside from this, I have seen her in quite a number of pictures and I like her natural way of acting, she is not a bit forced and I feel that one would enjoy knowing her.

Helen Hayes because she seems so sincere. I feel I might tell her all my troubles and she would be very sympathetic. She also has a lovely voice.

Satisfied

MARGARET FORCIER, of Woonsocket, R. I., is sincere about it, too:

I know it is very strange of me to talk that way, but I feel so glad for the runaway marriage of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. It is the first time in all my life that I feel so happy about a runaway marriage. They are two famous stars whom I love very much. When I saw them together in "The Silver Cord" something in their eyes told me that they were meant for each other. And now they're married! What a happy ending for those two lives and I wish them luck with all my heart. Let me tell you that deep in my heart I would be even more happy to read in newspapers and magazines a year or two from now that the McCrea family numbers three.

(They are a nice couple—we agree. By the way, in spite of all rumors to the contrary Frances and Joel flatly refuse to make a picture together. Do you think they're wise?)

MARY LOU DIXON, of Warren, Pa., says:

Let's have more of Margaret Sullavan. "Only Yesterday" was made very sincere and beautiful by her wonderful work.

HELEN SANZ, of Los Angeles, Calif., chimes in with:

I saw "Only Yesterday" in fact the whole family did—and did we enjoy it! It was just the way you wanted it to be. I understand that Margaret Sullavan wants to return to the stage. You tell her for me that every one likes her screen work. She's just wonderful. We want to see her more often.

(The astounding Margaret may do "Little Man, What Now?" as her next picture. And Lew Ayres is tentatively set for the role of the Little Man.)

"Maedchen" Scores Again

MARY MONTGOMERY, of Detroit, Mich., cheers for Dorothea Wieck:

I can't find enough words to express my deep admiration of the way in which Dorothea Wieck portrayed her part—all of us who saw her are looking forward to her next picture. I have read over and over again letters from Americans lamenting the bringing of foreign stars into this country but where would we ever have found a Dorothea Wieck in this country? She is superb and deserves the praise of our country for the noble and tender presentation of Joana. May she have a successful career here and may we have many more clean, wholesome, inspiring pictures like "Cradle Song."

("Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" with the inimitable Baby LeRoy is her next. And then, they say, she goes back to Germany. It's whispered that she is very pro-Nazi. And in Hollywood . . . Well! But we dunno for sure.)

She Speaks Up for a Strong, Silent Man

MARTA M., of Detroit, Mich., wants to round up all those Gary Cooper fans:

For many months I've been reading the letters praising Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and other favorites. But why, oh why, hasn't someone mentioned the splendid work being done by Gary Cooper? He was superb in "Farewell to Arms" and "One Sunday Afternoon." His acting is so real. So, come on Cooper fans and see how many *nice* things you can say about him.

It's Still Up in the Air

CONSTANT READER, Montreal, Canada, has a suggestion:

There seems to be great difficulty in deciding who is to play in "Merry Widow." I think that John Gilbert and Joan Crawford would be the best choice. This part would afford Joan to get away from her usual type of role, that of a very modern maiden. John Gilbert would be marvellous in the role of Prince Danilo. Unlike Chevalier, who seems only able to make himself silly on the screen, John Gilbert is a splendid actor and dancer.

(It may be Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier and then again it may not.)

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

SHE VAMPED HER HUSBAND AWAY FROM *herself . . . !*

Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone in a gay scene from "Moulin Rouge."

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT AT ALL. LISTEN TO THE TALE OF HELEN HALL!

- Talk about your queer situations—just hearken a moment to Helen Hall's tale of woe!

- To prove she can act, she masquerades as a beautiful French actress—notorious but nice—and she's so good at it that even her own husband is fooled by the wig and phoney accent. He comes in gulping, presumably on business, but Helen is very soon horrified to find that he's falling hard for her!

- What would you do in a case like this? Would you go right on vamping your husband or would you put on the brakes and save your happy home?

- What Helen Hall did makes a story you'll enjoy hugely—a story you can read in the new SCREEN ROMANCES. "Moulin Rouge," it's called—a gay, sprightly fictionization of Constance Bennett's new hit.

- Every month SCREEN ROMANCES offers 12 stimulating stories of the later, better motion pictures, generously illustrated with "stills" from the actual Hollywood productions. The result is grand entertainment. Take our advice and enjoy it. Stop at the next newsstand for the March SCREEN ROMANCES and experience the thrill of a dozen screen hits between the covers of one fascinating magazine!

Enjoy these 12 stories complete in March SCREEN ROMANCES

MOULIN ROUGE. Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone.
MAN OF TWO WORLDS. Francis Lederer, Elissa Landi.
DARK HAZARD. Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin.
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN. Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy.
MASSACRE. Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak.
LET'S FALL IN LOVE. Edmund Lowe, Miriam Jordan.
CATHERINE THE GREAT. Marlene Dietrich.
HI, NELLIE! Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell.
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE. Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, Ben Lyon.
EASY TO LOVE. Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor.
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE. Lew Ayres, Alice White.
PALOOKA. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin.

Scores of Illustrations from the Screen Productions

MARCH ISSUE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

SCREEN ROMANCES

THE 12 BEST SCREEN STORIES OF THE MONTH!

MAY -3 1934
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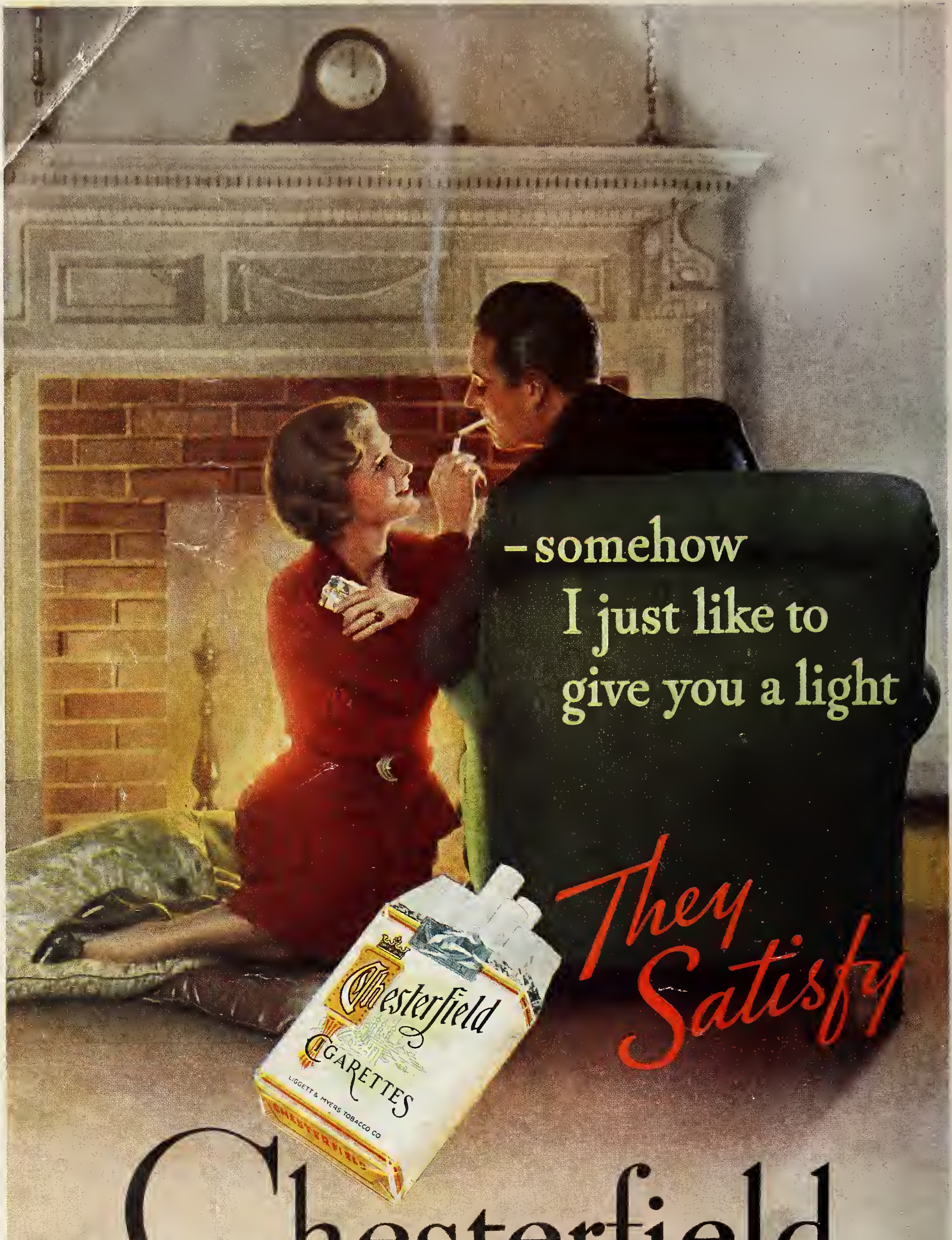
–somehow
I just like to
give you a light
They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF A CREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN Screen

10 cents
April

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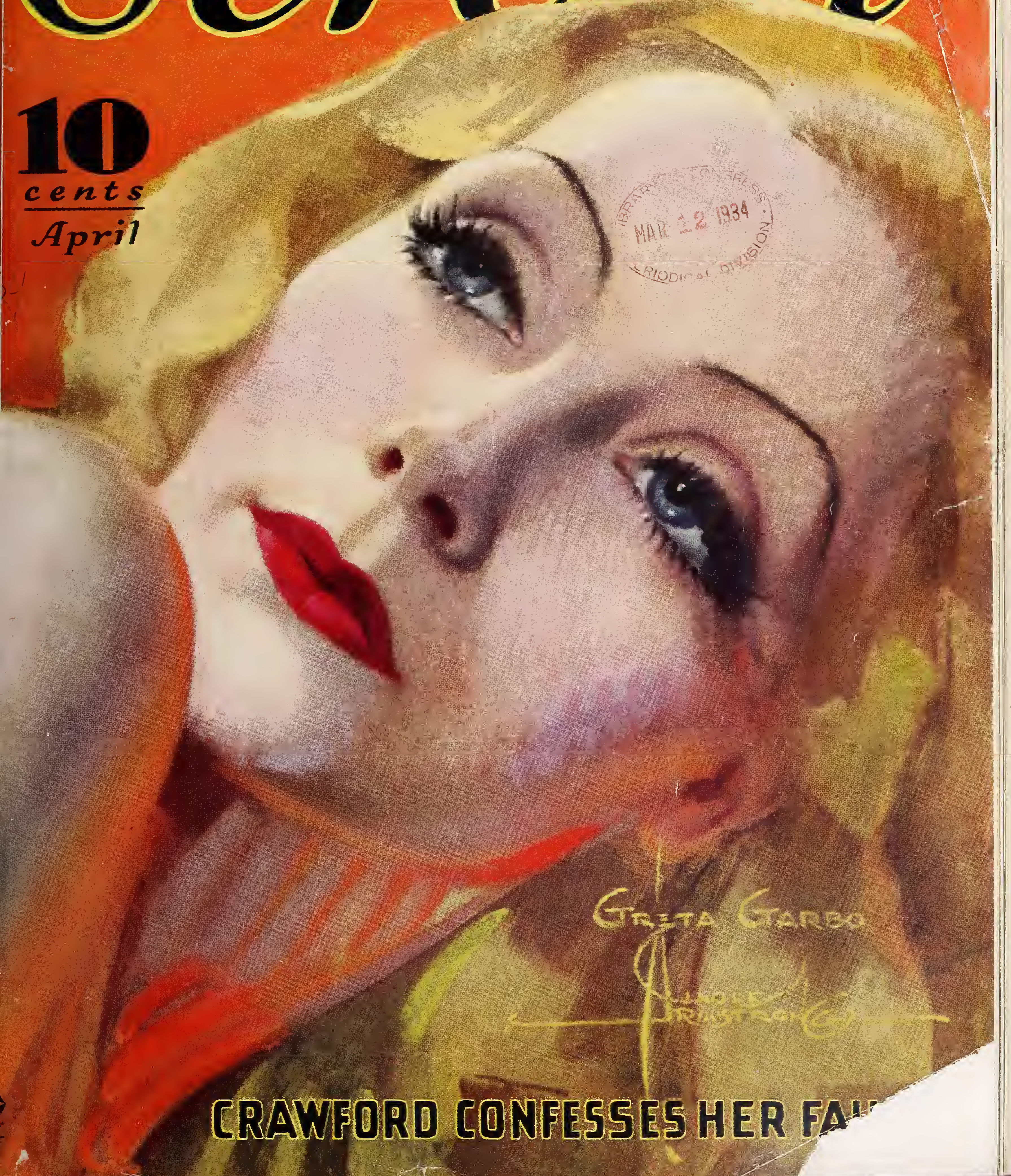


CRAWFORD CONFESSES HER FAI

"TINTEX IS JUST AS SIMPLE AS A-B-C!"
John Held Jr

Tintex Acts Like Magic on Faded Fabrics!

● **Presto — these famous Tints and Dyes restore gay color to faded Apparel and Home Decorations!**

"WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD WE DO WITHOUT TINTEX!"
John Held Jr

In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains
Drapes
Doilies
Dinner Cloths
Luncheon Sets
Blankets
Cushions
Bed Spreads
Table Runners
Slip Covers

THERE'S no need to have washed-out looking "undies", dresses or any other faded article in your wardrobe. There's no reason why you should put up with faded curtains or other drab decorations in your home.

●

And you don't have to buy new ones either. *Simply buy Tintex.* These famous Tints and Dyes cost but a few cents—but what color-magic they bring you!

●

Faded fabrics are restored to their original color-beauty so easily, so quickly when you use Tintex. Or you can give everything different colors if you wish. The results are *always* perfect!

●

Do as millions of other women are doing. Make your wardrobe and home decorations color-smart, color-new with Tintex. Choose from its 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors.

In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

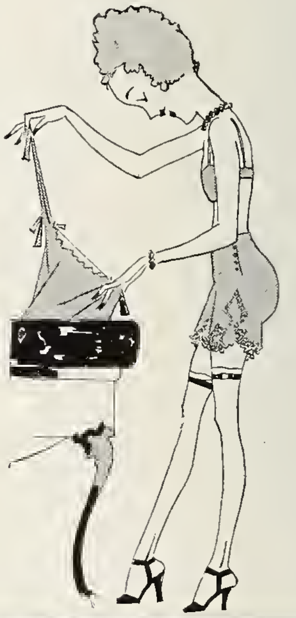
Underthings
Negligees
Dresses
Coats
Sweaters
Scarfs
Stockings
Slips
Blouses
Children's Clothes

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

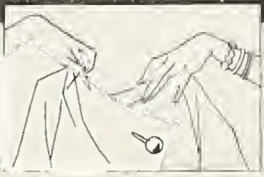
. . World's largest selling
TINTS *and* **DYES**
PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Tintex
TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK
PARK & TILFORD

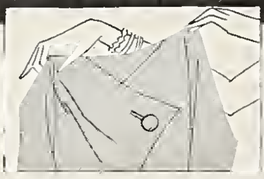


To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER

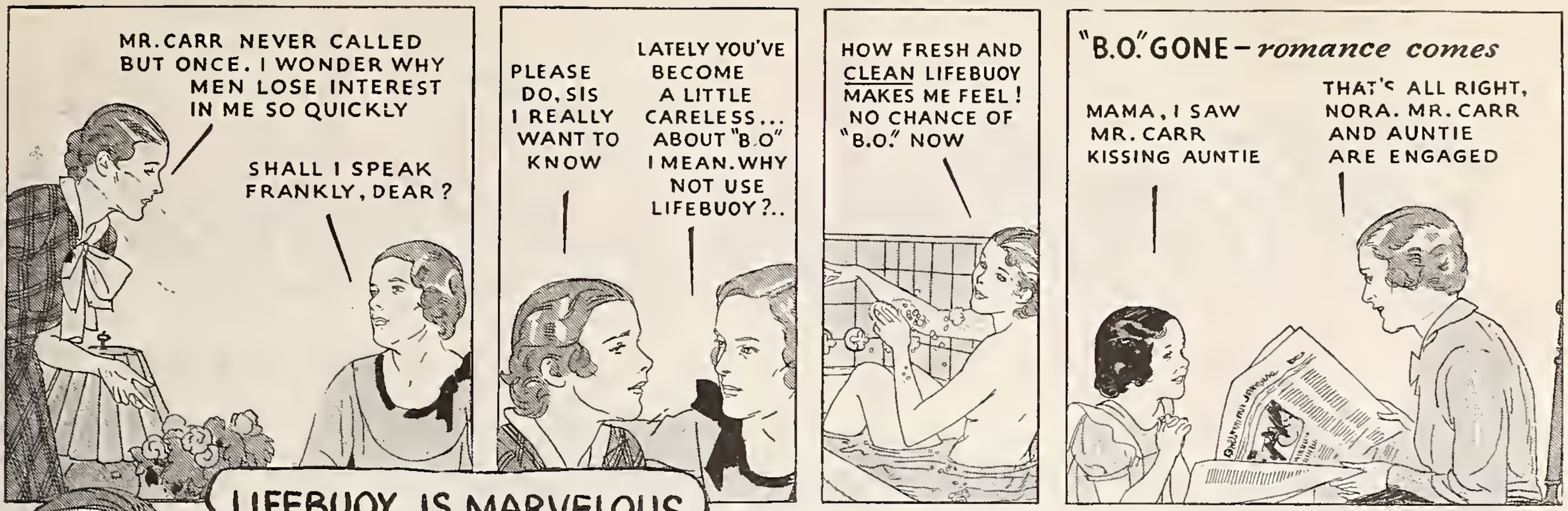
Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

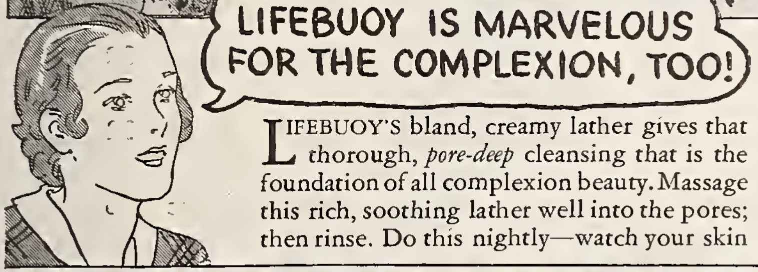


Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.


MR. CARR NEVER CALLED BUT ONCE. I WONDER WHY MEN LOSE INTEREST IN ME SO QUICKLY
SHALL I SPEAK FRANKLY, DEAR?
PLEASE DO, SIS I REALLY WANT TO KNOW
LATELY YOU'VE BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS... ABOUT "B.O." I MEAN. WHY NOT USE LIFEBUOY?..
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBUOY MAKES ME FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW
"B.O." GONE—*romance comes*
MAMA, I SAW MR. CARR KISSING AUNTIE
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NORA. MR. CARR AND AUNTIE ARE ENGAGED

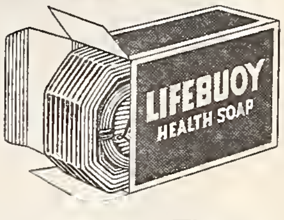

LIFEBUOY IS MARVELOUS FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO!

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather gives that thorough, *pore-deep* cleansing that is the foundation of all complexion beauty. Massage this rich, soothing lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your skin grow clearer, fresher — lovelier than ever!

Its very scent is different!

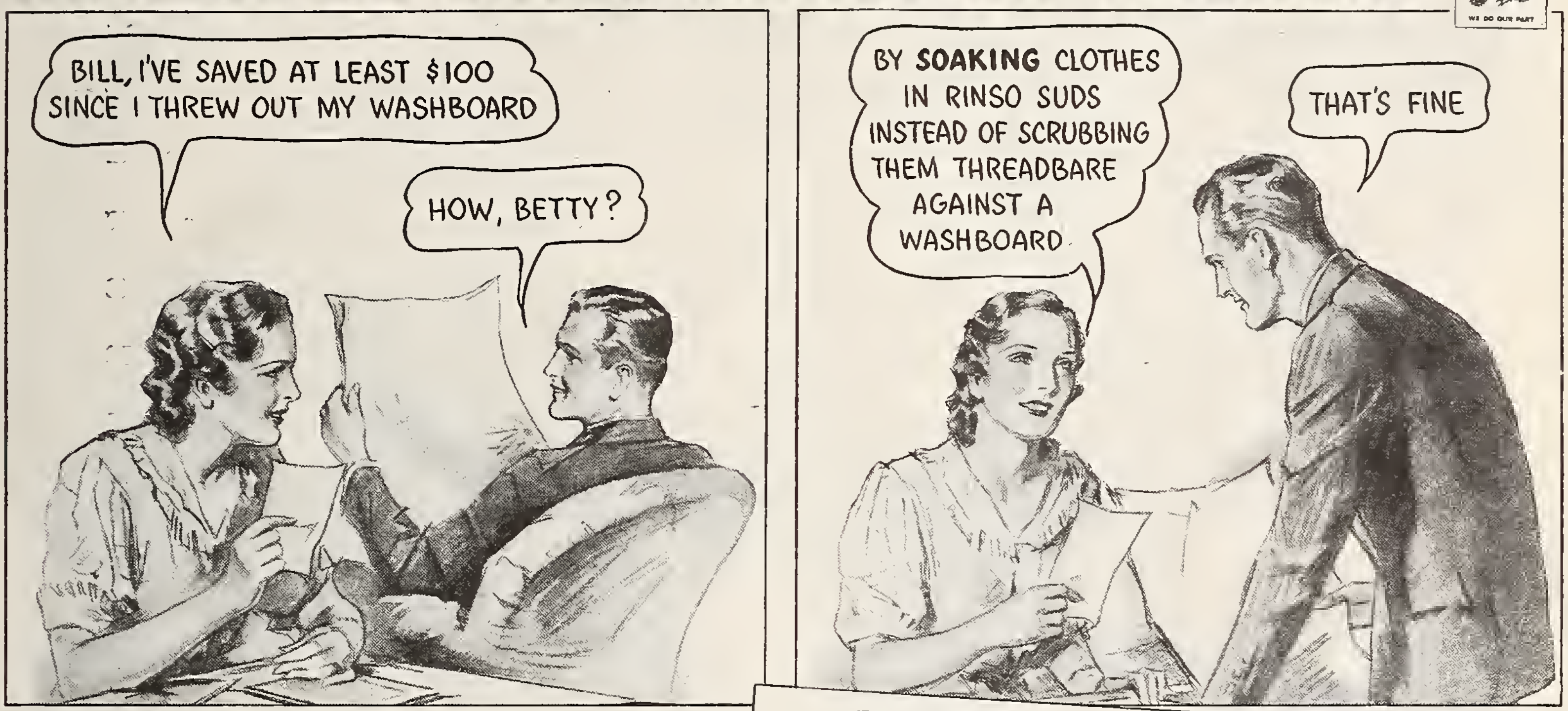
Clean, fresh, vanishing as you rinse, Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap purifies pores, gives *extra* protection against "B. O." (*body odor*).

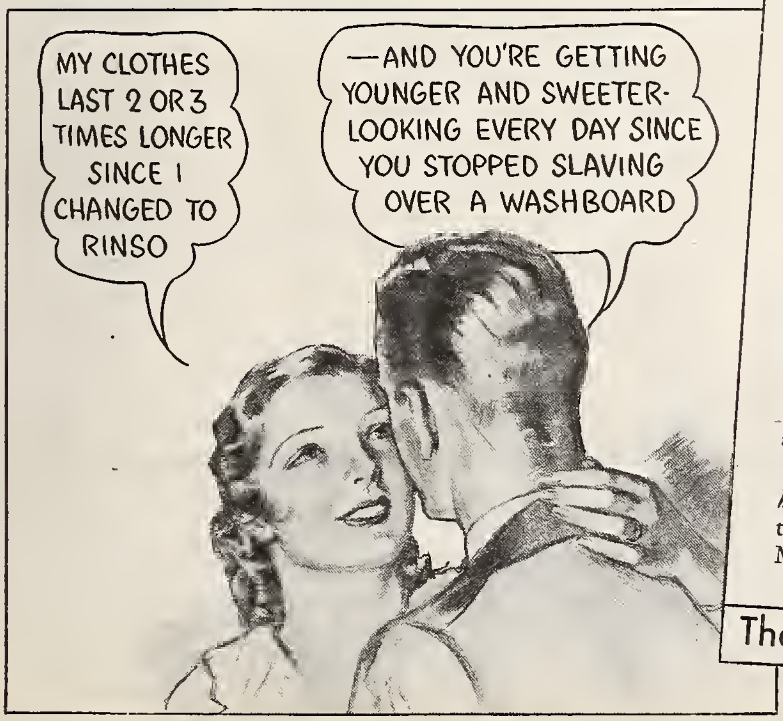
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY

NRA WE DO OUR PART


BILL, I'VE SAVED AT LEAST $100 SINCE I THREW OUT MY WASHBOARD
HOW, BETTY?
BY **SOAKING** CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM THREADBARE AGAINST A WASHBOARD
THAT'S FINE


MY CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO
—AND YOU'RE GETTING YOUNGER AND SWEETER-LOOKING EVERY DAY SINCE YOU STOPPED SLAVING OVER A WASHBOARD

RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER?
YES – 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Be clever! Use the soap that saves scrubbing and boiling — that does away with the old-fashioned washboard.

Be thrifty! Use the soap that soaks out dirt—makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer—saves you lots of money. Many women save as much as $100 or more on clothes washed this safe, easy way.

Be modern! *Use Rinso.* Its lively suds last and last — *even in hardest water.* Wonderful suds that *soak* your week's wash whiter than ever. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Makes dish-washing and all cleaning easier, too. *Saves the hands.*

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The biggest-selling package soap in America

FEB 28 1934

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Modern Screen

FOR APRIL

Special Stories

"I'M A TERRIBLE PERSON!" SAYS JOAN CRAWFORD.....Katherine Albert 28
One of our most honest stars frankly confesses her faults

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LYLE TALBOT..................Walter Ramsey 30
The true story of his early years—and the sweet thrills of first romance

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HOW I'M TEACHING MY DAUGHTER TO FACE LIFE.............Helen Hayes 56
(As told to Nanette Kutner)
Wise and tender advice on one of the greatest problems that confront women

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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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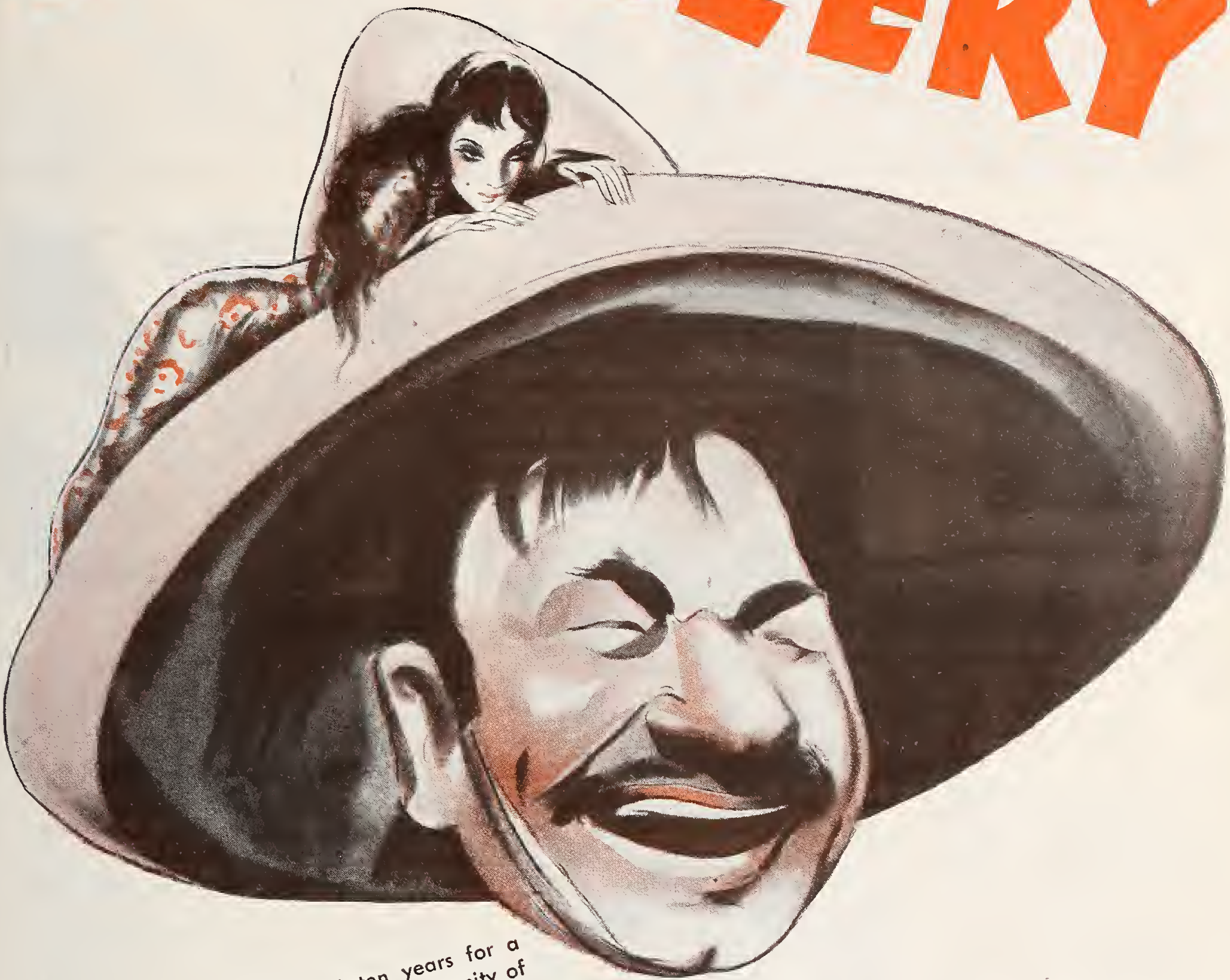
Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure . . . in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

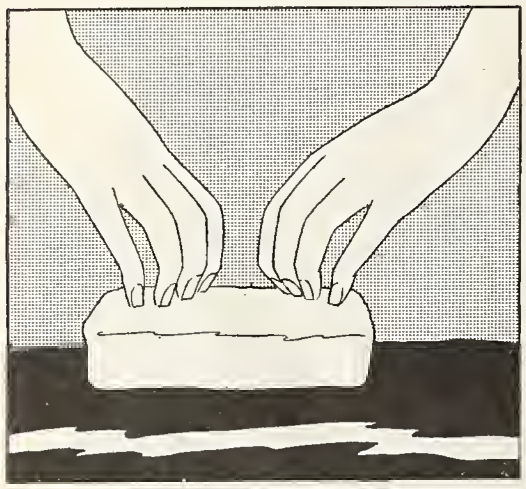
An all-star cast with thousands of others in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Beauty Advice

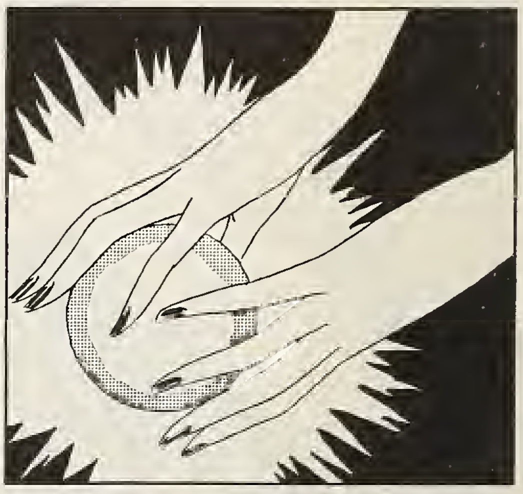
COLD CREAM
OLIVE OIL
MUSCLE OIL

"Hands up!" How do they look? Here's how to make 'em look better!



By MARY BIDDLE

If you would have hands which are lovely, you really need only the simplest care. (Left) Lining the fingernails with pure white soap is a good idea if you have some dirty work to do. (Right) Bright polish stays "in"—and is getting brighter!



HANDS have been neglected. Very much neglected. How often do you see a pretty, well-kept face and hands which have been allowed to age and wither? That's a pity, for often the hands have about them more expression than a face could ever hope to portray.

Well, I suppose we had to look after our faces first of all. But now that we've more or less accomplished the facial problems, what about the poor paws? You know, we are flashing them about all the time under the bosses' noses with the stenographic pencils, on the typewriter keys, or we are dealing out cards with them at a bridge table. They are forever in the limelight. And how awful some of them do look!

Painting up the fingernails isn't the entire secret. Not at all. I have seen glittering finger-tips on positively neglected hands. They look horrible that way.

How about a campaign for softer, prettier, more well-kept hands and fingers? Let's all join together right this minute on that important subject.

That dreaded phrase, "constant attention," is the deep, dark secret. But the process is easy enough once you have the idea and have things so arranged that you can rub in the proper ingredients in the shortest possible space of time.

Washing, so much of which must be done for the hands all the time, dries them out no end, and the skin becomes hard and dry and brittle. To get the better of that soap-and-water reaction, keep a bottle of hand lotion over the washstand, or over the sink, and dab it on as soon as you hear the water stop running and have rubbed the towel on to take off the superfluous drops.

This is your basic principle. Stick to it. That bottle is your mascot. Regard it as your ally, and you will never be one of those to poke unsightly fingers into the faces of your friends and admirers.

All this does a lot, but remember that dryness is your arch enemy as far as your hands are concerned. Rob the cold cream jar to fight dryness. Every time you "do" your face, take the superfluous cream remaining on the hands and rub it well into them. It all helps—and helps a lot.

Skin around the fingernails has a nasty little habit of getting hard and tough, so that you begin to wonder if you are growing horns of some sort. That little annoying condition will respond quite happily to more applications of thick cream. And do you know about muscle oil, so highly recommended for wrinkles? Well, try it on the hardened fingernail places and see what a miracle it can accomplish. Why, it has a softening power which is nothing short of marvelous. Between you and me, I've heard tell that it is nothing less than castor oil, refined with a bit of perfume. Anyway, olive oil will do about the same trick and a bit more effectively, if it is heated just a bit before it is used. Now, don't let me hear you whimpering that the expense is too great after all these inside hints I have slipped you.

With the constant application of olive oil and cream to the cuticle around the nails, very little other attention is needed, for you can keep pushing back this skin with a Turkish towel and find that you will always have pretty, well-groomed fingernails.

However, that stuff—a liquid—known as cuticle remover has a miraculous way of removing any dried skin that may be lurking about. Dab it on freely with a bit of cotton and then, with an orange-wood stick, push back the loosened cuticle. This brings out the moons in your fingers in a shining way and makes you wonder at their clearness.

All this whitening effect, that the manicurists like to stuff under the tips of the nails is just a bit thick—often much too thick, don't you think

(*Continued on page* 119)

PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

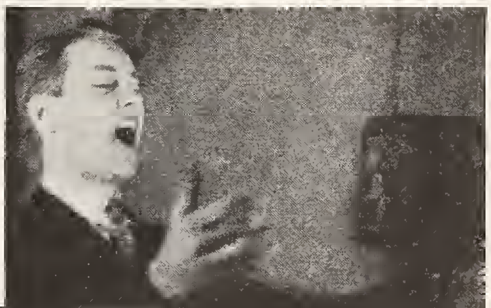
From the radio to the screen, comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

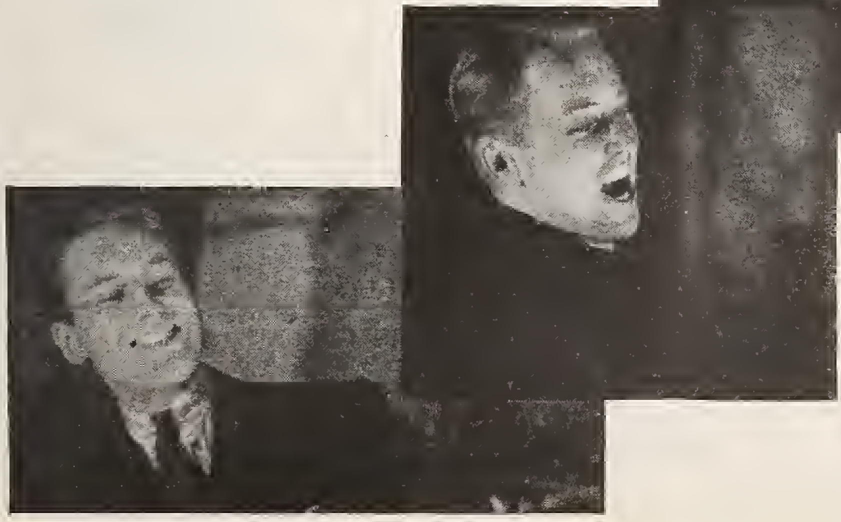
"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences





THE WINNERS!

OF MODERN SCREEN'S JOAN CRAWFORD "DANCING LADY" CONTEST

La-deez and gentlemen! Your attention please! We wish to make an announcement which will bring joy to the hearts of twenty-nine people and end the suspense in the hearts of about ten thousand others. In other words, we wish to announce the prize-winners—all twenty-nine of 'em—in the Joan Crawford "Dancing Lady" Contest which we ran in the November and December issues of MODERN SCREEN.

After we had finished paying off the extra help we had to employ to help us take care of the tremendous mail which swamped this office as a result of the contest, and after we had, following long, long vigils and extravagant midnight-oil burning, decided upon the very best entries from among the many good ones, we—er—where were we? Oh, yes—we made our decisions. And it wasn't easy, be assured of that.

The requirements of the contest were, as you doubtless remember, to put together, and arrange in the proper order, eight jig-sawed stills from "Dancing Lady." Over and above that, contestants were required to write a description of Joan Crawford in ten words or less. The prizes go to those contestants who have, in the opinion of the judges, correctly fulfilled the first requirements, most aptly fulfilled the second and presented their entries with the greatest neatness and originality.

The first prize is a trip to Hollywood, with all expenses paid, to spend a week there. The winner will visit and be entertained at various gay and interesting Hollywood places, as the guest of Miss Joan Crawford, experiencing the glamour of filmdom.

The first prize—the trip to Hollywood — goes to: Miss Jean Kraft, 2536 East 124th Street, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

The second prize, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, goes to: Mr. Freddy Jeannent, 59-29—41st Avenue, Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

The third prize—one hundred dollars in cash—goes to: Mr. Murray MacDonald, 517 Inspector Street, Montreal, Canada.

The fourth prize—a Crosley Dual-Tone Low-Boy radio—goes to: Miss Helen Reher, 6164 Haverford Avenue, Philadelphia. Pennsylvania.

The ten fifth prizes of one Max Factor make-up kit, each, go to: Miss Ann O'Neill, 566 West 159th Street, New York, N. Y.; Miss Martha Mendenhall Rippel, 90 N. Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Helen G. Weldin, 1112 North 28th Street, Camden, N. J.; Miss Gertrude Dorries, 947 South Soto Street, Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Thelma L. Carson, 1908 Willow Street, Huntington, W. Va.; Miss Constance Wills, 83-10 35th Avenue, Apt. 3P, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Miss Mona Middlebrook, 123 West Columbian Avenue, Neenah, Wis.; Miss Helen E. Winter, 15 Reservoir Street, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Ruth Edwards, 681 Johnson Avenue, Bedford, Ohio.; Miss Alice Putnam, 503 East Pleasant Street, Freeport, Ill.

(*Continued on page 113*)

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY **FRANCIS**

GUY **KIBBEE**

DICK **POWELL**

AL **JOLSON**

HUGH **HERBERT**

HAL **LEROY**

RICARDO **CORTEZ**

DOLORES **DEL RIO**

FIFI **D'ORSAY**

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!
A First National Picture

ALL THINGS Considered

BY THE EDITOR

BETWEEN you and me . . . I get to wondering why . . . with all the talent they have in Hollywood . . . and all the money . . . and the marvelous writers . . . and their research departments and high-powered directors . . . and everything . . . they can't just once give us . . . a really good . . . true-to-type . . . picture of school or college life. I mean to say . . . they do make college and school pictures . . . but they're never quite the real thing . . . are they? The sets are too luxurious . . . and the clothes too fancy, and it all doesn't quite click . . . does it?

And other times . . . I get to wondering why . . . they don't make pictures . . . based on . . . some of the novels we have all read . . . and loved. I can think of several . . . and you can probably think of more. Did any of you . . . ever read any of the novels of a lady named Baroness Orczy? Weren't they exciting? And I do think . . . that our Pilgrim fathers . . . haven't had a break from Hollywood . . . for these many moons . . . and why couldn't some smart producer . . . make a talkie version of . . . "To Have and to Hold" . . . which Bert Lytell . . . and Betty Compson . . . did in the silent days. I wish they'd film some more . . . of the Louisa M. Alcott stories. Remember "An Old-Fashioned Girl"? . . . And the one . . . (I forget the name) . . . about Rose, who had eight cousins . . . all boys . . . all of whom . . . fell in love with her.

I admit . . . that all this . . . is just my personal opinion . . . and maybe others wouldn't like the same thing . . . that I'd like . . . or you'd like. Across the street from my office . . . is a large wholesale house . . . and in one window . . . sits a very important executive . . . with a mahogany desk . . . and a platinum secretary . . . and six or eight . . . telephones. And on the floor above him . . . sits a little Italian girl . . . at a plain deal table . . . and all day long . . . she inspects . . . men's neckties . . . and packs them neatly . . . in cardboard boxes. I know . . . that the movie that would suit . . . the executive . . . wouldn't suit . . . my little necktie-inspector . . . And if both should happen . . . to see the same movie . . . one will say it's grand . . . and the other will say . . . it's terrible . . .

Well . . . I've said enough . . . about some of the pictures . . . I'd like to see . . . And now I'd like you . . . to say something . . . about the pictures you'd like to see . . . If you'll write and tell me your opinions . . . and your wishes . . . I'll be delighted . . . to publish your letter . . . in your Between You and Me department . . . on page twelve . . . of this issue . . . (advt.)

How's about it, then? . . . Let's have a . . . "Picture I'd Like to See" conference.

Now . . . .

An Exquisite New Castile Shampoo

George Evans

MARCHAND'S

CASTILE SHAMPOO

NEW—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and help retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Exceptionally low price—

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Ask your druggist or send for a bottle—fill out coupon; mail with 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

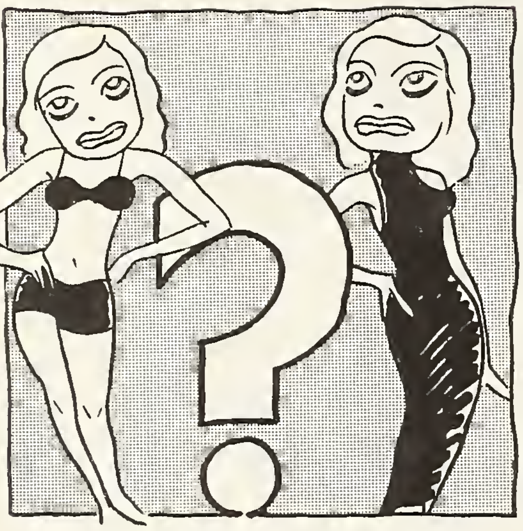
Name..

Address................. City............. State......

Druggist......................... Address...............

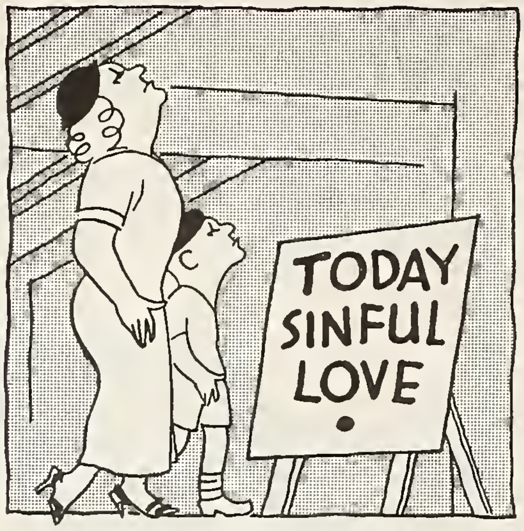
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Between you and me


The dahnce or the drahma?

. . . This is the readers' corner—to come right out and speak your minds about movie subjects and movie people. If you're mad or glad about something, write and tell us

He-man roles for Cromwell!



Oh, those misleading titles!

Hooray for Our Scotty!

Greater Variety for Joan?

From AN ARDENT CRAWFORD FAN of Lynn, Mass., comes this plea:

I have been reading that in the future Joan Crawford will play in the Dancing Daughter type of story. Although I realize that she was splendid in that type and far surpassed anybody else in those roles, I don't think she ought to be kept in that type of part continually, but should alternate with dramatic roles. For isn't she the best dramatic actress on the screen today? Because "Rain" turned out to be such a poor picture, fans quickly criticized her acting, instead of realizing that she didn't have a ghost of a chance, handicapped by such a dull, monotonous picture.

I admit Diana of "Our Dancing Daughters," Billie of "Our Modern Maidens," Geraldine of "Our Blushing Brides" and Bingo of "Untamed" couldn't be beat. But neither could Mary Turner of "Paid," Bonnie of "Laughing Sinners," Marian Martin of "Possessed" and Letty Lynton herself.

Think it over, M-G-M, and give the public the chance to enjoy her in both types of roles.

Help! Man Overboard!

B. I. HUTCHINSON of Norwalk, Conn., shouts over the deckrail:

Throw out the life-line to Richard Cromwell! Save a promising young actor from disaster!

Here you have talent being wasted in such pictures as "Hoopla."

What Dick needs is a masculine role. Don't spoil him by shoving him into the arms of women in all his pictures.

And Now What's Wrong With the Movies?

"Plenty!" says MISS M. E. SCOTT, who doesn't give her address:

Wrong titles—which drive away people who want something elevating or clean.

Too sensational movies, which, for the most part, deal too largely with the sex side of life.

A recent development in the movies of running scenes together to show the passage of many hours in a few seconds. This has no real beauty, is not seen clearly, ruins the eyesight and has no justification, as far as I can see.

Lest you think I'm purely a fault-finder, however, I'll say that many times I have been persuaded to go to a movie having a very suggestive name and have found the film to be an excellent one. However, I should have been turned against it, of my own will, by its wrong title.

Scotty is "O.K. Personified," Says an English Fan

A fan in London, England, by the name of HARRY DAVIS, writes to say:

I like the interviews and everything in your magazine, but one of my favorite features is Scotty's roving camera. It's O. K. personified.

Now, I wonder if you would be kind enough to let us hear all about my favorite star, Mary Astor. There's something about that gal I like. (*It's on our memo pad, Harry Davis. And thanks for the bouquets.*)

Lady, Be Disappointed No More!

A letter from A. BRYANT of Toronto, Canada:

I am positively disappointed when I read the letters in each MODERN SCREEN and find never a word concerning our wonderful child actors.

There are many, including Jack Cooper, Tad Alexander, Jackie

Searle, and David Durant. But the mere mention of the name Dickie Moore brings to my mind's eye his beautiful, winsome little face and his infectious laugh. That boy sure leaves all others way behind. His pathetic, appealing ways brings a lump into my throat. And his jolly and mischievous laugh is a real cure for the blues.

(*In "Gallant Lady" with Ann Harding, Dickie is more lovable than ever. The scene where he is naughty and won't apologize when Otto Kruger tells him to, is one of the most natural bits of child acting we have ever seen. Don't miss that picture.*)

And Not a Divorce Rumor to Date!

Thrilled over the sweet love story of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, OTIS COOPER, of Stamford, Conn., cannot refrain from saying:

While getting things off the chest, I want to say that Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are sane-minded individuals. Every young boy or girl has his or her dream of love and that was Joel's and Frances' dream, too. Although, for some reason, they had never wasted time thinking about it. They thought of the opposite sex as companions—nice, pleasant, agreeable companions, who played tennis, or golf or swam or sailed a boat equally well. Of course, she had been made love to and he had made love. Each time it was faintly thrilling, but not horribly so—until they met each other while working on "The Silver Cord."

That's my impression, anyway.

Stars She Would Like to Meet—and Why

FAN FARE, of Winchendon, Mass., picks her favorites:

Leslie Howard: because his restrained acting, back in '31, was a haven of charm and artistry in the vortex of dramatics displayed on the screen at that time and continues to be so, even today, when the screen can boast of some of the best talent in the theatre.

Joan Crawford: because she is *not* a favorite actress of mine—she's a favorite human being, possessing the strength and weakness, the perfection and imperfection which the term "human being" has come to mean to me in my little jaunt through life.

Katharine Hepburn: because I'd like to tell her, wickedly, how much I approve of those didos and in-

(*Continued on page 15*)

JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies

tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART
LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. MM-4
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.........lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose..........¢ and..........LINIT package tops.

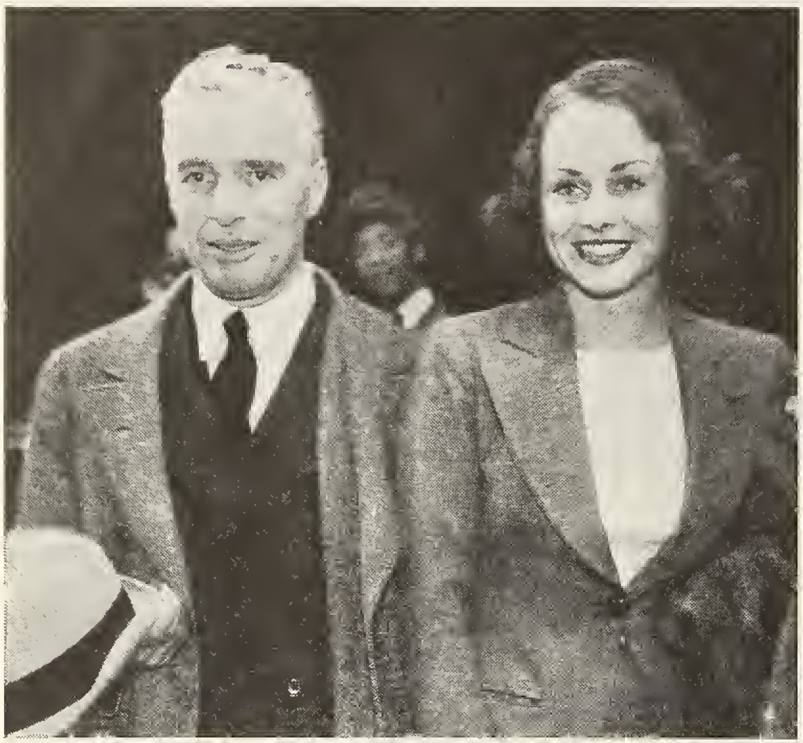
☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

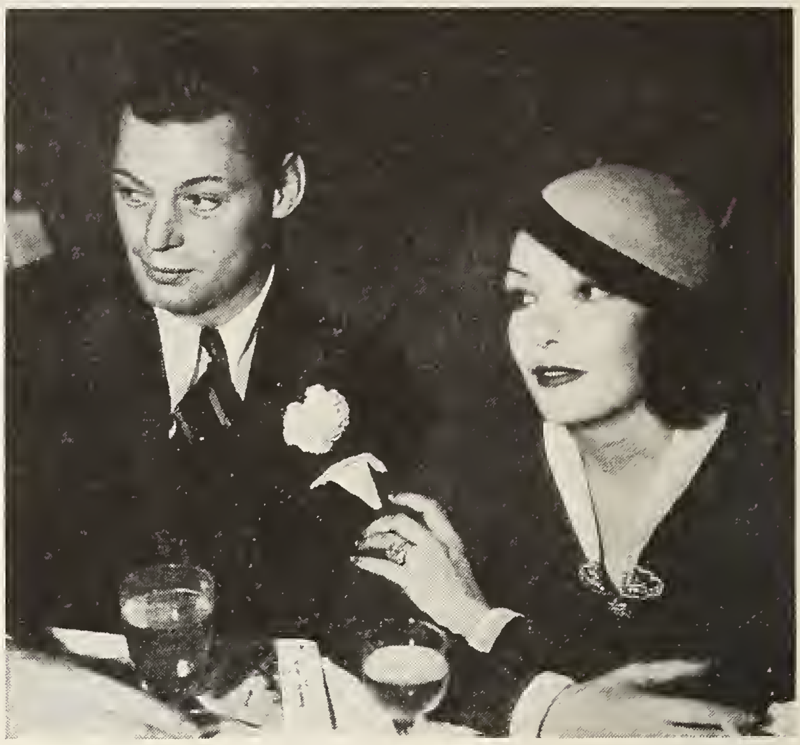
Name ....

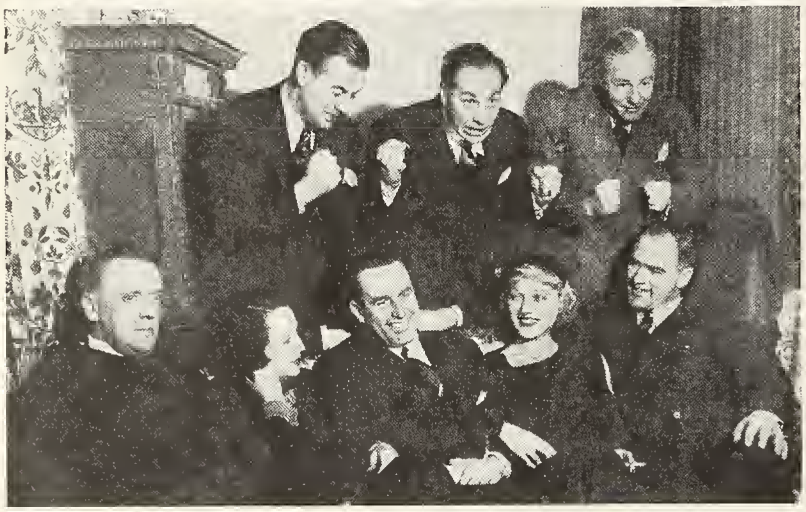
Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

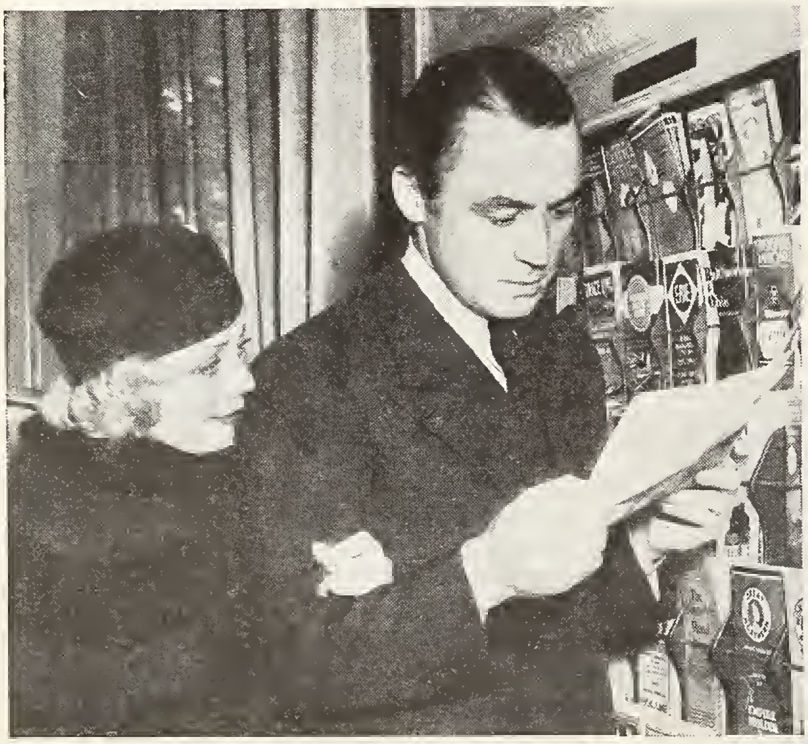
PICTURE NEWS!

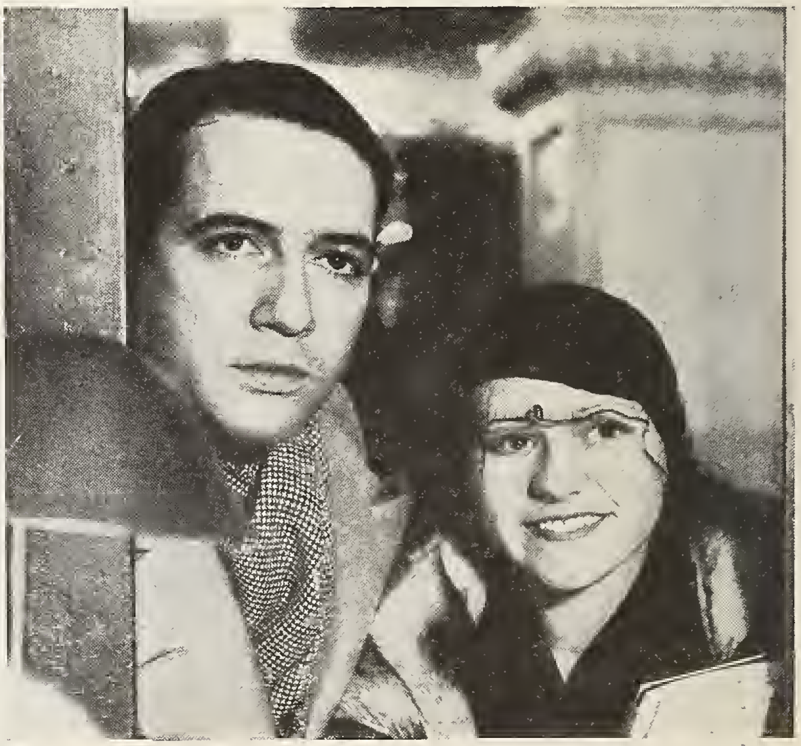






(Above, left) The key-hole artists claim that Mr. Chaplin is already married to Paulette Goddard. Charlie says, "No." Anyway, here they are at the premiere of "Autumn Crocus." (Right) Lupe and Johnny were sweethearts. Or are they still? Your guess is as good as ours, after all those off-again-on-again rumors. (Left) Bebe and Ben Lyon gave a party and among the guests were Zeppo Marx, Skeets Gallagher, Harold Lloyd and Leila Hyams. (Below, left) Alice White and Cy Bartlett can't decide where to go on their honeymoon. (Right) Meet Mrs. Donald Cook, the former Maxine Lewis.





Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

conventionalities which are only Kate's way of thumbing her nose at Hollywood.

Paul Muni: because his superb portrayal in "I Am a Fugitive" almost made a communist or an anarchist or something out of me; I wanted to r'ar up on my hind legs and bellow out my wrath on every street corner in the world.

John Barrymore: because ever since he wore them carpet slippers to a premiere, I've been dying to ask him if it was on account of a corn or absent-mindedness.

Franchot Tone: because his crooked smile and artless gaze make me feel very, very young inside; because his good breeding is inherent and not acquired; and because he's a fine actor into the bargain.

Marie Dressler: because the whole world celebrated her sixty-second birthday—and when she was fifty-eight, the whole world said her career as an actress was over.

(*This is only one of the umpteen hundred "I'd Like to Meet" letters which came in. We couldn't print 'em all.*)

Are the Men Getting a Bad Break?

MYRTLE IDA BENSON, of Hastings, Nebraska, unburdens herself at length about the "new men" problem:

I should like to unload my mind in answer to Faith Baldwin's "New Men! Where Are They?" In your magazine, in comment or explanation of Miss Baldwin's article, were the words, "Oh, yes, there are a few new male attractions. But they lack something. What is it?" That's easy: they lack the good stories, direction, photography, and publicity given to the feminine stars!

The producers are most careful and particular about the stories handed their star actresses. Not only are the stories good, but the leading character is important, vital, dominating. Mae West needs only a few puppets to do just as she desires in order to make her sparkle even more dazzlingly. Katharine Hepburn always has good story material and a good supporting cast. The leading feminine box office hits need only able, hand-

(*Continued on page 105*)

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY
GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT
SHE'S NOT A VERY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."

"Tattle-tale!"... "Tattle-tale!"... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash musty and gray!

For that gray says plain as day that your soap isn't getting out all the dirt! Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly...

What to do about it? *Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is not one of those "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha is good soap—full-of-action soap—*golden* soap that's *richer*. And there's *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha added to it!

Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-tale Gray" from your clothes.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for filmiest lingerie, stockings and dainty woolens. It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's a wonder in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

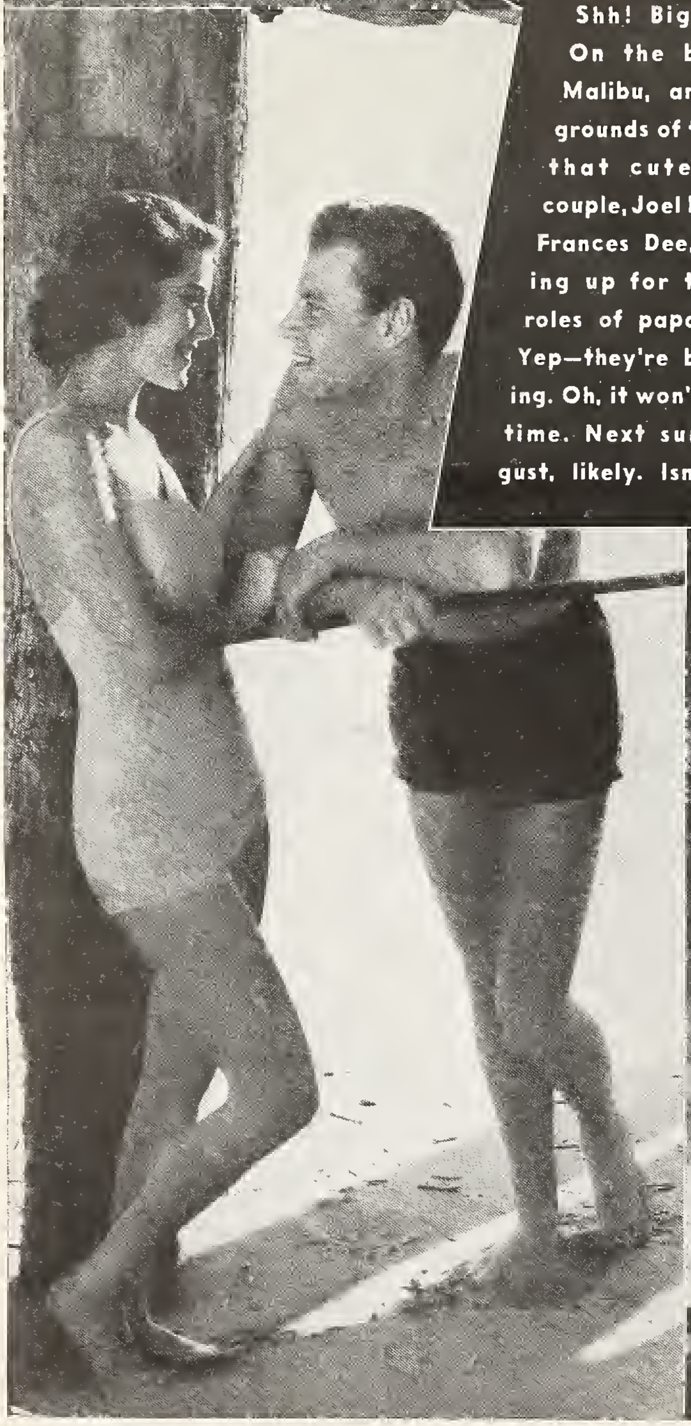
Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1934, FELS & CO.

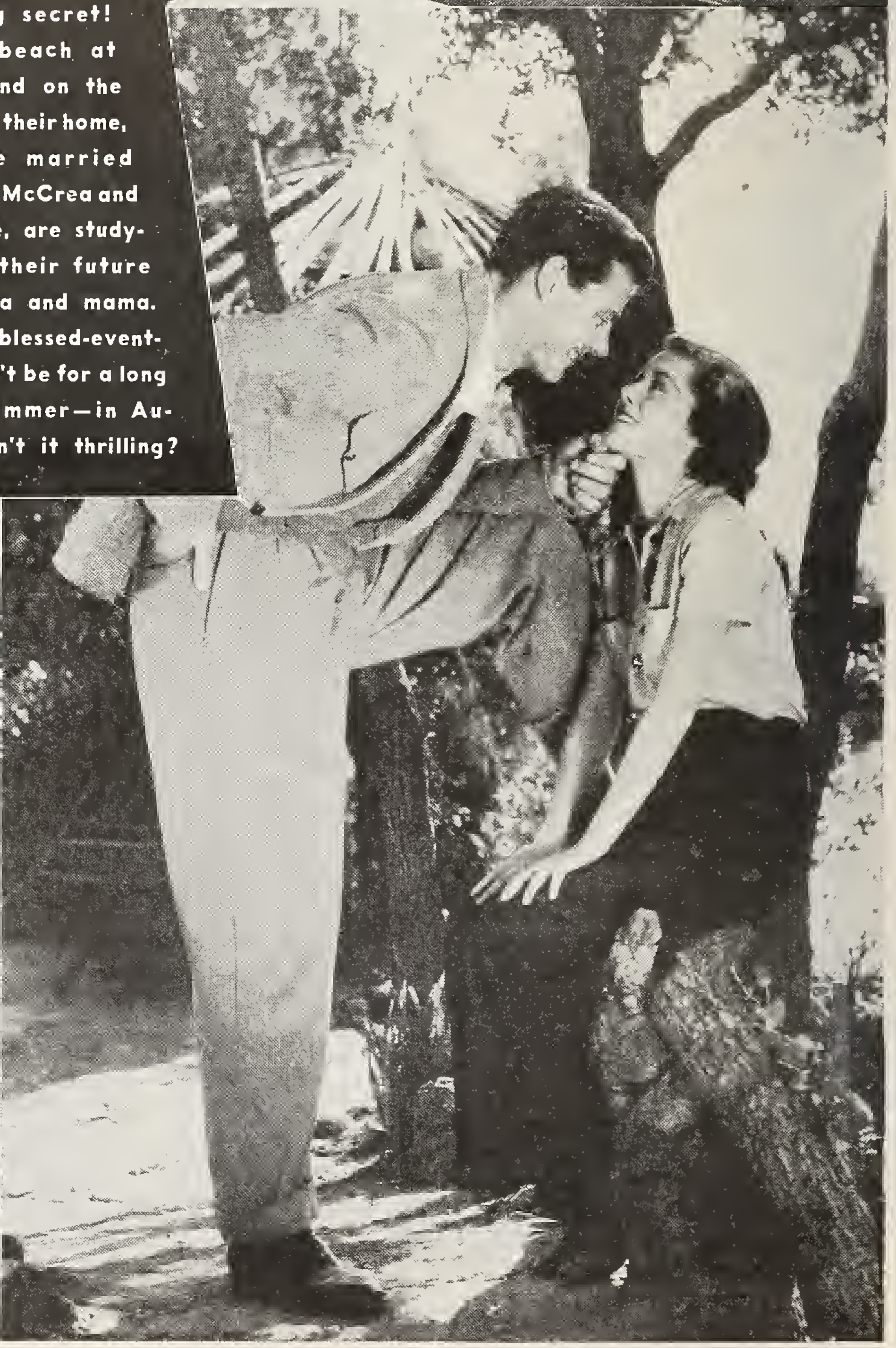
Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"

... *banish it with* FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

A *peek* AT JOEL AND FRANCES

Shh! Big secret! On the beach at Malibu, and on the grounds of their home, that cute married couple, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, are studying up for their future roles of papa and mama. Yep—they're blessed-eventing. Oh, it won't be for a long time. Next summer—in August, likely. Isn't it thrilling?





Let's talk about LOVE

Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

By ALICE Van DORAN

I WONDER if you will agree with me that the time has come for us to regard the problems of the heart with as much clear-eyed, clear-thinking sense as we confront other problems? For example: not so very long ago, if a girl were not beautiful, she was doomed by convention to *remain* unbeautiful for the rest of her natural life. Nowadays, with modern good sense, she consults a beauty expert, saves up her nickels and dimes for the right sort of beauty preparations and smart clothes, and turns plainness into charm. But, even today, if a girl is not loved, she feels that she must accept her fate. If we would only be as wise—but in a different manner, of course—about love and romance as we are about beauty, clothes, money and work!

YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS

That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and a wealth of human understanding, romantic problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, please.

It is not without a small tremor or so that I shall try to bring to you in this department the most intelligent and sensible and frank advice at my command on the problems of love and romance and sex. But with your help, I'm sure I shall be able to succeed. I want *your* questions, *your* problems, *your* opinions on which to base these articles.

Let me hasten to say that no readers' names will be printed in this department. And no letters. You are earnestly asked to write to me about your problems and I will send you a personal reply.

And now—to business.

I am—just like yourselves—an enthusiastic movie-goer and I go to the movies for one of the same reasons that you yourselves go. Namely, to find romance and excape from humdrum life in the gay and glamorous and exciting stories I see on the screen. And I often wonder, as I observe young people in the audience—sitting very still, their shoulders touching and their hands clasped under cover of a masculine hat—how much the movies affect our ideas of love. I wonder how much time girls and women spend envying the beauty and romance of their favorite stars, *instead of profiting by the lessons they could learn from the story portrayed for them.* And men commit the same error, too—don't think they don't—only men envy more material things. Money. A fine car. London-tailored clothes. Sure—it would be a cinch for a guy if he had advantages like Clark Gable or Bob Montgomery or one of those fellers.

I'm speaking seriously when I say that there are countless lessons you can learn to make you happier people if you will watch for them on the screen.

A CERTAIN young girl whom I know had been going with a certain young man for five years. He was genuinely fond of her—oh, yes—but sometimes he forgot to show it. He took her for granted. It was Don who made the dates—at his convenience. It was Dot who waited on him, when he visited (*Continued on page 120*)

HEPBURN
in
SPITFIRE
Completely and daringly different from anything she has ever done.

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

Jean Parker

+

This lovely lady is Jean Parker to us, May Green to her family and one of the most promising actresses that ever faced a camera. She's just teeming with talent. All sorts. Jean paints and writes and dances and could make a success of any or all these professions. She lives in Westwood with her chaperon and only visits the cinema city when "on call." She has just finished "You Can't Buy Everything" and is getting ready for an important role in "In Old Louisiana." Metro is proud of its gifted starlet—and rightly so.

Mary is as cute a trick as ever kicked her way out of the front row chorus into dramatic roles, for beneath all that fragile fluffiness there is determination and talent—an unbeatable combination. "Once to Every Woman" is her latest offering and we predict you'll put her on your list of favorites when you see her in it.

Mary Carlisle

Gene Raymond

Three Hollywood beauties saw this famous platinum blond off when he departed en route to Europe. Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian and Marian Nixon all were at the train. When Gene returns from his extended vacation, he has a brand new Columbia contract waiting and he's hoping his first will be a comedy!

Meet the latest Lady of the Nile. Yes, Claudette is to play "Cleopatra," so at the moment she is just about the most envied girl in Hollywood. She wishes she could gain weight and lose all those superstitions that keep her constantly upset, for worrying is one of the things she does especially well.

Claudette Colbert

Walter Huston

Having finished "Keep 'Em Rolling," Walter Huston has returned to Broadway and the theatre. It's a temporary arrangement, of course, for picture producers won't permit this sterling player to desert the celluloid for long. When he vacations he usually retreats to his home in Lake Arrowhead.

Mrs. Al Jolson would rather have a baby than a career, but the fans will settle for seeing her on the screen any time. Ruby is to be with Dick Powell again in "Sweethearts Forever." When she isn't at the studio, she's busy furnishing the new home she bought for her family not long ago.

Ruby Keeler

Stuart Erwin

When Lee Tracy spoke out of turn, Stu stepped into his role in "Viva Villa," a break this clever comedian could use nicely. He's a happy husband, a devoted daddy and an all-around popular lad.

"I'm a

JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSES:

I expect too much of people.

I'm terrifically impatient.

I'm stubborn as a mule.

I'm over-sensitive.

And another of my faults is almost too personal to mention!

I'VE always known Joan Crawford was honest, but I never thought any picture star would talk about her faults. I thought that old Hollywood idea that only one's best side should be shown to the public and that virtues alone should ever be mentioned was so deeply planted that it could never be uprooted.

My disillusionment came about in a curious way.

When she was in New York recently, Joan was introduced to some friends of Franchot's. They were allured by her glamor, impressed by her beauty, delighted that they might see her. They didn't know what was going on inside of her.

The next day Joan was down in the dumps.

"I'm a terrible person," she moaned. "Honestly, I'm a terrible person."

I disagreed, violently.

"It is no use your saying nice things," she went on. "I know all about myself. I try my darndest to be at ease when I meet new people. I try to be charming and gracious. But I can't help showing that I'm ill at ease, unhappy in their presence and sometimes bored.

"Listen, while I'm in this mood, I might as well tell you just what I think of myself. They say honest confession is good for the soul. Well, I'm going to Confess All. Tell you my faults. And I've got plenty of them.

"I know how I impress people who have never met me before. They probably say I'm conceited and ritzy. Well, that's not true, but I deserve to have them say it. When I meet new people in a drawing-

terrible person"

BY

Katherine Albert

Joan breaks down and declares that she's no angel. Indeed, she admits she's no cinch to get along with at all

room something inside me tightens up. I try to be nice but I can't. So I just sit and say nothing. Then I excuse myself, leave the room and become actually ill. I'm never that way with those grand folks who are good enough to be my fans. I feel that they're for me somehow. It's people I meet in a social way that affect me so badly.

"When I'm in a room with a bunch of witty people and someone makes a clever remark that can be taken in two ways, I always take it personally. I always think that there's another meaning which is meant as a crack at me.

NOW that's just plain ego! Why should I think myself important enough for people to make deliberate double meaning remarks about me? I've tried hard to overcome this. I think I'm on the way to doing it.

"Then I'm stubborn. Don't say anything. I'm stubborn as a mule. If someone tries to bully me I close up tight and say to myself, 'I won't do it. I won't do it.' Anybody can win me with soft words. If, on the lot, one of the publicity boys wants me to have a picture taken or give an interview and he says, 'I know you're working and awfully tired, but it would be a favor to me if you'd do this,' I break my neck doing it. But if someone says, 'Come on over to the gallery, Joan, there's a picture that you *have* to take right away,' I won't do it. And the more I'm told that I must do it, the more determined I am that I won't!

"When a person does that once too often I'm through with that person. I've got very few people I call my real friends. I'm slow to make friendships, but once they're made they're friends for life. Once it has been proven that a person is honest, sincere, loyal and true, nothing that anybody could say about that person would sway me. I'm the same way when I don't like a person. It takes me a long time to get mad at someone. Just as I'm slow about making friends, I'm slow about making enemies. But the fastest way a person can be my enemy is to bully me.

"When I came to New York someone I know wrote and said a party was being planned for me. I replied, 'Please don't plan that party. I'd rather see you at informal dinner or luncheon. You know how I hate big parties.' When I arrived I discovered that the party had been planned anyhow, the people all invited and I was to be guest of honor. 'You've *got* to come,' the person said. I got mad. I explained that I had said I didn't want a party. 'I can't help it,' the person said. 'The party is planned. You've *got* to come.' I went, but I'm through with that person. I just won't be bullied. And that, I know, is a very bad fault I should overcome.

"I'm terribly impatient of people who make the same mistake twice. I expect too much of people. I'm too sensitive, but I'm trying to overcome that sensitiveness. Several years ago if someone did something to hurt me I'd brood about it for days and cry my eyes out over it. Well, I've gotten over that. Instead of crying I get mad and get it all off my chest—and that's much better. That's one fault I've overcome.

WHEN I say I expect too much of people, I mean that if I call someone and ask him or her to dinner on a certain night and that person tells me he has another engagement I begin to wonder, 'Is he angry with me? What have I done?' It takes me a long time to get hold of myself and say, 'Look here, Joan, you silly goose. The person just had another engagement. He was telling you the truth. Believe him!'

"But that's a hold-over from a few years ago when I trusted people too much. Trusting too much is a bad fault. But it's one I'm getting over and rapidly, too.

"But one of my worst faults is cleanliness. Does that sound funny to you? Just normal cleanliness is fine, but for a couple of years I've been neurotic about it. Thank God, I now know what causes it—something much too personal to tell—and when we know a thing we can at least try to do something about changing it.

"This neurosis about cleanliness came very slowly. It's going to take just as long a time for me to overcome it. When it was at its worst I never wore a dress, a hat or carried a bag that all weren't sent to the cleaner's instantly. Imagine having a bag cleaned every time I carried it! That was just plain silly, I know it now. I know the reason for it.

"I wouldn't smoke a cigarette unless I had opened the tin myself. And I wouldn't use another cigarette out of that tin if someone else had taken one. I washed my hands every ten minutes. I wouldn't step out of the house unless I had gloves on. I wouldn't touch anything unless I had on gloves. Slowly, I'm getting much better about this. I'm not doing such foolish things. I've never talked about this before. It's very hard for me to do it now, but since I know it and know I must overcome it, I don't mind talking about it as much as I did.

"There—I've gotten my faults off my chest. Maybe I have a lot more that I don't know about. If I have I wish you'd tell me about them. Some of them I'm trying my level best to overcome. Some of them I know it's no use doing anything about. But, at any rate, my conscience rests easy on this score, for I've made a sincere effort to improve and if I've failed, I'll try again."

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LYLE TALBOT

THE school teacher looked down at the squirming candidate for the first grade and asked, "What is your name?"

The six-year-old regarded the toes of his new shoes with the greatest concentration. Though to the eye he presented merely the stubby figure of a dark-haired little boy, he was, in a truer sense, a living sacrifice on the altar of compulsory education. Here, right in front of all the kids, she would have to ask him about his name.

From some place around his well-fed little stomach came a word that sounded suspiciously like "Lyle."

"Lyle *what?*" prodded his inquisitioner.

Slowly he lifted a pair of very serious eyes from his boots to the impatient lady at the desk. Taking a deep breath, he blurted, "Which one of my names do you want me to use here? My father's name is J. Edward Henderson, but he doesn't live here because my mother's dead. I'm living with my grandmother. Her name used to be Hollywood but now it's Talbot. Some folks who visit us still call her Hollywood. So I have three names. Which one do you want me to use here?"

There! That was over, the long confusing history of his many names. Some folks who had known his mother and father called him Lyle Henderson and some who had known his grandmother a long time called him Lyle Hollywood and still others called him Lyle Talbot. Out of this large and unusual assortment of names, surely this lady at the desk could pick one that would serve the purpose.

"Well," mused the young school marm, "let's see. Let's settle on Lyle Talbot from now on."

Thus was a future hero of Hollywood named "from now on" by a confused little school teacher in Brainard, Nebraska. And this is the manner in which Lyle Henderson Hollywood Talbot acquired a permanent name that was to identify him through the maze of his barnstorming days with tent shows, his Broadway career and eventually

. . . Early days, featuring the big chewing gum scandal, Bohemian pals and the mystery of the tin can labels . . . the carnival side-show and his love for Lottye, the beautiful saxophone player

By WALTER RAMSEY

On opposite page Lyle is shown with his stepmother and below that, with his father. (Right) Nine years old and all dressed up for the State Fair and, below, at eight months, sitting in his private car.

to Hollywood where they were to spell it in electric lights.

SITTING in the living-room of his hilltop home in Hollywood, Lyle Talbot explained:

"It was, of course, many years before I was able to understand the tragically romantic story behind my many names. My Dad, Ed Henderson, was a man whose body was chained by circumstances to a small, drab town, but whose real life was lived in the realm of imagination. When he met and fell in love with my mother, he had dreams of conquering the world, of taking her away from Brainard, of becoming wealthy in a big city and lavishing 'everything' on her.

"So, with only a few dollars in his pocket, he begged my mother to elope with him to Pittsburgh. The money lasted until they were safely married and 'at home' in a Pittsburgh boarding-house. Unfortunately, life has a way of not panning out for the dreamers, despite a lot of hard work. Dad tried to get a job at the street car barns and was told he would have to have a good recommendation. I'll always laugh respectfully when I recall the story of how he went to the mayor of the town and asked for a recommendation. He got it, too.

But mother was terribly lonely in a strange city and when, a few months later, it became known that a baby was on the way, Dad decided to take her back to her own home. I never knew my mother. Just two months after I was born, she contracted typhoid fever and died. It was the tragic ending to their wonderful romance and elopement. Dad, heartbroken, agreed that I should be brought up by my mother's mother. Then he left town for good. I don't think he could stand to remain so near to the unhappy memories."

But young Lyle liked Brainard. It was a small hamlet where the summers were unbearably hot and the winters equally cold, but its population of four hundred was almost entirely Bohemian. That's

(*Continued on page 87*)

Did Connie—or did she not—come to ex-husband Phil Plant's rescue in a way that is deserving of great praise? Well, we happen to know the facts. And Connie happens to choose to pooh-pooh the whole business. See what you think of the Bennett gal after reading this.

So you won't talk,

SO if you won't, Connie, we will!

It was Connie, wrote the indignant little-girl fans, who would not get off her train to autograph their albums. Now they don't like her any more.

It was she to whom a very famous director referred when he said, "All Connie asks about her last picture is, 'Is it good?' If it is, she wants more money for the next one."

It is Connie they mean when they say "the blonde movie star who never gives an inch and demands a mile, who drives bargains that never leave the other fellow a loophole—even for his neck!"

Hollywood women have said, "I'd hate to be in the way of anything Connie Bennett wanted."

But I don't need to tell you her Hollywood reputation. You've read about it often enough to know it rather well by now, both from her enemies and from Connie's fighting, indignant denials. Of the two Bennett factions, I don't know which is worse: her critics, who would have you believe she is the reincarnation of a skinny devil in a blonde halo or those too-ardent defenders who want you to think she is an abused angel who sees, hears and thinks nothing but good, even if she does have to make an unholy row about it.

Over a period of years, I have known Connie well, although spasmodically. In our many hit-or-miss encounters, I have known moments when I could have cheerfully rushed into print with a heartfelt story on her titled, "The Most Aggravating Woman I've Ever Known." But before I could bat it out on the typewriter, she would do as

As different as the brunette and blonde dual role she played in "Moulin Rouge"

Connie!

By CARTER BRUCE

neat an about-face as was ever executed at West Point and I would be converted to her defense brigade. Well, almost. There has always been something too steely, too dominating and resourceful lurking back of the frank blue of those Bennett eyes to convince me she was the Blasphemed Innocent.

But the other day I heard a story . . . the details of which came pretty straight. It was a story about Constance, the hard-boiled Bennett and an old love of hers. It is the strangest and yet somehow, the most logical yarn about Connie. It will give you the funniest and at the same time the truest slant on her that has ever come out of Hollywood. She is such an amazing person. Even so, it is rather difficult to believe some of the preposterous yarns that have been circulated concerning this blonde siren.

SIX or seven years ago, before they were saying what they do now about Connie and her mathematically educated heart, she was very much in love with a boy she later married, Phil Plant. He was young, handsome and very wealthy. In the beginning, perhaps, she was attracted by his social position and the lavish gifts he showered upon her. But that was only in the beginning. Long before they were married, Constance Bennett was so much in love with Phil, the boy himself, that it could not have been disguised from the most cynical eyes. I recall, once, when Connie was on the west coast making "Sally, Irene and Mary" that Phil Plant flew out from New York to see her. I saw them dancing one evening at the Montmartre Café and the way she looked at him and the glow of happiness that *(Continued on page 81)*

are these two amazing versions of La Bennett's recent Good Samaritan Act

Please, DE MILLE—WHAT IS GLAMOR . . . ?

"A spell or enchantment," says Noah Webster. But Mr. De Mille tells more—including some things which glamor isn't

It certainly isn't trousers on women, staunchly states Cecil B. Even the lovely Marlene can't get away with them. (Left) Often, Mr. De M. runs off one of his old pictures—like the Swanson-Valentino "Beyond the Rocks." And it amazes him to note how glamor has changed.

By MARTHA KERR

A WOMAN can bend over a steaming washtub and have glamor. She can work all day in a hot kitchen and have glamor. But if she paints her fingernails bright red or wears trousers, then—as far as I'm concerned—she has no glamor at all."

Thus spake—no, not Zarathustra, but a much more modern philosopher—Cecil B. DeMille, who was busy discovering glamor gals before they were called that.

Back in the dim dead days it was known as "It." According to the great DeMille, glamor is just a new word. It's all your old friend sex appeal anyhow, dressed in fancy clothes, but not, if you please, in trousers.

And thus speaks DeMille in spite of the fact that he is now a Paramount director and the greatest feminine wearer of pants is—or, anyway, was—Paramount's big star, Marlene Dietrich. So you know when DeMille so far forgets policy as to talk like that he must mean what he says. So let's let him go on.

"You know what women in pants remind me of? Well, they look like great, bulky mountains. Mountains are grand in their place, but you wouldn't want to make love to one, would you? Women aren't built for pants. They're too broad across the beam and too narrow in the shoulders. When they wear 'em they take away all allure, all charm, all subtlety. In other words, I am agin 'em—and agin 'em strong!

"As for those red fingernails—well! Certainly, I approve of nail polish. I approve of anything that makes a woman look well groomed, lovelier. But that bright red! It's horrible. Whenever I see scarlet nails I have an idea that the woman has just been killing a chicken. Not a nice nor glamorous thought, is it?

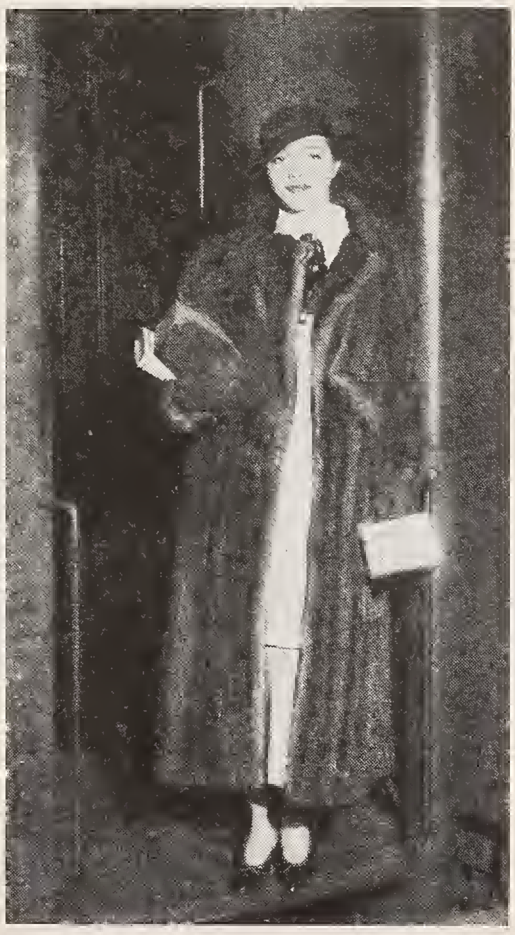
"And one of the most important features of glamor is setting. Let me explain. When I entertain at my home in Hollywood we have a little custom that is rather fun. After dinner I have brought in a tray of costume jewelry—bracelets, necklaces, clips—worthless jewelry, but pretty. Then the women all play a little game to see who has first, second, third choice of the trinkets.

"Occasionally I have put in the midst of that junk jewelry (*Continued on page 84*)

They Visit New York

BY Regina Cannon

Yes, M. Chevalier's back, and glad to be in this land of equal rights and unequal fights. Sylvia Sidney is in the big city on amusement bent.



IT'S field day in Manhattan for the autograph-seekers and celebrity-chasers, there's been *that* much of an influx of movie great. Many stars have shot through town on their way from Europe to the camera coast; others, have just dropped in for a night club session and shopping spree; while still more have arrived for the definite purpose of putting their signatures to contracts which mean work in the east.

Chevalier appeared briefly in our midst, grinning amiably when the cameras were focussed and avoiding discussing plans for the forthcoming "Merry Widow," his next vehicle. No definite decision had been reached as to the portrayer of the picture's title role, but the genial Frenchman with a reputation for being difficult, was emphatic as to who would not do it. But "far from us be it," as Gracie Allen would say, to make that lil lady break down and weep by printing the bad news here.

Then, Monsieur didn't care too much for the newspaper reports that he just couldn't wait to see Toby Wing and, to prove that he was good at postponing pleasure, hung around town an extra day. However, Maurice admits he still likes money, even though he has gotten over the idea that producers are conspiring to keep it away from him.

* * *

More fun, more clothes torn when an enthusiastic crowd pushed into the NBC studio where Katharine Hepburn was scheduled to broadcast! Which gives one a slight idea of what Hollywood has done for Hepburn—not that the young lady hasn't contributed one or three things to movie entertainment.

Katie and Douglass Montgomery played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," that episode which all young players aspire to render. We imagine that the Hepburn is never quite so happy as when she's being dramatic. She takes it all just a bit better than very seriously. Garbed in a purple velvet robe reaching from throat to toes and clutching her throat in a truly Bernhardt-esque manner, Hollywood's strange gal did her stuff. And Doug let her do it; in fact, he let her have it all her own way. We never saw such generosity. It looked like "novice bending to genius" business. And, fun's fun, it shouldn't have been.

The interested on-lookers took it all appropriately intensely and when the last Shakespearian pearl dropped from Katie's ruby lips (we're in the jewelry department now) burst into thunderous applause. Which must have bolstered up the star no little bit, what with audiences visiting "The Lake," her stage vehicle, often being impolite enough to forget they have hands.

* * *

AND, speaking of Douglass Montgomery: in just such an apartment as we would adore to own, located in New York's quietly swank East Fifties, we went one afternoon to have a gingerale with the gentleman. He wasn't there. That is, he wasn't there when we arrived. He dashed in, breathless, three minutes later. He loves to dash in, breathless, three minutes later. Because he is still very young and still very fond of being dramatic about the most everyday happening and he loves to "make entrances" and all that sort of thing. However, a harmless habit, and we enjoyed it all as much as he did.

He's very insistent about the two "esses" on the Douglass. Because, you see, he's a direct descendant of the Black Douglass clan who used to roam the Scottish moors, fighting for the honor of the name, down to the very last "s." Today, the Blond Douglass roams between New York and Hollywood, trying very hard to make up his mind whether it shall be the stage—which he adores—or the screen—which is easier, pleasanter and more lucrative.

He said, among other things, that he is tired of playing very young roles (for that reason, he's delighted with the idea of doing the more mature "Little Man, What Now?"), that he was a fan of Katharine Hepburn's way back in the old days when producers were firing her right and left, and that he has just paid five hundred (*Continued on page 111*)

Good

WHAT about Garbo and Mamoulian? What about them, indeed! No one at the M-G-M studios has seen them since their little jaunt down to the Grand Canyon, their close friends are close-mouthed, and there are about fifty versions of their "love affair" floating around town.

Some say they are already married, they were married on the trip and it will "break" in the papers any minute.

Others claim they are not married, neither of them is the marrying type and that they merely have the "Continental" attitude.

Still others believe that the trip was used to counteract the "romance build-up" between Garbo and Jack

(Left) Arline Judge, in a costume that is intriguing, if a bit unbalanced, announces that she's tickled with her new role in "The Affairs of Cellini." (Below) Director Busby Berkeley and pretty Merna Kennedy will marry verra soon.

J. B. Scott

Lowest lowdown on Garbo-Mamoulian and Lupe-Johnnie situations

News!

Gilbert. Since he and Virginia Bruce separated almost immediately after "Queen Christine" was released, the public might have called Garbo responsible for the rift.

However, Mamoulian stated, "Miss Garbo and I are not married. We are very companionable, that is all."

And Greta, as usual, says nothing.

That trip, of course, was a big story, but it wasn't their first. Garbo and Mamoulian made a secret journey to Santa Barbara, one to Yosemite and, just the other week-end, they left for La Quinta. Maybe they do like automobiling.

THE LUPE AND JOHNNIE SITUATION

A few days ago, we might have written: "Just about the shortest marriage on record . . . Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller!"

J. B. Scott

James Cagney and gorgeous Dolores Del Rio were in charge of the refreshments at the Screen Actors' Guild Ball.

Now our hunch—and remember, it's just a hunch—is that they will stick together (if only temporarily). Either because (1) they love one another or (2) because they couldn't bear to think that Bobbé Arnst could predict anything.

J. B. Scott

Frank Fay and his famous wife, Barbara Stanwyck, who seldom step out, attend "As the Earth Turns."

This is how it started. One night Lupe and Johnny went to the American Legion to see the fights. It seems that they continued on with the fighting after they reached home.

Would you be interested to know what the fight was about? Well, Lupe wanted to go away on personal appearances. Johnny said: "Why should she go? She'll just make a lot of money and buy a flock of bracelets! We got enough bracelets around here now!"

At one o'clock in the dawning,

J. B. Scott

Connie Bennett's Marquis Hank Falaise is off to Indo-China to do another travelogue.

Lupe called her favorite newspaper reporter and gave out a story of the "separation." She said, in part: "We fight like the devil all the time . . . it's fifty-fifty . . . we're both to blame. I got to be my own boss. No one can tell Lupe how to run her business." Johnny gave a couple of his Tarzan grunts and clammed-up on the boys. Lupe told another reporter: "There is no chance for our making up. When something is over, it is *over*, as far as Lupe is concerned."

The next night they were at the Colony Club together!

The following morning, it was all over Hollywood that Lupe and Johnny had decided to try a ten-day-holiday, during which Johnny would live at his club and they would only see each other during the day time. Lupe explained: "It's only in the evening that we fight. Maybe, at the end of the ten days, if my Johnny has been a good boy, I take heem back!"

So you can see how useless it is to attempt to predict the ending. We think the crack by Bobbé Arnst, Johnny's ex, "I knew it wouldn't last!" had a lot to do with it. But maybe we're wrong.

PRESS-TIME NOTES

More strong rumors that we will soon lose our Garbo. She is slated to return to her native Sweden to make pictures.

Tch! Tch! The Screen Actors' Ball uncovered some bad manners, it seems

Good News!

Emanuel Cohen, vice-president in charge of Paramount productions, entertained the Gary Coopers. Mae West was there, too. (Right) Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg attend Katharine Cornell's "Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., may do "Adios Don Juan" in Spain before he returns to Hollywood.

Edna May Oliver will have the lead opposite George Arliss in "Head of the Family."

Since Rudy Vallee is definitely looking for another singer, it would appear that Alice Faye is set at Fox for some time to come.

Finally decided! Chaplin's next will be an all-silent, as usual.

HAVE you heard the story of Glenda Farrell's strange injury? Seems she was lunching in a wayside inn near the Mexican border, when a rooster (kept in the patio of the place, just as added atmosphere) took a sudden dislike to Glenda and before the fowl could be stopped he had made several deep spur lacerations on her legs.

HARLOW—M-G-M BATTLE

Jean Harlow has returned to M-G-M, and 'tis reported that her salary difficulties are all settled with the studio. Jean walked out a while ago and refused to return until she got more $$ on the line. Various of Jean's demands were bandied about —everything from "a raise" to "she wants $10,000 a week." It now appears that she wanted them to ante-up about two G's, and the studio was holding out for a raise of about one-fourth that amount. A conference took place—something was decided—and now Jean is script-reading.

MARY BOLAND and Alison Skipworth are chosen for the "Whoops Sisters," made famous (and sold to Paramount) by Peter Arno!

WHO appeared, or what happened the other night at the Beverly-Wilshire, to scare Connie and the Marquis away? They had one table until eleven o'clock, posed for pictures at the door, and left—hurriedly. At twelve, they returned, looked around—carefully—and took another table.

THE Actor's Guild Ball was a howling success financially, but it did have its other moments. (There are some elegant pictures, taken at the Ball, to be found on pages 62 to 65 of this issue.) First, came George and Mrs. Arliss. They arrived at eight sharp, as per the invitation, and the balance of Hollywood left them sitting alone until almost eleven. Second, we were surprised (after all the kicking we've had to listen to from these very actors) that the actor-audience didn't even give their brothers a break by keeping silent while the entertainment went on.

Why, we couldn't even hear John Boles' marvelous voice, so much plate-clattering and loud talking by those very actors who are loudest in their disgust at "lack of attention" by the average audience. Jeanette MacDonald almost stopped the show, however, with her grand singing. Durante did his act and the stooges heckled Mr. Ted Healy as usual.

As for some of the "names" who were supposed to perform—Chaplin, Lubitsch, *et al*—we saw none of them. Even Rudy Vallee, billed as master of ceremonies, had to "take it on the lam" before the party to avoid being served a process to appear in his wife's action for separate maintenance. We found out, later, that he had been pretty smart, too. It seems

J. B. Scott

(Below) Diana Wynyard goes around quite a bit with Gordon Westcott these days.

Good News!

J. B. Scott

(Above) On Carl Laemmle's birthday, all hands turned to and gave him an elegant party. See if you can find Boris Karloff, Ken Maynard, Junior, Alice White and La Sullavan. (Left) Dr. F. D. Griffin was in Hollywood a while ago to see his wife, Irene Dunne. There they are with Mitzi Green.

J. B. Scott

The first time Virginia Bruce stepped out after her separation —at Mr. Selznick's Grove party.

that among all the autograph hunters at the gate to the ballroom, at least fifteen were serving "the papers."

WE can now die happy. We were up to the Colony the other dawning and Irving Caesar did a parody on the "Last Round-up," which he dedicated to Al Jolson, called "The Last Close-up."

ANOTHER "MYSTERY WOMAN"?

Yes, this gal, Anna Sten, whom Sam Goldwyn has been raving about for, lo, these many moons, is really a sensational beauty.

It is said, however, that Muriel Kirkland, who played a part in "Nana" and got to know Anna rather well, invited her to be her guest when "Sailor Beware" opened on the Los Angeles stage with Muriel in the cast. Miss Sten accepted the invitation, but failed to appear. We thought, for a minute that we might have another "mysterious foreigner" on our hands, but as we prepared for the worst, who should we see in public but Anna and her husband, Dr. Franke. We also hear whispered that, while La Sten is quite a boss around the studio, when she gets home the *doctor* is the boss!

THIS is the first time any actress lost weight and didn't immediately break out in print with her "method." Molly O'Day lost thirty pounds down in Florida and says there wasn't any particular reason for it that she knew.

DID you ever see a dream dancing? Well, Lil Tashman did! And it was a bad dream, too. It was over at the Grove where Lil and husband Eddie Lowe were dancing one evening. In all that crowd, who should dance right up to Lil but a gal with an identical hair-dress. Lil goes to the beauty parlor every day to protect her little curls—and she had the idea it was an original hair-do. It was too provoking!

Jean Harlow didn't appear to be in a very good humor, either. Maybe it was the crowd or something. Anyway, Jean and her husband, Hal Rosson, didn't attempt so much as a swing around the floor. They sat, very moodily, at a table-for-two, seldom speaking to one another. Jean is wearing a new and not very becoming evening make-up. Very dark powder and a great deal of lip rouge.

MAE WEST refused five grand for a single appearance over the radio . . . and two nights later she appeared free for a local charity!

WE have decided to abandon all plans of divorce at the present," said Sidney Fox and her erstwhile mate, Charles Beahan, in one voice last night. That, then, seems to be *that*—at least for the moment. The story behind the "separation" though, is rather funny. It seems the devoted couple had a violent quarrel at a recent Hollywood party. However, on the morning following the party (when Sidney woke up in the spare bedroom over at Ann Dvorak's house) neither the wife nor the husband (who had gone home after the party) could recall just what the fight had been about, or who started it. None of the other guests could throw any light on the matter, either.

(*Continued on page* 78)

WHAT'S HAPPENED, Gable?

By WALTER RAMSEY

"WHAT'S happened is just this. I'm fed up. Something has taken away all the kick I used to get out of my work—and taken my ambition with it. If my option lapsed tomorrow, I wouldn't lift a hand to get another movie job for at least a year. All the thrill and fun of the game are temporarily over for me and I don't know that I shall ever get them back. In my present frame of mind, the movies are just a job, a job that has developed into as much drudgery as that which bends the backs of tired bookkeepers, grown rusty at their benches. If my mental attitude is beginning to show in my work, I'm sorry. But that's the way I feel."

The words and music are by Clark Gable. That little paragraph above is the answer to the current Hollywood question: "What's happened to put out the light of personal and vital magnetism that used to shine in Clark Gable's eyes?" And in the frankest, most abruptly-honest statement ever made by a motion picture star, he spoke his piece.

Alibis? There isn't one, not one in the make-up of this guy who comes so close to being the Prince of Hollywood Good Fellows that you can skip the difference. Kicks against uncongenial rôles and bad pictures? Nothing like it! Let the others hide behind the excuse of "bad casting" and "studio mismanagement." They can pass the buck for their mistakes if they will. Those don't happen to be Gable's methods. He hasn't a single squawk against Hollywood. In one way, he is grateful for everything Hollywood has done for him.

"The fault lies purely with myself," he said. "I thought

We fans like to see him make love, so here Clark gives us plenty of what we want in "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert as his very lovely amour.

You're not the man you were a year ago, Clark! Is it due to illness, to too much money in the bank—or to too little time on your hands? You're different, young man, and we want to know why

Clark feels that he does best the roughneck "Red Dust" sort of thing. Not the tuxedoed rôle he played in "Possessed." Is he too modest—or is he right in this assumption?

I wanted something, something I find I don't want at all. I was not meant to be a motion picture actor—or any actor. But in the beginning I didn't realize that. I thought I wanted acting fame more than anything in the world. How, then, can Hollywood be blamed for giving me what I wanted and discovered that I didn't?

"I know it sounds damned ungrateful to my producers and to the fans who have made me what I am, whatever I am. But you asked me a frank question and I want to answer you honestly.

I MEAN it when I say that I was not born to be a movie star. I was born close to the soil and should have stayed close to it. Silence, the great privacy of nature and the joy of earning one's bread by the sweat of the brow—these are my rightful heritage. That is the kind of man I am. That is the fundamental *me!*

"It is foolhardy for a man to go contrary to the instincts of his nature. And that is exactly what I have done in seeking an acting career for myself. When my stage career developed into a movie career, the contrast was even greater. For Hollywood is a glittering bubble. In place of quiet, it is a Babylon. Its only privacy is a clique and each night brings a fatigue that isn't physical, but pure nerve exhaustion.

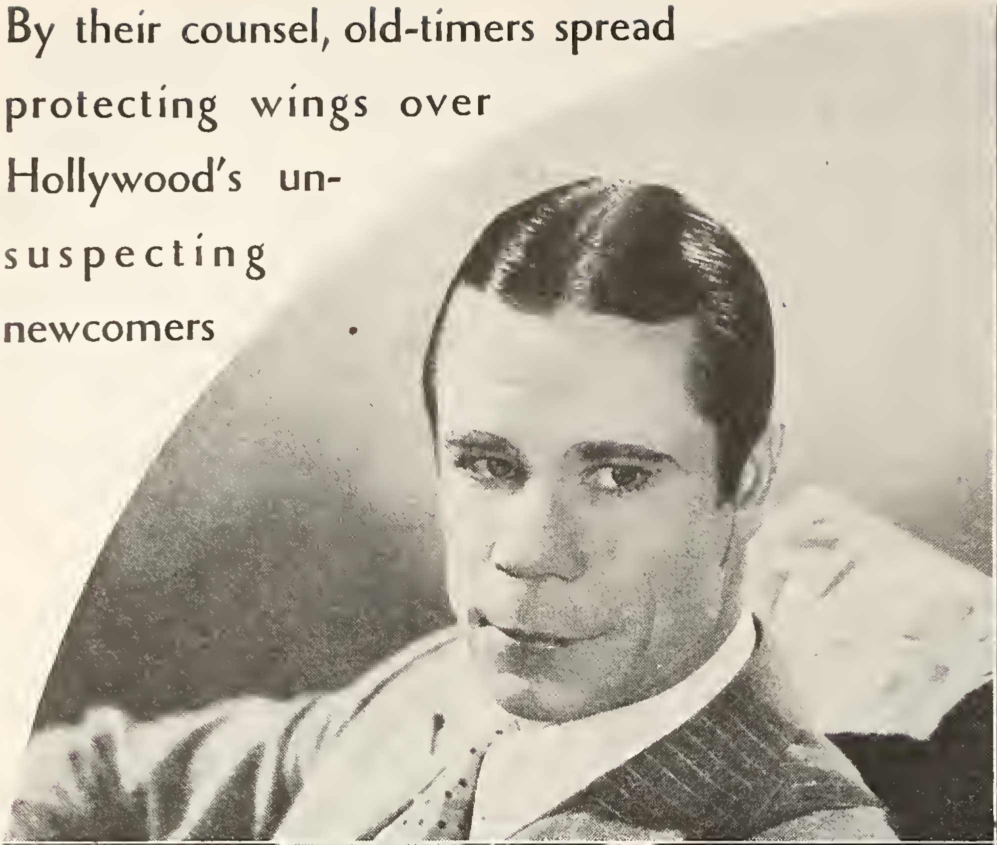
"Of course, in the very beginning, that didn't seem to matter. I got a tremendous kick out of it—all the backslapping, the recognition, the loud plaudits and even having my buttons torn from my clothes when I appeared in public. It was the same artificial kick a man got when he was drunk. Only it lasts a little longer. The thing that has happened to me is that my hangover of fame drunkenness is wearing off. I'm sobering up after a two years bat on *Fame Champagne.*"

We were almost alone on the porch of the studio café. The "Men In White" company, which affords Clark his latest starring rôle, had called luncheon later than usual. Most of the others in their masks of yellow grease paint had long since returned to their sets. I thought Gable looked tired and considerably thinner. He had just returned from the Columbia lot after completing "It Happened One Night."

I said, "Clark, you've worked hard these past four years. You've been desperately ill this last year. Don't you think that if you had a chance to rest this mood would vanish?"

He smiled. "That's a nice, logical excuse. And it's true, I am tired. This is what has happened to me in the last four years. I've had a good dose of Hollywood movie fame, three hunting trips and three severe illnesses. Maybe the ledger is balanced. But when I was lying there in the hospital it seemed to me that the root was deeper than that. Oh, I guess I'm the proverbial square-peg-in-the-round-hole. (*Continued on page 94*)

By their counsel, old-timers spread protecting wings over Hollywood's unsuspecting newcomers



GUARDIAN ANGELS

By ROBERT FENDER

IT'S a wise child," they keep telling us, "who knows his own parents." If that's true in civil life, it applies doubly to Hollywood, where parental advisers abound on all sides.

The first job any young star or starlet has in this place is to shake loose from the small army of "well-wishers" and advisers who would guide him through the film capital's intricate maze. Nine times out of ten, those who would "advise" are, in reality, simply trying to create jobs for themselves. Sadly enough, they are far more interested in the amount of their paychecks than in the quality of sage wisdom they dispense.

Hollywood has, however, a number of real studio parents; or, if you like, guardian angels—people who, having gone through the battle of getting launched themselves, feel a definite obligation or desire to help others over the bumps. And the work they're doing, although heretofore unheralded, is a fine, unselfish work, deserving of notice and praise. I know of no more difficult place to "crack" than Hollywood. Opportunities for doing the wrong thing, unintentionally perhaps, are at every hand. And for many youngsters who are tasting their first sip of success via the movies, the temptations are most apt to prove too much. That is why a studio parent of the right sort is God's gift to the beginner in this crazy-quilt land.

At least "godsend" is the way Toby Wing described

Joe E. Brown showed Dick Powell the ropes and advised him when to stand pat and when to compromise. And Walter Huston did as much for Max Baer. Joan Crawford encouraged Robert Young with praise and social invitations, and Jack Oakie was Toby Wing's counsellor.

OF HOLLYWOOD

such a person to me. And the person she had in mind was, of all people, Jack Oakie of the contagious grin. Now cute little Toby, in spite of her grown-up pose, is really a youngster; a naïve, adorable kid who would think the very best of any sweet-appearing scoundrel. Completely without guile herself, Toby would find it difficult to imagine guile in another. Hence, during her initiate period in Hollywood, she was all ears to those who were going to "get her into the pitchers." She believed this one. She believed that one. And had it not been for Mr. Jack Oakie, Toby might well have joined that army of unfortunates whose Hollywood career begins and ends at the big studio gates which bear the sign: "Keep Out. This Means You," a truly disheartening slogan.

BUT Jack came along," she told me, "and pounded home what I have since learned—that it was all hooey. He taught me how to let it go in one ear and quickly out the other. He showed me that, for the most part, my well-wishers were wolves, parasites who wanted to be in on the killing, if any. He opened my eyes to the real Hollywood, saving me any amount of grief.

"He also told me of the right and wrong whoopee palaces to visit. You know there are certain places that are simply not patronized, but newcomers here have no way of telling unless someone (*Continued on page* 101)

A: NANA

(Sam Goldwyn)

Anna Sten, Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Richard Bennett, Muriel Kirkland

INTRODUCING beautiful Anna Sten. And what a gorgeously glamorous person she is! The idea of the story (in which the street-walker becomes a great actress, falls in love with a young boy whose older brother ships him away, only to fall in love with her himself) is nothing that we haven't all seen before in one guise or another. But the atmosphere, the sheer beauty of the sets and the loveliness of the new star, makes this picture spell "entertainment." Phillips Holmes as the boy, is rather wishy-washy, but his older brother, Lionel Atwill, is grand in the characterization of the rake who has been living the life of a Puritan too long. "Nana" has a song hit, too. "That's Love." And you'll like Anna Sten's husky manner of putting it over. This picture is worth your time and money in every way. See it.

We'd like to give a special paragraph of praise to Dorothy Arzner, our ace woman director, who megaphoned this picture. A grand job, Miss Arzner, and may you be appointed boss of many a flicker to come!

(Above) Bette Davis and William Powell supply love interest in "Fashions of 1934." (Below) The happy pair are Arline Judge and Jack Oakie in "Looking for Trouble."

OUR PICTURE RATING

Rating a picture is not the simple task one might suppose. Often, you see, the cast may be good and the story mediocre. Or the plot may be far superior to the players who enact it. To aid you in making a selection of pictures you wish to see, we will grade talkies A, B, C, and D—excellent, good, fair and poor.

Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March are that surprised at the grandeur of their new apartment! This is one of the amusing highlights in "Good Dame," their latest co-starring vehicle.

Reviews

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

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By WALTER RAMSEY

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A: LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
(20th Century)

Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings

WE laughed and laughed! This makes the second one this month to deal with the telephone repair man, but it's swell. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie (what a team!) are the "trouble shooters" for the telephone company—and they run into everything from blondes to gangsters. Connie Cummings (looking too thin) had a tough time hanging onto Tracy, who liked to roam, but Arline Judge had too easy a time hanging on to Oakie (looking too fat)! When the pair of them discover that there's been a "rat doing some wire-tapping," the big smash starts. You'll get an actual picture (almost) of the earthquake. Run, don't walk!

A: FASHIONS OF 1934
(Warners)

William Powell, Bette Davis, Veree Teasdale

GREAT Entertainment! When you put Bill Powell in a spot where he has to scheme, and the schemes lead to his stealing advance styles from Parisian modistes, then you know it will be a swell evening. Bill, as usual, has his little "outfit" composed of Bette Davis (who does right well as the fashion artiste in the troupe who finally marries Bill); Frank McHugh as his very funny lieutenant, and Dorothy Burgess as a much disappearing secretary. When Bill has practically bankrupt all the Paris firms, he puts on a style show in which he hopes to make the fashion world ostrich-conscious. The gals will like this one for the fashions and the men will enjoy Powell's nefarious scheming. It's a grand hour's entertainment. P.S.: *Try* and forget Hugh Herbert as the ostrich breeder! And try and forget the scene wherein Powell discovers that the Grand Duchess (Veree Teasdale) is none other than—. Well, we don't mean to tell you everything. It would spoil the fun you'll have over this A-1 movie.

A: STRANGE HOLIDAY
(Paramount)

Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, Guy Standing

A SWELL two hours! We had seen the play "Death Takes a Holiday" from which this picture was made and we still liked it, which is saying, "It's good." Freddie March gives as fine a performance as he ever gave, besides giving you a new slant on this idea of death. Of course, he falls in love with a gal (Evelyn Venable) and when she falls in love with him, she receives the "kiss of death" and that's that for her, in spite of the weeping and wailing of the relatives. Sir Guy Standing, who plays host to Death, gives a beautiful performance. We hope you go. It's worth the price if only because it is so different.

A: HI, NELLIE
(Warners)

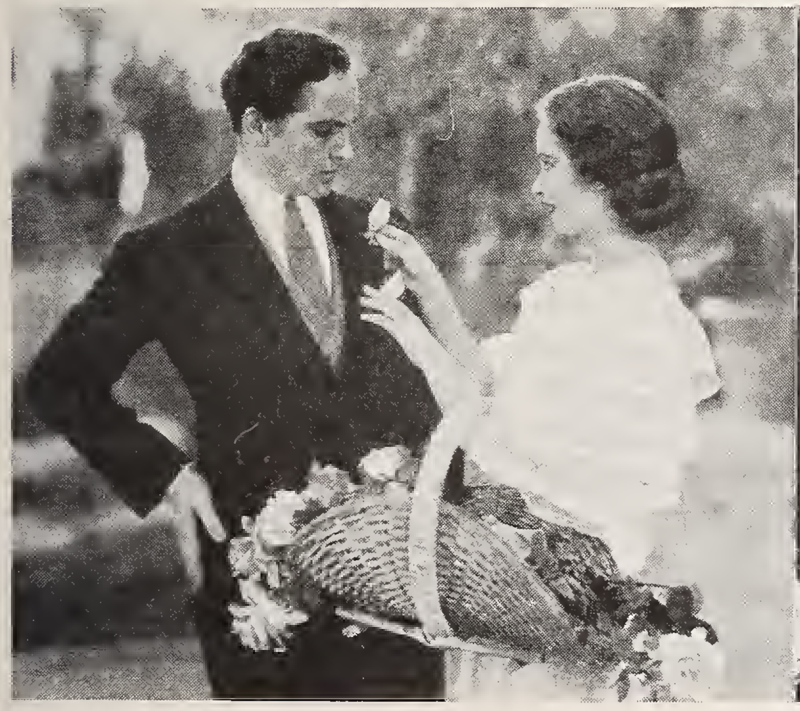
Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks,

HIGH Ranking Entertainment! Paul Muni *was* the hard-boiled managing editor, until he crossed the boss, at which time he is placed in charge of the paper's lovelorn column (supposedly run by a gal named Nellie Nelson) and the gang start ribbing him with "Hi, Nellie." We've never seen Muni in such a down-to-earth part and we loved him in it. Lots of real newspaper stuff, underworld atmosphere, suspense and a climax that will leave you talking to yourself. Glenda Farrell does well and Ned Sparks plays his usual role. This little offering would never be called an epic, but it's way up there in entertainment value.

B: COMING OUT PARTY
(Fox)

Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, Alison Skipworth

PRETTY Good! And Frances Dee is swell—getting better with each picture—although the story fails to measure up to her efforts. Debutante Dee is in love



Believe it or not, the gentleman with the marcel is Fredric March (again) and the lady who is pinning a rose on him is Evelyn Venable. They are in "Strange Holiday" together.

Glenda Farrell and Paul Muni always may be depended upon to give good performances, but in "Hi, Nellie" the pair sort of outdo themselves. Warner Brothers are proud of this one.

with penniless Musician Gene Raymond. Just before her coming out party, however, she finds she is about to have a "blessed event"—which news almost causes her parents to change the title of the picture to "Staying Home Party." The intervention of the old, faithful butler (new idea!) and an offer from a Jewish band leader, finally make for the usual clinch. If you have time, we advise you to use it here.

B: THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Tom Brown, Una Merkel

YOU'LL probably enjoy this! A simple, homey story told in a charming manner. The Turners are just another family with the usual ups-and-downs. Father Barrymore innocently becomes involved in a $40,000 embezzlement, leaving the kids on the hands of the mother. She writes and sells a novel and must go to Hollywood. The offspring (Tom Brown, et al) have their separate problems, which are shown, together with most of the rest of the picture, in episodic form. Miss Bainter and Barrymore work beautifully together and Tom Brown, as the son, is good.

A: IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

(Columbia)

Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale

POSITIVELY Swell! Boy, howdy, this is one that you cannot afford to miss. It's just one of those rare exceptions that prove the rule. Clark Gable is a newspaper man who trys to help rich-girl Colbert escape from her father who seems anxious to prevent her marrying a bounder. They, of course, fall in love on their hitch-hike escape and the situations are so real and human that we'll bet you catch yourself smiling plenty of times. Everyone in the picture, especially the stars, seems to have forgotten to "act" and is merely living a very swell slice of life. The dialogue, direction and camera work are superb—just to make the whole ensemble perfect. Don't let anything keep you away.

Mary Carlisle and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven."

A: PALOOKA

(20th Century)

Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin, Marjorie Rambeau

A BOISTEROUS Evening! It seems, for the first ten minutes of the picture, they had to get Stu Erwin from the farm to the Big City, but when they do, what a flock of laughs! Stu decides to follow his father in the fight ring and gets Jimmy Durante as manager and Lupe as the gal-who-likes-heem. We couldn't (and wouldn't) tell you all the laughs. There are millions of 'em! We can tell you, though, that you'll like it if you enjoy your fun in large doses, served with verve and sparkle. Go on, laugh!

"Coming Out Party" features Gene Raymond and Frances Dee.

A: THE LAST ROUND-UP

(Paramount)

Randolph Scott, Monte Blue, Barbara Fritchie, Fred Kohler

ALMOST as good as the song! Yes, if you like Westerns, you'll sure go for this one. A believable hero and villain plus a good reason for everything that takes place (even the "chases") make this page from the Old West very entertaining. Randy Scott finds himself, seemingly by accident, a member of Jack Kells' gang of outlaws. Monte Blue, as Kells, is swell. Of course "The Last Round-Up" is the musical background for the picture, which only makes matters better. The kids will like this one, too.

Anna Sten and Lionel Atwill in a dramatic moment in "Nana."

B: ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

(Columbia)

Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy, Walter Connolly, Mary Carlisle

FORMULA No. 6! Operating rooms, chloroform, starched uniforms. Head surgeon, Walter Connolly, breaks down while performing a very delicate brain operation and Hero Ralph Bellamy steps into the breach and finishes the job successfully. This little deed puts him in tops both with the hospital and pretty Nurse Fay Wray. Despite the old-familiar story, excellent bits of acting place this picture in the better-than-middlin' class.

B: LET'S FALL IN LOVE

(Columbia)

Gregory Ratoff, Eddie Lowe, Ann Sothern, Miriam Jordon

THIS is good! Although it's the story of the star who walks out on the picture, leaving the director to find a new girl, it is so interestingly told that we know you will like it. It has a Hollywood background and Gregory Ratoff, as the director, just about steals the whole show. However, Ann Sothern does exceptionally well, and this is her first picture. Of course, the director falls in love with the new star and the ending is a real laugh-provoker. Worth your time.

(*Continued on page* 125)

HE WENT UP TO SEE HER ONE TIME

Remember how, in "I'm No Angel," Mae befriended Dorothy Cummings? And how, in "She Done Him Wrong," she helped Rochelle Hudson? Mae does things like that.

By DENA REED

How Mae West played counsellor, friend and Lady Bountiful to one who remembers

HERE'S a new chapter to add to the Mae West saga. Much has been written about her numerous charities and her kindness to her fellow-players, but there is one tale that has never before been told and which I believe gives a different slant on the "Come-Up-And-See-Me-Sometime" Girl. I got this story from a boy—we'll call him Jimmy—who was just twenty and full of illusions and a fierce desire to act when he met La West. I think his tale proves how much of her everyday kindness is tinged with an almost maternal feeling.

Mae had just come from a ten-day sentence on Welfare Island for her authorship of "Sex" when an agent sent this lad up to see her about a part in "The Wicked Age," which was to be her next play. The sum total of the applicant's stage experience had been as an extra. He had worn a beard and pushed a wheel in an atmosphere scene of a play in which Fredric March had had a leading role.

Mae looked at Jimmy's frank face and handsome brown eyes and perhaps saw in him the makings of a juvenile in time—much time. She knew what the ambition to act was. She doubtless knew that he was lying when he told of extensive and rather vague stock experience in the Middle West, but she liked his youthful enthusiasm. Although the part was filled, it wasn't filled to her satisfaction, so she told Jimmy she'd take him on as understudy for the role and if the other boy didn't improve, Jimmy might get his chance.

I WAS in a spot then," he told me. "In the first place, my family wasn't in sympathy with an acting career and I had pictures of what would happen if I went home and told them I was going to act with Miss West, just let out—amid the blare of publicity trumpets—from Welfare Island. I tried to explain this to Mae and I made a pretty sorry mess of it. I told her with all the self-confidence and grandiloquence of 'Merton of the Movies' that I wasn't sure whether I was going to make acting or writing my career but I did want to keep up acting for a while to get a knowledge of the theatre. Then I tried to explain how conservative my mother was and that I didn't think she'd like my being in her show.

"Another actress would have given me blazes for wasting her time—but not Mae. She always adored her own mother and I think she liked the fact that I considered mine, although anyone else would have called me a sap and told me to get out. But Mae knew that I stood between two fires and she just smiled consolingly and said: 'Don't worry, kid. I'll phone your mother. There isn't a dame living who can (*Continued on page 124*)

WHO IS FREDDIE'S Boss?

By JIM KAHN

IN all the madness of Hollywood, the sanity of the Fredric Marches stands out. In that topsy-turvy Mecca of jumbled temperaments and upside down emotions, they've managed to remain a couple of human beings who have gone along together. If they've reached the heights, their high and lofty pinnacle hasn't, as in the case of so many others, made them just a little dizzy. Rather has it served to give them a clear and unobstructed view in all directions.

Behind all the fine success of Freddie March you'll find this good human tale of a husband and wife who went along together, and it's time it was told. Mrs. Fredric March, who was Florence Eldridge, deserves her full share of the credit. In the words of the flip crackers, she has been his "best pal and severest critic" and in Hollywood, where life can be a giddy existence, that's no small achievement.

And how have they done it?

Well, I think you'll find the real beginning of the story back in Denver seven years ago. It was there that the leading man in a Theatre Guild stock company fell in love with and married the leading lady. The leading man, of course, was Freddie March; the leading lady, Florence Eldridge.

If Fred was in love with Florence, he was also a little

(Opposite page) The Fredric Marches arrive in New York for a holiday and (below) Freddie is seen "in character" as the hero of "Strange Holiday."

(Above, left) Remember Freddie in "The Royal Family"? Uh huh—and so does Florence March. (Right) As he plays the tricky gambler of "Good Dame."

. . . It is the Missus who says, "Save your money for a rainy day and your acting for the audience!" And Mr. March replies, "Yes M'am"—and does

awed by her. Hers was the "name" of the troupe. She had been a clever young actress on the Broadway stage. Critics found much to admire in her work and made bright prophecies as to her future.

So Fred, who was not quite sure of himself, had a good prop to lean on. When she told him something, he paid attention. When she made a suggestion, he followed it. And the reason this story is being written is that Fred still does.

Through five years of his Hollywood career, a period crammed with success and distinction, you'll find the fine guiding hand of Florence Eldridge. She has done little things, almost infinitesimal in their importance at the moment, but they've kept the forward march of the Fredric Marches in a straight line.

FOR one thing, ever since he has been married to Florence Eldridge, Fred March has had a home. That's one reason why she never went on with that promising stage career. Before anything else, Florence is a home-maker. The phrase is Fred's own. She doesn't give a hoot about hotel life and, though the vagaries of a movie career have taken them back and forth across the country several times, Florence always saw to it that "home" for the Marches wasn't a couple of hotel rooms. It was where it ought to be—in a well-regulated house.

Of course, in a subtle way, that added to Fred's stability and responsibility. Instead of going out, they stayed home and had friends in. It's a little thing, but it has kept them like the rest of us humans.

A few years ago when Fred was working at Paramount's eastern studios on Long Island, I was spending the afternoon with them at their home in Great Neck. Their fourth wedding anniversary was only a few days off and, to surprise his wife, Fred had ordered three diamond bracelets sent out from a Fifth Avenue jeweler. They arrived while I was there. She was to select one and send the other two back.

Florence sent them all back.

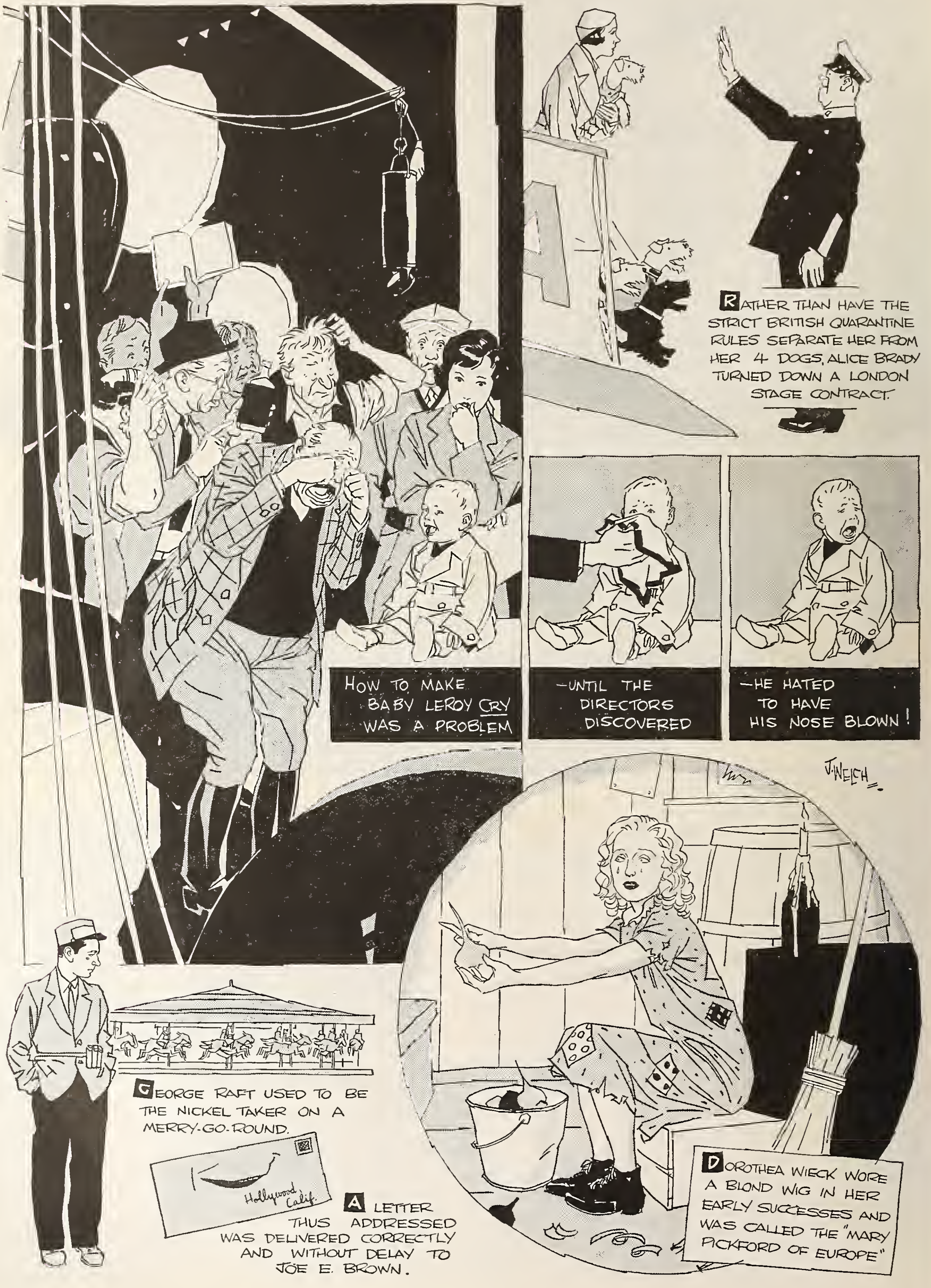
"This is enough for me," she said, proudly exhibiting a diamond ring set in iron. It was her engagement ring. Fred explained he gave it to her in Denver. He had had the diamond and at the time the iron setting seemed appealing.

Also, he chuckled, at the time it was cheaper.

The money for the bracelets stayed in the bank.

While I wouldn't disillusion any of you, I'm afraid if you scratched any actor you'd find ham beneath the surface. You might have to scratch a little deeper on some than on others, but it would be (*Continued on page 80*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



RATHER THAN HAVE THE STRICT BRITISH QUARANTINE RULES SEPARATE HER FROM HER 4 DOGS, ALICE BRADY TURNED DOWN A LONDON STAGE CONTRACT.

HOW TO MAKE BABY LEROY CRY WAS A PROBLEM

—UNTIL THE DIRECTORS DISCOVERED

—HE HATED TO HAVE HIS NOSE BLOWN!

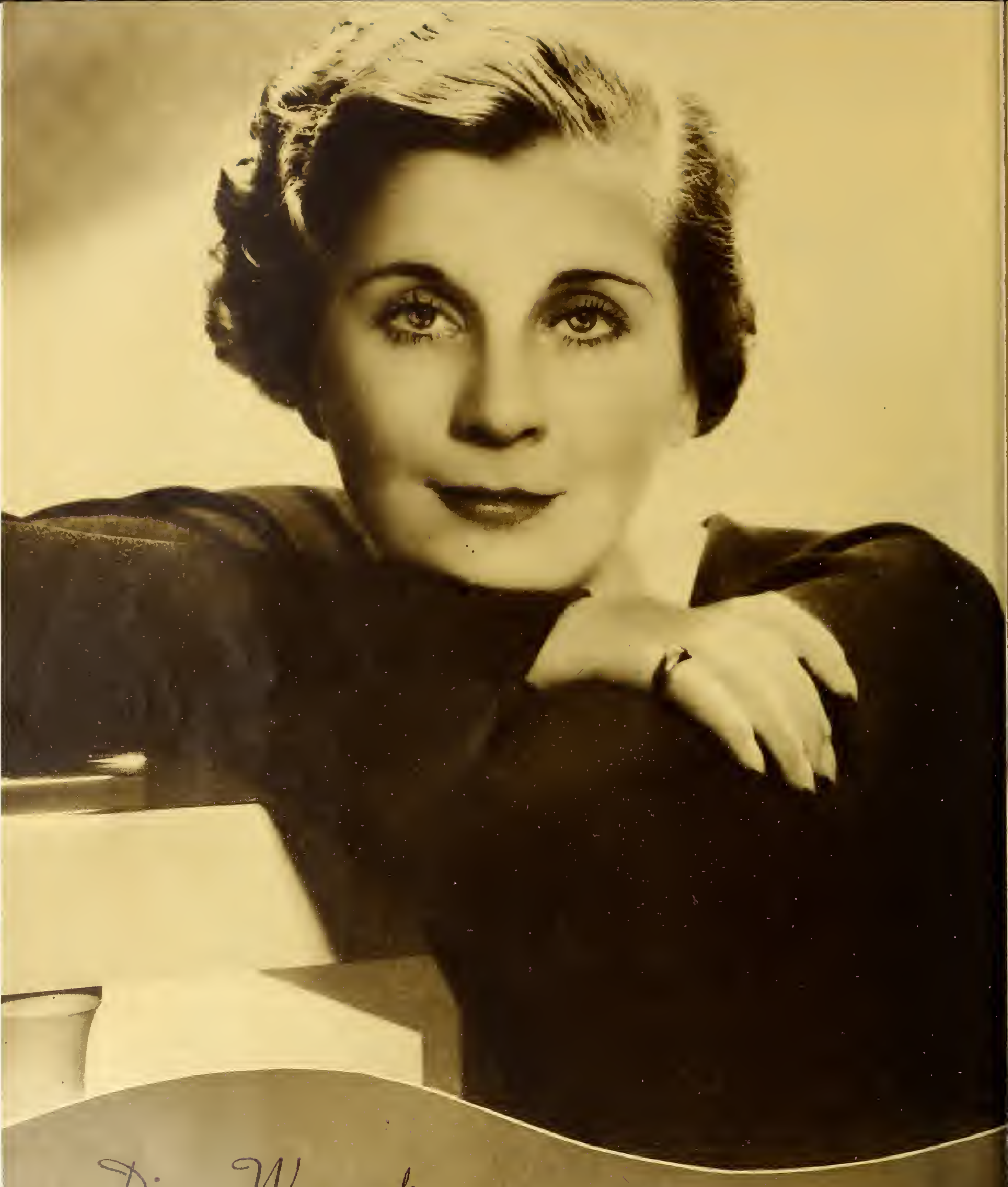
GEORGE RAFT USED TO BE THE NICKEL TAKER ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

A LETTER THUS ADDRESSED WAS DELIVERED CORRECTLY AND WITHOUT DELAY TO JOE E. BROWN.

DOROTHEA WIECK WORE A BLOND WIG IN HER EARLY SUCCESSES AND WAS CALLED THE "MARY PICKFORD OF EUROPE"

Clark Gable

He likes the town so well, he has named his new race horse "Beverly Hills"—and the animal won his maiden race at Caliente recently. Now that Clark has finished "Men in White," he's taken that famous collection of guns off on another hunting trip.



Diana Wynyard

A breath of Bond Street is Lady Diana. Sophisticated, smart, yet wholesome. She would like Hollywood even if it didn't contribute so materially to her income. She goes in heavily for the hair-raising variety of radio "mellers," animated cartoons and detective stories. She can play the piano in concert manner, cook like a chef and is handy with a needle. Miss Wynyard may soon be seen in "Vanessa."

Bing Crosby

Croonin' Crosby and Carole Lombard are working in "We're Not Dressing." A snappy team? We think so. When Bing isn't making movies, he is off to Palm Springs or Tolucca Lake or some other section of the great outdoors. He's the real estate agent's delight, for he buys the places he learns to care for. Bing and the Missus expect another little crooner soon to keep young Gary Evans Crosby company.

El

Ah, that Spanish something, that rhythmic glide which spells fire, passion, romance! These seductive scenes are from "Wonder Bar," the Al Jolson "special" in which Dolores Del Río, Ricardo Cortez and Kay Francis appear. And, romance-seekers and cash-customers, we have here the luscious Del Río and the handsome Don Cortez performing the dance that made sunny Spain as famous as its senoritas and, lest we forget, its duennas, those middle-aged girls who keep the young folks in order and the temperature at an even scale when things threaten to become too hot.

tango romántico

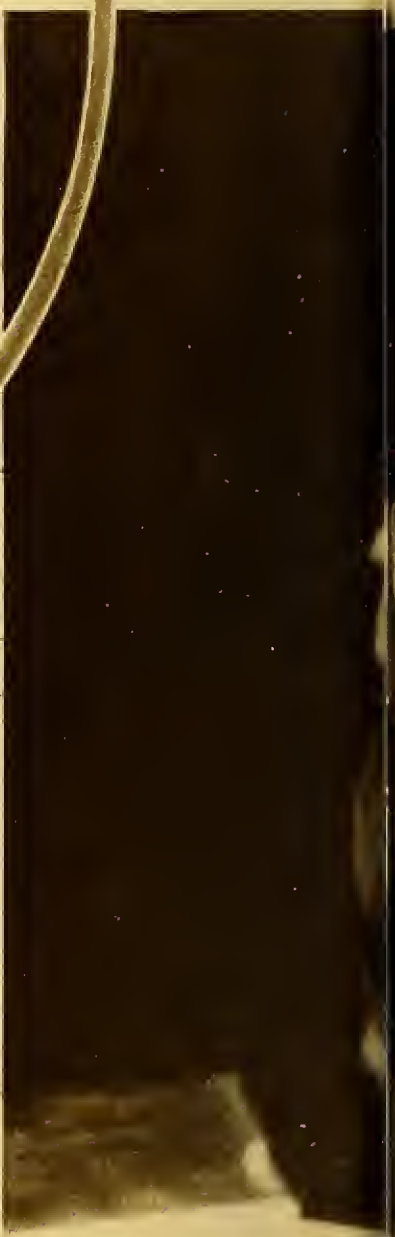
HOW I'M TEACHING MY *daughter* TO FACE LIFE

By HELEN HAYES

As told to NANETTE KUTNER

●

"I want her to be honest and audacious. And happy. Not too meek nor too good-natured. I believe in old-fashioned discipline. Sex problems? I'm not worrying!"



I TOOK Mary away from Hollywood and I'm glad of it! She is three and a half years old now. I do not want her to live the life of a movie star's child.

In Hollywood children are always on parade. They never can be just kids. They are lovely looking and exceptionally well behaved, but they do lack a normal upbringing.

Understand, this is not the fault of Hollywood parents. You must remember that the motion picture colony cannot know the meaning of real peace. These kidnapping scares are strictly on the level. But it is terribly depressing for a child to see bars on all the windows and to be obliged to have a guard. I think that constant supervision is bound to give children an exaggerated sense of their own importance. Besides, there is something frightening about a guard, even to me.

Take the Thalberg youngster. Norma's little boy is simply darling, but while he sits and plays in the sand, a big fat detective has to sit right there with him. I must admit that the child doesn't mind it at all. In fact, he's quite used to it. But it does seem rather dreadful, nevertheless.

And I'll never forget this incident. When Mary was two years old, Joe E. Brown's daughter had a birthday party. I escorted Mary there myself. As we drove toward Joe Brown's home, I noticed a state trooper's car parked outside. At the time I did not think anything of it, but when we walked onto the grounds, I stood, positively aghast. There were those dainty little girls with their gay colored hair ribbons and their curls and their starched white dresses, all looking so sweet and fragile, and standing in a grim semi-circle around them, was a group of burly state troopers with enormous revolvers nonchalantly tucked in their thick leather holsters!

WHEN Mary was a year old, I did want to give a party and have our friends see her. Charlie said that nobody was interested in meeting a baby and he asked me to let him send out the invitations. I did so. To my surprise, for I had absolutely no idea as to what he had written, I received a mysterious assortment of prompt and very delighted replies.

I gloated as I said to Charlie, "What do you mean, nobody is interested in visiting a baby? Every single person you've invited to the party has accepted!'

He laughed. I did not know why.

Our first guest was Lucretia Bori, the opera star. She arrived an hour early. She burst into our home, exclaiming, "Tell me! Is he here yet? Where is he? Where is he?" Then, to her obvious dismay and disappointment, there was only little Mary seated in the center of the room.

Practically on Bori's heels, came a variety of theatrical, motion picture and literary lights, all with the same excited questions.

It was then I inquired, and finally discovered that instead of asking our guests to meet Mary MacArthur, my wily husband had invited them to meet Al Capone!

That sort of thing was all very well when Mary was a baby and too young to understand. But now, as she grows older, I have no desire to show her off. I want her to have a normal childhood. I want her to enjoy the kind of life I've never been able to have. You see, ever since I was five years old, I've worked and worked hard. I was a stage child. The theatre is all I have known. I only know how to work. I never knew how to play. And I'm very tired. I don't want Mary to become as tired as I am. I don't want her to become anything but a happy little girl. Through her I want to experience the childhood, yes, and the simple girlhood I could not have.

We live in a small town. It is a typical American town. Nyack, New York. Mary can run about there like any child.

Just the other day I experienced a real thrill because three children called for her. Two of the children were walking, the third rode in a go-cart. They came clamoring up to our porch and they begged Mary to go with them to the village to watch the baby get his hair cut. So Mary joined them, her fat little legs trudging down the steep hill to the barber shop. Now that could never have happened in Hollywood.

WHEN Mary is old enough to attend school, I am going to send her to the public one in Nyack. All the tradesmen's children go there and they are such nice tradesmen, such clean, wholesome families.

When Mary graduates from public school, I shall send her to boarding school. That's because I always wanted to go to boarding school. I want Mary to make a lot of friends and go visiting to other girl's houses.

I'm always making plans, silly (*Continued on page 85*)

Mary MacArthur, the daughter of the brilliant Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, is just three and a half now. Helen has taken her away from Hollywood and she lives in the little town of Nyack, New York, leading the most happy and normal of childhood existences.

TICKLING Hollywood's ribs!

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

HOLLYWOOD has brought "ribbing" up to the level of a fine art. It's gotten so you can hardly stroll down the Boulevard without some kind friend tying a poster on your back saying "Kick Me!" And many a rib is just as crude as that. There is one actress who strolled all the way from Highland Avenue to Vine Street with a placard pinned to her back which said something much funnier. So funny, in fact, that if I told you what it was the Government would arrest me for putting it in print.

Everybody likes to play jokes, but why Hollywood people spend so much time doing it—and in some cases hundreds of dollars to make sure that the rib will click—is just one more of those mysteries. Maybe it's because there is so much waiting between "takes" on the set that they would go crazy if they didn't have something to occupy their time.

You need a pretty tough "sense of humor" to appreciate some of the ribs. Max Baer pushing all the girls at a party into a swimming pool, for instance. Jean Harlow didn't think that was so funny. She told him plenty, made him pay the girls for ruining their dresses and came within an inch of giving him a sock on the jaw. Maurice Chevalier didn't think it was so darned amusing when he was shoved into a pool, either, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., doing the shoving if I remember rightly.

In France they don't do things like that.

But in Hollywood they do.

However, most of it is good-natured kidding. Making "Smilin' Through," I recall the director got a bug in his eye. It wasn't a serious casualty, but Sidney Franklin, the director, took it big. Morning after morning he came to work wearing a celluloid patch over the offending eye. The gang on the set were duly impressed for about a week. Then they decided it just couldn't be that serious and it was about time to let Mr. Franklin know they thought so. So next day when he arrived for work, he found everybody on the set, from Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard down to the third assistant prop boy, togged out in white celluloid eye patches. Not a word was said. Not a giggle was giggled. Mr. Franklin removed his eye patch like a good guy.

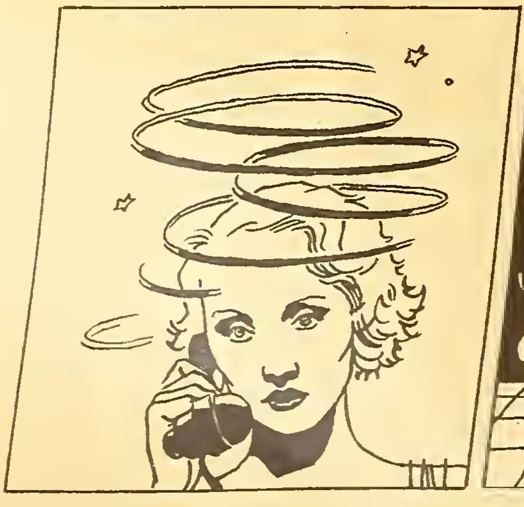
IT is no protection to be a good guy though. You won't find a soul in Hollywood who won't say that Clark Gable isn't one of the best. Yet, just because he is such a swell egg, Clark has ribs pulled on him all the time. There have been a couple just lately, but my favorite is the one they pulled while he was making "The White Sister." When he came to work one morning he found the cast lined up in a long row, all of 'em lugging chunks of broken statues from the prop department. One by one they stepped forward and presented them to him, saying seriously:

"The Academy Award for the hottest loving of the month."

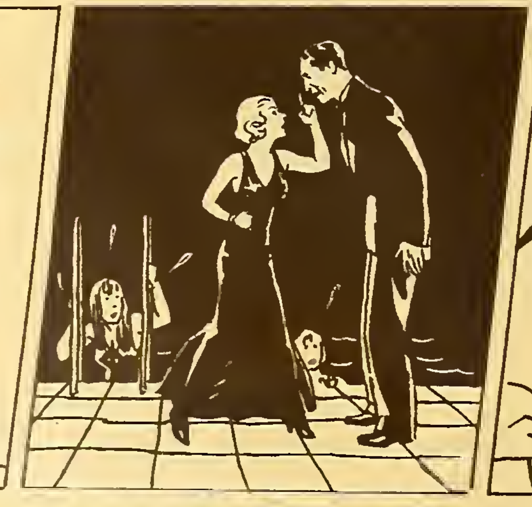
"The Sail Manufacturers' Award for the biggest ears."

And so on. Each bit of decrepit bric-a-brac got its tag line and every one said something uncomplimentary about Mr. Gable. But Clark knew it was all in fun and took it that way.

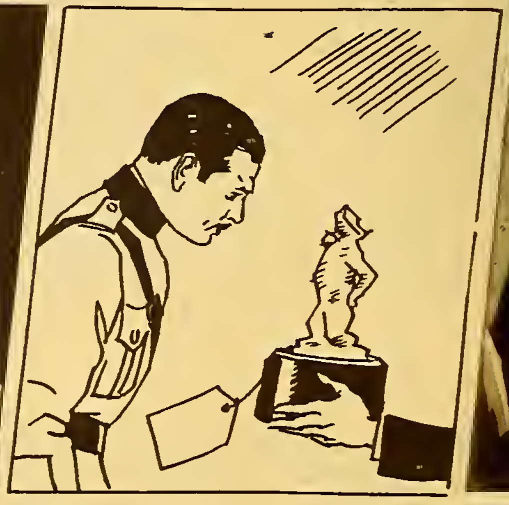
So did Walter Huston that time he stepped on the set and found himself walking under a triumphal arch decorated with the reddest of red Bolshevik bunting. People gravely saluted him and offered him cheery Russian good mornings. "Tovarisch, Comrade Huston!" The thing was, Walter had presided as chairman the night before at



Marlene could do nicely without those phone calls.



Harlow, Baer and the unfunny swimming pool incident.



Gable's award for big ears wasn't so darn funny, either.

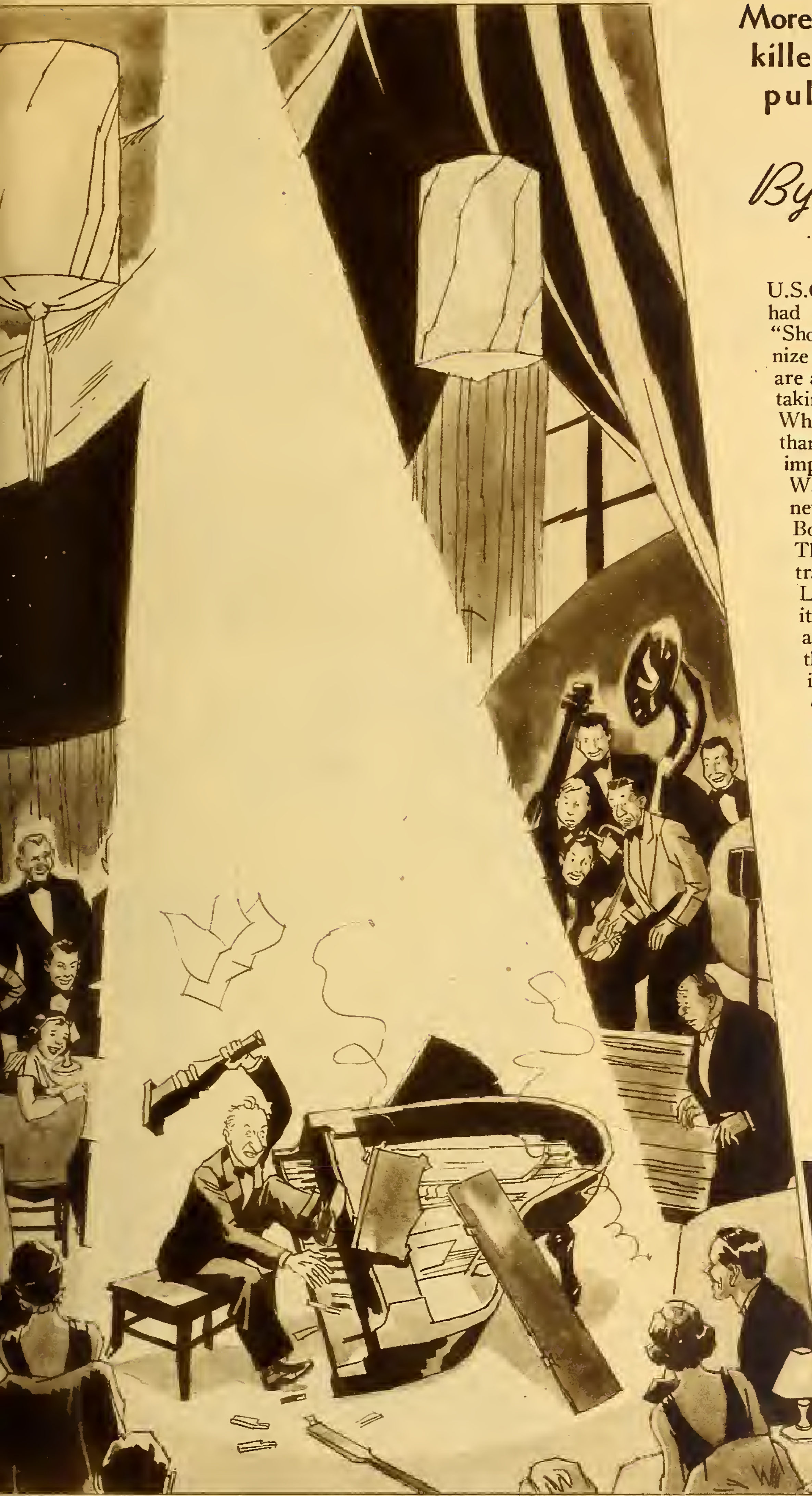
More fun! More people killed—when Hollywood pulls a practical joke

By Jack Jamison

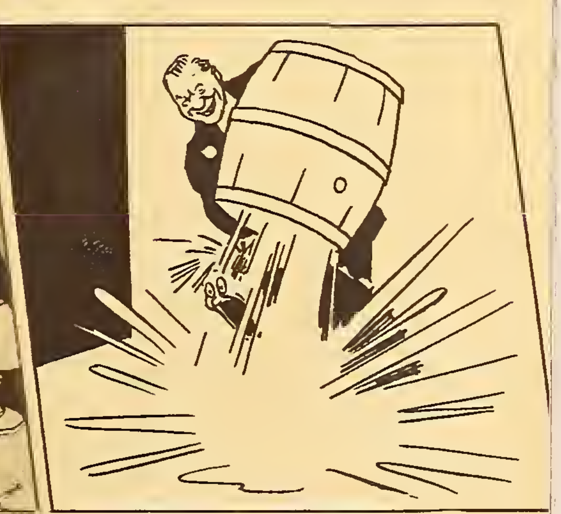
U.S.C., where the college debating team had wrangled with Stanford's on, "Should the U. S. Government recognize Soviet Russia?" Not many actors are asked to colleges and the boys were taking him down a peg or two.

Which was considerably less gruesome than the rib pulled by Sid Grauman, impresario of the Chinese Theatre. Warner Brothers were dedicating a new theatre at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Western Avenue. That is the corner that has more traffic than any in New York or London. The Warners were doing it up in style with searchlights, radio announcers blurbing the stars as they drove up, and all that. Right in the middle of the festivities, up drove a hearse. Two black-garbed attendants dismounted, opened the doors and pulled out a coffin. Solemnly, while the assembled thousands caught their breaths, they lifted the lid of said coffin—and took out an enormous sheaf of flowers, bearing a ribbon inscribed, "With best wishes. Sid Grauman."

BUT those are simple ones. Howard Hughes once kept a rib going on Ben Lyon for months. It must have cost him hundreds of dollars. It started when Ben got a summons to appear in court at San Bernardino, a (*Continued on page 99*)



Jimmy Durante took it out on the piano when a night club host took advantage of him recently. And it wasn't "Schnozzle" who paid for the fun.



Wallie Beery gave Vince Barnett the "water cure."

ANNA STEN, "Passionate PEASANT"

"Nana" has set us all agog over this vibrant, earthy, glamorous creature. Read about her. You'll like her—she's different

By LYNN FARNOL

Zola's naughty romance boasts a large cast. Muriel Kirkland and Mae Clark are Nana's cocotte girl friends. Lawernce Grant is the Grand Duke. Phillips Holmes is the lover. Lionel Atwill is the theatrical producer. And Hardie Albright, a competent wild-oat sower. Richard Bennett is in it, too.

SHE'S a little thing, very blonde, with the wide cheek bones of the Russian peasant, a full, sensuous mouth and a short nose. Not one of your lath-like, scarecrow women, but curved deliciously where she should be curved. Her eyes are cornflower blue with a heavy golden-brown fringe of lashes and her brows are straight and rather heavy. The make-up man, thank God, has left them that way.

They will say of her that she resembles a number of our well loved actresses. But they will have to admit, too, that she also looks like none of them—neither Dietrich nor Garbo nor Hepburn nor whoever—but only like herself. Glamor is not quite the word for her, perhaps. Passion is a better word for the new allure she brings to the screen. An earthy, unsophisticated passion quite different from the glamor we have been taught to like.

Anna Sten is too smart for tricks. The blonde from Soviet Russia has puzzled and even irritated Hollywood.

She has made no flip comment on life and love and she has no gift for wisecracks. She has done none of the things that the screen colony lumps under the heading of showmanship. Anna hasn't worn men's clothes; she has done nothing about Aimee Semple MacPherson; she has entertained no congressional committee, channel swimmer or Spanish countess. There is no election night welcome for her as her black coupe comes into

the studio gates in the morning. She is a worker, coming to work. No nonsense and no tricks.

Anna Sten was brought to Hollywood eighteen months ago by Samuel Goldwyn with the fame and world prestige of the German-made "Brothers Karamazov" as her introduction. She was the first actress to have been completely trained in Soviet state, stage and screen institutions.

In her training and her background, there is a key and an insight into her nature. In the desperate days after the World War, when a guerilla civil strife was challenging the new order of things in Russia, Anna was embarking on her career in the theatre. More than that, she was working in a restaurant and helping to edit a provincial paper in order to help feed her sister and her ailing mother.

The theatre, against which she pitted her undernourished strength and frail energy, was a threadbare one. No scenery and no equipment. The actors were glad to have enough clothes to keep them from freezing, enough food to keep them from starving. There was a pride and an honor on the stages of Stanislavsky and Inkijinoff. The theatres and the studios belonged to the workers; their art was for the workers, to inspire and sustain them in bringing into being the new Russian state. It was a big job, especially on an empty stomach and with holes in one's shoes.

TWO important pictures, "Moscow Laughs and Cries" and "The Yellow Ticket," neither of them ever shown except to a few students and critics in America, put Anna on top of the list. The Commissars of Education and Art sent her to Berlin to make pictures. It wasn't propaganda, but rather, good will. Anna isn't a propagandist nor a political economist.

"Who are we?" she asks you. "What do we know and what are we? Fly specks—not even that—in history."

"The Brothers Karamazov" in Berlin was the first of four pictures and the biggest success by far. England, hating the new Russia, loved a new Russian player in the most famous Russian stories. Americans found in her a bright new star from Red Russia, a simple, sensual, earthy type.

Anna is a peasant. In America, we think of a European peasant as of a low social order. The contrary is true. The farmers of Europe are far more proud than its aristocracy, for do they not dethrone kings? Kings come and go, but the farmers go on forever. They are simple, direct, without affectation or nonsense. Anna is one of them.

Because, coming out of the new Russia, she represented a brittle new quality, America welcomed Ann in "Brothers Karamazov." Paris demanded a French version of the story. And so Anna came to the French capital, memorizing the strange French tongue by ear—not knowing the meaning of the words—with the same ease with which she had just mastered German.

Sam Goldwyn sent me to Paris to see the picture. He wanted me to meet Anna and let him know just what kind of a woman she was. He had seen her on the screen as an actress. What is her mind like? How does she think? Tell me about her, my boss demanded.

The interview was a strange one. Anna did not speak either English or French beyond the memorized lines of "Brothers Karamazov." Guy Crosswell Smith, the head of our Paris office, went along to translate all my questions into French and he in turn took along another interpreter to translate his French questions into a German that Anna could understand.

She wanted to know about Hollywood, about methods and equipment. Didn't Hollywood have an extravagance about it, like too much fruit in a cake? She spoke slowly and deliberately. Hollywood was swift-paced, impatient, she said, in broken German. (*Continued on page 83*)

AT THE SCREEN

THEY *Rehearse!*

1. Chet Morris, Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery try out a little vocal trio on their ownsomes. Bystanders said it wasn't very good. But then, some folks are never pleased. 2. Bob again, with Dick Powell and Jeanette MacDonald, who really do know something about singing. 3. Watching the performers go through their paces. Gordon Westcott, Chet Morris and Montgomery standing. Jimmy Gleason, Mary Astor and Ann Harding seated. 4. Isabel Jewell seems to disagree with something Jimmy Cagney is telling her. Lee Tracy, her devoted bad boy, is on deck, too. 5. John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald are merrily rehearsing their duet.

All photographs by Scotty

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ACTORS' GUILD BALL

THEY *Strut* THEIR *Stuff!*

1. Now, isn't that the cutest foursome you ever saw? The Joel McCrea's (Frances Dee as was) and the Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw as was) have a table and a high old time together. 2. The devotion of Jack Oakie to his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, is very sweet to see. We understand that Ma is such a riot she steals the show away from all the young folks. 3. Boots Mallory and her husband, Bill Cagney, have some quiet conversation. 4. Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy refused to pose for photographers. But they didn't reckon with Scotty. And there, as you see, they are—with an arc light 'n' everything to make things kinda home-like.

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AN enjoyable time was had by all. At the dinner dance given by the Screen Actors' Guild in the Los Angeles Biltmore, we mean. The stars had themselves a gala evening, seeing and being seen. But the chorus boys and girls! They did better, because they're smarter or something.

Anyway, the young gentlemen of the ensemble charged $150 worth of champagne to the hotel and the little ladies, who kick and look cute, did as much by putting in some "let the other feller pay" slips for facials and cosmetics. Which proves that all the fast-thinkers are not in Wall Street. Nor all the padded expense accounts, either.

The party was verra, verra gay. Charles Butterworth, Bing Crosby and Frank McHugh helped see to that. These merry lads donned girls' clothes and sang in the manner of a harmonizing trio, imitating the Boswell Sisters. Lyrics of said songs were just ducky, being all made up for the occasion, like the

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1. John Boles must have just told the Ben Lyons and "Skeets" Gallaghers the one about the traveling salesman, they look so full of the giggles. 2. Mrs. Mike Levee was accompanied by Joe E. Brown and you know that Mary Brian would be there with Dick Powell. 3. Pert Kelton and W. C. Fields, a couple of kidders kidding each other. 4. The lovely Thelma Todd brought her husband, Pat De Cicco. 5. And, you've guessed? Right. Joan and Franchot.

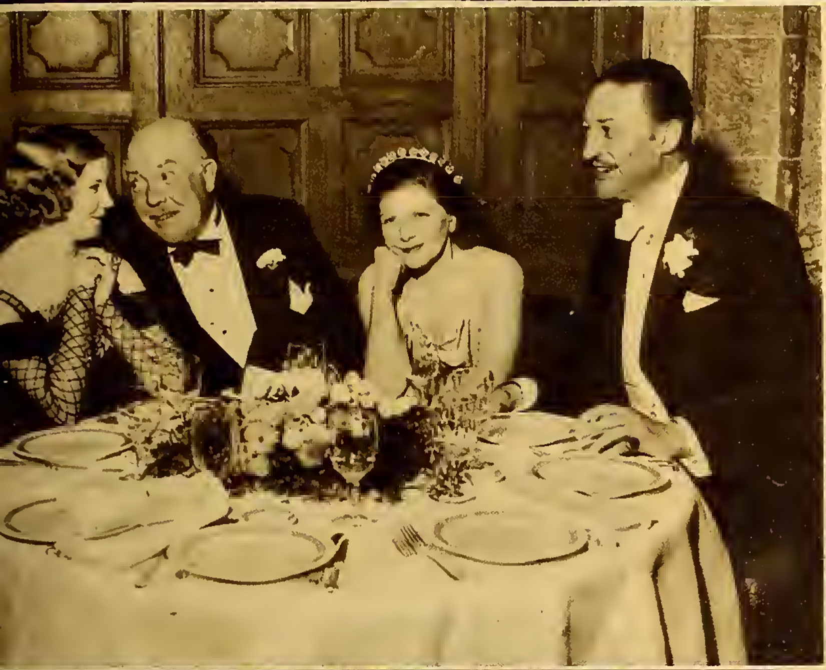
boys who rendered 'em, and proved laugh-getters.

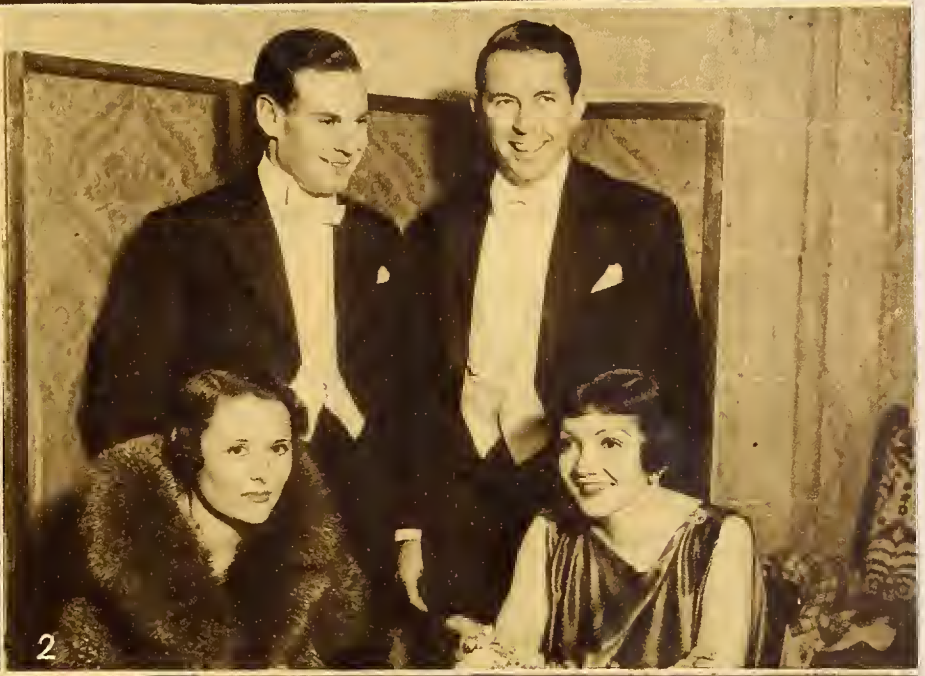
Eddie Cantor should have been Master of Ceremonies, but the gentleman couldn't make it, due to a theatrical engagement, so Dick Powell did a little pinch-hitting, and did it excellently, too. And the Grand March was led by Ann Harding and Adolphe Menjou.

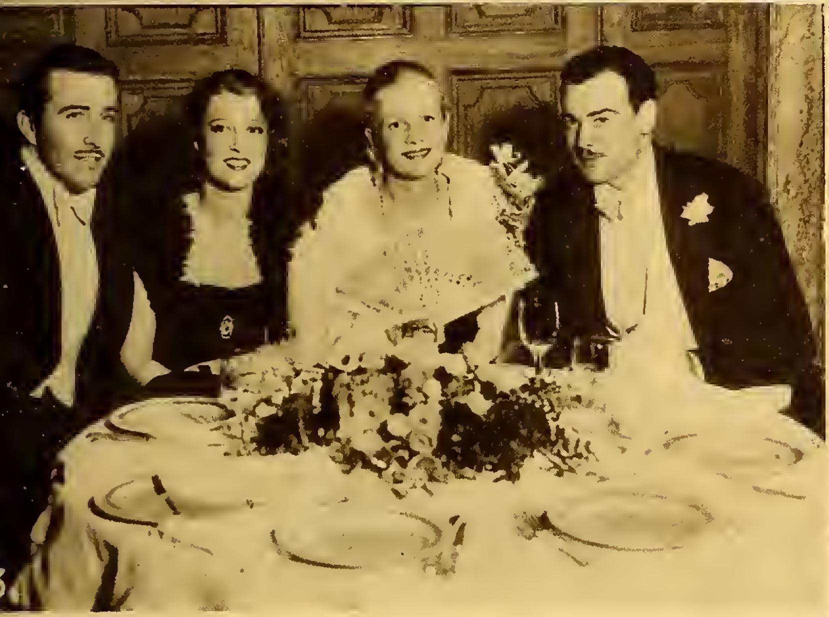
Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy attended the party together, playing hide-and-seek with the cameramen. Mr. Scott finally caught up with them which pleased them not a-tall! The lens lads struck another snag when they asked Mr. Menjou to pose. The best dressed man on the screen—or is it the world?—drew himself up and stated that "he didn't need the publicity and didn't want it" and likened news photographers to autograph-seekers. (We're promoted, fans!) Well, 'Dolphie continues to have an even disposition—always bad.

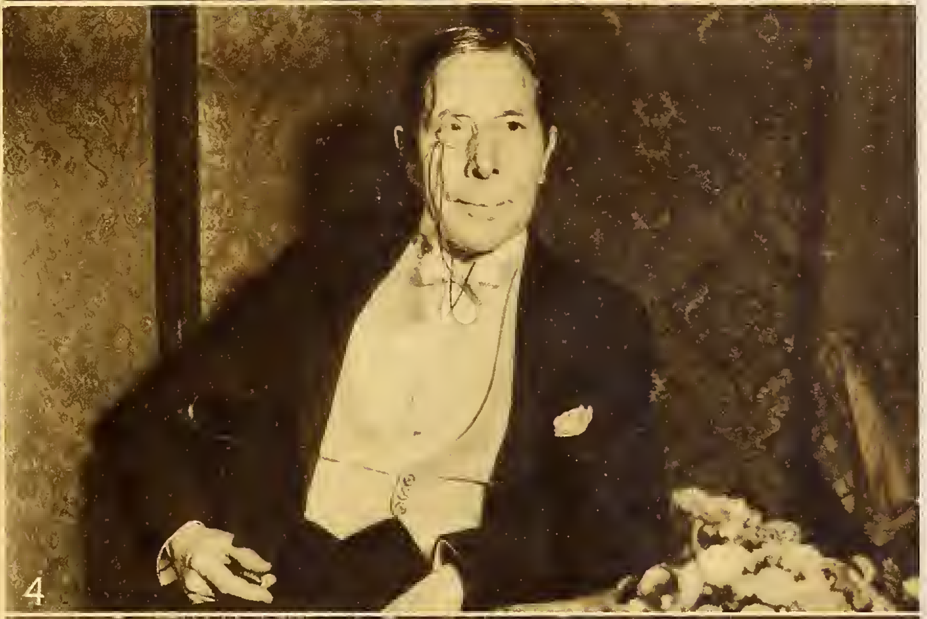
Joan and Franchot were together, but then you'd have guessed that, and the Gary Coopers and the Joel McCreas comprised an attractive foursome. Others who tripped the light fantastic 'til break of day were Una Merkel,

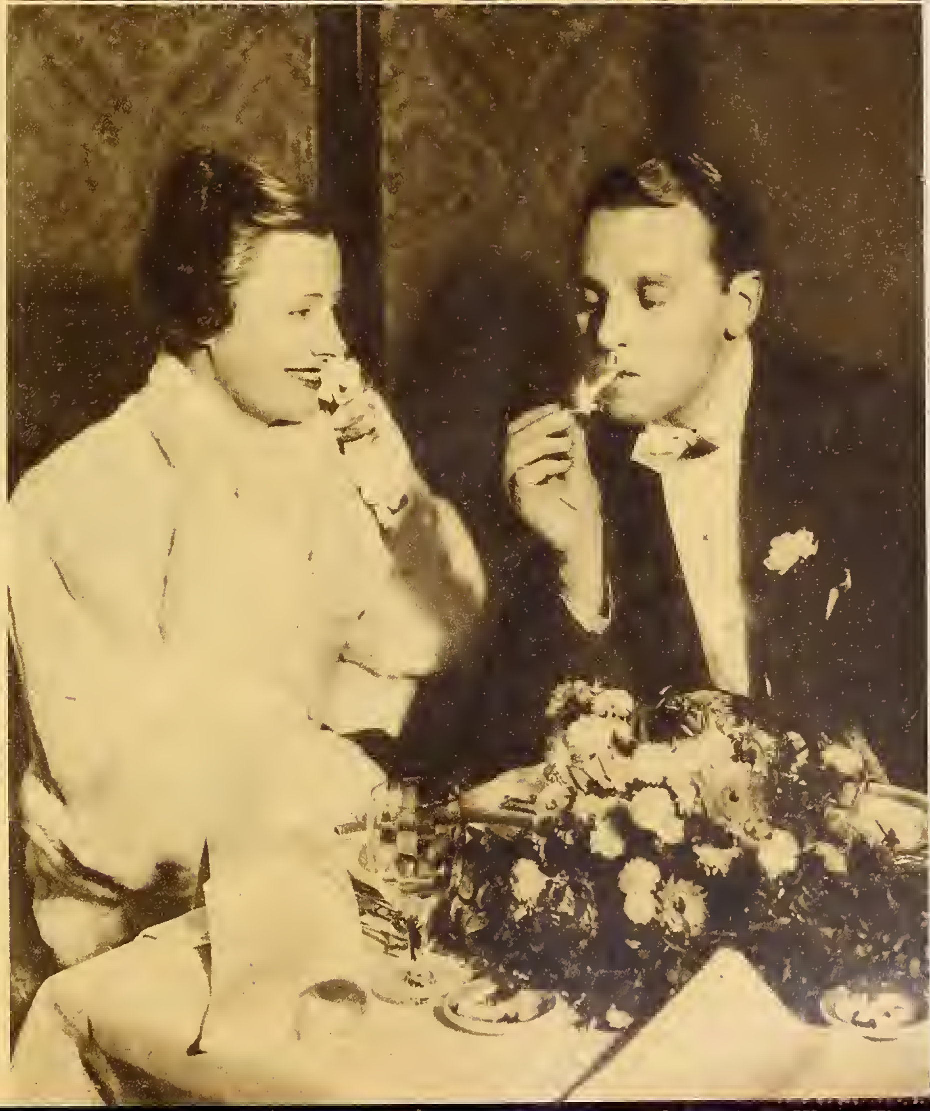
ACTORS' GUILD BALL











1. Warren William and his wife invited Una Merkel and Guy Kibbee over to exchange a little gossip. 2. You need no introduction to Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. The attractive pair with 'em are the Monta Bells. 3. And here we see John Boles with Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Harding and Nils Asther. Ann attended the shindig with Nils. 4. And, sitting in solitary splendor, George Arliss. 5. Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy look nonchalant.

Constance Cummings, Thelma Todd, Boots Mallory, Bill Cagney, Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, the John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald.

The party was very well conducted. It seems that someone on the committee decided that inasmuch as the Guild had gone to considerable trouble to arrange an entertaining program, the guests were going to be able to see it—whether or not! And so, bottles and "set-ups" (gingerale and ice, you innocents) were conspicuous by their absence, so that even the boys busily engaged in doing a disappearing act, returned to their tables little the worse for the trip.

Thus, the morning-after headaches in the film colony were not in evidence because what could have caused them, just wasn't around. Those Guilders are scheming smarties, all right!

And so, the Screen Actors' Guild dinner dance may be put down as one of the major successes of the social season without fear of contradiction from anybody. But then, we don't ever fear anything. No, not much!

THE HUSBAND WHO NEVER COMES HOME

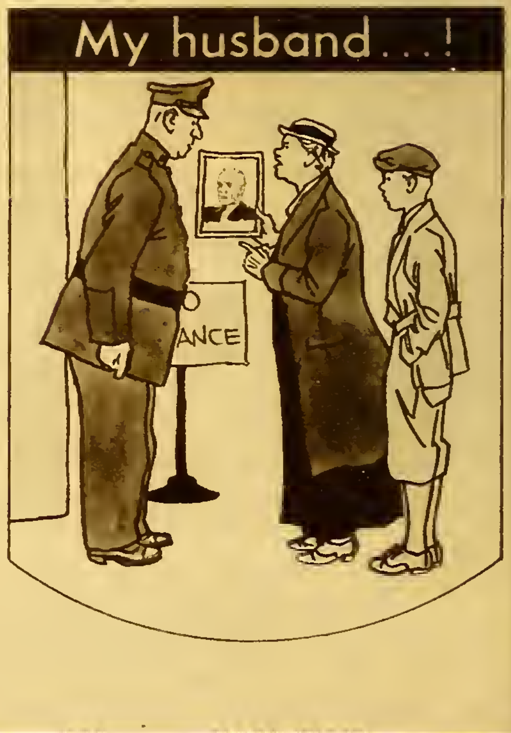
He meant everything to them, but to Lewis Stone these women proved merely a nuisance

By

GLADYS HALL

Acme

Here are Lewis Stone and the Missus—his one and only heart interest—as they appeared at a Hollywood premiere not long ago. A rare picture of a devoted Hollywood couple about whom you never hear the slightest scandal.



A FEW months ago Lewis Stone received a call from a Mr. Matthews of the District Attorney's office.

Mr. Matthews called upon Mr. Stone at the M-G-M studio. He faced the courtly actor across a desk and dropped before him a photograph of a Swedish-appearing youth sitting beside a buxom, Swedish-appearing young woman. He said, "Is this an old photograph of you, Mr. Stone?"

Massachusetts-born, Mr. Stone regarded the square-headed young man in the picture with some amusement. There was no possible resemblance. He said, "What do you think, Mr. Matthews—and why?"

"Well, I don't know," drawled the skeptical enforcer of the law. "It *might* be, you know. Anything is possible. Anyway, the why of it is that there is a Mrs. Gray here in Los Angeles who has issued a complaint against you in the District Attorney's office. She says you are her divorced husband, that you and she were married for nine years and that—ah—you had better come home."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stone.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Stone and Mr. Matthews betook themselves to the offices of Beuron Fitts, D.A. There, at Mr. Stone's request, was summoned his "wife," Mrs. Gray. When the lady entered the office Mr. Stone beheld, in his own words, "a woman of some forty-five years, neither good-looking nor the reverse. She might have been any one of a thousand American housewives such as you see doing the family marketing. She looked me straight in the eye, put her hand to her heart for a moment and confessed that it gave her 'quite a turn' to see me again after all these years. I was given quite a turn, too, though not from the pangs of reunion. It *is* rather a weird sensation to have a lady you have never set eyes on before claim that you and she were husband and wife for nine years.

WELL, Mrs. Gray informed us that she and I had been married in Zanesville, Ohio, in January of 1913. She further refreshed my memory by reminding me that I had joined the Army in Akron, Ohio, and had gone overseas with the Tank Corps. She regarded me closely and pointed to the scar on my face with satisfaction. She said, 'I recall so well the day you got that. Remember that pair of wild colts we had on the farm? Well, remember that morning you were trying to harness them for the first time and when you leaned over to adjust the traces one of 'em upped and kicked you in the face? I always did tell you you'd bear that colt hoof to your grave and, from the way it looks now, you will!'

"Mrs. Gray then went on to relate that we had been divorced in 1920 in Salt Lake City. She said that she had recognized me on the screen some ten years ago but, at that time, she was doing real well and hadn't needed me. Now, what with the depression and bad luck and our daughter here grown up, she did need me and I had better come home.

"I then spoke my little piece. I asked her how old this husband of hers would be today. She said he'd be somewhere around forty-five. I thanked her for *that*. But I added that I could produce my birth certificate which would, unfortunately, inform her that I was some years older than the age she was kind enough to call me. I also informed her that it would be easy to prove that in 1913, the year of our 'marriage,' I was playing at the Maxine Elliot Theatre in New York in 'Bird of Paradise.' Further, that I had joined the Army at Governors Island, N. Y., also a matter of record and that I had never gone overseas. During the time we were obtaining our regrettable divorce in Salt Lake City I was, actually, playing in the Majestic Theatre here in Los Angeles.

AT this point our 'daughter,' a very nice-looking girl of eighteen spoke up and said, 'Come, come, Mother, you must see by this time that you are mistaken!'

"Mr. Fitts said the same thing rather more emphatically. But Mrs. Gray looked me straight in the eyes again, with assurance, with complete recognition, with, I suppose, some contempt. At any rate, she tossed her head as if to dispose of the whole race of errant husbands and flounced out of the room, never to be heard from again. Thank goodness.

"I said then, what I say now, that it is what I get for looking like everybody's missing husband. I am positive that I must have a composite set of features, the features of all the missing husbands of all deserted wives everywhere.

"I think it is probable that this was a case of genuinely mistaken identity. I don't doubt but what Mrs. Gray really did believe and probably still does believe that I am her lost Mr. Gray.

"At any rate, it is a perfect case history of the kind of thing that happens to me at least once every month.

"Some five or six years ago I began to get letters from a Russian Countess, the Countess Polaski, or something of the sort. The letters came, first, from Russia. They came, then, from Belgium, from Germany from France and from England. They followed up from New York, Chicago and, finally, from San Francisco. They were intimate chatty letters such as one receives from a very intimate friend or from a woman one is to marry. Such appeared to be the confident object of these.

"The letter from San Francisco contained a crude sketch of myself. It made me look even worse than I do. Some days after the receipt of that sketch I was working on the First National lot. As I was paying my luncheon check in the Commissary, a voice said, 'How did you like that sketch of yourself I sent you from San Francisco?' I looked up. It was the cashier speaking. She was the Countess Polaski!

"That night on the way home from the studio something leapt out of the trees at the side of the road almost in front of my car. I skidded, swerved, drew up at the other side and there was the Countess Polaski. I handled that situation as sternly as possible. (*Continued on page 92*)

The career of an

By BEATRICE MACDONALD

KATHARINE HEPBURN, ever since she was a little girl in Hartford, Connecticut, has been used to plenty of publicity. Not because she consciously sought it, exactly. She is simply the sort of person who attracts publicity, that's all. Why, when she was a mere tot, she was known the town of Hartford over for her wild, tomboyish tricks. She would break up nice little girls' tea parties with what she was pleased to call her "animal imitations."

When she was in her 'teens, she was noted as the "craziest" member of the Hartford Country Club. That, mind you, in a post-war decade when wildness was the order of the day with the younger set.

She never was pretty. And being an ugly duckling hurt a little bit, even if one never would show the hurt. For instance—in all the school plays, although Katie was a much better actress than the other girls, she never got any of the nice parts. How she yearned and longed for a chance to be the heroine, just once. How she would stand in the wings—watching some local belle winning all the local honors—and wish that she were in the local belle's shoes! Making up her mind, all the time, no doubt, that some day—some day!—she would make them all sit up and take notice of Katharine Hepburn.

During her college days at Bryn Mawr, Katharine's chief interest in the school was centered on the dramatic club. She studied each role assigned her in a performance as earnestly and laboriously as though she were going to appear before a Broadway audience instead of a group of familiar schoolmates. In many of the vehicles she was assigned to the leading male parts (even in her school plays she naturally drifted into the eccentric) and once when appearing with Ann Harding as the heroine, Katharine's wild hair became caught in Ann's costume and the two stood before their fellow players, firmly entangled, declaiming their lines with true histrionic determination, in spite of the vain efforts of another player to separate them and the screams of laughter coming from their audience.

When Katie left Bryn Mawr, she went back home to Hartford and announced that she was going on the stage. There was no opposition. The same principles by which the parents had reared their family remained in evidence as they grew up. A child who was permitted to go to bed when she pleased, sleep as late as she desired, eat when she got hungry, read or play as long as she wanted to, could certainly make up her own mind about her future. The fact that there was no touch of the theatrical in the family background made no difference. Individualism was the family slogan and every enthusiastic announcement of a future profession made by an offspring was treated with respect and the proper amount of reverence

ugly duckling!

. . . How a stage-struck miss named Katharine Hepburn was buffeted about in her search for a break. How she got the break—and became the beautiful swan she is today

on the part of the parents. As a matter of fact, inasmuch as Katie had spent so many days of her childhood in giving shows, in forming a company known as "The Crown Club," the statement that she was going to be an actress failed to surprise anyone. If she wanted to become a second Duse, why in all probability she would! That's all there was to it.

In the meantime, she met and fell in love with a young man from Philadelphia by the name of Ludlow Ogden Smith. Hartford, as everyone knows, is the centre point of a certain well known profession. All roads leading to it are filled with ambitious young neophytes who are anxious to study the intricacies of insurance. The biggest insurance companies in the country have their headquarters in Hartford and young Mr. Smith had found his way to that spot for the same purpose that led thousands of other newly fledged college graduates to the place. Everything happens to Miss Hepburn in whirlwind fashion. After a swift courtship, the two were married and came back to New York to live.

THERE was evidently a distinct understanding that domestic bliss was not to interfere with ambition on either side. The newlyweds took up their abode in a small, remodeled house on East 39th Street and in order to avoid publicity (?) Mr. Smith kept his official residence across the street in an unobtrusive and inexpensive little hotel. Their apartment was characteristic of the occupants. In the first place, the house itself had originally been a stable. Then some artistic owner changed the interior, leaving the original stable doors still standing, and turned it into a dwelling place for the cultured but impecunious home-seeker. Mr. and Mrs. Smith lived there for some time, but the great urge for fame gives no peace to those who are cursed with ambition and Katharine departed for Baltimore to join the Knopf Stock Company.

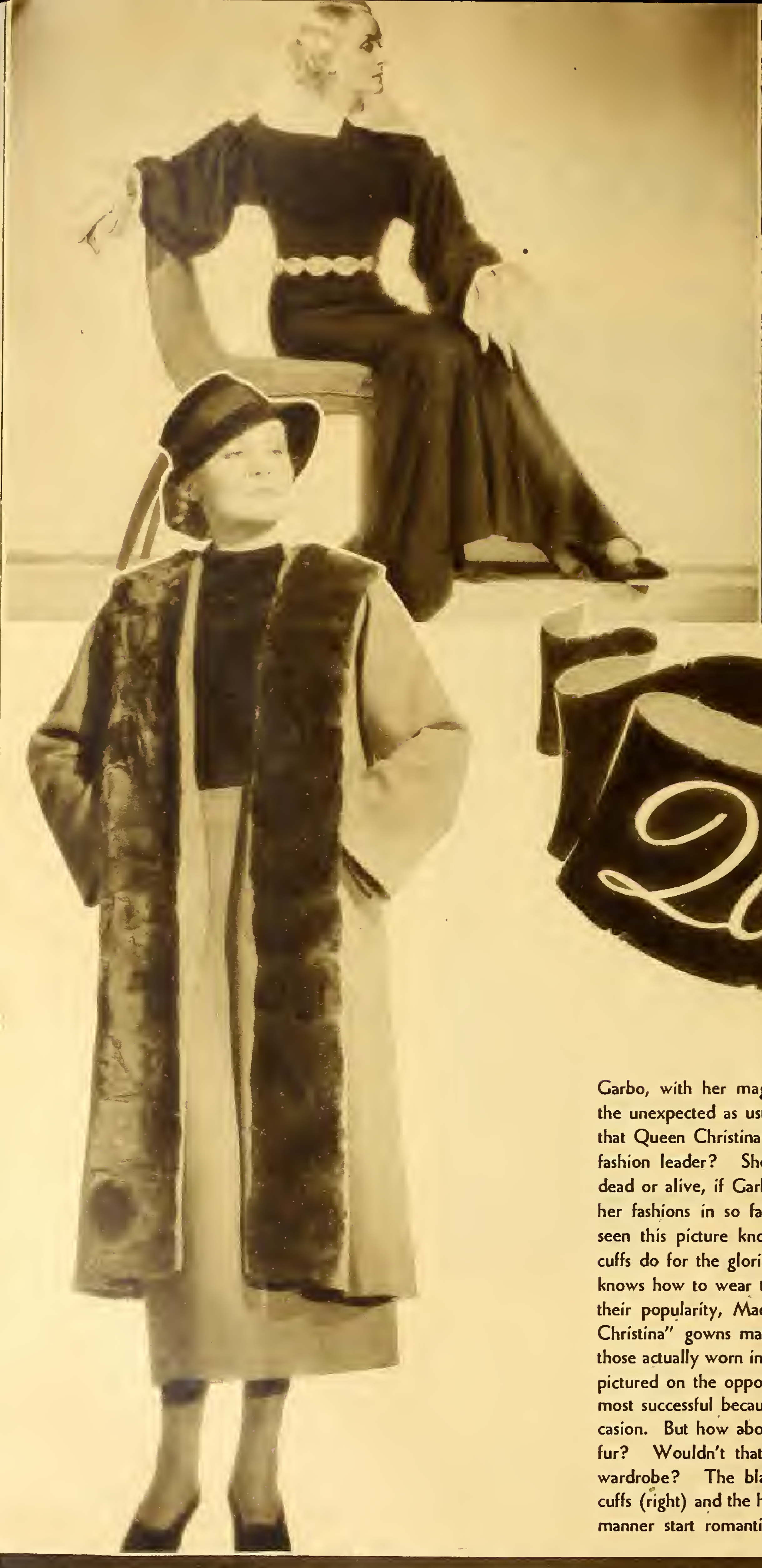
After a short but extremely interesting trial, she was dismissed with the assurance that she had better go back to her husband and be content with married life. As an actress, she would make a swell housekeeper. She came back to New York undaunted and, with the utmost self-assurance in her own ability and with the encouragement of her husband, she proceeded to take a course in stage technique and dancing. Her long limbs have always been a problem to her. Poise and grace were essential and despite the earnest application she had made to overcome this obstacle, she still moves awkwardly across a stage. But the awkwardness is that of a young boy and far from unattractive.

As she studied, she continued to look for work and one day she landed a job with John Golden who was trying out a play called "Night Hostess" in Minneapolis. Jobs have a peculiar habit of happening along in bunches and almost immediately after this, Katharine was offered a chance to play a leading part in "The Big Pond." Of course, she grabbed at the opportunity, only to find herself dismissed quite abruptly after a few days of rehearsal.

Any other girl would have called it a day and forgotten about trying to get somewhere on the stage after such discouragement—but not Miss Hepburn. Have you noticed what a strong jaw-line she has? She made the customary weary theatrical office rounds and finally succeeded in landing a small bit in a play named "These Days." This opus suffered from a strong dose of over-optimism in time allotment, for it folded up almost overnight.

She rehearsed for a while with Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom." I am quite sure that Mr. Howard was somewhat overcome when first introduced to his future leading lady. Katharine arrived for rehearsal hatless, her red hair blowing in somewhat untidy fashion about her face, the now famous freckles shining brightly on her white skin and her mouth bared in a clipped grin which showed two strong rows of white teeth. Her originality in dress has been a matter of wonder to all who know her. As she stood before Mr. Howard in a long black monk-like coat buttoned tightly at her throat, he probably felt he was indulging in the aftermath of a neat little hang-over. They rehearsed for five days. The script demanded that he clasp her thin, rigid body to him in fervent passion. Katie was as stiff and unresponsive as a poker. He must have felt as though he were making love to an ironing board. A novel experience to this finished actor of many years experience to work with this eager—but very green and unfinished actress. It was only a matter of a short time before she found, upon her arrival at the theatre one day, a brisk note of dismissal.

In her next engagement, Katharine had her longest job. She was understudy to Hope Williams in "Holiday," which turned into a hit. I doubt *(Continued on page 95)*



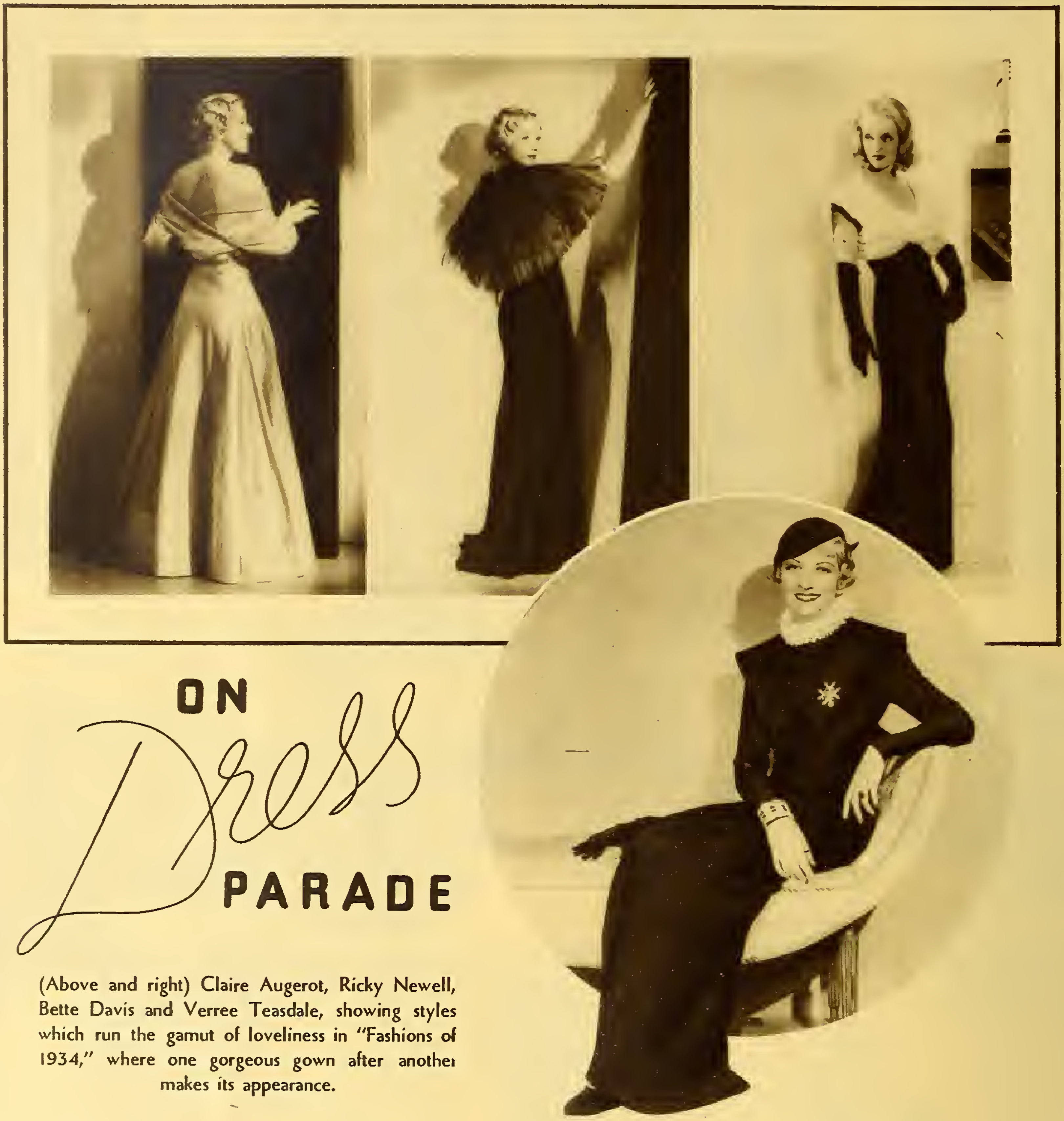
Queen

Garbo, with her magic wand in the dress direction, does the unexpected as usual. Who would ever have supposed that Queen Christina of Sweden would become our latest fashion leader? She never could have made the grade, dead or alive, if Garbo had not recreated her character and her fashions in so fascinating a form. Any girl who has seen this picture knows what the wide white collars and cuffs do for the glorification of a beauty who, incidentally, knows how to wear them with the utmost grace. Sensing their popularity, Macy's Cinema Shop has had "Queen Christina" gowns made for all of you—gowns inspired by those actually worn in this most successful movie. The dress pictured on the opposite page (above, right) is possibly the most successful because it can be worn for almost any occasion. But how about the coat (left), with stole collar of fur? Wouldn't that fill a conspicuous place in any girl's wardrobe? The black suit with white piqué collar and cuffs (right) and the hostess gown (top of page) in the same manner start romantic emotions even at a mere glimpse.

Inspired by Garbo herself in the role of "Queen Christina," these lovely creations

Christina 1934

bring an exciting note of high romance to the current season's fashions



ON Dress PARADE

(Above and right) Claire Augerot, Ricky Newell, Bette Davis and Verree Teasdale, showing styles which run the gamut of loveliness in "Fashions of 1934," where one gorgeous gown after another makes its appearance.

By MARGERY WELLS

GLAMOR hangs heavily over the dress salons of Paris. Glamor, even glorified, oozes from the flashing film, "Fashions of 1934," for it gives a glimpse of honest-to-goodness French couturier exhibition and selling.

This film gives you a behind-the-scenes picture of the place where styles have for centuries been created. Take it from one who knows, you get the real atmosphere; enough, at any rate, to make any fashion girl's spine go into waves and wiggles.

Dresses in droves pass before your eyes—silver and gold, lace and lamé, bare backs and sheltered ones, fancies and feathers.

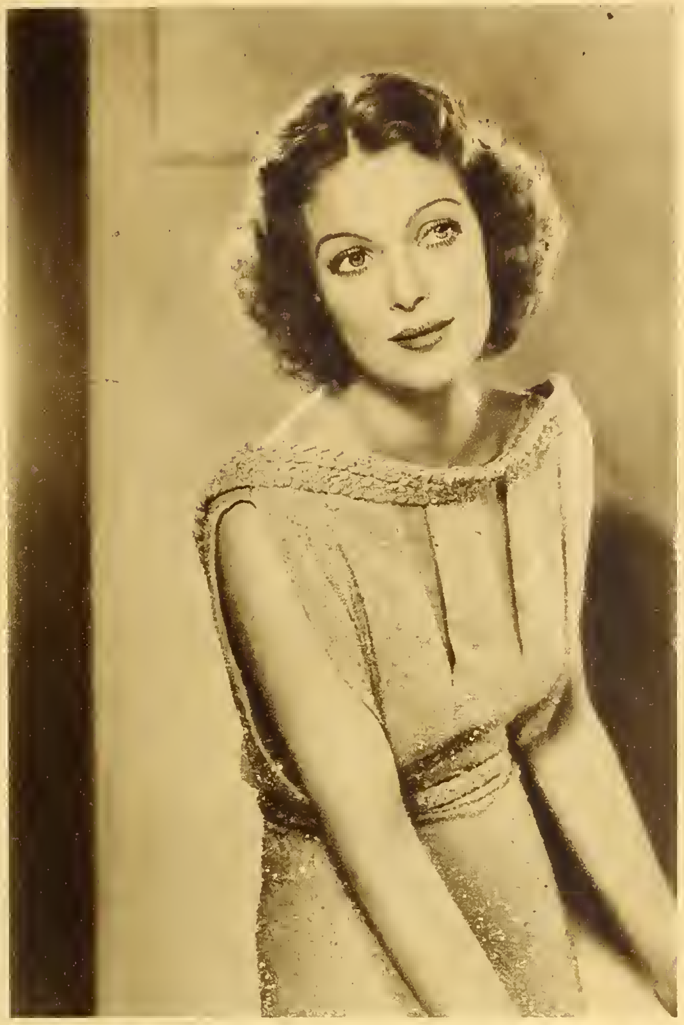
Feathers? Oh, my word! Carloads. Entire outputs of ostrich farms have been dumped upon a mirrored stage. Skirts, fans, hats, brassières, boots and everything made from curling, fluttering, waving feathers. A feather season is being launched and when you see how flattering their surrounding softness can be to one Verree Teasdale, it makes you want to do a Queen Mary and buy a lot of boas.

The slinky gowns of the season are all there, form-fitting and revealing, made from those spun metal threads which alone can do the trick of hugging the figure with gracefulness and allure. Day dresses, riding habits and sport togs appear, too. And, cleverly enough, it is shown how a designer in the "know" consults the pages of fashion history for inspirations in creating last minute styles.

Bette Davis, the youthful player of the piece, stands out naively against all this grandeur, largely because of her girlish and strictly American clothes. Her little sports models "sell" you on clinging to your own ideals and her evening dress of black velvet with a yoke of ermine is too fascinating for words. (*Continued on page 97*)

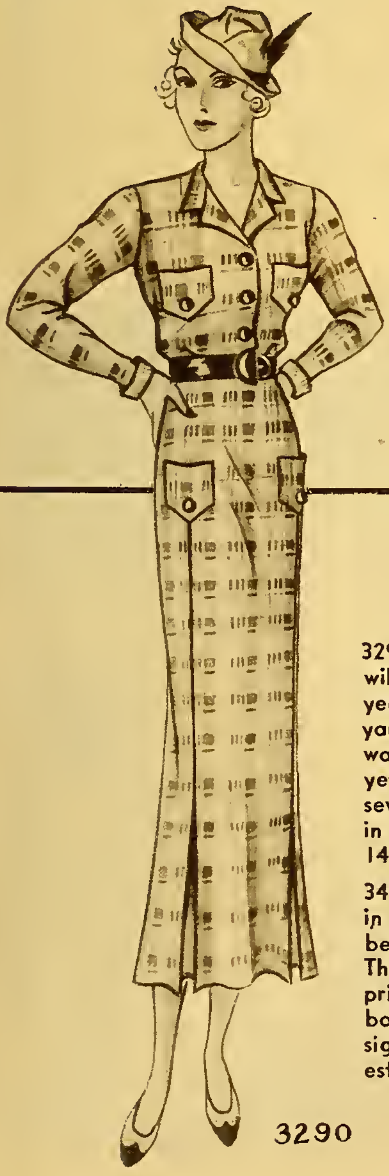
MODERN SCREEN Patterns

(Right) Loretta Young's favorite dinner frock is ready for you in pattern form.



TO ORDER PATTERNS

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



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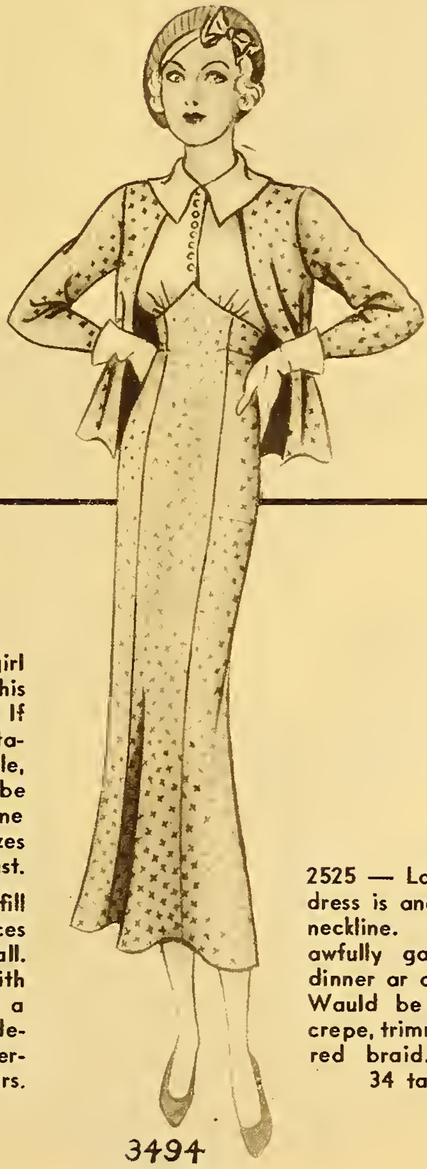
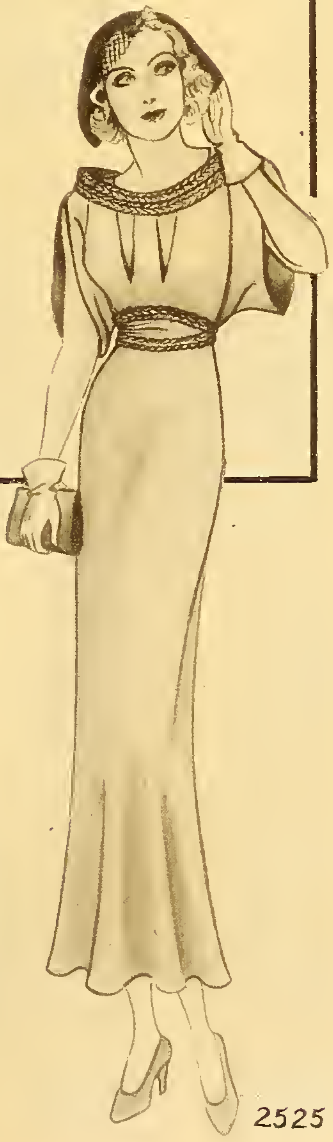


3494

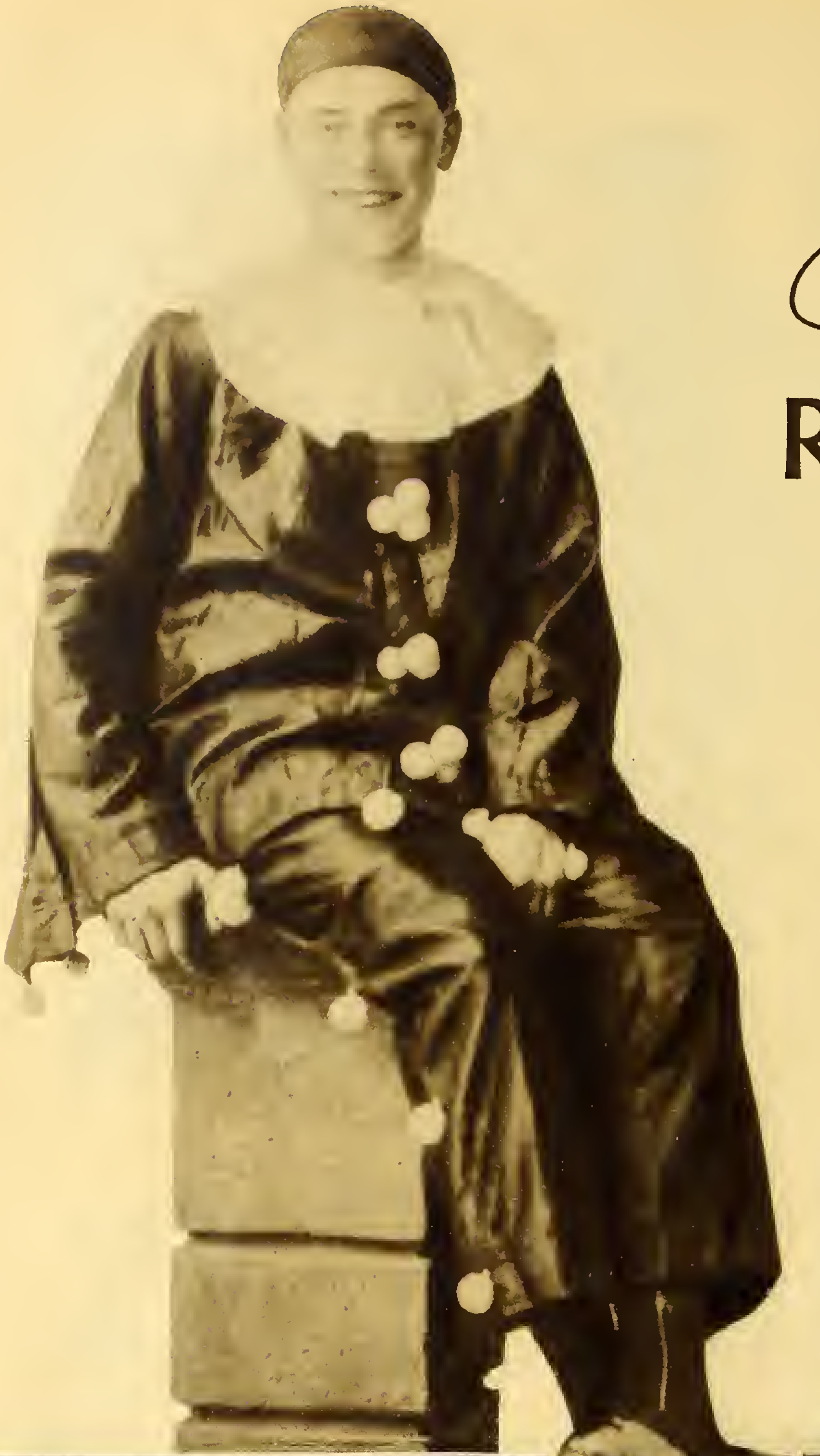


2525

3290—The shirtwaist girl will have her innings this year, and no mistake. If you have a tendency toward speed, this simple, yet perfect design can be sewn up on the machine in about two hours. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 42 bust.

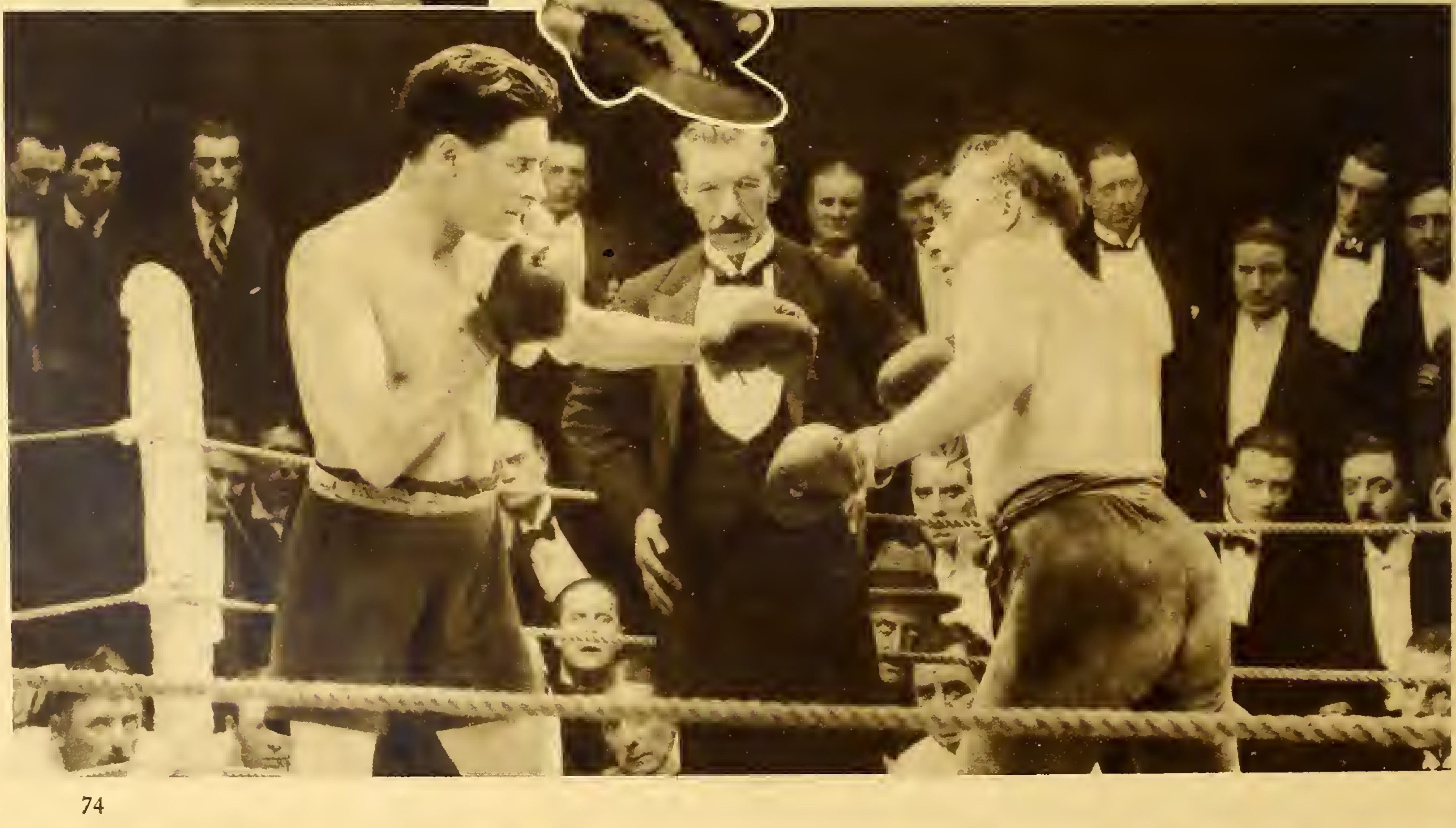
3494—Silk jacket suits fill in many wardrobe services between spring and fall. This one is made with printed crepe and has a bodice to make the design somewhat more interesting. Sizes 11-17 years.

2525 — Loretta Young's dress is one with the new neckline. It's really an awfully good model for dinner or afternoon wear. Would be nice in black crepe, trimmed with bright red braid. Sizes 14-20, 34 to 40 bust.



Ah there, RONNIE!

It's Ronald Colman. That's what we said—Ronald Colman. The Pierrot number at the left and gent in the ill-fitting trunks in the prize-ring are none other than the now suave, worldly and beautifully groomed Ronnie. You see, in 1916, Ronnie wasn't as famous as he is today. Nor as wealthy. He had to do something to earn his living. He was only too glad to act the clown in a British revue called "The Scallywags." Or to do a Maxie Baer in "The Son of David" for a British film company. If you'd like to know what Ronnie is doing now, he has well nigh completed "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Loretta Young is his leading lady.



"DIVING TAKES HEALTHY NERVES — AND SO DOES MY OFFICE JOB!"

Frank Crilley, Champion Deep-Sea Diver, *says:*

"Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! A diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. They never upset my nervous system."

Miss Elizabeth Harben,
Garden City, L. I., *says:*

"I know that deep-sea diving calls for healthy nerves. But, believe me, you can also feel plenty of real nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive. Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking—I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Do *your* responsibilities give you that "dragged through a knot hole" feeling? Do you come home tired, irritable, with nerves all askew?

Whatever your job or place in life, healthy nerves are worth any effort. Check up on your habits—your eating, your sleeping, your recreation—and do not overlook the subject of smoking. Turn to Camels, for the sake of your nerves. Any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you that

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. An important fact to nervous people!**

Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment. And how much better Camels taste—mild, rich in flavor, delightful. They never get on your nerves . . . never tire your taste.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CHOICE QUALITY

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

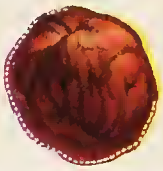
Dryness—a fault of your outer skin

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME

Smooth—Glossy
1. At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—they are both perfect!

Soft—Spongy
2. A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin.



Wrinkled—Discolored
3. Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No single cream can care for Both your skins!

TWO SKINS—Your *Outer Skin*, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

And *no single cream* can be made to contain both kinds of substance.

That is why there are *two* kinds of Pond's Creams. Why beautiful women constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks *deep down* into the under skin. It is *oily*. See how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream stays on the surface to soften and lubricate the *outer* skin only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.

Miss Anne Gould *lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, cares for both her skins, each with a different Pond's Cream.*

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it:

1. "***Every Night,*** I cleanse my skin to its depths with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I *pat* it in to bring up the circulation. It makes any skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "***Next,*** Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands . . . And I use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "***In the Morning,*** and during the day when needed, I repeat this. Pond's Cold Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly."

OUTER SKIN
UNDER SKIN

Two Creams needed for your Two Skins . . .

Your UNDER SKIN where wrinkles start needs an oil cream that goes deep down—supplies failing oils—Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquefying Cream.

Your OUTER SKIN where dryness comes needs an oilless cream that stays on the surface, restores moisture—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

POND'S
Liquefying Cream
POND'S
Cold Cream for Cleansing
POND'S
Vanishing Cream for Finishing

For your Under Skin	***For your Outer Skin***
Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.	—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
136 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 9¢ (postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name____________________________________

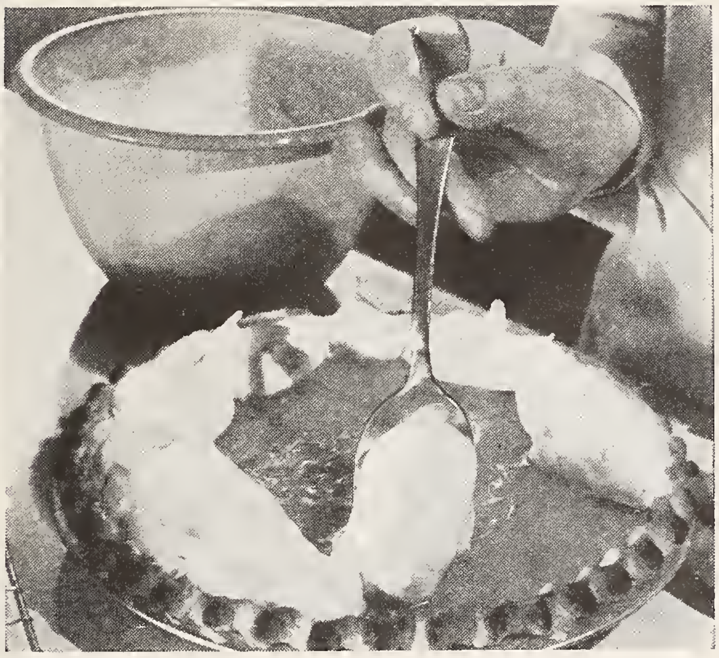
Street___________________________________

City_____________________State____________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

The MODERN hostess

Oh, oh! Wouldn't you just love to know how Judith Allen makes this hunger-provoking Butterscotch Pie with the cream and almond topping (above) or the meringue topping (below)?



PIES are certainly like the little girl who had the little curl right in the middle of her forehead—"when they are good they are very, very good, but when they are bad they are horrid!"

Now, you have probably heard women say how awfully difficult it is to make good pies. We have even heard them boast about their inability to make pastry that is fit for human consumption. For some quaint reason, they think it's something of which to be proud. Personally, we'd hate to admit that a couple of cups of flour and some shortening could throw us and we have been wont to brag that we could make a pie which was a guaranteed short cut to any man's heart. But we are here to admit that little Judith Allen taught us a couple of new tricks in pastry-making which make our erstwhile triumphs mediocre by comparison. That sweet young thing has collected from a genuine southern mammy a recipe for making pastry which is so unbelievably delicate that it falls apart at the touch of a fork and melts away in your mouth. And the swellest part of it all is that this magnificent pastry is a cinch to make. It takes a little time, but there is nothing intricate about it. We'll describe the method to you, just as Judith told it to us:

"First you sift some flour," said Judith. "Then you measure it, add salt and baking powder, and sift together three more times. Then you add vegetable shortening or lard and cut it into the flour, using two broad bladed knives, one in each hand. When the shortening is cut into little pieces about the size of grains of rice, you take a spoonful of ice water and sprinkle it over the flour. Now, with a fork, you stir in the water. Then sprinkle on another spoonful of water and mix that in. Keep this up until the dough holds together. Don't add too much, because if you do the dough will be sticky and hard to handle. Also, don't add too little or the dough will be crumbly. This is really the only tricky part—knowing when you have added enough water.

"When your dough clears the sides of the bowl, it is ready to be turned out onto a lightly floured board and rolled thin. Next you (*Continued on page 128*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for April, 1934.

Name...
(Print in pencil)

Address..
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

A NEW CHAMPION
in throat comfort

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smoke-heavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

*Send for illustrated premium list.

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

So, at first, the former love-birds said they hoped they never would find out what had happened. Then there was definite talk of a divorce, which has just petered out into what looks like a separation, during which they will live in separate houses and hope for the best. 'Tis rumored that Miss Fox has the avowed intention of continuing her career and is taking steps to put her intention into effect.

IRVING PICHEL just received a swell gift from a lady in France, a beautiful pair of gold cuff-links. With the links, however, came a note reading, "You remind me so much of my husband, of whose death I have just been acquitted by the Paris Courts, that I want you to have his cuff-links."

WHEN Joan Crawford saw a picture of Lanny Ross in the paper, she asked M-G-M to sign him for the singing lead in her next, "Pretty Sadie McKee." We understand that Lanny is doing right well at Paramount in "Melody In Spring," and certainly he's a nice looking chap. But the thing we wanted to mention was the fact that we are beginning to really appreciate the brain of Marion Davies. She saw the handwriting on the wall, knew that several of the gals on the lot were going to need singers and grabbed none other than Bing Crosby before the others could head him off. Now, we're not saying that Lanny Ross won't turn out to be the swellest bet in the world, but, at the moment, Bing Crosby is the biggest male box-office draw in the entire business.

THE BRIDE SPEAKS!

Sandra Shaw—or Mrs. Gary Cooper, if you wish—has been described as being a "very meek and lovely young lady, far different from the usual Hollywood gal." While we agree that she is lovely, we must take issue with that meek business. Upon being told that, "The lady star in Gary's next picture often works far into the night. Are you good at waiting home alone?" Mrs. Cooper replied, with vigor: "So? I'll soon put a stop to that!" And, what's more, with her determined chin and all, we just bet she does!

LOLA LANE and her announced husband-to-be, Al Hall, have reached the "postponement stage" in the marriage date idea.

THERE is a certain blonde and very beautiful moom pix star in Hollywood who has found a way to beat the scandal artists at their own game. This little gal has figured out that the only method of stamping to earth malicious gossip concerning herself is to beat various "hot" members of the press to the punch. Thus, whenever a rumor is floating around, she will approach members of the Fourth Estate with this, "And I hear that the latest dope on me is that I am" (here she will blurt out the "latest" with a loud laugh.) The funny thing is that it works. The reaction of the press is always the same: "Well, after all, if she talks about it, it must be a flock of hooey!" This being the first time the writers of Hollywood have ever run up against such disarming frankness, you really can't blame them.

PETER ARNO has developed into one of the most persistent guys in town, at least as far as Carole Lombard is concerned. But Blonde Carole won't give him a tumble.

A BRAND NEW "wife-in-the-background" star has just arrived in Hollywood from Europe. Carl Brisson! When he jumped from the train (with his eighteen trunks) and was met by a gang from Paramount, his Little Woman got off unnoticed! This fellow Brisson is a matinee idol in Europe and has been married to this one gal for sixteen years. Her background must be good!

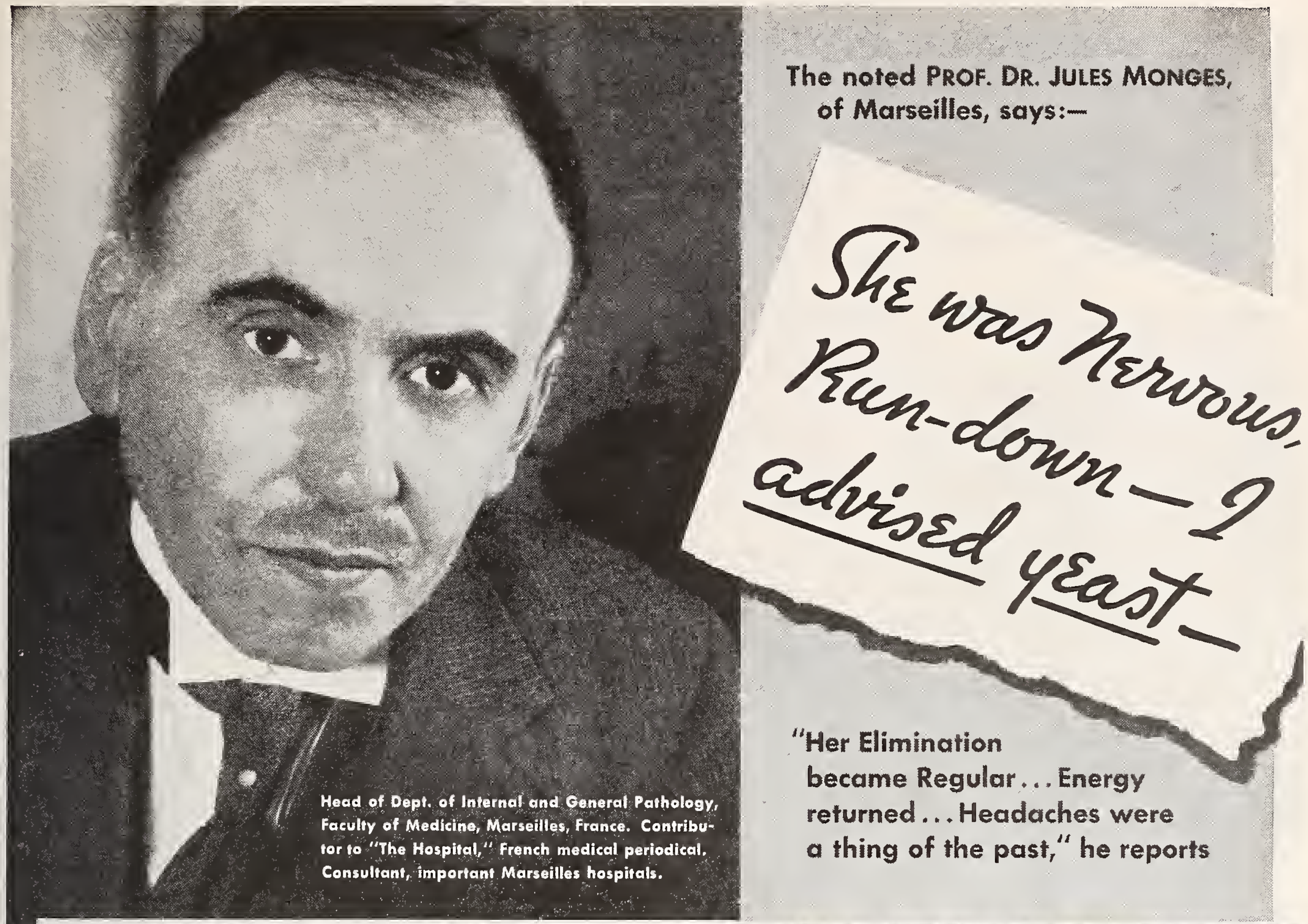
REMEMBER the Charles Bickford picture, "Dynamite"? That was Russ Columbo who played the boy in the prison cell singing, "How Am I to Know?"

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer have decided to "annul their engagement," Mae claiming, "I don't want to allow marriage to stop my career and marriage is a thing that takes just that much concentration."

Sidney counters, "I still love her. I've asked her to marry me. She wants a career first. I hope that is the only reason."

Of course, we had our own little hunch about the whole deal. The other evening at an opening, one of the demon magazine photographers got a bit mixed and asked, "Mr. Clarke, would you step in closer?"

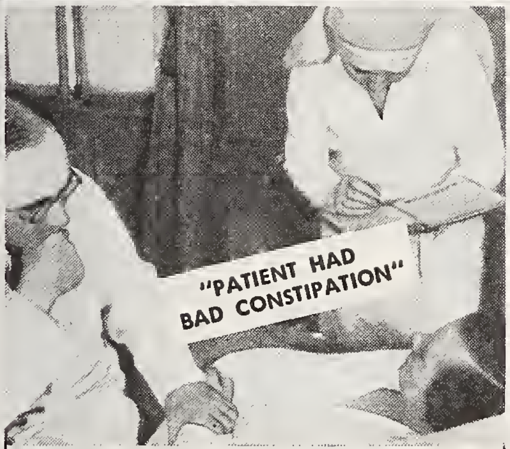
(*Continued on page 114*)


She was Nervous, Run-down—I advised yeast—

The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

"Her Elimination became Regular . . . Energy returned . . . Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports

Head of Dept. of Internal and General Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, important Marseilles hospitals.



"THIS CASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down—subject to frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly . . .

"LAXATIVES MADE MATTERS WORSE"

"THE FLUOROSCOPE showed her colon was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives. I advised eating yeast . . .

"YEAST KEEPS INTESTINES CLEAN"

"HER IMPROVEMENT was extraordinary. Eliminations were regular. Energy returned." (X-ray shows healthy condition of intestines—result of yeast).

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help you get rid of indigestion—boils—pimples—loss of pep? YES—very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food with astonishing "corrective" properties:

CONSTIPATION. It *softens* the waste in the body, *strengthening* the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better.

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in 3 indispensable vitamins —B, D and G—often deficient in our diet.)

You *do* feel better—the minute your system starts carrying off its impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches often stop entirely. Your *skin* takes on new life . . . quickly rids itself of pimples, boils, blemishes. You *look* so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Won't you start now?

Copyright. 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I HAD HEADACHES—and pimples broke out on my face," *writes* Dahlia Upchurch, *of Richmond, Va.* (at right). "I decided to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon—no more headaches. My skin cleared up."

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

FILL
YOUR HOME with
Springtime
FRESHNESS

Liquid Incense

Perfumes the Air
Freshens the Atmosphere
Banishes Unpleasant Odors

A new thrill awaits you and your friends! Simply apply a few drops of L'Orday Air Perfume on a light bulb or any hot surface; or better still, on a L'Orday Evaporator made especially for this purpose. Suddenly a delicate fragrance fills the room like a breath of Spring air, laden with the scent of budding flowers. So refreshing and stimulating that your entire home assumes a new cheerful personality . . . adding beauty and charm to yourself and surroundings. Try it today. Your choice of three delightful fragrances: Romance, Gayety, Ecstasy.

L'ORDAY
AIR PERFUME
ROMANCE

On sale at most
5 and 10c stores

10 and
20 cents

Evaporator, 5 cents

If unobtainable, mail coin or stamps to Avon Laboratories, 5205 Shields Ave., Chicago.

L'ORDAY
AIR PERFUME
LIQUID INCENSE

Who Is Freddie's Boss?

(*Continued from page 49*)

there. If this quality in Fred March seems well buried and not discernable after even repeated scratchings, you can credit Florence Eldridge again.

When he was first getting up in pictures, he used to come home from the studio still in the character he had been portraying. He'd act all around the house. When he was making "The Royal Family," he used to come home in that pseudo-Barrymore role, one eyebrow raised in that quizzical Barrymore frown, and just *be* Tony Cavendish all over the place.

ONE night after watching him for a while, Florence said, "Listen, if you don't stop that and be yourself, I'll think I'm living in adultery with another man. Cut it out!"

Fred cut it out. Ever since, he's left all his acting in the studio.

Penelope March, the little eighteen months old cherub the Marches adopted a year and a half ago, was Florence's idea. To see Fred around that baby now is to know how it has enriched and broadened his life, how it has added to his happiness and humanity. But when the subject first came up, Fred was dead against it. If you couldn't have your own baby, why just forget it. Adoption wasn't the answer to that problem.

But Florence, guiding the March craft with a steady hand, finally won Fred over. It's another bright mark for the Little Woman, for now Fred wonders why he ever said no.

Now he's planning for another, a boy. They're going to get it sometime during the coming year and in that new French provincial house they're building in Beverly Hills, enough extra rooms are being provided, Fred says proudly, for three children.

That new house is Florence's important job right now. While Fred is just beginning his new two-year contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, beginning what he expects will be the most important phase of his career, Florence is seeing to it that Fred will have a place in which to enjoy the fruits of his new labors.

For in that new contract is written that in the first year Fred is to get twelve consecutive weeks' vacation. Three months off! And the following year he'll get eight weeks in a row, and then later four weeks. He wants that time off because he and Florence want to do things. She has never been to Europe. Fred was there once, for a short time. Now they want to go together. After all, the contract that he just concluded never gave him a chance for a real vacation. Now they're going to have some fun together. And, then, Penelope is beginning to make her old man yearn for time off to get acquainted.

THE plans for the new house are all Florence's. Of course, an architect drew them up, but on her design. And no interior decorators will be needed when the rooms are ready to be furnished. She's taking care of that.

A few weeks ago when the Marches were in New York on a vacation, I went up to see them. On a chair in a corner of their sitting-room was a pile of samples of brocades, brocatelles, satins and cretonnes. Out of them Florence was trying to pick the stuff from which draperies for the new house would be made, stuff for chair coverings and wall hangings. Primarily, the trip was a vacation and like all exiles to darkest Hollywood who escape to New York occasionally, they wanted to see the shows and hear a few good concerts. But somehow Florence got prowling around in the shops and that new house became more important than anything else. The result is that she forgot everything else in favor of loading up with decorating material.

Florence made one picture in Hollywood last year with Richard Barthelmess. I asked Fred about it. Did she want to get back on the stage? No, she didn't. She did it to get money to buy him his Christmas presents.

"She thought it was a better idea than asking me for it," he said, "and buying me something with my money."

And what did she buy him for Christmas?

"Stuff for the house," he answered.

An old Georgian silver inkwell Fred had always admired and wanted for his desk was among them, a couple of old Currier and Ives prints, to add to several already hanging in the March menage, and a Sheraton table. That doesn't sound as though the Marches have gone Hollywood yet.

One gift that Fred March got from Florence I saw myself. It was a copy of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. It was just another of those little things she has continually done to keep Fred headed in the right direction, for the first picture he is making for Twentieth Century, the one he has just started work on, is "The Firebrand," a play built around incidents in the life of Cellini. So he has been able to start work with an understanding of the character he's to portray.

When the Marches were married they had a double ring ceremony. On the second finger of the left hand of each is a slim platinum band. Inside of each is inscribed, "No more beyond thine eyes." It is a quotation taken from a line in Edna St. Vincent Millay's libretto, "The King's Henchman":

"And now I shall look no more beyond thine eyes."

The Freddie Marches have found that a pretty good quotation. They haven't had to look beyond each other.

So You Won't Talk, Connie

(*Continued from page 33*)

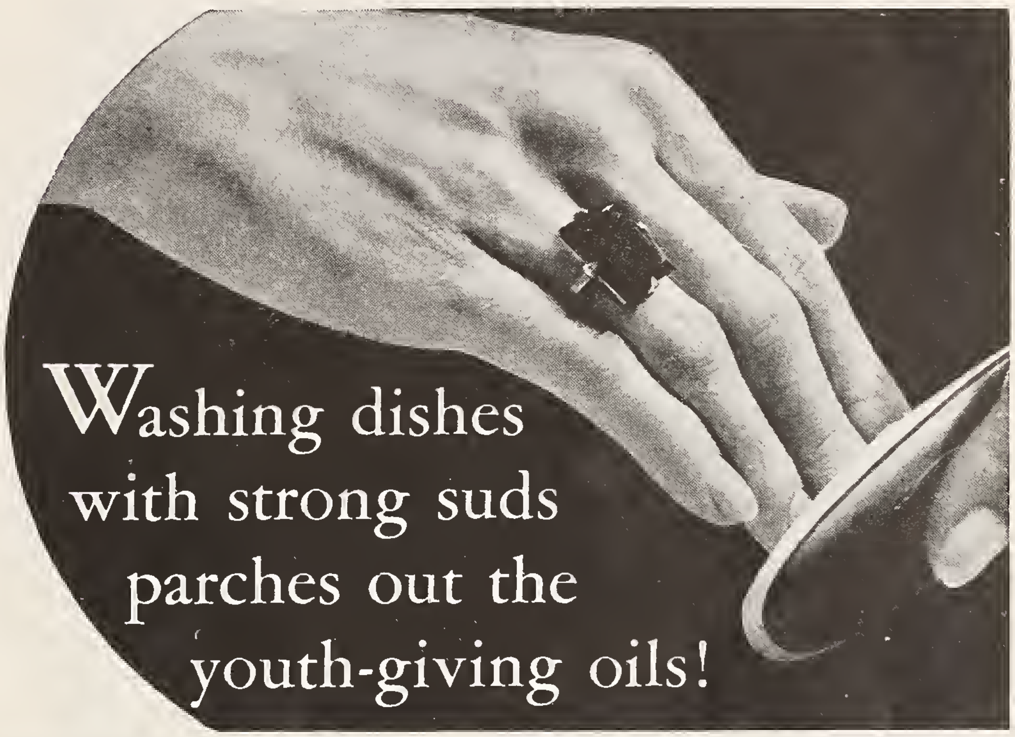
illuminated her face could not have been assumed by the most consummate actress. Connie loved Phil Plant and it was very plainly written for everyone to see.

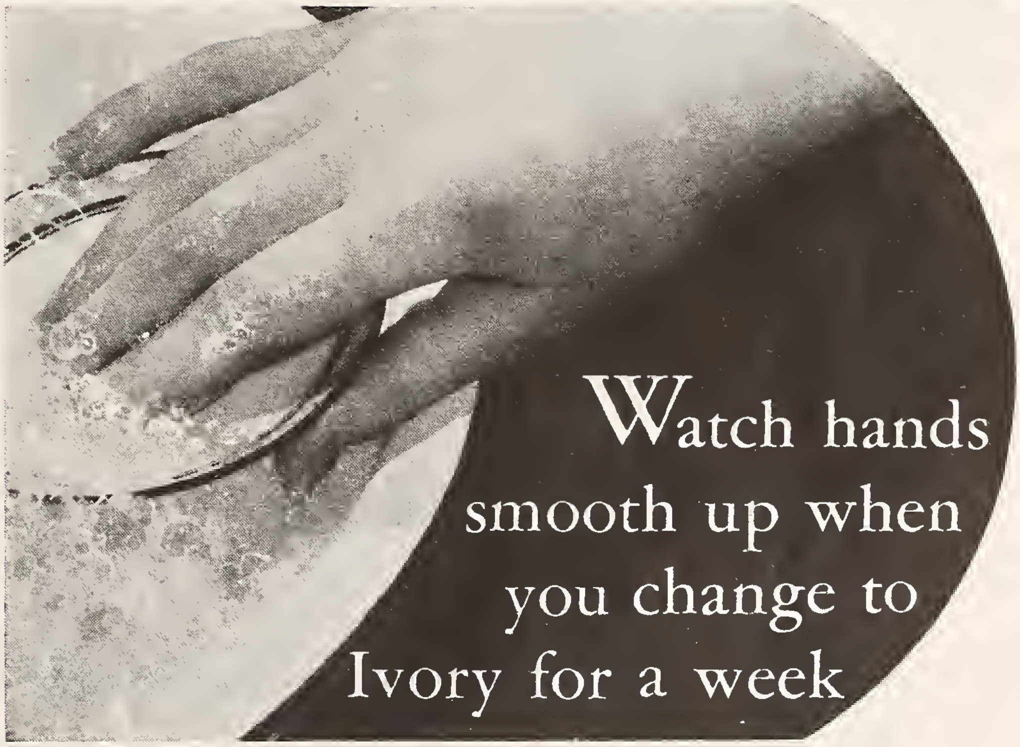
Eventually they were married. Connie abandoned her promising film career because Phil wanted to travel in Europe. And for the next year or two, whatever Phil desired was law to Connie, as she dwelt in a honeymoon happiness. Hollywood almost lost track of her as Constance Bennett, though we did read of the social activities of the fascinating Mrs. Phil Plant. Quite suddenly and rather unexpectedly, they were divorced.

Just what happened between the beginning of the paragraph above and the end of it, no one knows except, perhaps, Connie's intimate friends. They may have guessed. But one thing most definitely did take place. Phil Plant broke Constance Bennett's heart. He broke it thoroughly, shattering it into a hundred little pieces. There are those who will tell you that this was the period during which something "happened" to Connie. Plant made a million-dollar settlement on her, to be paid in installments. This, of course, attracted world-wide attention and

Why two people as young and handsome as Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak should want to spend their lives examining microscopes is beyond us. In spite of Ann's successful comeback in "Massacre," she and Les are still stubborn about their urge to study bacteriology. They're planning to go to Vienna for their studies.

"*Why do my* Hands *look so* OLD?"





If you'll let Ivory do *all* your soap-and-water tasks, your hands will get smoother, softer—*younger.* Ivory is so pure—it is gentle even to a baby's skin . . 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

there were those who flipped, "Oh, well, that was all she wanted anyway, so . . . . "

But there was no answer from Connie. With her jaw set a little more firmly and a new stand-out-of-my-way-from-now-on look in her eyes, she took the first part of her settlement and returned to Hollywood to pick up the pieces of the movie career that she had begun before her marriage to Plant.

THERE was a ruthlessness and a determination in her onslaught this time that could not be denied. She seemed to be concentrating, forcing, pushing her way through the battlefront of Hollywood as though she wanted desperately to accomplish her ends. Perhaps she was at times rude—heedless, but she pushed on relentlessly. She once said, "I shall not rest until I have earned my own million to match Phil Plant's."

"And then what, Connie?" a friend asked.

"I think I might give it back to him," she snapped.

Pictures and more pictures. Work and more work. If she drove others, she also drove herself. Women (and often men) employ the tactics Hollywood has charged against Connie Bennett when they are goaded to avenge an inner hurt. To someday make somebody see what they can do, how firmly they can stand even without that which has been taken away from them rightfully or wrongfully.

Then, in time, the intensity of the pace slackened. The inner hurt healed. She married the Marquis de la Falaise and they moved to a beautiful home with her little blond curly-headed boy, Peter. A great portion of the antagonism of her personality dropped by the roadside of her personal happiness, though none of the drive was lost in her work. They began to say, "Connie can be the staunchest friend in the world, but I'd hate to have her for an enemy."

Then the depression began to take its toll.

You remember the depression. It had an awful way of leveling humanity, of lowering great fortunes with one fell swoop and of turning very rich people into very bewildered people who, for the first time in their lives, were forced to come face to face with bank balances which did not and would not stretch from their old desires to their new wherewithals.

Now, wait, before you rush on to the conclusion that Phil Plant's fortune was swept away in the depression. It wasn't. But Phil Plant's fortune was tied up in stock and bond investments and trust funds that were neither expanded nor increased by the depression. Besides this, it is common knowledge that Phil's money comes to him in chunks every three or four years. In other words, what he got in 1930 might have been supposed to last him until 1934. Thus, recently, Phil Plant boarded a train for California. He went there to see Connie.

WALTER WINCHELL, who knows lots of things, wrote, "Phil Plant took off for Hollywood yesterday to see if Connie Bennett wouldn't settle the remainder of her divorce settlement for a flat sum of $65,000."

Nice going, Mr. Winchell. Mistaken in only one small detail. Phil Plant did not come to California to offer Connie $65,000. Phil Plant came to Hollywood to *borrow* money from Connie and ask her advice on several important business matters. Plant came across what he thought to be an excellent business opportunity, found his money too well tied up to allow him to take it and had come to Constance for advice on the deal and to negotiate a loan pending his next payment from his inheritance estate.

Just stop to imagine the situation for a moment. Remember that you are dealing with Constance Bennett, the snooty girl who won't get off the train to autograph fan books, the gal who thinks only of driving hard bargains—the ruthless, militant Miss Bennett of Hollywood. Also, remember that this little Miss Impossible was now dealing with an Old Love who had been responsible for all the cold steel her heart was supposedly wrapped in. If Connie Bennett had carried out Hollywood's own characterization of herself, she would have drawn up her shoulders and said politely, "So sorry. So very, very sorry." And that would have been the end of that.

Before Phil Plant left Hollywood, she was prepared to let him have something over $60,000. And to top it off, Connie called in her own managers and lawyers to help her give him that much needed advice.

Phil Plant didn't accept Connie's offer. Upon his return to New York, a nice little rise in the market had made available certain investments which he had hesitated to sell at a loss. We understand that he immediately wrote her the grandest telegram that has ever been received, telling her of his appreciation for her generous advice and the offer to fill in a temporary financial breach. He said he would never forget her kindness.

So, the other afternoon, I told Connie I was going to write the true story behind her former husband's visit to Hollywood.

"What truth?" inquired Connie, looking very bland and surprised.

"That Winchell was slightly mistaken about Phil coming out here to settle money on you and that he really came out to borrow some and, what's more, you arranged to give it to him."

"Nonsense," said Connie shortly. "Mr. Plant merely wanted a little business advice. That's all I have to say about it. But really, Mr. Plant has so much money it isn't even funny."

Then she smiled, looked at me and said, "Besides, don't you know I'm the girl who never gives an inch, just the ritzy Miss Bennett?"

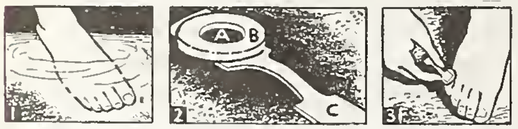
It was a slick little alibi. I might even have been led to believe it if I hadn't known better. But you must know by now, she's the darndest woman!

Imagine doing that last number with a BAD CORN!

● Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

● Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." ● Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain stops the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. ● Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscientific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.



1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

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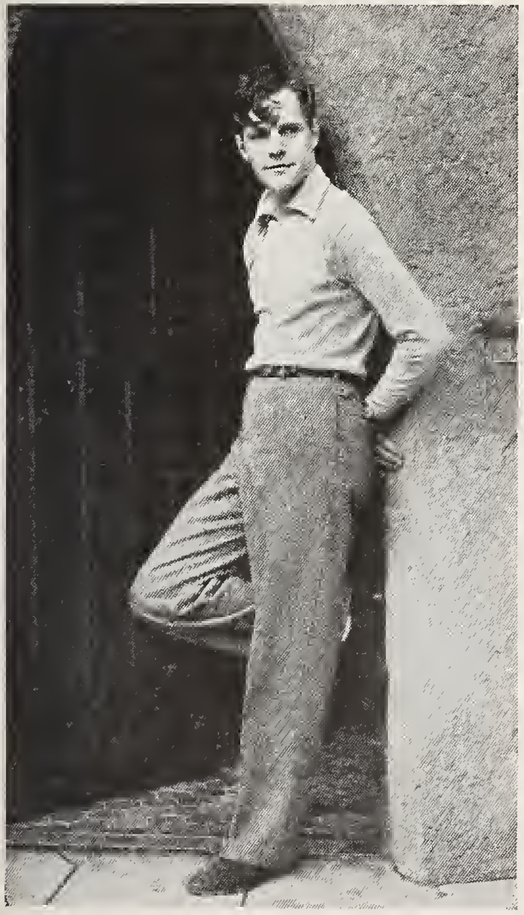
Anna Sten, "Passionate Peasant"

(*Continued from page 61*)

SHE spoke of a scene in "Karamazov." It was made in a train station. In Berlin, she and the director and Fritz Kortner, the great German actor, went to the shed the first afternoon to shoot the sequence, a tender love scene, against the background of the panting locomotive. From high overhead, a single ray of sunshine shot down through the smoky space. When the train came along, they got ready. As it puffed away, they shot the scene. Her director thought it wasn't good. So they came back the next day and shot it again. Only one train a day stops in the shed and even then the sun doesn't shine every day in Berlin. But by coming back every day, they had the shot at the end of three weeks.

It was a strange contrast to "Nana," as an introduction for Miss Sten to the American screen. In one scene in "Nana" Anna was stretched out across a chaise longue with Phillips Holmes kneeling at her feet, his face close to hers. The eyes of two great boxed cameras shot up within twelve inches of her. Each camera was manned by four or five men. Dorothy Arzner, directing the picture, watched intently from underneath. From above, batteries of sunarc lamps shot down. Prop men and make-up men stood about with a couple



Donald Woods, fresh from the New York stage, will be seen in "As the Earth Turns," and "Merry Wives of Reno."

EVENING
AFTERNOON
MORNING

PECK & PECK *tells you how to save lovely* **STOCKINGS** *from a cruel fate: "Use* **IVORY FLAKES**"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

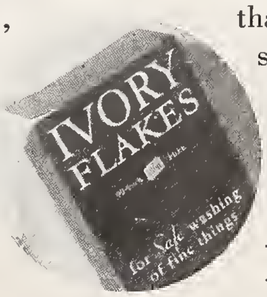
They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best . . . cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap . . . it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water."

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute!

And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. And why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!



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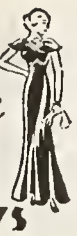

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of tons of equipment all focused on a passionate love scene, supposedly taking place in the darkness and the intimacy of a bedchamber.

ANNA lives in a beach house in Santa Monica. She likes the pounding surf. She lives simply with her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke. Frequently he goes back to look after his housing developments in the Berlin suburbs. In Hollywood, he is working on a comedy short that will star Jimmy Savo.

They say he's a nice guy. When he and Anna first took a house in Hollywood, they hired a negro cook. Her idea of a meal was a supper of pork chops at about six in the evening. Anna and Dr. Frenke liked a rousing Russian dinner of cabbage soup, herring and shashlik at high noon. The doctor is mysterious in explaining how they settled their argument. He says it was a compromise—always compromise.

Once he asked the southern mammy to shine his shoes. She said colored girls in America didn't do that kind of thing. He made her take off her shoes. Rolling up his sleeves, he shined them for her.

Please, Mr. DeMille, What Is Glamor?

(*Continued from page 34*)

a real diamond, a real pearl or a real ruby. And I give you my word not once has it been chosen. They always choose some bauble instead.

"The reason for that is simple. My one valuable jewel required setting. If it were displayed in Tiffany's or Cartier's window, reposing brilliantly upon a black velvet pillow they would all stop to admire it. Then it would have glamor. But when it is tossed in with a bunch of worthless stuff nobody knows its value.

"In the same way glamor can sometimes be aided by setting and background. If you know a woman has a reputation as a heart breaker, if you know that hundreds of men have been in love with her, that she is noted for her charm, you will accept her glamor. Others without such a background must prove themselves.

"And how is that done? It is truly a matter of confidence. Year after year I watch the new recruits come to Hollywood. They are a bunch of raw, unsophisticated, none too pretty kids. A year or so later the public is amazed to see that they have blossomed out into exciting, glamorous women. Girls, comparing the pictures of these youngsters when they first came to Hollywood and a year later, wonder, 'Why can't I undergo that change, too?' Well, the answer is—you can.

"What happens is this. There is a spark of glamor in those raw recruits. It takes a practiced eye to see it without the setting, but it is there. Glamor manifests itself in the smallest gestures. Two women can stand side by side at a kitchen stove boiling eggs and one will have glamor and the other won't. One's movements will be interesting and alluring even at this bromidic task. The other will be dull and sodden at her job.

"Very well. Then in some of these new girls there is that vital spark of glamor. A director sees it. He picks the girl from the crowd and gives her confidence by telling her that she has glamor, by believing in her.

"When she begins to realize that someone believes in her she feels her power. She is no longer timid and afraid—and lo!—the little spark of glamor becomes a blazing fire which lights the entire world.

YES, it is true that glamor can wax and wane. It has nothing to do with beauty, nothing to do with age. I've seen hundreds of women far from beautiful who have the rare quality of glamor. And many, many women past fifty are still glamorous. But glamor goes when confidence goes and this much is certain—glamor cannot be imitated.

"I wish I could talk personally to every woman reader of this magazine. There is a message that I would give them all. Don't imitate. Create your own personality. That's what Garbo has done. And Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford. All of these women and many, many more have started their own fashions, created their own vogues. Stupid girls have imitated them, girls who would have had real glamor if they had been individual.

"Glamor does not change, but our conception of it does. Certainly we cannot deny—what with all the stories concerning it—that Cleopatra was a glamorous woman, yet if she were to appear today exactly as she was, she would be a freak and a laughing stock. That is because our ideas have changed so much. However, the essence of glamor is the same.

"Gloria Swanson certainly had and still has glamor. Yet if you would run any of her old pictures—and I'm not excluding those I directed—you would discover yourself laughing at many of the scenes.

"I know that very often I tell my children of some very dramatic and exciting film I have directed. To me it is as wonderful as it was when I had my first enthusiasm for it. I run it for them, thinking that I will get a vicarious thrill out of their enjoyment. And the thing, made really just a few years ago, creaks with age and is ridiculous now.

"But glamor is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. It cannot be created. It can be—and is constantly—developed.

"Develop glamor by being feminine, subtle, charming and—more important than anything—individual."

How I'm Teaching My Daughter

(Continued from page 57)

little plans, I suppose. They are all for her future.

For instance, the main hall in our house has a marble floor and only the other day, Charlie remarked that it was awfully cold looking and we ought to have it torn up and replaced with something else. But I objected. I said, "Just think how ideal it will be for dances when Mary grows up and gives parties." So Charlie immediately agreed with me and the marble floor remains. Then we have a beautiful arbor that is the perfect romantic spot for her to sit with beaux.

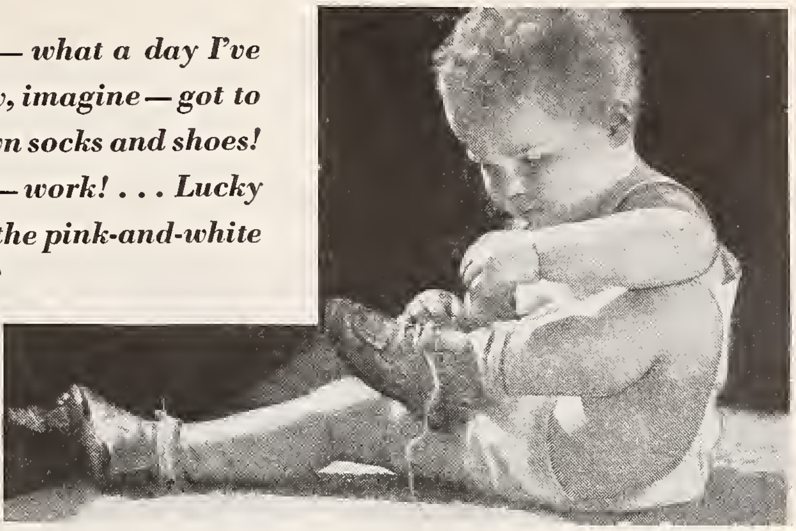
Oh, I guess as she grows older, Mary, like most young girls, will get the urge to express herself. Everyone goes through that phase. So if she wants to take a job or go on the stage, I won't stand in her way, but I'd much prefer her doing nothing. I just want her to be happy.

Lots of people have asked me what I think of the advanced methods in modern education. I am ashamed to say that I know very little about this, but what I do know, I certainly don't like. I do not believe that a child should only do the things he or she happens to feel like doing. I believe that from its earliest years a child should be disciplined. Why, this is only fair to the child. It is decidedly not fair to let a child go one third of its life without discipline and then let it fall, willy-nilly into life with its imperative demands, into a life that insists upon rigid discipline. You can't keep a job or a husband or a home unless you know the full meaning of self-discipline.

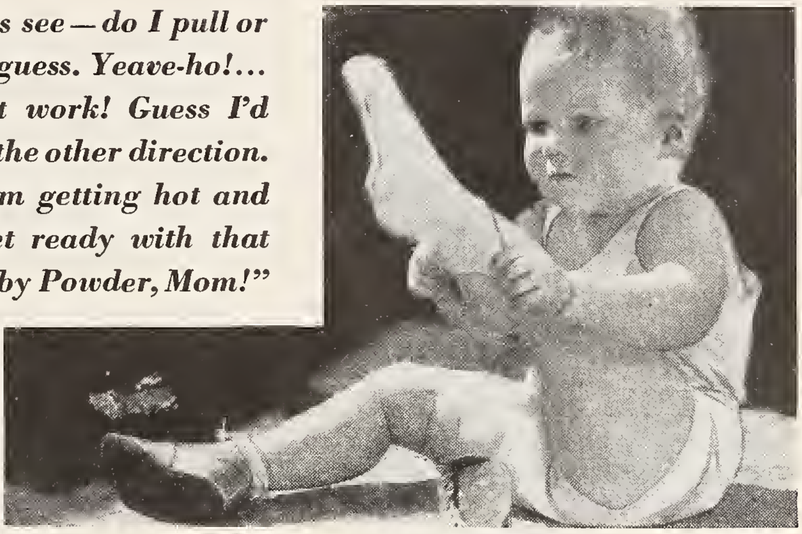
They ask me how I punish Mary. Of course, I do not believe one should ever

Baby LeRoy has a competitor! And it's none other than Mrs. Arlen's young son, Richard, Jr., who is co-starring with his Dad and Sally Eilers in "Baby in the Icebox."

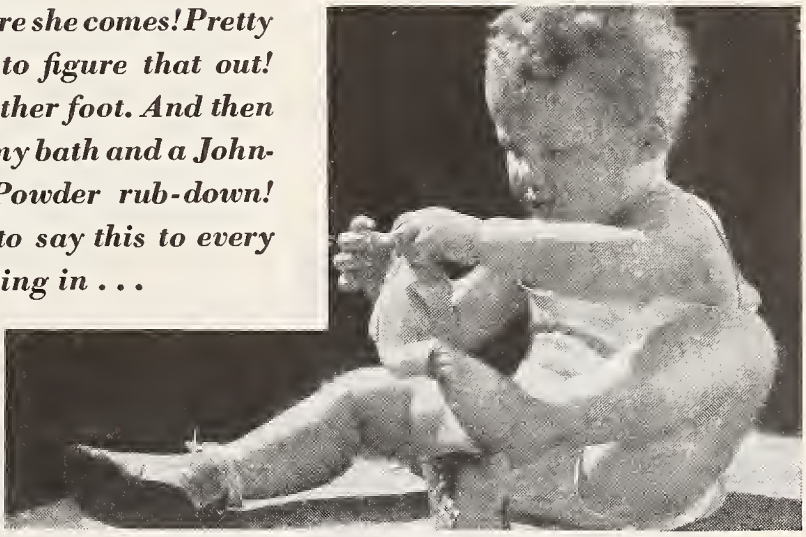
● *"Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."*



● *"Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho!... Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"*



● *"Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh, boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . .*



● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"*

• • •

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through my home-study Physical Culture Course. What this training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU too. Send NOW for my FREE booklet. Give name, age and address for full particulars. Joe Bonomo, 230-G, Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

strike a child. As for punishments, I am at a loss. I really am scared. I wouldn't know what to do. I hate to say this, but Mary has never been naughty. She is an extremely docile child. When it's time for her to go to bed, instead of making a fuss, she says good night and trots along with her nurse.

HOWEVER, I don't like her to be too meek. I'm afraid she'll develop into one of these good-natured girls who let everyone take advantage of them.

As for sex. Well, I'm not afraid for Mary. I'd be more afraid if I had a little boy. I think little boys have more ideals than little girls. I think they are far more innocent. Girls seem to have a protective instinct about things.

I, myself, learned about sex in the nicest possible way from my mother. I would have hated to have gathered information through locker-room gossip. With Mary, as soon as she asks me questions, I shall, with the able aid of my husband, do my best to answer them intelligently. I believe that if a child is old enough and wise enough to ask, then at least she should receive the courtesy of an intelligent answer.

There is one phrase in the American language that I consider silly, idiotic, stupid and altogether unnecessary. That is when people say a girl is ruined. No girl can be ruined—ever. I shall tell this to Mary.

Like most professional mothers, I am obliged to be away a great deal from my daughter. Although this is very difficult for me, I believe it is a good thing for her. Every mother is tempted to concentrate entirely too much on the welfare of her child. This selfish monopoly is bad for the child. Being away from Mary makes her independent of me. To my mind there is nothing worse than a possessive mother.

In the spring I am returning to Hollywood to make "What Every Woman Knows" for M-G-M. Mr. Thalberg bought it for me. Perhaps they'll change their minds and say there is not enough picture material in it. As far as I'm concerned, it is my favorite play. After that, I'll probably do one more picture. *And then I'm through!*

I have to give myself credit. Fully three years ago I said that after three years I'd be washed up with pictures and I'm sticking to this. Following the hit of "Madelon Claudet," which was a tremendous surprise to everyone including myself, Mr. Mayer sent for me and said, "Well, now you're through with the stage."

Through with the stage! Me! It's as if someone would suddenly say you're through with sleeping or eating or, for that matter, breathing. Since I was the smallest child, the stage has been a vital part of me. And I'll tell you this, and I say it sincerely, pictures do not need me.

I have no glamor. I am just an actress. The stage actually needs what I have to give, my years of experience, my technique. Pictures do not need that. They can accomplish anything with the twist of a camera's lens. They have glamorous creatures like Hepburn, like Miriam Hopkins. They do not need me.

On the stage I can play any type of role I choose. But tell me, tell me this, would Hollywood ever have allowed me to play "Mary of Scotland?" Would they? I'll give you your answer. Never, never. Not in a thousand years. Not when they have a Garbo. I don't blame them. But I feel I have something to give and I feel that here on Broadway, on the stage, I have my proper medium. They need what I have to offer and I'm going to do my utmost to give it to them.

When I go back to Hollywood I do not know whether I shall take my child with me. But I do know this. As soon as she is able to understand, I intend giving her just one piece of advice. It was something a young philosopher once told me. "Be honest and audacious!" And I think that just about covers everything in life.

It's just Jack Oakie and Burns and Allen entertaining the folks at the party Emanuel Cohen gave for the Gary Coopers.

The Life and Loves of Lyle Talbot

(*Continued from page 31*)

why Lyle liked the place. Such a gay, good-natured, colorful people are rare. Even the smallest home boasted a large, happy family and every door was open to a neighbor and his brood. It was more of a settlement than a real town. One man's trouble was every man's trouble and each man's happiness could be shared by all.

Lyle and Grandma Talbot lived in the one and only hotel in Brainard. Mrs. Talbot owned and operated the hostelry and the fame of her exceptional cooking spread far and wide, so far in fact that many traveling men came far off their regular trip to have dinner and stay over night at the Talbot House.

LYLE'S earliest recollection is his attendance at a Bohemian wedding. He was about three years old at the time and was dressed in long skirts of real lace. The Bohemian women are marvelous lace makers and this luxury material was very commonplace in Brainard. Almost every person in town attended the ceremony, which started with a beautiful parade from the bride's home to the church. A wedding was an event for everybody in town.

Lyle marched with the others, his hair pinched up in the center of his head like "Snookums." He recalls the incident clearly because some enthusiastic member of the party stepped on the lace hem of his skirt and tore his clothes almost off him. He ran home crying to Grandma Talbot that he was "too big for lace" and that he "didn't like his funny hair-do." The blonde curls were snipped and the lace skirts laid away for good.

By the time Lyle was five, he was a "grown up" little fellow. The systematic routine of the hotel had been great training for him. As soon as he was able to walk, he liked to "run fetch" things and nothing pleased him so much as to be pressed into bell-boy service. He was permitted to deliver the local paper to the various guests' rooms and do other little jobs that pleased him. On winter evenings he was usually to be found perched on the fat knee of some traveling man who held the little circle about the big stove in the middle of the room enthralled with his "upstate" adventures.

He hated the idea of school. It seemed as if this interruption would halt his fun at the hotel. But before long he came to the conclusion that he could have much more fun with the kids. The few American children in Brainard were allowed to stay away from school on Saturday, but they soon discovered that they might as well go. All the Bohemian kids went to classes on Saturday to learn Bohemian, so there was no one left to "choose up sides." Thus there is one movie star who speaks Bohemian fluently. An

See for yourself

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Maybelline Eyelash Grower

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2
AFTER SHE USES DELICA-BROW
GOSH, WHERE DID YOU FIND THOSE STARRY "NEW" EYES? THEY TRANSFORM YOU! YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE, PEG!
...SAME EYES, JACK, REALLY—JUST DONE OVER WITH SOMETHING AT THE 10¢ STORE

Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's *Tonight*

You can make your eyes wells of *allure*... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible.* "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight.* It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, *DELICA-BROW.* At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

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MARVELOUS VALUE

10c mind you—for a beautiful bakelite vanity, in fashionable solid colors, with ornamented top and a high grade velour puff! Odorless, feather-light, fitted with screw-cap. Sold by leading Chains. Another creation of A. L. SIEGEL CO., Inc. 22 West 22 St., N.Y. City

HANDYSIFT Loose Powder Vanity

achievement to be proud of indeed.

FROM the beginning, it was quite clear that Lyle was the ringleader of this colorful group. The fact that his grandmother owned the hotel was a great prestige-builder. Besides, there were always fascinating food handouts at the kitchen door of the Talbot House. Lyle's grandmother had married again by this time and the new grandfather was liberal with all of Lyle's friends.

Though Lyle was never sick a day in his life, he was continually having accidents. One day as he was touring the basement in search of the apple supply, he tripped and fell, his lower teeth cutting a gash in his lip. The cut left a bad scar that has echoed down through his life even to Hollywood, where a casting director told him he must have an operation before he could hope for a "break." He consulted Perc Westmore, famous make-up man at Warner Brothers, about it. Westmore scoffed, "An operation on your lip might ruin it. If you can act, my advice to you is to tell them all to go to hell." Later, a broken bottle was the means of severing a cord in his hand. A colt kicked him in the forehead and he suffered a three-inch gash over the eye from a baseball bat. Each scar, in turn, has affected his life to some extent.

But when Lyle was nine, an event took place that all but broke up his grandmother's flourishing hotel business.

The "gum machine man" left his large supply of gum in Mrs. Talbot's basement while he went out on his territory. One day while he and a pal were scouting around the basement, Lyle stumbled across the mystery box. He felt inside and pulled out a carton of 100 packages of gum. What a find! It never occurred to him that this was the supply for all the gum machines in southern Nebraska. And if it *had,* I doubt if it would have changed matters one whit! He and Emil proceeded to remove the cartons one at a time to store them all over town in secret hiding places. They soon learned that the gum was like money. They could use it to buy the other kids off. Five packages for taking the Talbot cow to pasture was one of the many deals. At the end of the third day of "gum heaven," Brainard had a dance. Lyle thought it would make a great hit with the girls to get some free gum. This was the downfall of the huge plan. Mr. Hunt was one of the dancers. It didn't take him long to notice the great number of wrappers on the dance floor. Everyone in the hall was chewing. He hurried to the hotel and examined the box in the basement.

Have you ever had that painful experience of having to return something, apologize to a friend, or ask for the return of a gift to another kid? That was Lyle's experience. He was led around the entire town by the ear and forced to ask all the kids he had given the gum to return it. His new grand-

Kay Francis, so glamorous and beautiful, is Lyle Talbot's leading lady in his latest offering, "Mandalay." Talbot was substituted for Ricardo Cortez.

father then took him home for a good whipping. It cost the hotel quite a sizable sum to replace the gum that was "beyond return."

THE hotel had hardly recovered from this blow when Lyle threatened its existence anew with a game called "Indian Tent." The gang had plenty of hotel sheets to make the tents with, but what would they use for pictures? They must have decoration for the outside of each white tent. No solution presented itself until the day that Grandma Talbot received her huge supply of canned goods for the winter. Lyle and the boys were told to unpack the hundreds of cans and place them on the shelves in the famous basement. Soon they noticed that some of the cans were "Indian Brand" and others "Tomahawk Brand." In fact, most of the brands of canned goods had something to do with Indians. Great!

It took them the greater part of a whole day to accomplish their new task, but finally they did it. Removed every label from every can in the lot! They had great looking tents from then on, but one day Lyle was sent to the basement for a can of tomatoes. He brought up a can. It was pears. He brought another and another until twenty cans lay open on the kitchen table. Then he got the whipping of his young life. And it wasn't the last. Each time that a can was brought from the basement all winter, he got a fresh whipping. It was long, drawn-out punishment.

When Lyle was ten, his father sent for him to come to Omaha. Mr. Henderson had married again by this time and wanted his son with him. Grandma Talbot leased the hotel for two years and went with Lyle to the "big city." At the end of the lease she went back, leaving him with his father, a new mother and high school.

He hadn't liked the idea of leaving Brainard at first. There were all the kids, the hotel and Emma Sypal, his lady love. Why, he and Emma had even talked of "gettin' married—when they were grown up." Omaha seemed a long way off, a very long way off.

But by the time Grandma Talbot left Omaha for good, Lyle was anxious to stay. There wasn't much difference as far as he could see. His father was in the apartment house business (which seemed like the hotel business to Lyle) and the kids were all okay. But the best thing about staying with Dad was the fact that Mr. Henderson had two businesses and the other one was the show business. From early spring untill late summer, Mr. Henderson ran a traveling show, carnival with side shows, ferris wheel and all the trappings. Lyle went along.

It got to the point where school was merely something to suffer through the winter with, waiting for spring and the show. To make matters worse, Lyle was never able to get even a small part in any of the school plays. Says Lyle: "Some unprofessional ninny who could recite always got the leading role." That left Lyle, with all his "professional experience" out in the cold. Somehow he finished high school, re-

SHE-(to herself) IF HE ONLY WEREN'T SO SKINNY AND WEAK I THINK HE WOULD BE MY MAN
HE-(to himself) I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH HER. IF I ONLY COULD GET HUSKY AND STRONG

SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY PUTS ON POUNDS—*FAST*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

QUIT being held back by a skinny, unattractive figure and a sickly, weak appearance that keep you from making and keeping worthwhile friends. Here's a new quick easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and new good looks—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, husky flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious wasting disease. So start to build up *quick*, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.

fused to attend the State University and informed his father that he was "going in the show business for life."

AT first, with his father's show, he merely did a few tricks for the crowd that always seemed to leave the gawky residents of the middle west dizzy. Between acts in the "dramatic tent" he sold pop-corn and peanuts up and down the aisles. Now and then one of the younger performers would become ill and Lyle, who was growing tall and handsome, would be permitted to substitute in a real part if there weren't too many speaking lines. For his work he received not a cent of pay, but the "glory" of being a professional actor was in itself enough.

The first stage job that rated him a salary was one he obtained through answering an advertisement in the newspaper requesting the services of an "assistant to a mystic." A man named McKnight was a "hypnotist" and Lyle was to be his subject. In the act, Lyle was "hypnotized" and when his muscles were taut, he was suspended between two chairs, his head on one and his feet on the other. Then a large slab of rock was placed on his chest and one of the "local strong men" was invited to use a sledge hammer on the rock.

Lyle learned the trick easily and his biggest thrill came from being pointed out on the street by the young kids as "Atlas" the morning after each performance. He was supposed to get $10.00 each week and "keep." He got the "keep" regularly, but the ten dollars seldom came his way.

When the "act" eventually broke up many miles from Lyle's home, it was necessary for him to pick up whatever work he could find. He rated a season at $15.00 weekly with a traveling show called the "Savage Carnival," running the "Hoop-La Game" and occasionally the "Cover the Red Spot." Here is one movie star who can tell you inside information on the various carnival games and tell you why you don't win. It's amazingly simple.

He had originally intended to work his way back to Omaha and the folks, but as the weeks passed and he managed to keep himself together, the sixteen-year-old Lyle decided to go on his own.

The next two or three years were only "seasons" to him. A season with the Dubinsky Brothers, the show in which Jeanne Eagles had got her start. (She married one of the brothers.) Then came a season with the Clint & Mary Robbins Co., which played such legitimate stock shows as "The Brat," "Polly of the Circus" and many others. Followed a season with Chase-Lister Co., after which he had an engagement with the John Winnanger Company. While he was with this company something very, very interesting happened to our Lyle.

We're going to have a chance to see another one of our favorite radio crooners, Lanny Ross, on the screen. He's caught up on his autographing and "Melody in Spring" his first picture, is practically finished now.

FOR A LIGHTNING SHINE
BLACK
SHINOLA
SHOE POLISH
MAKES OLD THINGS LOOK NEW

10¢
[West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢]
Send 25¢ in stamps or coin for Home Shoe Shine Kit, consisting of bristle dauber, genuine lamb's wool polisher, and tin of Shinola. Address 2 in 1—Shinola—Bixby Corporation, Dept. G-4, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c. At Kresge's

This Enchanting Fragrance
RADIO GIRL
PERFUME and FACE POWDER
Invites Romance

YOU can have this unseen beauty, too, for Radio Girl Perfume and Face Powder are made just for the modern American Girl . . . . Fine French essential oils contribute their exquisite odeurs; domestic manufacture explains their modest prices.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. M-4
Send me FREE Regular Size RADIO GIRL Perfume and Trial Size RADIO GIRL Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only)

Name ....
Address ....

MOST boys associate white trousers, dates, their first flivver and fraternities with their 'teens. And to them, Lyle's existence might have appeared a blight. But he had other memories. The nights the storms came up and the entire company had to struggle to hold the tents up, stitching in the "crease" in the trousers "permanent," giving out the wrong handbills at the end of the season because they had run out of the right ones, grease paint, acting, travel. Ah, these memories!

During these days, romance passed him by. The main reason for this was the fact that the leading lady was generally years older than himself (the wife of the owner or manager in most cases) and this didn't lead to much romance. He didn't miss it much however, since "curtain time" had come to mean everything worthwhile to him.

Thus it was that love hit Lyle Talbot so hard the first time. He was with the John Winnanger Company at the time.

When the owner had made the announcement that he was going to hire a "lady orchestra" as an added attraction, Lyle had paid but scant attention But that was before the arrival of the young and beautiful saxophone player named Lottye. From Texas, was Lottye, and to Lyle she soon became the center and the entire reason for the universe. He was terribly in love with her, with her cute southern accent, with her pretty hair and the dimples that kept reappearing as she played the saxophone. It was that mooning, cow-sick brand of love that usually hits boys around the ages of fourteen and fifteen. But Lyle had missed love at that age. He wanted Lottye to marry him, thought he wanted to be in the company of this ravishing creature for the rest of his life. But Lottye was a little wiser. "You all don' wan' to get married," she'd drawl. "You all want to get up in the world."

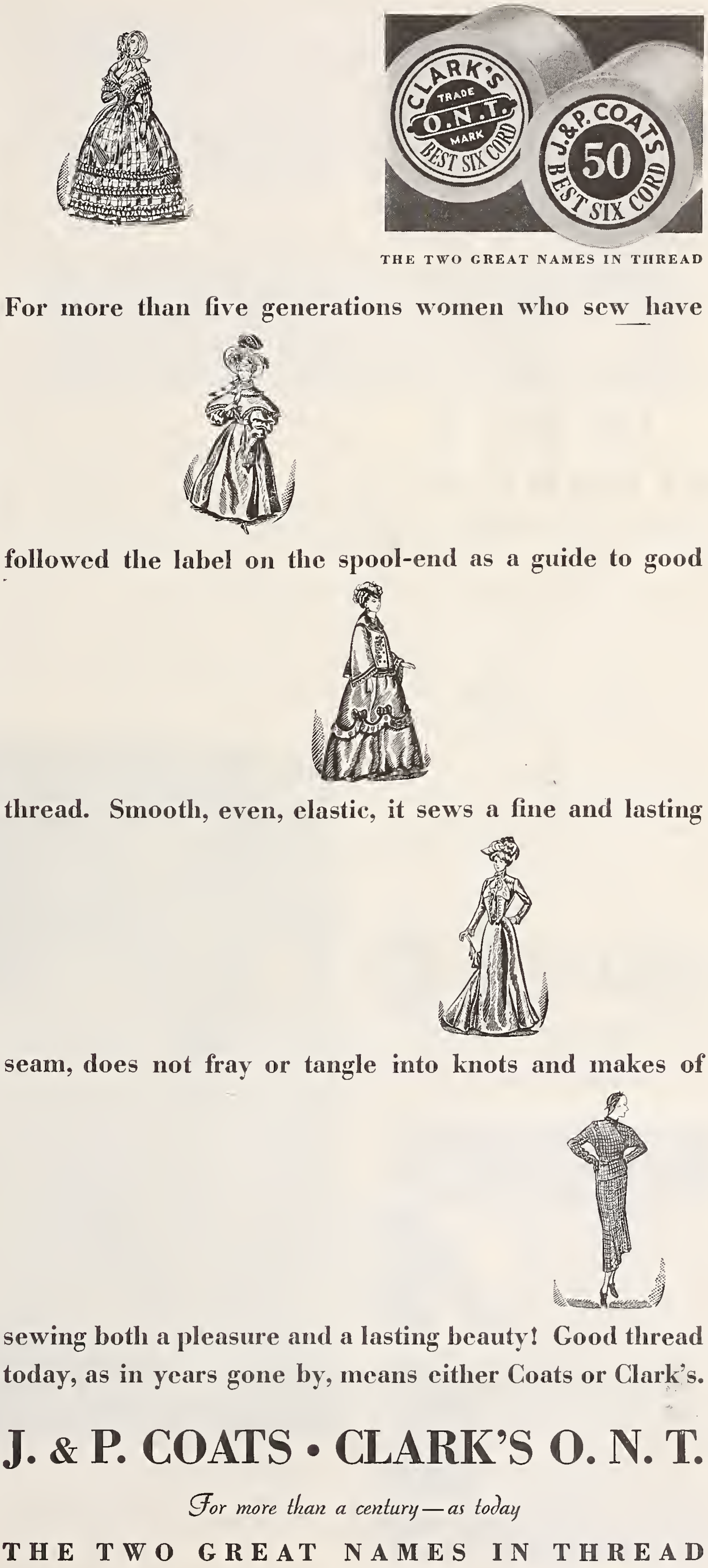
"No, I don't. I want to marry you," Lyle would protest.

"All right, all right," Lottye would say soothingly. She was languid, southern and didn't like to argue.

Love struck Lyle harder and harder. He went from the frantic period to the foaming period in a mere span of days. Then one evening he arrived at the dramatic tent for the evening performance. He walked to the blackboard to find out what play would be used for the show. He found the information in large letters: "Love Me Alone" tonight. He was about to turn away from the board and start for the dressing-room when a small, white notice on the bottom of the board caught his attention. He read it with haste. He read it again. Tears came into his eyes. He repeated slowly:

NOTICE: The lady orchestra quit the show this morning and has left for parts unknown—all of them!

Did Lyle and the lovely Lottye ever set eyes on each other again? And how about all those other women in his life—for there are many. The story about his many loves makes fascinating reading. The remainder of this intimate story appears in the May issue.



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

For more than five generations women who sew have followed the label on the spool-end as a guide to good thread. Smooth, even, elastic, it sews a fine and lasting seam, does not fray or tangle into knots and makes of sewing both a pleasure and a lasting beauty! Good thread today, as in years gone by, means either Coats or Clark's.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

The Husband Who Never Comes Home

(*Continued from page 67*)

I told her the police would be called if she ever tried a trick like that again. Some months passed by. She was fired.

ONE day my daughter informed me that she was taking tennis lessons. I said, 'from whom?' 'Oh,' said my unsuspecting child, 'from the Countess Polaski. She has rented the house next door.' She only stayed there a month. Two or three more months went by. I was at a party in Malibu at which an acquaintance of mine said, 'Lou, I'll drive in with you when you go to the studio.' I said that I was not going to any studio, was not working. 'Oh,' said the friend, 'but I understood that you call for your sister every night, your sister Helen who is singing over KMTR. I looked dumfounded and my friend elucidated further. 'Your sister who married the Russian Count. You know, the Countess Polaski!'

"And that, to date, is the last I have seen or heard from her. Like Mrs. Gray, she looked normal enough. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate the fanatic. She simply and without question seemed to feel that she and I belonged together and that was all.

"Three or four years ago my Filipino boy came into the library one day with a peculiar expression on his face. I thought he was about to announce his departure. He stood first on one foot, then on the other. I asked him what he wanted. He grinned and said, 'Mr. Stone, there has been a young man to see you, six times while you are away. His name John Stone. He say he is your son. He see your daughters here and say they are his sisters and that if they live here with you he can live here, too. I wouldn't let him come in because I did not know.'

"I called the police departments of Los Angeles and Hollywood. It appeared that they could do nothing about it. The implication was, even as with Mr. Matthews, that it might be, you know—anything is possible.

"I turned the matter over to Freddie Freulich, my manager. He discovered that this John Stone was charging wearing apparel to me and that he was living in a small hotel in Hollywood as my son. Freddie went down to see the manager of the hotel and told him that this boy was not my son and they had better know it. The manager was even

Introducing Charles John Holt, Jr., otherwise known as Tim. Yes, father and son. Tim's polo playing is up to the best Southern California standards and he's a fine swimmer, too. He's only fourteen and at his age he's not much worried about a career.

GLORIA STUART, UNIVERSAL PICTURES PLAYER

You, too, can have
LOVELY EYEBROWS
this new, easier way

JUST a delicate touch of the brows with the magic Winx Pencil and they are given a natural contour, a soft, velvety tone—real, alluring. Not coarse or artificial. This new creation comes from the world's leading experts in eye make-up—the creators of Winx mascara (cake or liquid).

Just try this new-day Winx eyebrow pencil—utterly different. Compare it with anything you have ever tried. Note how the Winx Pencil gives a dainty naturalness heretofore impossible.

Today, buy one of these marvelous new Winx Pencils, black or brown. See for yourself how just the right touch gives your whole face a new interest. You will never be contented with skimpy, unattractive eyebrows again.

Ross Company, 243 W. 17th St., New York City

NEW WINX 10¢
EYEBROW PENCIL
AT ALL GOOD 5 AND 10 STORES

This LOTION Stops Chap

ITS PENETRATING ACTION BRINGS 2 WAY RELIEF

If you have trouble with chapped skin, by all means try Hess Witch Hazel Cream. It's a different kind of lotion that contains no gums and is never sticky. Because it's completely absorbed, Hess relieves the inflammation in the second layer of skin, which is the real cause of chap, and makes the outer layer soft and elastic.

There's no other lotion like Hess. It keeps your skin soft, smooth and comfortable. Sold in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes in Dime, Drug and Department stores. Send 10c for dime size if you can't find it in your favorite store.

(27)

E. E. HESS CO.
19 Main St. Brook, Ind.

HESS Witch Hazel Cream

HESS
WITCH HAZEL CREAM
HESS

more difficult. He said that the boy could live there as my son—and what about it?

THEN the boy made a bad move. He signed a couple of bum checks. The police ran him in, still protesting that he was my son. Freddie and I went to the jail and called on him. He was a nice looking kid of about twenty-four years of age. Normal looking, nicely spoken. He didn't know who I was until I told him. He bluffed and said that he did. I asked him how he had got this idea, who had given it to him. He said that he had got it from his mother, who had always talked about me, told him that Lewis Stone was her husband and his father. He had been brought up on the idea.

"I asked him who his mother was and he said, 'Anna Q. Nilsson!' I anticipated the kick I would get out of telling Anna that 'our boy' had turned up after all these years. He also said that his girl had advised him to do what he'd done and when I asked him who his girl was he said, 'Clara Bow.'

"I departed and left him there still declaring that I was his father. When I last heard of him he was to be taken to a psychopathic ward.

"There was the lady, only a few weeks ago, from Terre Haute, Indiana, who wrote that I was her missing husband and wouldn't I please come home and take up my responsibilities. She said that the children still remembered me in their prayers at night and that they told everyone, "Daddy will soon be home.' She pleaded with me to be a man, to have the generous heart I'd had during the first five years of our married life. She reminded me of the doll houses I had made the children and of how I had always brought her a box of candy on Saturday nights. She said that she didn't see how I, who had been a physician all of my life, could now be content with being a Hollywood actor. She added that if I didn't see fit to return she—well, the threats that she threatened would make Frankenstein a little lamb.

"Occasionally, there will come letters from very old ladies who ask if I might not be their husbands, or their sons, missing since the War. These letters I always answer. They ask a legitimate question. For just as to every bereaved mother the Unknown Soldier may be *her* boy so, to all deserted or bereaved women, a strong resemblance in a man may mean he is their husband or son.

"I can't figure out the others. The letters that they write are coherent and rational enough. The ones I have met, face to face, do not appear to be insane. And yet, when proofs are given them they are not convinced, they never admit that they are mistaken. I can only put it down to the fact that I must have a set of composite features. I believe that the features of all the missing husbands of the world have been shuffled and reassembled into mine.

"I would like to state, however, that I have two daughters—one sixteen and the other twenty-four and that I have left no unknown or deserted wives carelessly around the country."

He was too selfish to love. She murdered—and did not know! He loved in vain. She was a fool. He reaped the fruits.

STEP UP TO

THE WONDER BAR

. . . and delve into these fascinating lives!

Two men in love with the same woman . . . who loves still another man . . . who courts still another woman. It is a jest to make the Gods roar!

BY all means, read "Wonder Bar" in the April issue of SCREEN ROMANCES—a completely absorbing fictionization of the big new production starring Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell.

AND enjoy in the same issue the complete stories of 11 other splendid new Hollywood pictures, all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual productions:

NANA, starring Anna Sten. CAROLINA, Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young. ALL OF ME, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft. FASHIONS of 1934, William Powell, Bette Davis. MYSTERY OF THE DEAD POLICE, Robert Montgomery. FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall. SUCCESS STORY, Colleen Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING, May Robson, Lewis Stone. COMING OUT PARTY, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond. I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien. WHEN STRANGERS MEET, Richard Cromwell, Arlene Judge.

Ask Today at Any Newsstand for the April Issue of . . .

SCREEN ROMANCES

"—A Dozen Screen Hits Between Covers!"

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES

CHEER UP, CLARA. LET'S GO TO PEGGY'S PARTY!
I CAN'T, GIRLS. MY EYES ARE A PERFECT SIGHT FROM CRYING!
30 MINUTES LATER!
JUST LOOK AT CLARA NOW! IT'S LUCKY FOR HER I KNEW HOW QUICKLY MURINE CLEARS UP BLOODSHOT EYES.
YOUR EYES ARE GORGEOUS, CLARA!

When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Be the Girl With a Smile that Wins

KEEP YOUR TEETH ATTRACTIVE THIS SAFE, EASY WAY

Be particular about your teeth—use only Boracetine Tooth Powder. It releases nascent oxygen, that gently removes all stain, cleans teeth completely, makes them naturally white and gives them an attractive lustre. Boracetine removes even cigarette stain without hard brushing. It also neutralizes acidity and keeps gums firm.

Kresge's and other good 10c stores sell Boracetine. If you fail to find it, send 10c and name of favorite Dime Store. Boracetine will be sent to you postpaid.

Boracetine TOOTH POWDER

F. E. BARR & COMPANY
2527 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Boracetine TOOTH POWDER

What's Happened, Gable?

(*Continued from page 41*)

I KNOW talk like this has a tendency to anger people who think, 'Oh, these movie stars! They have everything in the world. They're paid ten times what they're worth and still they kick. They don't know what real trouble is.'

"I have a little statement for those particular people. I used to want fame. I got it. Now I find that I have sacrificed something a great deal more important—peace. I once could go to a picture show, watch the crowds at theatre time, walk down the street oblivious to everything. I gave that up for this! Let me assure you that I lost in the trade.

"The philosophy about how much money we make is okay if you happen to be one of those people to whom money is really important. I've had so much fun on so little—that I guess my perspective has been ruined. The things that I have to do in Hollywood and the money I am forced to spend does not buy me the pleasures I am longing for. And, what's more, they leave me not much more than you when I am through.

"Lately I've begun to give up a few of the forced things. I'm starting to leave off the 'front' that every actor must have. I'm trying to get some of the things *I* want and they cost so precious little when you come to think of it. Yes, I enjoyed driving my twelve-cylinder car, but I sold it the other day and bought a Ford roadster. Now I can actually drive down Hollywood Boulevard without so much as a single finger pointing me out.

"The troubled days of my life were not when I was on the bottom of the heap. I didn't have a care in the world then. Honestly, if I had it to do over again I'd never have sought fame or money in the movies or out of them.

"Another trouble with me in Hollywood is the fact that I've never been social-minded. I'm too innately independent to fit smoothly into the grooves of the right things to do and the right people to do them with. I like to do as I please, when I please. Any person who achieves fame in the motion picture world forfeits all claims to independence. I cannot plan to go on a fishing trip because I must be handy in case there are retakes on a picture. I couldn't even get away to see my own horse run at Caliente the other day.

I CANNOT go slouching around in old clothes, because of something, vaguely referred to as my 'position.' I can't slide up to a drugstore counter and have a good old-fashioned chin with the soda jerker, because he subconsciously yeses me. I can't go shopping for a present for my wife because I find I have suddenly become a public spectacle. The manager of the store wants to know if I'll autograph a few articles in the book department. I dare say I should be more than grateful to the fans who attempt to snip buttons off my clothes for souvenirs. They made me, didn't they? But I can't feel that way. I try to grin and bear it, but something inside me rebels. I really appreciate their reason, but I don't like it.

"I think the only thing that will cure me of my violent attack of Hollywood-itis is to go on a good, old-fashioned bum-bat for about a year. I mean I'd like to hop the next tramp steamer out of San Pedro and set off for God knows where. I'd like to lie on a warm deck and let the sun saturate my whole being until I felt I had completely regained my health and steadied my nerves. Then, after a year or two, I might want to come back to Hollywood. I'd like to come back with the idea of starting all over again.

"I'd like to be able to say to them, 'Let's forget all this great lover stuff. Let me get back to the rough, tough roles I played when I first started out.' I like to play those guys. I get a kick out of them. I don't care whether it's a starring part or merely a small role.

"You see, I know I haven't fooled the public with these dinner-jacket parts I've been playing for the past year or more. What's more, I don't like to fool them even if I could. I'd like to get back to Gable-the-roughneck and forget Gable-the-gentleman. I guess what I really want more than anything else is a chance to be myself again, both on and off the screen."

These two Youngs, Loretta and Robert, lend the love interest to George Arliss' first 20th Century picture, "The House of Rothschild."

Career of an Ugly Duckling

(*Continued from page 69*)

if any actress has ever worked under such a burning pressure of concentration as Miss Williams did. Night after night, Katharine stood waiting in the wings, longing, praying for destiny to step in and take a hand in her behalf. Not that she wanted Miss Williams to break a leg, but if only something would happen—if only her car would break down, so that Katharine could play the part—just once! Oh, just one real chance! But nothing happened and when the play closed after a run of several months, she went off to Europe to soothe her disappointment.

It made no difference to her that she traveled tourist class. In fact, she preferred it. It was cheaper and just as comfortable. She had made several trips abroad in this manner and on one of them, she toured through a large part of southern Europe in a broken down old car with a girl friend. The two budgeted their finances and spent exactly five dollars a day. No more—no less. Often they were forced to sleep in the car at night and the sight of these two young ladies, dirty and weary, dressed in riding trousers, must have aroused the wonder of more than one little provincial French or German town.

Katie spent all her excess money in going to local theatres and studying the technique of foreign players. Whenever she could manage to do so, she visited towns and cities in which some great European star was appearing, and every lesson of gesture, diction, or dramatic approach that the young American girl learned in this manner, has been stored away in her memory and treasured as part of her own equipment.

When she returned to America in 1929, she was given a try-out in "Death Takes a Holiday"—the play Fredric March is doing for the screen now. But there seemed to be some sort of a jinx hanging over her theatrical career, for again she was fired. She next played a small bit with Nazimova in something of very little importance called, "A Month in the Country." This shortly vanished from Broadway and the only thing left for her to do seemed to be stock. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, she played with the local company for the whole summer.

She worked hard and earnestly in her determination to acquire the technique that all managers seemed to feel she lacked. The brusqueness, the direct frankness of her speech which stamps her apart, may have been acquired at this period of her life, as a sort of shield against the many disappointments and hurts she was receiving in the theatrical world. Like a small boy who sticks out his tongue at a more powerful opponent, Katie's openness of mind, her frank, almost brutal words often caused a battle wherever she went. She swore like a sailor. She used to stride around Stockbridge in ridiculous looking clothes.

"STUNNING" *until he saw her* PIMPLY SKIN

End pimples, blackheads

with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil *your* romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect way to a perfect complexion...Noxzema, the famous snow-white *medicated* cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—*greaseless*, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight.*

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new economical larger 50c jar. Or if your dealer cannot supply you take advantage of this offer. Get a generous 25c jar of Noxzema FREE. Simply send 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 54, Baltimore, Maryland.

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CHIC
NAIL POLISH
PINK

PARTNERS
in Loveliness . . .

"Pale hands, pink-tipped" with lustrous, lasting Chic—the nail polish that reflects the gleam of admiring eyes!

Chic's fascinating new crystal flacon is unusually generous in size. . . Its new Bakelite top never lets the brush touch the surface of your dressing table. Available in five outstanding shades—Clear (colorless), Pink, Coral, Ruby, Deep. . . . Chic spreads evenly, and keeps its beautiful lustre for days longer. Also Chic Nail Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover.

At all better Chains.

CHIC NAIL POLISH 10¢

CUSHIONS
FOR YOUR TIRED FEET

Insole fits snugly . . . gives cushion comfort to foot.

WEAR "COMFORT" CUSHION INSOLES
10¢

Wear your smartest shoes without a trace of fatigue. "Comfort" Cushion Insoles give relief to tired, aching feet. Made of durable medicated material. Special sponge rubber cushion supports the arch. Sold for 10c a pair at ten cent stores. If you cannot obtain, send coupon.

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REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

THE FOREST CITY RUBBER COMPANY
1276 Ontario St. Cleveland, Ohio
Enclosed is 10c for pair of insoles. Size of shoe________
Name________
Address________
City________

Her peculiar slant on fashion has long been one of her outstanding eccentricities.

LAST summer, when she visited Hartford, she arrived at the club one afternoon in a costume which upset the entire place. Dress has always been considered highly important to the social ladies of Hartford, so when Katie came into the lounge after playing golf, attired in a pair of the most abbreviated shorts that had ever been seen anywhere by the club members, and wearing a boy's shirt open at the throat, no stockings, a pair of worn old golf shoes, and a black linen coat which struck her lovely legs half way between ankle and knee, the gasp that went up from all the flowery, chiffon, "garden party" ladies seated around the luncheon tables could be heard all over the place.

Of course, they were thrilled at seeing her again. So many stories had drifted back from Hollywood as to her peculiar actions out there that each and every member of the country club felt a sort of vicarious, reflected glory from living in the same town that had produced such a celebrity. Of course, she had always been that "Crazy Katie Hepburn" and one shouldn't be surprised at anything she might do. Such legends as her walking along Hollywood Boulevard wearing dirty overalls and carrying a monkey on her shoulder, or sitting down in the middle of the street to read mail, or answering interviewers with wild statements she made up on the spur of the moment. Like the story told of a reply she gave when asked if it were true that she had two children. "Yes," responded Miss Hepburn, "and they are both black." Yes—the Hartfordites had heard about all that.

But what had startled them most was her sudden leap to fame. She never had been beautiful. She wasn't even pretty. Her mouth was too big, her body too thin, her hair too unruly and her freckles too many. Everything about her was "too much." Including her own conceit. Certainly, not by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could she have ever been called glamorous, exotic, alluring. She was about as sexy as a washboard! But in her work on the screen, she could out-siren Garbo. Well, it just went to show you what cameras, close-ups, crazy movie producers and directors could do. They forgot about her intelligence, her genuine talent, her long, hard struggle to get ahead.

When she came back to New York in the fall of 1929 from stock, victory seemed ahead for the first time. She played with Jane Cowl in "Art and Mrs. Bottle" and something about her seemed to stir the interest of the critics. But the play failed and it was not until "The Warrior's Husband" reached Broadway in 1930, that Katie got her real chance. In this play, she was revealed to the critics as an exciting, intelligent and highly interesting young actress who, both from a fighting and amorous viewpoint, refreshingly interpreted the role of a young Amazon. An RKO official who saw her in the play immediately offered her a film contract to play opposite John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement" and in a short year and a half Katharine Hepburn has become the most outstand-

A scene from "The Lake," Katharine Hepburn's much-discussed New York play. Blanche Bates and Frances Starr are shown with her. It is pretty generally agreed that Hepburn on the screen is a much better actress than Hepburn on the stage. She'll be doing "The Tudor Wench" for RKO soon.

ing box-office attraction on the screen. What an astute official!

However, in spite of the fact that she has become famous all over the country because of her success in the movies, again she seems to have been led by some strange trick of fate into misadventure. She has never lost sight of her real ambition—which is stage work. And so—and so—we had her play, "The Lake." Her movie contract allows for six months leave to follow her own inclinations. The première of "The Lake" had been built up to the point of ludicrous insanity by her theatrical advisers. You would have thought that Sarah Bernhardt was opening for her first American appearance. Ticket speculators received one hundred dollars each for the little printed slips that opened the doors to witness all this magic. If it hadn't been so pathetically funny, it would have been tragic. Katharine was scared of this Frankenstein monster of publicity that had been reared over her head. She was scared of her own ability. She suffered an acute attack of opening night stage-fright. And while the critics praised her promise—her intelligence, her talent—as a body, they failed to hail her as a second Duse.

To tell you the truth, I'm glad. The screen needs Katharine Hepburn. And Katharine Hepburn needs the screen. I think she is essentially a *screen* actress. Her angular, characterful face should have the benefits of the camera's many-angled magic. And we should have the benefit of a personality who can make mystery and glamor a native, American thing. We need no longer satisfy our hunger for glamor with Swedish, German, Russian and French brands only. For we have our very own "Crazy Katie Hepburn."

On Dress Parade

(*Continued from page 72*)

Madge Evans' dressing in "Fugitive Lovers" is a far cry from glittering spangles and feathers. Out on a cross-country bus flight through sleet and storm, she can only sport one suit, but she makes the most of her opportunity. Even descending the fire escape, her tweed top-coat strikes a note of smartness just right for an escape occasion. You don't feel as though she is too smart or too dressy, but you do get the sensation that her get-up is just about right. Clothes chosen on that basis are bound to be right no matter what crisis may confront their wearer.

HER little slick tailored suit has a snappy plaid scarf to give an accent and her slouchy felt hat is as correct as it can be. This outfit lived bravely through horror and stress, proving the good sense of dressing in tweeds.

Once, in a hotel bedroom scene, Madge appears in a polka dot tailored affair that can be rolled into a bag and come out unwrinkled and smiling. It's something you will want to own if you are traveling or if you are one who

"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day. I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."

"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria—it was all he needed!"

"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold!

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Clogged Pores **Dryness**
Pimples **Roughness**

Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know, that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. 1-F, Baltimore, Md.

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This way brings even color

FADED streaks — dull strands — grayness—all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on money-back guarantee.

Test it FREE ~ Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on single lock snipped from hair? No risk this way. We send complete Free Test. . . . Mail coupon.

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Street..............................

City.................... State...........

Color of your hair?........................

realizes how completely flattering to youthfulness a plain robe of this sort can be. It's easy enough to make for a little—or to buy for a little more.

"Eight Girls in a Boat" holds lots of hints for those who are active-sport-minded.

What good looking turtle-neck sweaters those girls do wear. And are they swell on straight, slim figures? You'll want one even if you have to seek out the woods where you can wear it. And aren't spring hills and dales coming into the picture right now, propounding the question of what to wear? Take a hint from this picture and go shopping for a turtle-neck.

DOROTHY WILSON, the central figure in "Eight Girls in a Boat," has opportunity to show several perfect young girl dresses. She leans to bows under her chin and right flattering they are, too.

First, there is a lace bow. The sleeves are of lace, tiny and puffed—awfully chic. Then, for a trip to town, there is a spotted bow, rather big and puffy. A dotted band about a felt hat goes with this. Very good taste and so simple to do.

Dorothy puts over her girlishness and innocence in a most effective manner and, in my opinion, her clothes help a whole lot.

NOW, Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne" does the little Miss Simplicity in a too, too lovely manner. She's all mixed up with dolls—they're really marionettes—and sometimes you can hardly tell the real gal from the wooden ones. Isn't that just ideal?

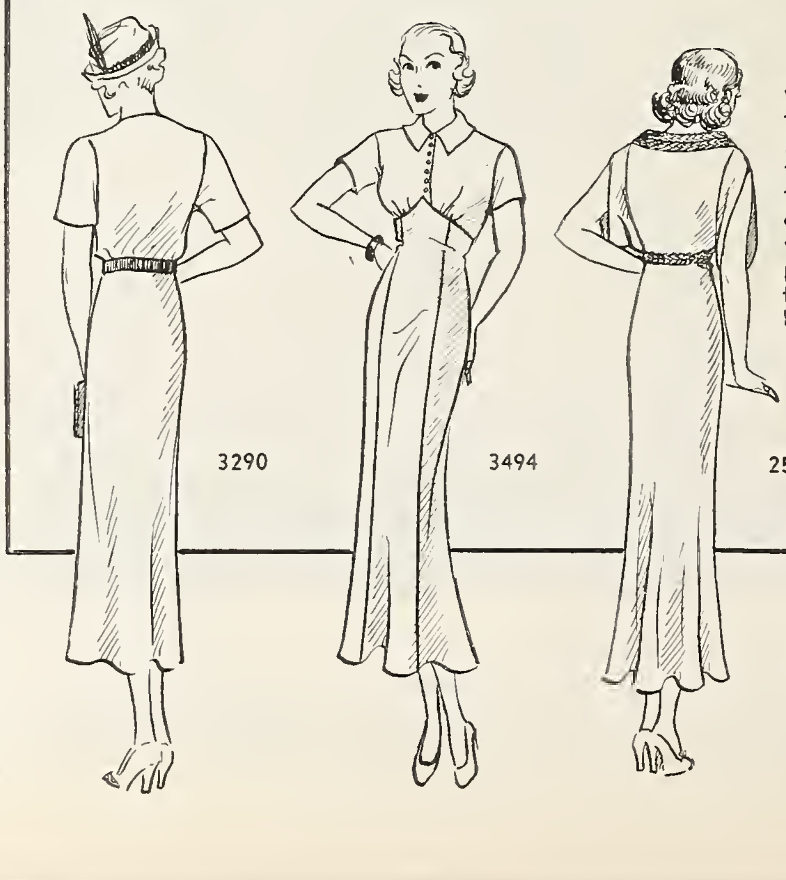
Lilian affects dolls' clothes. You know the sort of thing, spangles and tulle and ruffles, but she does it so awfully well. She happens to be sweet and innocent enough to get away with it. In that scene before she meets her lover, the puppet man, she has on the most adorable silver and white creation—ruffles at the feet and tulle ruffles around the shoulders that are edged with ermine. There's an ermine bow under her chin which is just too youthful looking for a dance dress. She looks cuddly and cute—just right for the loving arms of a protective male. Oh, I tell you, clothes do a lot in that particular.

Later, in the puppet-making studio, those sweet little smocks she wears put ideas into many a home-loving soul. They are so simple and could be sewed up in an evening. They have becomingly-shaped cap sleeves and are so plain otherwise. But just imagine them in pale pink, yellow or blue with white bindings, perhaps, and you have something which, for a cost of about sixty cents, would make you shine in any home setting.

Afterwards, Lilian, in a black velvet dress with a very Grecian look, still has very much the semblance of a doll. Still she looks very smart—silver edged sleeves, and all. Only showing what the sophisticated girl can do in the way of clothes to keep herself smart looking and still in the picture as far as the latest styles are concerned.

If you are young and pretty, see this picture for helpful hints. If you feel you are not such a knockout for prettiness, there will be hints in that direction for you, too.

I WENT to see "Gallant Lady," wondering what that could do for us all in the way of clothes. And did it give me a thrill? From beginning to end Ann Harding gives us something new.



Here are the back views of the patterns featured on page 73. From left to right; 3290—the tailored shirtwaist dress. 3494—a front view of the two-piece dress, without the jacket. 2525—Loretto Young's afternoon dress.

In the first place that little suit with the dark, plain blouse gives us all ideas for the season to come. A dark blouse you must have, of linen, cotton, silk or wool, and when you see Ann in this picture, you will know the reason why. It's that smart—one of those shirtwaists that will be good for many months to come.

And then in that light-toned wool dress with a dark wool overblouse, Ann Harding looked swell. What a grand get-up for a business girl trying her darndest to get ahead. It's not only good style—it's forward-looking style and would make almost any girl look distinguished. It has that stiff, flat, modern look which every girl appreciates right now.

I want to call your attention to the scene where Ann and Janet Beecher are lunching together at a smart restaurant. Observe how plain and straight and sort of tailored they are as to hats, dresses, and coats. That's the way sophisticated young people—and older people, too—are dressing these days for going out and doing things. No ruffles, no white collars, no frills. Everything is just so simple that the girl herself stands out in bold relief. This is good stuff and I do wish you would take it in.

In this picture, when Ann Harding strikes Paris, notice how she takes on the character of Parisian dressing—a little more spectacular, but ever so simple.

Tickling Hollywood's Ribs

(*Continued from page 59*)

town about seventy miles from Hollywood. To Ben's horror and astonishment he learned that the Government was charging him with sending French photos through the mail to an old maid. He knew perfectly well he had never done such a thing. There must be a mistake somewhere. And yet it was a real summons and a real court of law. And the prison term he would serve, if the case should be proved against him, was all *too* real.

To make a long story short, it dragged on for months. Lawyers dogged Ben's footsteps. He never knew when he might be called off the set to make the long drive out to San Bernardino. He dreamed of prison every night. Only after it had gone on for weeks did Hughes get to laughing so hard one day at Ben's worried face, that he broke down and admitted it was a rib. A costly one. Lawyers, even to play jokes for you, don't come free.

Nobody is sacred from ribs in Hollywood. Not even Garbo.

Bob Montgomery was walking to his dressing-room when he spotted a janitor about to throw a bouquet of wilted flowers into a garbage can. Bob took the flowers, tied a card to them reading, "To My Favorite Actress," stuck them in a fancy box and gave them to Greta's maid to take to her along with her luncheon tray at noon. Greta laughed. But she heaped coals of fire on Bob's

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T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS
would have saved it!

No matter whether friction, perspiration, or chemicals spoiled this dress—Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved it! Why risk your dress even once when you can have the guaranteed protection of *genuine* Kleinert's Shields for as little as 25¢ a pair. Ask for "Kleinert's" at the Notion Counter of the store where you bought this magazine.

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NRA WE DO OUR PART

Kleinert's
THRIFT
3

Looks 20 ...is 40!

"*Wherever I go people say: 'What a peaches and cream complexion!' It makes me laugh for people take me to be in my twenties when in reality I am the other side of forty. I certainly give thanks to Ambrosia for it has done wonders to a once-sallow complexion.*" *Mrs. F. J., Pennsylvania.*

You, too, can have a youthful skin that others envy. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, removes all deep-lying dirt, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates. Made from an old French formula, it's antiseptic, prevents pimples and blackheads.

Pour Ambrosia on cotton, wipe it over the face and neck. You feel it tingle: you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener to close large pores, reduce oiliness, invigorate circulation.

At all 10c stores; also in larger sizes at drug and department stores.

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The second installment of Lyle Talbot's life and love story will be in our May issue.

WHEN SHE'S UPSET

HE SUFFERS

Constipation Drove Her Wild made her feel cross, headachy, half-alive. Now she has a lovable disposition; new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: *Sluggish* bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—*safely* stimulates the *entire* eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, *natural* functioning. At druggists'—25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to
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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

head. Because that same afternoon, he got a boxed labelled, "To My Favorite Actor." He opened it and it was full of gorgeous American Beauty roses. Real roses. From Garbo. Now, that's what I call sweet!

Then there was the expensive rib Jimmy Durante pulled on a night club—expensive for the night club, not Jimmy. With a party of friends, El Schnozzola dropped in at the Frolics for an evening. He was recognized immediately, not having any tent handy to cover his beak, and the orchestra leader asked him to come up to the piano and do his stuff. Jimmy sang a couple of songs and clowned a bit. But the orchestra leader wouldn't let him go. He kept calling him back and back and egging the crowd on to applaud him. It was thoughtless. Jimmy had been working hard all day and he wanted some fun himself. Of course it was swell for the club. They were getting one of the highest-paid comedians in the world to work for them free.

Jimmy stood it for a while and then he got sore. The next piece he played, he reached down and pulled a leg off the piano. Then he jerked off the top. Then he pulled out the keys. The crowd howled. They thought it was one of those trick pianos that come apart—breakaways. It wasn't. When Jimmy finished, nothing was left of the piano but a pile of wreckage on the floor. The club had to buy a new one.

LITTLE Wynne Gibson, because she does more than her share of clowning, gets ribs pulled on her all the time. You remember, a while back, those earthquake shocks in Hollywood? Every day for a week afterward the people at Paramount were surprised to see Winnie come dashing down the stairs from her dressing-room, face pale, clothes flying and run out into the street. "Earthquake!" she panted, then they asked her what on earth was the matter. They'd tell her there wasn't any quake and she'd go upstairs, but the next day out she'd come running again. Roscoe Karns was hiding on the porch outside her dressing-room, rattling her windows with his hands.

Then there are the ribs you play over the phone. I don't know whether Gloria Swanson is still phoning Chinese laundries in the middle of the night the way she used to, but here's a newer one. You call up, say, Marlene Dietrich. After a moment she comes to the phone and says, "Yes, this is Miss Dietrich."

We always think of her as "little" Arline Judge. But what with Charley growing up so fast, we think we'd better start calling her Mrs. Ruggles. Though her screen appearances have been scarce lately (she's been busy bringing up her chee-ild), you'll find her in "Looking for Trouble."

"I'll call her," you say.

"I beg your pardon?" asks Marlene bewildered.

"I say I'll call her."

"But this is Miss Dietrich."

"You want Miss Dietrich?" you ask. "I don't know if she's here. I'll see if I can find her."

"But this *is* Miss Dietrich," she protests.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" you growl, pretending you're sore. "You call up and ask for Miss Dietrich and now you say you're Miss Dietrich! Are you crazy?"

This one can go on for hours. A good many stars on whom it's been played, have ended up wondering if they *were* crazy. It is guaranteed to be very bad for the nerves.

You hear a lot about the ribs Vince Barnett plays. He made his reputation that way. You don't hear so much about the ones people play on him. He keeps those quiet. But it was only natural that the gang should lay for him. Vince was making a picture with Wallie Beery. The director would say, "Over here, please, Mr. Barnett." Vince would trot over obediently and by the time he got there the director would say, "Sorry. My error. Don't need you now."

Vince would sit down and a second later an assistant cameraman would ask him politely, "Will you step this way and let us try the lights on you?" Again Vince would get up only to be told, "Our mistake. Don't need you." No sooner did he sit down again than an assistant director would ask him to stand in for Wallie. Again, "Sorry. Don't need you now." Vince hardly sat down three seconds in three days. He was always needed somewhere.

He didn't catch on until the still man said, "Mr. Barnett, will you pose for a still with Mr. Beery?" They posed. Vince knelt. Wallie stood over him. The still man squinted and squinted and finally said it was all right. He took hold of the little rubber bulb of his camera, raised one hand and commanded, "Hold it! Still!" Vince held it. And Wallie slowly lifted up a barrel and let Vince have ten gallons of ice water right down his neck.

That's the price you pay in Hollywood for playing ribs.

You get ribbed yourself.

Guardian Angels

(*Continued from page 43*)

takes them in tow and explains the whys and wherefores. More important than any of his help, however, was the caution he gave me about spending money. Now if a girl hasn't had much money, those first picture checks simply burn holes in her purse. I was all set to spend them and a lot more when Jack, who the wise-crackers say still has part of his first check, put the brakes on for me. He taught me that all that glitters doesn't necessarily have to be purchased. He said it wasn't exactly necessary for me to pay down on the

MARRIES the MAN she first FAILED to ATTRACT

Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men *are* attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the *natural* color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There *is* a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire . . . without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick . . . it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Orange in the stick . . . rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipsticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

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TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

***Cheeks** must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

★**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢**

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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NOW YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—the active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

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biggest car in Hollywood. Yes, if I've had a studio father, Jack has certainly been he."

Even more dramatic was the way Jimmy Cagney took Jean Muir in tow during her first miserable weeks in Hollywood. Jean, fresh from the serious New York stage, couldn't acclimate herself to the breezy informality of Hollywood. So utterly out of place she felt herself, that she had secretly resolved to fly the coop for New York and her own sort of friends. Jimmy, seeing her at luncheon one day, intuitively realized her predicament and engaged her in conversation.

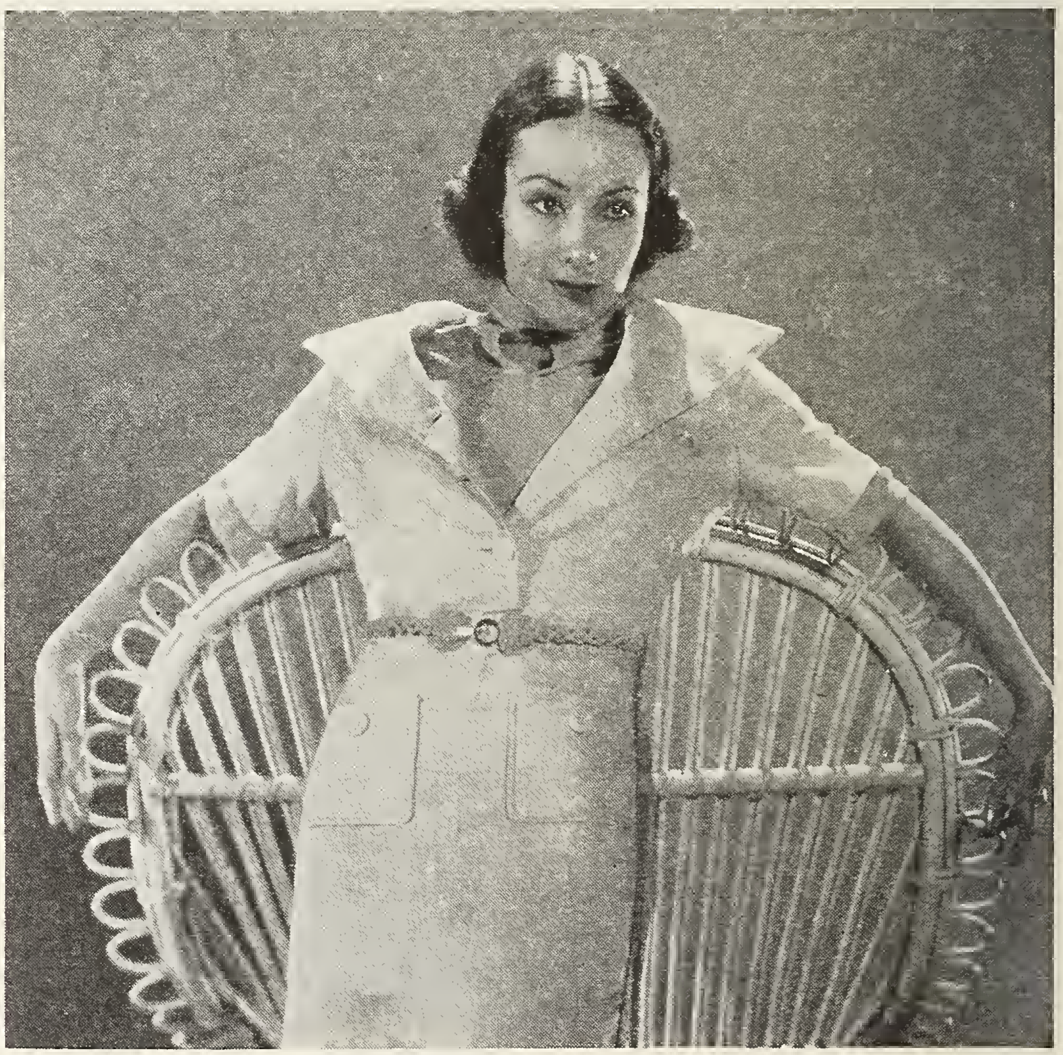
"I told him," said Jean, "that there was nothing for me in Hollywood. I said that the movies were entirely different from what I'd been used to and that I couldn't stand it out here any longer.

"Jimmy heard me through and then opened up with a little discourse of his own, the sum total of which was to take it easy. Hollywood, he told me, although not New York, was a pretty good place after all. Its methods, he went on, were necessarily different from New York's, but its sincerity and determination to turn out good work was just as great as the eastern city's. We became friends. I learned to laugh at myself in the warm glow of this friendship. Hollywood opened up for me and I changed from a miserable to a happy girl. No one knows what a real friend Jimmy Cagney can be. I'm all for him."

AND in just such a way is Richard Cromwell "all for" Claire Du Brey. Claire, Richard's senior in years, has been that lad's studio mother since early in the game when Richard jerked sodas to earn his way through art school. At that time Claire was appearing in a Los Angeles stage production and Cromwell, seeing her once, spent every available cent to return to the play. He finally managed an introduction to her through an usher and then was started a friendship which has few parallels in Hollywood.

Following his art training, Richard started a little shop. Miss Du Brey, believing from the first that he had much to offer the stage and screen, saw to it that such people as Anna Q. Nilsson and Marie Dressler visited his place for *objcts d'art* and Christmas cards. These meetings proved to be his open sesame to the studios, for it was shortly after that Marie found him small parts. His casting in "Tol'able David" and the launching of his successful career followed.

"But helping me get started was only a small part of the aid she gave me," Richard says. "In half-a-hundred ways since, she has advised and counseled me. One time, I remember, I had obtained an option on a house that looked good



Have you ever worn a sweater under a dress? We thought not. But Dolores Del Rio proves to us that it can be done. And the result is right smart. It's a bright yellow sweater with a high neck and elbow-length sleeves. The neckline of the dress is V-shaped and the sleeves are rather short.

to me. My art training must have taught me not to look further than exteriors, however, because when Miss Du Brey inspected it, she had my money returned. The house, although pleasing to the eye, had nothing else to recommend it. It couldn't be heated. It had no foundation. The basement was full of water. It was entirely inadequate."

But if Claire helped Richard, he has had an opportunity of returning those favors. It was through him that Miss Du Brey received two important film assignments lately. He's not one to forget a friend and especially such a friend as she.

Dick Powell wants to go on record to the effect that Joe E. Brown is the best guardian angel in the business. Dick doesn't mix easily and he, too, was on the point of giving up through loneliness. "Just about the only one to care about the situation," Dick testifies, "was Joe. He had me out to his house early in the game and talked to me in good straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. 'Hollywood,' he said, 'may not be the friendly Pittsburgh I knew, but there are a lot of real fellows out here just the same.' He introduced me to a bunch of those 'real fellows' and the edge was soon worn off my feeling of isolation.

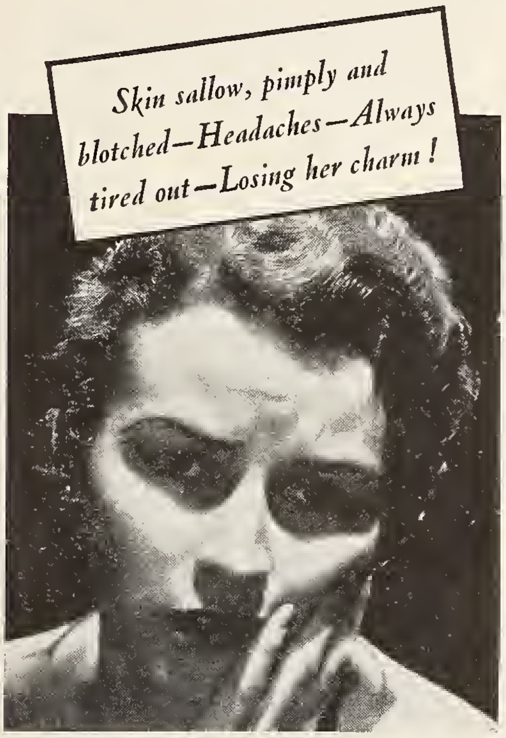
HE didn't need to caution me about money because I made more salary before I came to Hollywood than the studio paid me and I'd learned how to hang onto the stuff. At the same time he did tell me a few things about studio politics and helped me avert what might have been a serious calamity. It was the time when studio cuts were going into effect. I saw no reason why I should accept one at my salary. I wasn't going to either until Joe took me aside to tell me that everyone, himself included, was taking the cut like sportsmen. That opened my eyes. If Joe was taking the reduction, I figured I wasn't too big to refuse it. I can't thank Joe enough for that because I've since learned that studios have a way of doing without a person who can't see the light."

Of course, it is pretty generally known, I think, that Lupe Velez is the "studio mother" of any lad in whom she is interested. It was Lupe who went to bat for Gary Cooper at option-renewal time, securing the non-combative fellow better and still better contracts. And in much the same way has Lupe fought for Johnny Weissmuller.

In the case of Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, the studio parent angle takes another slant. Bert, happy-go-lucky and generous to a fault would, it is said, spend every dime available if it weren't for Bob. For Bert to see something is for him to want to buy it. Automobiles, homes, expensive bric-a-brac—all these work their fatal charms on his wide-open pocketbook. Or rather they used to work them before Bob stepped into the picture. Now it's a different story. Bob has formed the corporation of "Bobert" (Bob and Bert, you see) for the express purpose of safeguarding Bert's money. Bert's salary now goes direct into the corporation and he is doled out a very small and

NEW HEALTH & BEAUTY This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Corrects Common Cause of Constipation


Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—Headaches—Always tired out—Losing her charm!

Skin clear and smooth, complexion lovely—Full of pep—Charming once more!

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings a clear, lovely skin—perfect digestion and elimination.

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected. Your tablets were a great find for me." In such cases, the trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

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These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

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Marie Dressler's rôle as guardian angel is too great and well-known to go into. Let it be noted that not one youngster at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever been refused guidance and help from Hollywood's grandest person. Dorothy Jordan, Bob Young and Maureen O'Sullivan all heap tributes on her. Dorothy and Maureen, both romantic youngsters, say that Marie was the only one to talk right out in meeting about their for-the-moment beaux. Marie certainly never minces words. Ramon Novarro calls her the world's best tonic. Ramon, a moody one, would hop in his ear and head for Marie when the blues got him down. "An hour in her company," he says, "is the world's best antidote for that all-gone feeling. Never was there such a grand person."

ROBERT Young also wants it known that Joan Crawford knows a thing or two about studio mothering. Bob, fortunately or unfortunately, was born in Boyle Heights, the "below the tracks" area of Los Angeles. Poor, friendless, lacking in the so-called "social graces," he led a pretty lonely and solitary life in Hollywood until Joan singled him out one night at a preview of "The Wet Parade" to congratulate him on his good work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." He warmed to this friendliness and accepted her invitations to large functions at her home where she saw to it that he met the better directors, writers and actors. Joan really drew Bob out, developed and broadened him; let, in fact, the sunshine in.

Gloria Swanson did much the same sort of thing for Joel McCrea in his plug-ugly days, while Walter Huston was the one to father Smacksie-Maxie Baer. Not only did Walter tell Maxie a thing or two about acting, but his advice touched on such well known Hollywood subjects as whoopee, the gals, his salary checks and general studio deportment. The two hit it up from the first and Maxie, another naïve person, was only too glad to receive his Hollywood A.B.C.'s from the wiser Huston.

Onslow Stevens and Gloria Stuart have done wonders for the kids at Universal's school of acting. Both have given freely of their time and efforts to guide the youngsters along the intricate and labored path to recognition. In fact at least a half-dozen of the girl neophytes have officially adopted the not-so-old but plenty wise Gloria as their studio mother. Gloria's proud of it.

Margaret Sullavan, although probably not yet completely weaned from Broadway, owes a very great deal of her success in Hollywood to John Stahl, her director in "Only Yesterday." Margaret was on the very point of checking out by plane when Stahl, hearing of it, buried his pride to visit her apartment and argue, cajole, wheedle, coax and finally win her over to remain.

Everything in Hollywood, it seemed, bothered her. Advertising solicitors annoyed her. Stahl chased them away. She complained of being uncomfortable. He taught her to wear slacks, old tennis shoes, sweat shirts—anything in which she could relax and regain her composure. He taught her how to rest on the set, instructing her to lie down at every possible chance. When she pouted he took re-take after re-take until he got her into a good mood. He taught her to live conservatively and preserve her strength. Stahl, it would seem, was studio father, mother and wet-nurse to her. But his efforts weren't in vain.

We could go on and tell of how Jack Pierce, Boris Karloff's make-up man is more than a friend; of how Chester Morris' own wife has also proved his studio mother, watching his pennies and temper for him; of how Richard Dix has proved a studio father to many a beginner at Radio; of Leslie Howard's "parental devotion" for William Gargan; of John Barrymore's interest in newcomers and the bouquets Pert Kelton hands to Constance Bennett as *her* studio mother. But isn't what we've already related enough to show that Hollywood's stars are not above extending the hand of help and friendship? Personally, we think it one of the brightest sides of this many-sided place.

The cast of "Merry Wives of Reno" lines up for the cameraman. Roscoe Ates, Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh are among those present.

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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 15*)

some, and convincing support to shoot them to even farther heights.

The male stars, it seems, are given one or two good roles at first and then, for no reason at all, are expected to put over any weak, willy-nilly plot unaided.

Look at Lew Ayres. He was superb in "All Quiet on the Western Front," but what chance has he had since to show his talent?

And is it fair to judge Johnnie Weissmuller at all? He has made one picture—and that several months ago.

Miss Baldwin thinks Clark Gable is almost at the end of his rope. Perhaps. But why? Give him something real and see how real he can be.

Valentino, Barthelmess, Novarro, Gilbert, Barrymore, Reid, Bushman and Fairbanks, Sr., were mentioned as box office sensations in former years. Put any of them in Gable's place in "Dancing Lady," or Cooper's place in "Today We Live," or Ayres' place in "My Weakness"—and where would they have been?

Short—But Sweet

WISE GUY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., allows as how:

"Dancing Lady" was one grand picture.

Joan Crawford ought to continue in such roles—and gowns.

Karen Morley ought to be seen a little more—can't get enough of her.

Paul Kelly ought to be given a big chance to become a star.

We Consider Ourselves Squelched

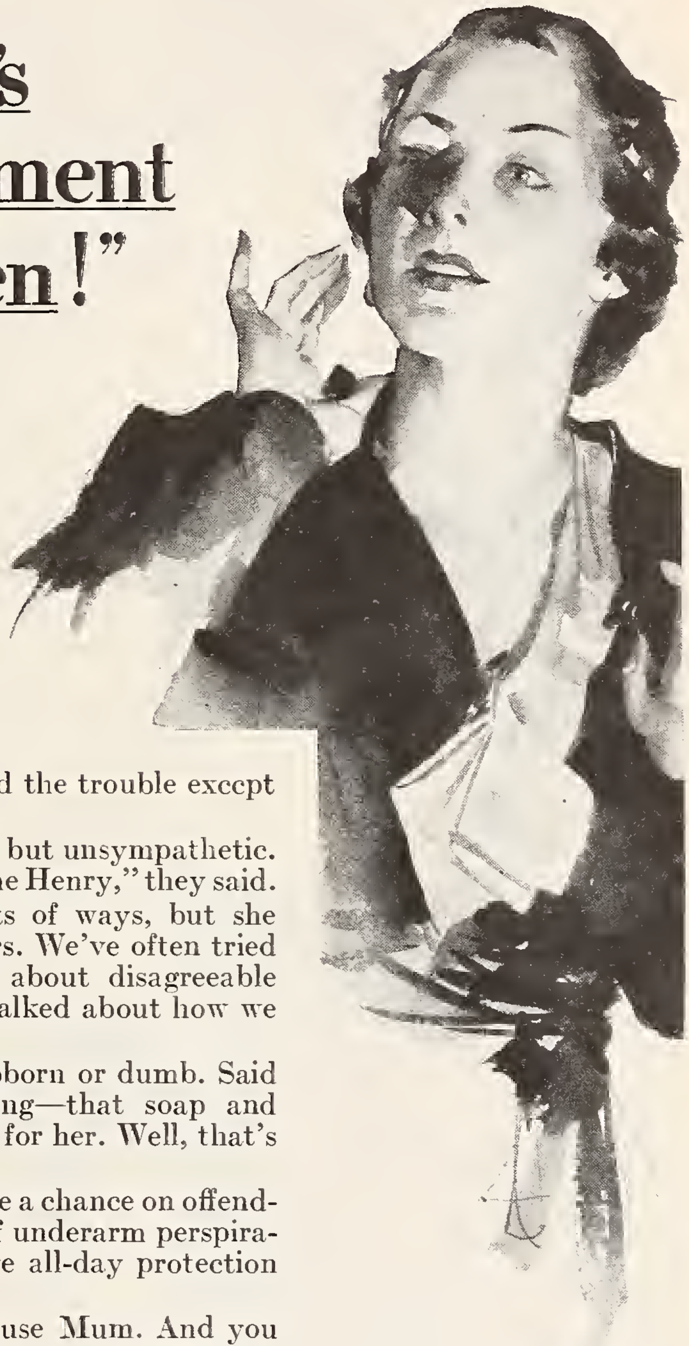
A READER of Terre Haute, Indiana, is werry outspoken:

I have just read the article "What Will Happen to Them in 1934?" by Dareos, one of these so-called astrologers. Modern-minded people with common sense know there is nothing in astrology. No doubt Dareos knows it himself. He is simply keen enough to cash in on his knowledge of human nature and his acquaintance with the movie colony.

Dareos seems to think that Garbo has passed her zenith. He is obviously wrong on that point, for with her great ability and fascination, she couldn't help being the

"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

"Peg's engagement is broken!"



EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

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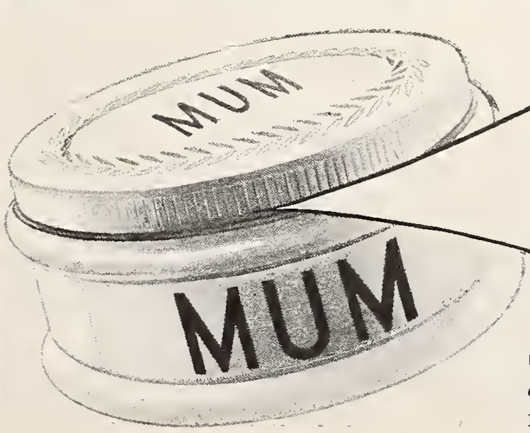

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29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	33x4	2.95	0.85
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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.55
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star of stars as long as she remains on the screen. (*Aw, say, now—maybe you were just mad because of what Dareos said about Garbo?*)

Here's An Amusing One!

ALICE HENRY, of Ridgway, Penna., brings up a nice point:

Allow me as a movie fan to say that M-G-M and Hollywood needn't drop Lee Tracy. Holy cats! They say he was nude. Is it any worse for a man than a woman? They seem to be delighted when the gals are like that—or almost. (*Um—quite so, Alice. But the facts of that little Mexican matter are coming out—a new fact every day. It seems that Tracy was quite well covered, thank you. That he was on a high balcony. That no one objected to his hilarity, particularly, until the newspapers made a fuss about it. And that, furthermore, so many fans have been demanding his reinstatement, that it will probably take place before you read this.*)

The Producers Shouldn't Go Scot Free—No Sir!

THELMA—of some town in New York state which we can't decipher—feels that stars are criticized too much:

I want to put in my kick with both feet. I believe the producers pick stories for their best bets by lottery—on the morning after.

Ye gods! Look at Warner Baxter's leading ladies and stories, for example.

Why don't they make "Tale of Two Cities" with Warner Baxter—as they said they were going to do?

Regarding the "new men" problem—the trouble isn't with our leading men. It's just that Hollywood should chloroform about twenty "experts" in each studio and hire *one* casting director who knows his stuff.

A Suggestion for a New Movie Team

DOROTHIE GRIFFIN, of Tehachapi, California, has a new co-starring idea:

My favorite actor is Gary Cooper and my favorite actress is Norma Shearer. Would it be possible for the necessary studio-loaning to be done and have them make a picture together? Some good Western story—yes, I mean it. Not the cheap melodrama kind, but one with real romance and yet realistic enough for all fans.

Madge, Take a Bow

JOHN CARDEN, of Philadelphia, Pa., says:

I have been buying Modern Screen for a long time, and in a recent issue I like best the stories on Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich, and the portraits of Irene Dunne and Ann Harding. I like these stars and many others, too, but of all the stars in Hollywood I like Madge Evans best. And I cannot tell you how much I'd like and appreciate a portrait, a cover, or a story on Madge Evans. (*There's a story on Madge coming out in our May issue.*)

Hooray for the Stars and Stripes—and Katharine Hepburn

J. BRERETON CHAMBERLIN, of Sussex, Eng., wants us to know that:

As an English fan, and as one of the American film producer's keen admirers, I would like to congratulate RKO on Katharine Hepburn, besides many excellent pictures made by the only nation which can produce movies.

Hepburn rates along with Garbo. To me, they resemble one another very much, far more so than Dietrich.

Please may we see Hepburn with Gable? I shall never forget "Susan Lennox," the best film I've seen yet. The worst one I've ever seen was "I Loved You Wednesday." What do you see in Elissa Landi over there? I think she is—well I won't say it.

No Alterations, Please!

MARGARET D. KILLE, of Collingswood, N. J., explodes:

Why do they want to re-tailor the version of the "Merry Widow" to fit anyone? M-G-M has people in its own studio who are fitted for the beautiful original version.

As for putting Chevalier in it, that is a laugh. As a singer, he is a flop. As far as Joan Crawford is concerned, she is a jazz dancer. Of course, if they are making a burlesque out of it, this team would be great.

Why not give it to the one and only one who has everything for the part and that is the girl with the golden voice, Jeanette MacDonald? Have a good male singer and graceful dancer for the prince, and the picture will be a success.

The Sullavan Girl Is Okay

A. C. DARDEN, of Orange,

N. J., went for her in a big way:

"Only Yesterday," was a great picture. I used to dislike love pictures more than I can say. But when a film like "Only Yesterday" is shown, no one can help but like it. Margaret Sullavan's acting was simply perfect. It really touched me.

Wants More Man-Appeal

THEODORE A. GEISLER, of Davenport, Iowa, thinks we've been leaving the poor males out in the cold:

Every bit of your magazine is O. K., if one can only take time out to read every article, ad and squib of news. I have done so this month. In looking over the "Between You and Me" page, I want you to know how I feel about Francis Ressell's comment. I agree with him in saying that your magazine caters almost entirely to the "weaker" sex. It would be so much better if you were only half for the "stronger" and their doings. I would be interested, for instance, in a monthly page on men's clothes, accessories and so forth. (MODERN SCREEN *for March contained a very helpful "beauty article" for men.)*

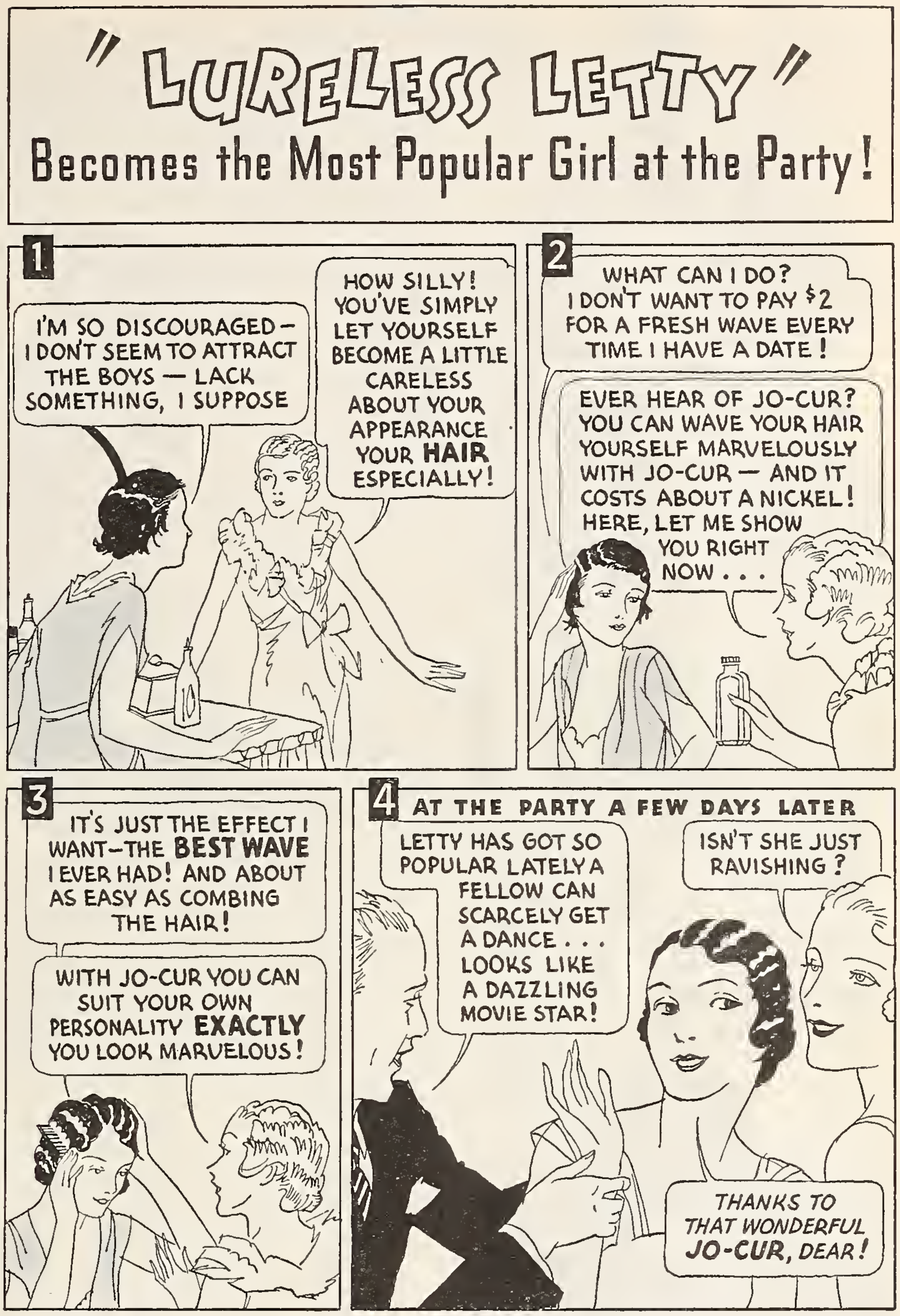
"For Joan, from Kathryn"

KATHRYN WHITE, of Englewood, N. J., pays a tribute to Joan Crawford:

Of all the people in Hollywood, both men and women, I would like to know Joan Crawford. Funny isn't it, coming from a girl? You probably think I should "adore" Clark Gable, "love" Gene Raymond and think Robert Montgomery is "sweet." But you see, I don't.

If I were to meet Joan, one of my greatest dreams would be realized. Because ever since I saw her in "The Duke Steps Out," I've adored her. Do you blame me? There isn't a finer, nicer, more idealistic girl in Hollywood. I want to meet her because I want to prove to myself that she is as perfect as I think she is. I want to be like her. I could dress and look like her, but still I wouldn't be "her." It's something more than clothes and beauty. It's Individuality. It's Personality.

Not long ago, I sent her a letter and I told her how much I thought of her. Then one day soon thereafter, she sent me a beautiful photo of herself and on it she had written, "For Kathryn, from Joan Crawford." I sent her a letter of thanks, I was so glad. Gosh. I hardly expected her to do such a


"LURELESS LETTY"
Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!
1
I'M SO DISCOURAGED– I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS — LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE
HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!
2
WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY $2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!
EVER HEAR OF JO-CUR? YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF MARVELOUSLY WITH JO-CUR — AND IT COSTS ABOUT A NICKEL! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW . . .
3
IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT–THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMBING THE HAIR!
WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!
4
AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER
LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE . . . LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!
ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?
THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave

in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary *ever* to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens *you* can have the *same* wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves—each of which might cost you $2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a *full week. And fingerwaving your hair with* JO-CUR *is about as quick and easy as combing it!*

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. JO-CUR is made with a *quince-seed* base —*not* cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will *not* leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer . . . Double your "appeal"! Express *your* VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out *YOUR loveliness* as never before—TONIGHT!

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ALL COLORS
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SHOE POLISH
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TYPEWRITER
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New Low Price—Standard 4-row keyboard—Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 day trial.

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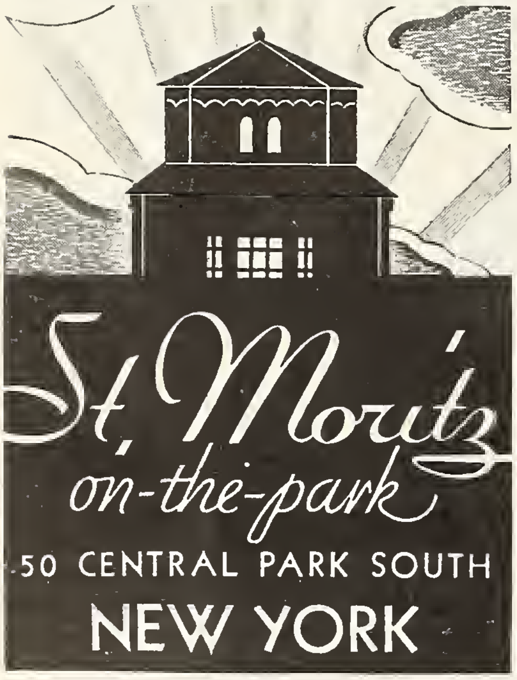

Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

INTERESTING ALWAYS!
Famous people from all over the world make this their New York home.

RATES: Single, $3.50-$5;
Double, $5-$7; Suites from $8

Dancing nightly in the NEW CONTINENTAL GRILL. And the *only* RUMPELMAYER'S in America.

swell thing. Anyway I shall always adore her for it. I'll always treasure it and some day I'm going to Hollywood and thank her personally. I'll never forget her! *(Charming sentiments, Kate. And Joan is deserving of your highest esteem.)*

Curves vs. Curves

MARY BARKER, of Hartford, Conn., points out the difference:

This is the first time I've ever written to a movie magazine, but, then, there's never been a Jean Harlow! She's marvelous, gorgeous, and a wonderful actress.

Mae West is all right, but for looks—she's, well, she's fat. Ugh! Curves are okay when they're slender and beautifully proportioned as Jean's are. Give us more pictures of this gorgeous person teamed with Clark Gable. "Hold Your Man" was swell.

Tell Joan Crawford to get off her high horse, please. *(Joan on a high horse? No, we don't think so. And neither will you after you've read "I'm a Terrible Person," in this issue. Name us an actress who'd be as frank and honest with her fans?)*

A Profile Ain't Everything

LILLIAN FOSTER, of Hartford, Conn., is just plain disgusted:

I would like to express my opinion of handsome actors and those who aren't so handsome. Take Frank McHugh. His work is convincing and his personality clicks. We like him. We're tired of the so-called good-lookers with their false teeth, waved hair, like a beauty salon's advertisement, ears taped back. In other words, enough alterations to be worthy of a first-class fitting room.

Give the public actors with real acting ability. Stop featuring men who have to be all made over to be the ones who get the Mae West invitations. *(Aw, Lillian, give 'em a break. Don't be so hard on our Gables, Grants, Crosbys and Chevaliers. They're good guys and we like 'em.)*

More Mysteries

HARVEY HANCOCKS, of Oakland, Calif., got a big kick out of seeing the "invisible":

Am I scared of the big, bad "Invisible Man"? I am not. Boy, oh, boy, give us another one of those mysteries. I'm strong for 'em. You betcha my life. Can you give Claude Rains a break so we can see what he looks like? The "Invisible Man" was sorta different, I thought, in the way of mysteries. He played remarkably well, also, in "Frankenstein."

I saw another picture that was great, too. All due credit goes to Frankie Darro and his pal in "Wild Boys of the Road." Makes a fella glad to have a home. Guess I would have done the same thing if I were in their shoes. Wish I could meet a fella like Frankie some day. *(No, Harvey, you're mistaken about "Frankenstein." That was Boris Karloff, remember? He may do "The Return of Frankenstein," too.)*

He Has What It Takes

FRANK DENNIS, of Bedford, Va., knows a good actor when he sees one:

It appears that we have a new leading man. He's listed as Otto Kruger, has wonderfully expressive eyes and a fine face. He and Barbara Stanwyck reach the top of the ladder of screen artistry in "Ever In My Heart." How would Irene Dunne or Ann Harding stand out, with his support, in another "Back Street," for instance? *("Gallant Lady" has your two favorites, Otto and Ann.)*

Prince Charming

GOLDIE SNYDER, of Timmins, Canada, has a yen for Baby LeRoy:

I think he's just too cute for words. But just wait till he can talk. Then he'll say, "Tum up an' tee me tum time." Let's hope we'll see his picture on the cover of MODERN SCREEN soon. There can be ten Crawfords, twenty Garbos, and forty Mae Wests, but give me Baby LeRoy.

A Sensible Attitude

ELIZABETH HART, of Baltimore, Md., says a thing or two:

It was with real satisfaction that I read Lee Tracy's statement concerning that Mexican affair in MODERN SCREEN. Lee Tracy is an excellent actor and a grand guy, so if he says there was no balcony, then there was no balcony.

Moreover, suppose the most fantastic version of the story were true, what of it? Surely Lee has afforded us all enough amusement on the screen to be allowed to have a little fun in his own fashion. People with exceptional talent should not be bound by all the rigid rules that govern the rest of us commonplace mortals. It will be the greatest piece of nonsense imaginable if this little escapade is allowed to affect, adversely, his future career.

JOAN ZAPPA, of Merrie England, joins in with:

This is my first letter to any screen magazine and I wish to congratulate you on being the only magazine that gave Lee Tracy a chance to speak out for himself.

Mr. Tracy is an excellent actor and has given much to the screen, and I hope all Lee Tracy's fans will be quick to show their appreciation by supporting him.

Shake Hands, Eric

JESSIE ORR, of Astoria, L. I., has a wish:

I'd like to meet Eric Linden because I admire him on the screen. His personality is so different from that of any person I have ever known. When he plays a part on the screen, he isn't acting it—it just comes natural, as if he really meant it. And I'd like to see for myself if he is really like that. That's why I'd like to meet him. (*The last time we heard from him, Eric was in Capri, France. He wanted to get away from Hollywood for a while. Seems he was sad over the Dee-McCrea marriage.*)

Warning! Danger Ahead

One of our constant readers, CAROL LEE, from far-off New Zealand, is disappointed in an old favorite:

Maurice Chevalier used to be my favorite actor, but he has become so disgustingly sex-conscious that he is now just a pain in the neck. Why, oh why, don't the producers give him more pictures like "Innocents of Paris"? The tripe they are dishing out now is far beneath him, and as he is on the downward path it would pay them well if they shook themselves up a bit and put on their blinkers. (*So it's spread to New Zealand, too, has it?*)

Picture Boners

P. S. C., no address given, scrutinizes the films with an eagle eye:

In "Penthouse" you will recall the scene in which Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy are seen eating breakfast on the terrace of his penthouse apartment. It shows Miss Loy toying with her grapefruit which is minus a cherry, when Mr. Baxter's former fiancée calls. The scene then reverts to the living room in which an argument ensues

The Smartest Women Use
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

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—*yet they cost*
ONLY 10¢

You can pay $1 or more for your beauty aids, if you wish. But you can't buy finer quality than Faoen offers you for 10¢. We know that statement is hard to believe. So we asked a famous research laboratory to analyze Faoen Beauty Aids. And here's their report:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Is it any wonder that the smartest women are now using Faoen? Join them—*today!*

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
No 44

No. 44
A New FAOEN
Perfume Triumph!
This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece —and its price of only 10¢.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

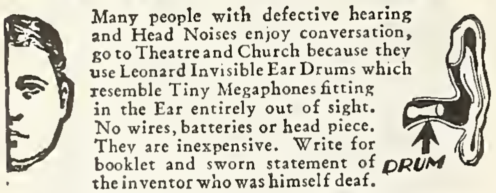
FUNNY
in an advertisement . . .
TRAGIC in life!

You've read it and smiled—"A beautiful face he adored, neglected hands he abhorred!" But it *does* happen and it needn't!

F-O Nail Polish changes ungroomed fingertips into gleaming, rose-tipped ones he'll love to touch. It makes fingers sing—"Look at us, lovely as a debutante's, though we're busy as bees all day long." Spreads evenly, lasts unbelievably long, comes in five shades for all modes and moods. Also F-O Nail Polish Remover and F-O Cuticle Remover. Fort Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

At all better Chains.

F-O
NAIL POLISH
Pink
F-O
NAIL POLISH
10¢


DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

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Reduced Quickly

Pain stops almost instantly! Then blessed relief. **Fairyfoot** gradually reduces painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897. Write for **FREE** trial treatment. **Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill. 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 2714**

3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
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(3) Esprit de France

A single drop lasts a week!

Send only **30¢**

To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER,** 172 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

between the former lovers. When Miss Loy returns to the terrace and her grapefruit, lo and behold, a great big red cherry is perched on it. (*The flaws which you found in "Prizefighter and the Lady" and "Going Hollywood" were interesting to note, too.*)

Nils Asther—Romantic Hero

F. X. LAUDETTE, of New Brunswick, Canada, says:

I really think your magazine is the best of the movie books and the stories are most interesting, especially the biographical ones. But I've never read a story on Nils Asther, one of the screen's most talented actors. I think he's far more romantic than Gable, or Barrymore, or even Gilbert. Please give us a good story on him. (*Read "Nils Asther—Enemy of Hooey," which appeared in our March number. It's a swell yarn.*)

Three Cheers for the Old Stand-Bys

E. M. SWANSON, of Claremont, S. D., is hopping mad:

Hurray for Franklin Davis, of Charlottesville, Va.! I've been steaming up over that very same thing for some time. And when Faith Baldwin came out with her article, "New Men—Where Are They?" I just about flew off the handle. Now, why lament about the non-appearance of new men when we have such swell old actors—not in age, perhaps, but in experience, I mean.

If We Get Enough Requests, Maybe We'll Weaken

TWO CLARK GABLE FANS rave about him:

If anyone deserves orchids, Clark Gable does. He's swell. We just saw "Dancing Lady" and he was at his best in that picture. And can't Joan Crawford dance?

Why don't you have actors on your covers and make Clark number one?

Gorgeous Kay

S. MC. appreciates Kay Francis' artistry:

What about "The House on 56th Street"? That's the best picture I've seen in a long time. Perhaps it's because Kay Francis has an opportunity to show a little of what she can do. She is lovely from start to finish. Have you ever noticed how much she gets out of a part?

DELIGHTED FAN, of Albany, N. Y., agrees with S. MC.:

Kay Francis deserves a great big round of applause for her beautiful performance in "The House on 56th Street." She was gorgeous. All in all, the picture was perfect.

Word Pictures

EVELYN McLEAN, of Cheney, Wash., sends us a few impressions of the stars:

Jean Harlow: white fire, icy diamonds; warm ivory; a first snowfall.

Clara Bow: "Please like me!" Smouldering embers; poignant sorrow, rubies; a vivid sunrise.

Fay Wray: Mischief; amber glass; pale rose satin; dreams.

Marion Davies: Sparkle; Christmas trees; New Year's parties; pigtails and freckles; high school.

Lilian Harvey: wire-haired terriers; bubbly springs; twinkly stars; first party gown.

The Sweet and Innocent Types Appeal to Her

EVELYN WANDELT, of Jackson Heights, N. Y., is tired of the sophisticates of the screen:

Ruby Keeler is real. Not the exaggerated type of girl like a few of those stars. Her voice lingers in one's ears long after it is heard. Her smile has that appealing shyness and wistfulness that none of the sophisticated stars have. She has natural beauty, natural acting ability. That's why we all like her. Let me continue—she's demure, ravishing, altogether entrancing.

MODERN SCREEN
ON THE AIR

Want to know who is dating who in Hollywood this week?

Which of our great stars is marrying, babying, divorcing?

It's on the air each week in the MODERN SCREEN REVUE.

WMCA
New York

WPRO
Providence

They Visit New York

(Continued from page 35)

dollars (which he can't afford) for a pure-bred Irish wolfhound.

* * *

Probably the ten most beautiful women in New York, the week she was here, was Dolores Del Rio. There's a gal that's actually breathtaking. You look at her and wonder if it's real, and then she looks at Cedric Gibbons, and you know it is!

"Gibby" is the young woman's husband and the art director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Therefore, an authority on beauty and the legal custodian of a Del Rio. The gentleman is also what is known as very "social." Remember, he is Veronica Balfe's uncle. Mrs. Gary Cooper, you know. They may all be found somewhere between the covers of the Blue Book.

Thus the Gibbonses did a lot of gadding about in the Park Avenue sector while in town and very little on Broadway. During the day, Dolores made the rounds of the smarter shops and bought herself another wardrobe. And here's an item that might interest you. Most of her clothes selections were made from last fall's stock, and comprised conservative models moderately priced. None of this "ahead of the minute" business for Del Rio. She has no aspirations to the "best dressed" title, which has most of the Hollywood gals slightly dazed. They'd almost rather be dead than out of style, you know.

* * *

Another smart little girl who goes merrily on her own way, dripping in mink and fame, is Sylvia Sidney. All Sylvia desires is good roles in pictures and to keep her name out of the gossip columns. She was in New York several days before the sleuths were even aware of her presence. Not that the Sidney is doing a Garbo, but she just isn't interested—and she isn't proclaiming her lack of desire for publicity, either. Which, you must admit, comes under the head of "news."

Having made "Good Dame," Miss Sidney trekked east for a vacation and, being a native New Yorker, this is the noisy place wherein she can enjoy a rest.

* * *

WHEN you see "Gallant Lady," you'll see Janet Beecher. Miss Beecher is as well-known in the theatre as Amos 'n' Andy are to radio fans. But she has just made her picture debut and made the individual hit of the talkie under discussion.

"Let's Put Our Heads Together On This, Dear!"

Posed by Florence Lake and Edgar Kennedy, RKO Radio players

She: "You've been entirely too cranky lately, and something's got to be done about it."

He: "Sorry, dear, but I can't sleep at night. I'm always tired, and I see spots before my eyes."

She: "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. You've been working too hard at the office. What you need is my favorite tonic!"

He: "What's that?"

She: "Why, the laugh tonic, of course—

FILM FUN

The Humor Magazine of Hollywood

Pick up a copy next time you pass a newsstand. It's great for that tired feeling!"

ENRICH YOUR PERSONALITY
WITH THIS EXOTIC PERFUME
IRRESISTIBLE
USE
ACTUAL TEN CENT SIZE
Irresistible
PARFUM
OBTAINABLE AT YOUR FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE
JOUBERT • PARFUMEUR
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KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

We teach Beauty Culture. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.** For promptness in writing me, I will include a $2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations.

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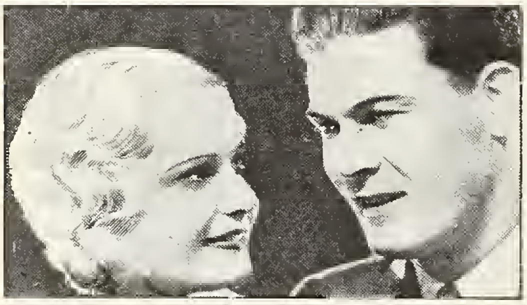

"Her Blonde Hair *won me!*"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes—$1.00 and 25¢. Get Blondex today and see how beautiful *your hair* can be.

NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.

And now she is back in New York temporarily, ensconced in her own apartment, living the life of a very sane person instead of the hectic existence of a celebrity. When she gets her thoughts organized and her ideas arranged from her last Cinema City visit, she will start packing for her next. For, Miss Beecher is to play opposite George Arliss in a forthcoming, as-yet-untitled production.

She wants to know all about acting in the movies and, so eager is she to learn the tricks, we imagine she'd stop the policeman on the corner if she thought he could give her any pointers. If the lady ever knew, she plays cards and spades around most of the film famous at the present writing.

She has a very severe critic who believes in giving her the bad news, if any, right off the bat. He is her twelve-year-old son and may possibly take advantage of the relationship to get off a lot of humdingers!

* * *

We always get a thrill seeing a Sweet Young Thing, armed with talent and beauty, off to Hollywood to embark on a movie career. And this month it was Pauline True's turn.

Pauline owns a lovely face and figure and a dramatic coach, Edith Becton Uhrbrock, who has great faith in her. With all this on the credit side of the books, she worked like a little Trojan, so that when it came time to take a film test, she was all set for the ordeal—as ordeal it is!

This girl you have often seen on the magazine covers came through with flying colors, for her intelligence came in handy, too. And so, we sort of like to fancy ourself a prophet and predict that Pauline True is destined to become a winner. When she does, we are going to get ourself a crystal ball and awning tent and open up a Madame Zaza booth in Coney Island!

* * *

CARL BRISSON arrived from across the sea with a Paramount contract and a reputation for being a veritable dazzler wherever ladies gather. In fact, rumor hath it that in the not-so-good old days, when Garbo sold millinery and Carl tripped the musical comedy boards, the Swedish damsel was *that* much in love with him! Indeed, nothing parted them but the breadth of the footlights, which, at that, can make the Grand Canyon look like a mere crack when it comes to separating hither from yon or a girl from her heart's desire. In those days, Greta sent her idol violets, but since the card was marked Miss Gustafsen, the star merely relegated the nosegay to "among those odds and ends from women."

Several years later, however, Mr. Brisson sent the Garbo boxes of roses, but that, of course, was when Greta was interested in somebody else. Oh, this Life! Doesn't it get you down!

Brisson landed with a wife and several trunks and, some say, a son, a grown-up feller who might make daddy seem a bit passé if folks were good at mathematics. So wife and son graciously stayed in the background while the hero did his stuff.

Carl declares Hollywood isn't going to spoil him. He knows all the answers and the famous and near-famous won't be able to trip him up. Paramount has announced "Murder at the Vanities" as his first picture, and when you see him, you'll become enamored, because the gentleman has plenty of "what it takes" to make headway cinematically.

* * *

WHEN Sophie Tucker throws a party, it's a party! One of those memorable events that you contemplate even after the corsage has faded and the headache has disappeared.

Recently, Sophie celebrated her birthday at the Hollywood—a swanky night club, doubtless so named because it is situated on Broadway, New York! That's the way they do things around this town.

Well, just about everybody and his wife—or someone else's—attended the big soiree. There was Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Fay, Nita Naldi and a host of others, there to give the great big girl a much bigger hand.

The Tucker is due on the camera coast any minute to make two pictures. First, "Husband Hunter," an independent for Monogram and then to put over a few snappy song numbers in "Murder at the Vanities."

* * *

Some people aren't permitted a day off even when on vacation; especially when on vacation, we might say. There were, for instance, Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins and May Robson, all set to make a little mild whoopee in our town when the producers got wind of it.

Before you could say Jack Robinson—or is it Edward G.?—the Paramount theatre had Miriam in a sketch from "Affairs of Anatole." Such a sensation did the little sex appeal lady prove, that Chicago, Detroit and Boston wired offers and, not averse to making a little money, she accepted 'em. But her holiday was shot to—the road.

The Capitol Theatre put in a bid for Miss Robson and Mr. Barrymore to be featured in separate skits and they, too, brought out the "Standing Room Only" signs.

* * *

The Ricardo Cortezes are among us, on a sort of honeymoon trip. They are only to be here a week, so are missing none of the night spots, theatres and shops. It all comes under the head of a grand whirl and Ric, a born and bred New Yorker, declares he feels like a hick, it's been so long since he visited the big town.

No sooner were they established at the Ritz than telegrams from the coast began to appear. Each of 'em wanted to know when Cortez would be back. The gentleman is needed in the talkies, it seems. He is doing splendidly, always giving a fine account of himself. The only little item Ric had to overcome was a "Valentino" hangover from the old silent days. He never wanted to be anybody's successor, but, by gosh, the studio wished it on him. And he says he isn't Spanish either and never in his life has gone for a senorita nor an onion. More publicity—ill-advised. Cortez is just a regular guy and a pretty swell actor.

Crawford Contest Winners

(Continued from page 8)

The five sixth prizes of $10.00 each, to:

Mr. E. J. Bresendine
625 East Quincy
San Antonio, Texas

Mr. Gene Hodge
292 Oakland
Pontiac, Mich.

Dr. Ralston Reed,
65 Washington Street
Morristown, N. J.

Mr. Claude E. Thawley
5135 Parrish Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Jimmie Wentz
919 Ninth Avenue
Hickory, N. C.

The ten seventh prizes of $5.00 each, to:

Miss Florence L. Kraus
250 South Georgia Avenue
Mobile, Ala.

Miss Vivian Martin
1004 Churchman Avenue
Indianapolis, Ind.

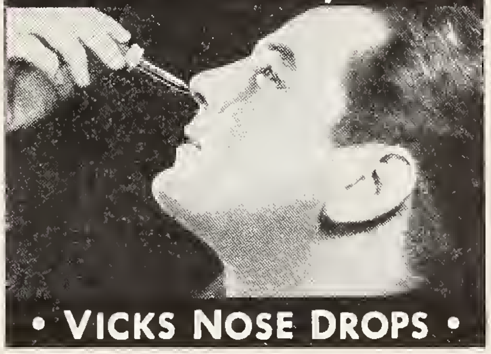
Miss Justine Huntley Ulp
56 South Washington Street
Rochester, N. Y.

You can't "*Kill*" colds
. . but you may
CONTROL them

DON'T run risks with so-called "cold-killing" remedies. It's so easy to upset the system with unwise internal dosing—which often lowers vitality just when it is most needed to resist disease.

Play safe with your family's health! Follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, supervised by physicians, it has greatly reduced the *number, duration* and *dangers* of colds. (Details of the Plan come in each Vicks package.)

To AVOID Many Colds



• VICKS NOSE DROPS •

At that first nasal irritation or stuffiness, apply the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. The Drops are especially designed to stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to throw off threatening infection.

To END A Cold Sooner

• VICKS VAPORUB •

If a cold has developed, just rub on Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of *treating* colds. Its poultice action "draws out" tightness. At the same time, its soothing medicated vapors carry relief direct to irritated air-passages.

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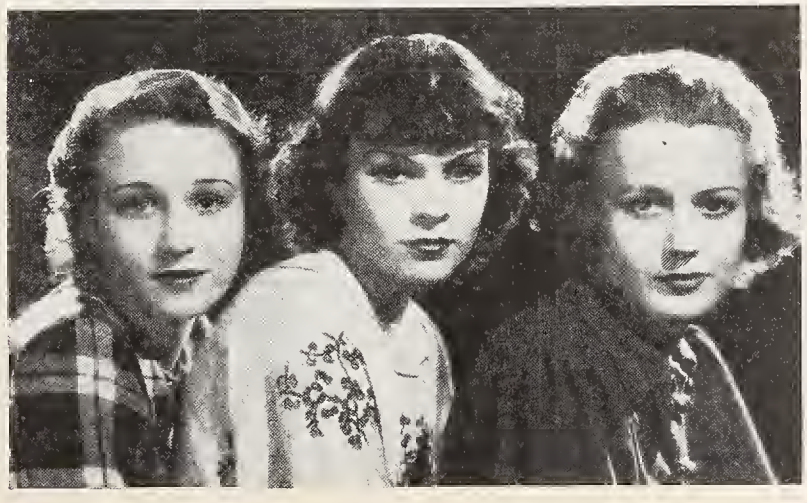

These three beauties decorate many of Warner Bros.' musicals. They're Lorena Layson, Pat Wing (Toby's sister), and Lynn Browning.

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There! We've more than done our Boy Scout stint for today. Twenty-nine people must be feeling rather happy. And—you disappointed ones—remember that everyone can't win. And cheer up!—because you never can tell how soon we might run another contest. And that would mean another chance for you!

Good News

(*Continued from page 78*)

THOSE who played the well-known instinct, put down a few sheckels on "Beverly Hills," Clark Gable's new racing pony. It was good, too, for B. H. came in leading the pack with plenty of light between. Most of the gang thought that this first race was merely the omen for more to come, so they went heavy on the nag's second run. Net result: the old 00! Clark says, "How could she win? They put 117 pounds on her back and she couldn't get away fast enough!"

GRACIE ALLEN just loves water with her dinner, so much so, in fact, that her penchant resulted in this story which is related by her w.k. husband, George. "Gracie was so scared that somebody was going to drink her glass of water at that party the other night that she put tabasco sauce in it, just to be sure!"

KEEPING TABS ON 'EM

LeRoy Printz, out at Paramount, has his nose out of joint because Earl Carroll brought twelve show girls to Hollywood for "Murder at the Vanities." Printz claims that Hollywood chorus girls are exactly 100% better than anything New York can offer. . . . John Boles hit himself in the mouth with a tennis racket, causing two stitches, but he still reports for work. . . . Al Jolson spent two weeks at Palm Springs and regained the fourteen pounds lost while making "Wonderbar." . . . 'Tis reported that Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Jack (Hannah Williams) are expecting and strangely enough, they hope it's twins. . . . Jack Oakie calls it recuperating, but he hasn't been to a night spot since his return from Honolulu. . . . Dorothea Wieck registered at the Arrowhead Lodge under a false name to insure privacy—and magazine photographers ran her ragged because the manager thought "the lady was Garbo." . . . Lilian Harvey will kill us yet. Not only has she threatened to leave the screen if her suit against Fox is not successful, but she makes the definite statement, "I will have a baby within one year"—which reminds us that she still denies that she is married!

WILL ROGERS dropped over to George White's "Scandals" set and asked, "Well, how's everything in New York?" George replied, "I hear all the shows are colossal and everybody's making lots of money." To which Will wagged, "I knew just as soon as you and Earl Carroll got off Broadway everything would pick up!"

THE GAS GAVE OUT!

Following a long day-and-evening on location at Sunland, and late at night it was, Clark Gable offered to take Claudette Colbert back to Hollywood in his car. One of the boys on the picture started a few minutes later, and soon came across the Gable car—parked alongside the road, far from town. He backed up and asked if he could be of any assistance, to which Gable replied, "No, it's nothing, just out of gas. Don't you bother about us one bit." So the Good Samaritan drove on, wondering why Clark hadn't asked him to get him some gas—or had they already sent for a supply?

HOLLYWOOD has got quite a bang out of the recent story in a recent weekly concerning "The Men in Her Life," in which the author tells all about the gents who have made up the masculine element in

Ruth Chatterton's life. One of the wags snickered, "And Mae West says not one word about her past. She's too busy contemplating the future!"

SOME of the producers, we hear tell, are very sorry that they brought the whole thing up—we mean this idea of the Government going into the matter of actors' salaries. It's all right for the inspectors to find that an actor is being over-paid at $200,000.00 a year, but what if they finish the job and start wondering about the executives who draw half a million?

AFTER two full years of trying, Howard Hughes' picture "Scarface" has at last been "allowed" in Chicago. The reason they gave, all this time, for keeping the gangster picture behind the "eight ball" was the fact that it gave them a black eye by showing the power of Al Capone. They took it in person for quite a number of years, but they couldn't take it in pictures!

HOLLYWOOD has certainly taken on that post-war look of late. Guy Lombardo is packing 'em in at the Grove (they even turned away Dietrich one night) and Gene Austin, with his miniature piano, are crowding the doors of the Clover Club. And Sally Rand's in town . . . and Peter Arno (of the "Fighting Arnos") . . . and an errand boy at one of the studios was fired for making eyes at one of the stenos by an executive who has *such* eyes . . . and Katherine Cornell opened in "Romeo and Juliet" on the local stage . . . and the Mills Brothers are at the Cotton Club!

AN "ingenue" recently signed by Paramount was called into the publicity offices the other day and the gang started to advise her what to say to the press when she gave out interviews. "Listen," said the gal, "after a season in the 'Follies' with Harry Richman, I can take care of myself!"

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Bing Crosby has two reasons for not singing all the songs that are mailed to him: (1) he might be guilty of pirating a tune and (2) he can't read music, anyway! . . . Irene Dunne has a private driving range of 250 yards in her own back yard and will soon put in a putting practice green. . . . The audience got a huge laugh out of Charlie Chaplin the night he turned up at "I Am Suzanne" with a couple of youthful beauties and left after he had seen the sequence where the puppets imitate *him*. . . . One

Gorgeous Lemon Pie without cooking!

Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
½ cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons finely powdered confectioners' sugar
Unbaked Crumb Crust

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST— Roll enough vanilla wafers to make ¾ cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again!

But remember — Evaporated Milk won't — can't — succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. *Just remember the name Eagle Brand.*

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Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Colleen Moore get romantic in "Success Story." Doug hopped right back to England on the completion of this picture.

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Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most 5c and 10c Stores.

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HANG with Clothes

(4)

The ZORO Co., 361 W. Superior St., Chicago

hundred and twenty-five of his Hollywood pals (male and female) offered their blood for transfusions to help save Director Eddie Sutherland's life when he was lying in an oxygen tank with pneumonia. A pretty swell showing. That Hollywood crowd can't be so bad after all. . . . Conrad Nagel made quite a hit in a stage show in New York named "The First Apple," even though the play itself was a floppo.

THE day after Ric Cortez married Christine Lee, they left for Santa Barbara on a honeymoon. They stopped at a famous hotel and found, after unpacking one of their seven bags, that they were the only customers. They left the remaining six bags packed, played one game of ping-pong and came back to Hollywood the same day. And they've always told me that honeymooners wanted to be alone!

C. B. DE MILLE claims to have proof that Hollywood is on the upgrade, intellectually speaking. Although he has mentioned to many producers and supervisors on the lot that he is "cribbing" from Plutarch for some of the lines for his next opus, "Cleopatra," not one of them has suggested, "Why don't you sign up this guy Plutarch and have him come to Hollywood and write the screen story?"

DID you ever have that insane desire to tell your pals about *your* operation? Clark Gable has—several times since his recovery from the appendectomy, and what a break he got recently. They made him "technical advisor" for the operating scenes for "Men in White," so that he gets to tell the whole company.

FIREMAN, save my child!" That was what Josef Von Sternberg yipped the other dawning while he was working on the cutting of "Scarlet Empress." Marlene was working with him when the fire broke out, threatening to burn the master negative of their picture. Von rushed into the hall, grabbed the fire extinguisher and put the blaze out alone. Only 1,000 feet of the film were lost. And if you don't think he yelled "Fireman, save my child," you're daffy. A picture really is just like a baby to Von and it was the "baby" he was spraying with put-out fluid.

KATIE'S THEATRICAL TUMBLE

It seems to be unanimous, now, that Katie Hepburn might better have stayed away from the stage. She has no one to blame but herself, however. Most of her friends advised her against a fling at the boards for two reasons: (1) Kate had never been much of a howling success on the

Fancy Ronnie Colman taking Elizabeth Allen to the Tennis Matches! What is this power this young English gal has over Hollywood's most famous hermit? Of course, they were properly chaperoned by Mrs. Howard Hawks.

stage in the past. (2) It was thought that her possibility of duplicating her great picture success on the stage was just about nil. After many of the New York critics had panned her, Hepburn finally came out with the statement that she knew she had been bad, that she had asked for her release, and that this would be her last offering for quite some time. We hope so. A couple more like "The Lake" and we might not even have a Hepburn on the screen!

WALLIE BEERY is turning the tables on all the former Hollywood gang of parents by announcing, "I am raising my daughter to be an actress, keeping her around the studio as much as possible so that she will grow up in the atmosphere of the screen." Everyone on the set of "Viva Villa" got an awful bang out of little Carol Ann when she said, "Ah'm goin' to be a movie star some day."

THIS gal Margaret Sullavan is going to be the death of Universal Studios yet! Here she is in town for the purpose of starting work and the gang at the studio don't even know where she is living or what her telephone number is. When she was here before, they couldn't keep track of her because she was always sneaking off to some deserted set and falling asleep.

FUNNY, in spite of the villainous actions of Jack LaRue on the screen, he turned up "sissy" the other afternoon while making a simple little scene for Paramount. Jack was supposed to chew and puff madly at a huge black cigar all during the scene, and the secret is that Jack has never been able to smoke cigars. After about ten minutes of strong smoke and the heat of the kleig lights, Jack fainted dead away. Now, maybe you won't shudder so much when you see him do his usual LaRue-ing.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is coming back. That little story will gladden the hearts of thousands of her fans who have never forgotten her on the silent screen. Remember when she was at the height of her career? Someone coined the expression: "In my next reincarnation, I want to be Corinne Griffith's bath salts!" Her first picture is "Crime Doctor" opposite Otto Kruger.

SHORT STUFF

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has just been sent to the desert to gain fifteen pounds. This after C. B. DeMille had made her lose fifteen for

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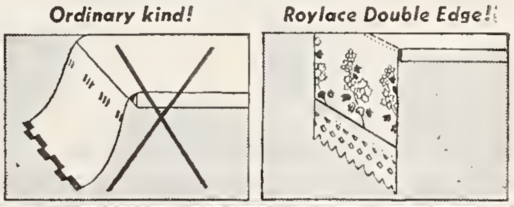
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Who Is the Most Efficient Girl in Hollywood?

You'd never guess who Hollywood's keenest, canniest gal is—because she looks so pretty and fragile and helpless. And we're not going to tell you — here. You'll find out if you buy the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.

the picture just before! . . . Jobyna Arlen had to be married to Dick for seven years and have a baby before she finally got an engagement ring. . . . Bing calls "Three Little Pigs" the Best Tune of 1933 . . . Zasu Pitts is going to get a lawyer to stop those gals who imitate her on the air.

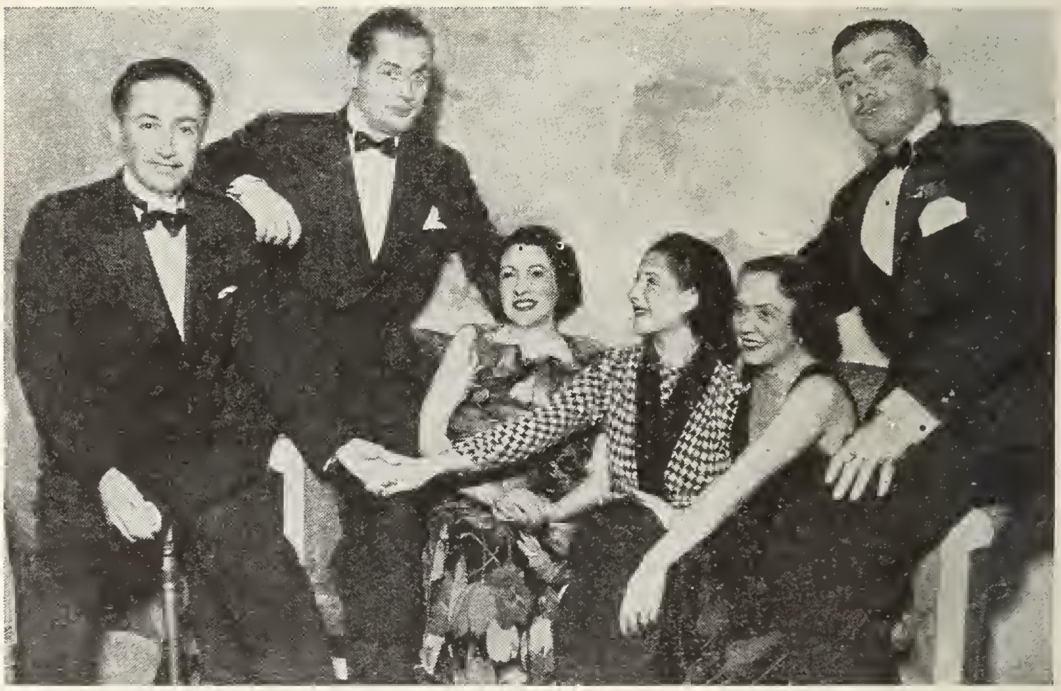
THE way we hear the story, a very funny thing happened at the Mervyn Leroy-Doris Warner wedding in New York. It seems that someone thought it would be a bright idea to play all the hit tunes from the recent Warner musicals, most of which, Mervyn has directed. Eventually, the band got around to that swell little number, "We're in the Money Now!" Right in the middle of the tune, one of the more playful guests rushed up to the orchestra leader and whispered, "Shhh! Don't you know that Mr. LeRoy is touchy?"

"WHEN Summer Comes," should be the title of the first year of marriage for George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. If our memory is correct, George and Maggie were married in the early summer of last year and now they are expecting the "first swallow" to be the stork. Our friend, Mrs. O'Brien, is no doubt praying for a girl, knowing that if it's a boy, George will probably want to train it to be a swell Police Chief like George's father!

YOU should have seen the look on Georgie Stone's face the day he discovered that all seventeen bottles of "Imported Perfume" he picked up in Mexico while on the "Viva Villa" location were fake.

ALICE FAYE, platinum-blonde "employee" of Rudy Vallee, is going to have her fun in the next few weeks trying to decide which of two careers she wants. As you know, Alice stepped into the breach as leading woman for Rudy in "Scandals" when Lilian Harvey took a run-out. Rudy had her under personal contract to him, but he was perfectly willing to drop the whole matter to allow Miss Faye to sign a very lucrative moom picture contract. ("Employee," did you say?) Now, Rudy has skipped to New York and George White, producer of the "Scandals," wants her to come back and do a top spot in his stage version of the "Scandals"—and the Fox studio want her to do a little epic entitled, "Red Heads." Fox has her tied body and soul, but, methinks, Rudy has her heart! Which will win?

WHO knows, maybe Lee Tracy's personal letter to his fans in a recent issue of MODERN SCREEN may have been the turning point! At any rate, the fans all over the country (and a lot of them from Mexico) have written letters demanding his return to the screen. As we go to press, it is rumored in Hollywood that Lee may sign a contract with Universal. We hope he gets a real break. If he made a mistake, he's certainly sorry.



You can imagine what a time our Scotty had getting this picture, for Bob was up to his usual pranks and it didn't take the rest of the party long to get into the spirit of the occasion. Anyway, they all calmed down long enough to have a picture "took." So we have the happily married Thalbergs, Montgomerys and Gables at the swanky Little Club.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

so? Well, now I want you to know that it need not be used. If you will keep by your washstand or bathtub one of those stiff little bristly brushes, you are quite safe for clean and glistening finger-tips. After you have washed your hands thoroughly, dig the end of your fingernails into the soap, then with the same little bristly brush shove around under the fingernail tips. You will see a cleanliness appearing which will surprise you no matter how many potatoes you have been peeling or how many typewriter ribbons you have been changing or fumbling with. Do the stunt as regularly as you wash your hands and you will need no whitener in your own immediate family.

TOBACCO stains—God forbid that they should show on any lady's fingers. They need not. Constant washing keeps them away, I tell you, and I know. Wash the affected spots with a thick, heavy washcloth on which soap has been generously rubbed. Someone says that if you will moisten the head of a match and rub it on tobacco stains, they will instantly disappear. Try it.

Men purport to hate these shiny fingernails that we are flashing. I wonder whether they really do have all the resistance they assume? Anyway, ladies should worry, bright fingernails are the style at this particular moment, and anyone without them looks just a bit funny.

I know a woman, who, when she is invited to a bridge party, always inquires whether the guests are young or old, because she says, "If they are young and have sharp eyes, I will have to have a professional manicurist do my nails, but if they are old and short-sighted, I can slop around with the paint brush myself."

Experts on this fingernail subject say that it is better form to do the nails with a natural polish or a faint pink in the daytime, but at night the tone should be deepened in accordance with the tone and color of the frock you are wearing.

FOR instance, when you are dressed all in black, then it is a deep shade of red for the fingernails. When you are wearing pastel shades, then do the nails in bright pink—a pink with yellow in it if your skin is tawny, and one with the redder tones if you have a white skin.

There are all sorts of variations for this general scheme. They run from the sublime to the ridiculous. In Paris, just by way of going the limit, they are setting jewels into the fingernails. Now, you know that is an idea only for someone who must be, at all costs, an outstanding figure. It is amusing to read about and certainly must be startling to see, but one wouldn't really want to pull the act in the old home town.

Stubby fingers, which yearn to look

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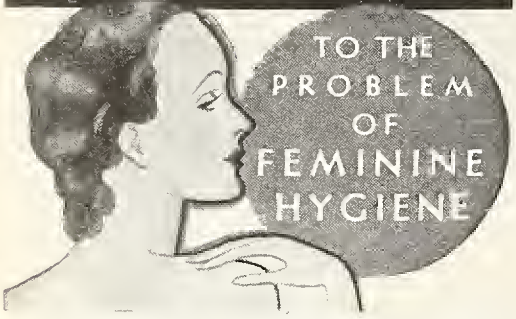
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longer, can give that effect by having the polish applied right up to the very tips.

False fingernails are made, so that when a nail has been clipped off or broken in an unsightly manner, a new nail can be pasted on so that even the closest observer would not be able to tell that anything had happened to that ever-so-evident spot. No excuse any more for ill-kept fingernails, is there?

Mary Biddle has a little present for you. A bottle of one of the best known and the nicest brands of hand lotion will be sent to you free of charge, if you will write to her and ask for it. And—don't forget!—questions about your own beauty problems are always welcome and will receive a full and prompt answer. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A rare beauty indeed is Edmund Lowe's leading lady in "Let's Fall In Love." Meet Miss Ann Sothern. On the stage in New York she was known as Harriette Lake but Columbia soon changed that.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 17)

her, rather than the other way around. It was understood by their friends that they would get married—some time. At parties, it was Don who had a grand evening, laughing and dancing with all the girls (not that he meant anything by it) and was Dot who awaited his pleasure, simply because she couldn't find even the most casual enjoyment in any other companionship except his.

Well, there came the day when Dot dashed over to my apartment and cried all over my best blue cushion—because Don hadn't called her up for a week and when she had finally summoned courage to call him, he was "busy." I took her to the movies to cheer her up. And the picture was "She Done Him Wrong." Mae West's inimitable wisecracks did at last jar a giggle loose from Dot—but that wasn't the important thing. Do you remember Mae West's line in that picture: "I've been smart enough to make men play the game my way"? Well, that line struck home! Not, of course, that Dot intended to go forth and stagger the world with an imitation of Mae West. But—for her particular, personal problem—the idea of making her man play the game her way, at least to a fifty-fifty degree, was the solution of her problem.

What did she do? Why, she jolly well let Don be as "busy" as long as he liked. And when he did at last, in his own sweet time, get around to calling her up, she was "busy" too. And let me tell you how smart she was. She wasn't a bit disagreeable when he called. On the contrary. She was pleasant. Natural. Matter-of-fact. Yes, she had missed hearing from him. He had been very rushed at the office? Oh, that was too bad. She was glad the rush 'was over. Well—n-o-o-o—she couldn't see him tonight. Awfully sorry. Perhaps if he had called a bit earlier . . . But she was very anxious to see him, of course. Would he call her on—er—Thursday? That would be swell. *Goodbye.*

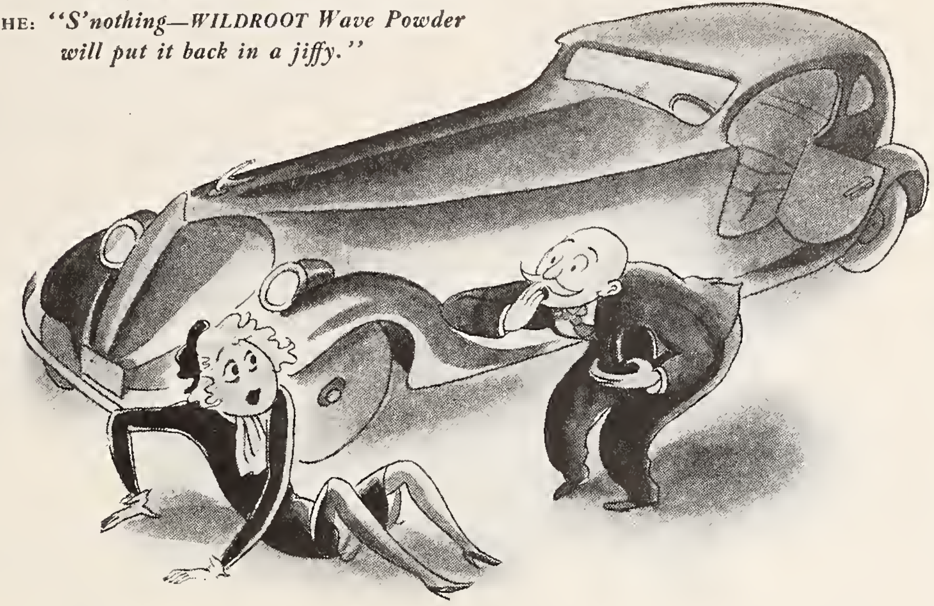
And believe me, he called.

NOW, if any of you will sit up and tell me that, when you have known a man five years—or any appreciable length of time, for that matter—it is too late in the day to put on any sort of an act for his benefit, I'll come right back with the answer, "You're all wrong!" Of course, you must be clever about putting on "the act." *And you must keep it up if it doesn't work the first time.* Granted that an intelligent young fellow may be a bit suspicious of feminine dramatics at first, if you will have the will-power to stick to it for a week or so, he'll tumble.

It has often been said that we only make fools of ourselves over something—or someone—we really care frightfully about. It's easy enough, in other words, to be sensible about money or our jobs or our looks or our clothes, but when it comes to sweethearts, husbands, children and parents, we're apt to go haywire. How hard it is, sometimes, to do the right thing, when we are terribly in love, and have been terribly hurt or humiliated, and a dreadful, choking anger keeps surging up into our throats, and bitter, spiteful words scurry into our minds! But do you remember, in "Private Lives," how Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery had a little danger signal to keep them from launching into a battle? "Solochs!" Norma would say, and Bob would have to shut up. And vice versa. A good idea, too—even though, in the picture, Norma and Bob *didn't* stick to it. I know that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, one of the sweetest young married couples in Hollywood, keep out of quarrels in a very sensible way. They have solemnly promised each other that, if one of them is feeling irritable, the other *just won't quarrel*. Really, you know, you can't have a quarrel all by yourself—that's one of the oldest truths in the world, isn't it? If Ben seems trying to work up an argument, Bebe keeps absolutely mum. And mad as Ben may get all on his lonesome, he soon runs out of steam if no one will coöperate in the fight.

I know that it is all very easy for me to sit here and pen generalities about the manifold problems of love, but if I were asked to give a recipe for a beautiful, happy love affair, and a successful marriage, this is, in part, what I would suggest.

Take two people, preferably young. They should be near enough of equal age—in outlook and background and



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SHE: *"S'nothing—WILDROOT Wave Powder will put it back in a jiffy."*

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He Crossed an Ocean

. . . and found love

Fate sent this young American into the charming little country of Holland where he found strange people, quaint customs . . . and an adorable Dutch maid in the relentless grip of heartless men. Beulah Poynter's latest novelette is completely different from any romance you've ever read. You'll be enthralled by its unusual characters and setting, and the intensity of its story. Read it complete—with many other absorbing love stories—in the

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

"Here is the SECRET"
says
Mary Brian

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If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
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Women men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"**SHAMPO - KOLOR**". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "**SHAMPO - KOLOR**". No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept 39, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

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experience, if not in actual years. They should have enough in common to make them good companions. However, it is not necessary to be fearful if she adores music and he cannot carry a tune in a basket with a lid on it. Or if he adores golf and she just naturally hates all athletics. "Something in common" is a very elastic term and will stretch a long way, with love to help it out. *Neither he nor she should pay too much attention to outside interference.* I mean that well-meaning friends and family are sometimes more of a hindrance than a help. One should listen, of course, to any loving and honest advice that is offered. Don't assume a belligerent attitude, if an older person has an opinion to express. But check all opinions and criticisms against this standard:

"Is he (or she) honest, loyal, hard-working enough to progress in life, and really devoted to me?" If you can answer "Yes!" one huge portion of the problem is solved.

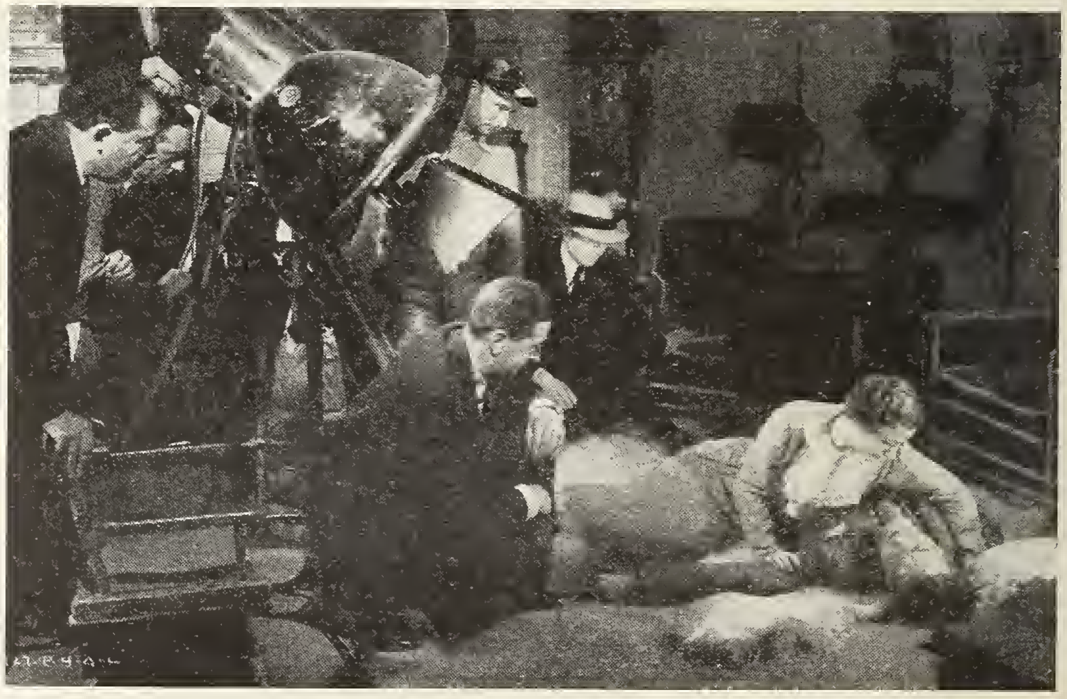
I KNOW a young couple and the husband is, without a doubt, one of the most nervous, irritable, hard-to-get-along-with individuals I have ever met. He's untidy—throws his clothes all over the house at night and yelps to high heaven when he can't find things in the morning. He corrects his wife's pronunciation in front of guests, finds fault with her bridge-playing, slams doors, drops ash on the carpet, and does all the other hundred and one irritating masculine things which drive women crazy. But he has those major virtues. He's honest, loyal and so hard-working that all through the Late Unpleasantness of the depression, he more than "kept going." He really and truly never looks at another woman—and he lives in a flirtatious, suburban community where extra-marital dallying is the order of the day. And so, his wife does not mind those minor faults of his. "That's just Joe's way," she'll tell you. "At least I'm never bored."

But—to get along with my recipe. I would add to those first ingredients a generous dash of respect for one another's privacy. Please, you young girls, don't be checking up on him all the time! Don't make him account for every minute he has been away from you. Don't spy on him or trick him into inconsistent statements about his doings and his affairs.

Make up your mind—one of you—that one party has to be the giver-upper. Usually, it's the girl. And, if you'll think it over, it really is best that way. We ladies like the man to be the strong, dominating one. But don't—either one—let the giving-up get lop-sided. Give in on the smaller matters, which really don't count a heck of a lot, but when something important comes up and you feel that you are right, hold out for your point.

And—girls!—this is a final bit of advice, just for you. Don't get out of the habit of demanding small attentions from him. Make him help you on with your coat, open doors for you, do a little (not too much) fetching and carrying for you. They like it—and don't let anything convince you that they don't. But be smart about it. Demand these little services as a regular thing. But have sense enough to know, on the day when he is feeling out of sorts, or has a terrible hangover or something, that it is *your* turn. And then surprise and delight him by waiting on him a bit. I've seen it work!

Have you some personal problem of love and romance on your mind which you would like to talk over with someone who would give you honest, helpful advice? If so, write about it—fully, to Alice Van Doran. She will regard it as absolutely confidential and will send you a personal reply. Address your letter to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.



A behind-the-scenes shot from "Transient Love" wherein the ladylike Irene Dunne does a Cagney and knocks out Ralph Bellamy.

"Mickey Mouse" Contest Winners

Our supplement—MODERN SCREEN, JUNIOR—has good news for fifty young folks

YOU'VE all probably seen MODERN SCREEN, JUNIOR, the supplement to MODERN SCREEN, published especially for the kiddies, which is given away with each copy of MODERN SCREEN. It's a dandy little book, and the kiddies love it.

We've been asked to publish the results of a recent contest. All the little boys and girls who took part in that Mickey Mouse Contest, which ran in the first number of JUNIOR, will be interested to know who won the fifty prizes — twenty-five Mickey Mouse dolls for the girls and twenty-five Mickey Mouse watches for the boys.

To the Ladies:

Betty Wahle
3538 Lentz Ave.
Louiseville, Ky.

June Bombard,
206 Park St.
Burlington, Vt.

Lavina Deuerling
2716 Hazelton St.
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marilyn Marler
200 McQueen St.
Peoria, Ill.

Lucille V. Streiff
3745 So. Wilton Pl.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Betty C. Gardner,
1228 Elizabeth Ave.
Charlotte, N. C.

Pearl Finlay
31 Dwight St.
New Haven, Conn.

Nell Lynn
2011 University Dr.
Orlando, Fla.

Margy Craft
407 East 31st St.
Tacoma, Washington

Kathleen Thurman
9 St. Regis Apts.
Charleston, W. Va.

Mary Campana
7 Emory Ave.
Trenton, N. J.

Jeane Douglas
1051 Franklin Ave.
Springfield, Ill.

Ruth Giessler
20 Gloria Ct.
San Francisco, Calif.

Katherine Stirwalt
1509 So. Center
Terre Haute, Indiana

Rosalie Terry
925 Main Street
Paterson, N. J.

Audrey Ellis
499 W. 2nd St.
Maysville, Ky.

Mary Jane Glickert
542 Hampton Rr.
Upper Darby, Pa.

Dorothy Puckett
407 Jefferson St.
Wausaw, Wisconsin

Barbara Ann Bassett
669 Bridge Rd.
Northampton, Mass.

Dorothy Frye
3 N. Evergreen Ave.
Longport, N. J.

Dorothy F. Adcock
225 Oregon St.
W. Durham, No. Carolina

Ann Sleeman
7 No. Main St.
Bangor, Pa.

Beverly June Thumm
R. 6 State St.
Ottawa, Ill.

Pearl Mitchell
11722 Union
Cleveland, Ohio.

Anne Mullins
408 West 6th St.
Columbia, Tenn.

To the Gentlemen:

Walter Oates
1329 Valley St.
Seattle, Washington

Eddie Baum
Forest Hills
Danville, Virginia

James Rogers, Jr.
Glenbrook, Conn.

Edward George
8832 85th St.
Woodhaven, N. Y.

Louis E. Kamerer
223 Clifton Av.
Sharon Hills, Pa.

CAN'T SHE DO ANYTHING BUT POWDER THAT NOSE? . . . 5 TIMES IN THE LAST HOUR!

Pretty . . . Entertaining . . .
But One Fault Made Her Seem Ill-Bred

HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder *wouldn't* stick.

She woke up then — and decided to try the powder one of her friends had been praising. It was Golden Peacock Face Powder.

Perfect Freshness All Evening

And how wonderfully it worked. For Golden Peacock Face Powder is different from ordinary kinds. This triple-fine powder *repels* moisture, for one thing. It covers with perfect velvet smoothness—because it refuses to unite with skin oils, and clog pores or get "caked." For another thing, Golden Peacock Powder contains a wonderful skin-toning and refining ingredient that works actively to undo the harm done by ordinary make-up preparations, which get into pores and make them coarse and oily.

Next time she went out she never had to "re-make" her face all evening—yet it glowed with a dainty, natural peach-bloom smoothness that hid every tiny imperfection and made her radiantly lovely.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder now! Ask for it at any good toilet-goods counter — only 50c — or 10c at any 10-cent store for the generous purse size. If your dealer cannot supply you just write today to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. D-202, Paris, Tenn. Specify your shade, whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette, and we will send a generous sample free.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

A Rose Like Complexion *May Be Yours*

If your skin is unsightly and external treatment fails to help you, all may not be well inside. What you probably need is Calcium because most complexion troubles are the result of faulty elimination and impoverished blood due to lack of Calcium in the system. Make this test at once—give your system a little Calcium and watch for improvement.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers offer you an easy way to replace the needed Calcium and correct faulty elimination. In just a few days you should feel and see a wondrous change. Countless numbers of women now depend on them entirely to hold the beauty Nature intended they should have always.

A five-day test is often sufficient to prove to you that real Complexion Beauty must come from within and the decided benefit from the use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Try them this week-end. If you wish a free sample, send the coupon below.

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Joe B. Chipley
260 Jefferson Av.
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Jack Tillman
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John O'Rourke
908 Third St.
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Eugene McEvoy
1624 W. Highland Av.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Billy Quirk
729 Merrick Avs.
Collingswood, N. J.

He Went Up to See Her One Time

(*Continued from page 47*)

say I'm not regular.'

"You can imagine how I felt at that. To this day, I haven't found out what was said during that telephone conversation. But when I got home I nearly fell over, for my mother said, 'I hear you're going to act with Miss West. She's—what was that she called herself—oh yes, a regular dame.' You can't imagine how funny that sounded when my mother said it.

"I don't know whether Mae promised to keep an eye on me or not, but that is exactly what she did. I was given the part and all during rehearsals Mae would draw me out about my ambitions and the play I wanted to write. She said everyone who wanted to write for the theatre should get to know it from the inside, as I was doing, and that it was up to me to decide from experience what my real goal was to be—writing or acting. She not only helped me with my part, but she'd teach me stage technique and she was always telling me to 'save myself.' 'The way you go at that hysterical scene, kid,' she'd say, 'you're heading for a breakdown—not a Broadway opening.'

WHEN the play was tried out, out of town, and the backers didn't send through the money on time to pay us, Timony, Mae's famous manager—a big bear of a fellow with a heart of gold—used to rush to New York to get it and Mae would take care of our hotel bills until we were paid.

"I'll never forget the night when three other fellows and I went to the swankiest restaurant in Washington and ordered a big steak with all the trimmings. When we were finished with our dinner we called the manager and told him that we didn't have the money to pay for the meal. Outraged, he learned who we were and of course called up Mae. She rushed over, paid the bill and invited everyone in the place to see the show. Back in the hotel, she put us on the carpet. When she learned that we had gone in and ordered the meal because we were tired of living on nickel bars of chocolate, she gave me hell for not telling her before how broke we were, and after that she saw that we ate regularly whether the money came through or not.

"She was just as good to the girls as she was to us fellows. One of the girls in the show was English. Mae found her crying one night and learned that she had a bad case of plain homesickness. What did Mae do but give her her passage money home! I think she even saw to the girl's passport, although she had her own worries about getting another girl to fill the vacant place.

"But the thing I shall always remember her for was her great kindness to me when I broke a blood vessel in my throat. In my hysterical scene—the one Mae was always telling me to 'save myself' over!—I had to proclaim my innocence of a murder over a windstorm. With the enthusiasm of the inexperienced, I hadn't heeded Mae's advice and I used to let go until, one night, my throat couldn't stand it. Mae sent for a doctor and a nurse but she could have dispensed with the latter, for all that night she only let the nurse fill ice-packs. Mae herself fed me cold broths and saw that I kept the packs on. My own mother couldn't have been more worried about me.

"Besides all this, she wouldn't let the understudy go on in my place or send to New York for another character-juvenile as her backers wanted her to. She said to me, 'Kid, you've worked hard, and you're going to be in the play.' She rewrote my part, took the hysteria out and turned me into a funny young poet. She even took laughs away from herself to give me. The week following my accident, she used to take me to the theatre each night in her cab. In New York, when I regretted losing my 'big scene,' she said:

"'It would have made you a hit with the critics maybe, but your health comes first, kid.'

"Is it any wonder that actors work hard for her and people remain loyal? She's gone a long way since 'The Wicked Age' and I'm still plugging along at writing. The stage experience she gave me has proven invaluable and the knowledge of her as a human being has kept alive my illusions about people, strange as it may sound. For the woman who lets herself be known as the hard-boiled Mae West doesn't drink or smoke or even listen to smutty jokes offstage.

"I've heard that she's just the same now as she was then; that even her maid, who was an actress herself, adores her, and that she's trying to get some of her former leading men their chance in pictures. This surprises me no more than the fact that she hasn't 'gone Hollywood.' Mae never could—she's got too much good sense and understanding of people and you have to get up pretty early to fool her.

"To paraphrase her own words, there isn't a person whom she's contacted who can't say 'She's regular!'"

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 46*)

E: ALL OF ME
(Paramount)

Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack, George Raft

IN WHICH THE STARS DON'T TWINKLE. Mining engineer, Freddie March, wants rich débutante, Miriam Hopkins, to marry him and find happiness in the mud and sweat of Boulder Dam. Miriam is afraid of life and marriage, saying that "marriage kills romance." George Raft and Helen Mack are good in their gangster-moll rôles.

B: A MAN'S WOMAN
(Monogram)

John Halliday, Marguerite De La Motte, Wallace Ford

RATHER WELL DONE. You may start wondering where Marguerite De La Motte has been all these years, after you see her portray the moom picture star who slipped. She does some good work, as does John Halliday as the former director of the "slipping star." Wallace Ford, who can be swell, was miscast as the prize-fighter who falls for the glamorous star. His scenes tend to slow up the action. You might like it. At least you can understand the "Hollywood" in this one, for a change.

B: LEGONG
(Bennett Productions)

All Native Cast

SIMPLE BEAUTY, IN COLOR. You'll be interested in this because it's the first picture made by Connie Bennett's company and directed by the Marquis, but you will find other interests, too. A gorgeously pictorial background for a simple little theme concerning a native girl who sacrifices herself to the gods when she finds that the man she loves has eyes only for her sister. The plot is secondary to the beauty of the picture, and it's all in technicolor. A restfully beautiful evening in store for you.

B: I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER
(Warners)

Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell

LAUGHINGLY GOOD MOVIE FARE! This is a jolly little piece of entertainment, chuck full of gags, rapid-fire action and snappy performances. Joan Blondell is a switchboard operator while Pat O'Brien and his disgusted assistant are the repair boys whose line extends to all the pretty gals. The gangster element creeps into the plot, which is already replete with telephone connections, and from there

blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off"... and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good "horse-sense" to reflect and reason that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood... and no *one* can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician... if you feel weak... lack a keen appetite... if your skin is pale and off-color... try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite... your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

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Silkier
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LUR-EYE holds the secret to this charm which you may easily possess. Each night rub a tiny bit of Lur-Eye at the roots of the lashes. In less than a month your eyes will reflect this new beauty of *more* alluring lashes. (Actually *longer, silkier, lovelier!*)

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on it's very hectic, indeed. We seem to have a couple of these "telephone repair" stories on this month's calendar, but if they're good, we should care. You'll laugh—again and again, if we know our audience.

B: SEARCH FOR BEAUTY
(Paramount)

Larry Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Bob Armstrong, Toby Wing

NICE, CLEAN, FUN. Two Olympic champions engage in writing and editing a beauty and health magazine until they learn that the promoters are trying to make a racket out of it. They sell out (for some cash and mostly an old, broken-down farm) and clear out. Soon the O.B.D. farm is a blooming Health Resort. Larry (Buster) Crabbe is good as the enthusiastic health advocator and Ida Lupino is easy on the eyes. But after seeing Toby Wing, we wonder why Paramount kept her idle so long. She's really a cute little trick.

C: HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY
(RKO)

Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd

SLAP-STICKY! An hilarious number of the Wheeler and Woolsey type of entertainment, with the duo doing their nip-ups in a more subdued manner than usual. As the promoters of Dr. Dudley's Flavor Lipsticks, they get into plenty of jams, find themselves pursued by the police and have to skip the country. In the meantime, however, they get mixed up in a cross-country race and come out winners. Dorothy Lee and Thelma Todd contribute the feminine interest, and very interesting it is, too. Personally, we don't go for the W. and W. brand of humor, but we may be wrong since they are rated in the "First Ten" at the good old box office.

D: KEEP EM ROLLING
(RKO)

Walter Huston, Frances Dee, Minna Gombell

VERY MEDIOCRE. Story of a man who gives up wine, woman and all that, for a horse. Sounds rather incredible, especially when the woman is Minna Gombell. But Walter Huston does it when it's a case of "Me or your horse." Rodney (the horse), however, compensates his master's devotion by becoming a hero during the World War fracas when he drags a gun through shell fire. His reward is a pension and Huston's undying love. Too bad such a capable actor as Walter Huston was wasted in this opus, which is distinctly in the "lemon" class. That goes for Frances Dee and Minna Gombell, two excellent troupers. Even horse lovers won't go for this.

B: GOOD DAME
(Paramount)

Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March

THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE. Put two such excellent players as Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March in a story that is top notch and the result is bound to spell swell entertainment. Sylvia, looking very chic in a new bob, comes through with a neat performance as the nice chorus girl who falls in love with a traveling carnival and tough-guy, Freddie March. Having no time for "dames," as a rule, Freddie, unwittingly, falls into the rôle of Sylvia's protector, with the inevitable ending, without, however, March going "respectable." The picture is rich in color, dialogue and characters who are genuine and believable. See it.

C: EASY TO LOVE
(Warners)

Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton

SO HARMLESS, IT'S BORING. This, in spite of the fact that the story deals with a two-timing husband whose wife gives him a taste of his own medicine by vamping the fiancé of the very gal he's steppin' with at the moment. It sounds risqué, but don't let that fool you. Adolphe Menjou plays husband to Miss Tobin, while Edward Everett Horton is the fiancé who is vamped away from his girl-friend, Mary Astor. The scene where Mary Astor is forced to smoke a huge, black cigar drew a couple of chuckles.

C: THE LOST PATROL
(RKO)

Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny

ADVENTURE FOR GENTS! You know the old story about the patrol that gets lost and is attacked by Arabs? Well, this is it, only with dialogue "flash-backs" by all the men in the patrol. Karloff goes batty and all the rest of the patrol are killed with the exception of McLaglen, who outwaits everybody. If you can imagine yourself trying to make a six-reeler with just that much material, then you know what a job Jack Ford had. There's not a single gal in the picture, so you who are suffering from too much lure in your entertainment, grab it.

D: MANDALAY
(Warners)

Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Lyle Talbot

WE ADVISE YOU TO SKIP IT! A dull and extremely tiresome number, which even a good cast couldn't bolster up. Kay Francis struggles along as a gal who is "handed from one man to another" until along comes drunkard Lyle Talbot, and his helplessness touches a "chord" in Kay's heart. Knowing that she must stick to Talbot, Miss Francis ups and poisons Villain Ricardo Cortez and the two start out on a "new life." It's truly a shame to waste such swell actors on a bunch of tripe like this.

B: SIX OF A KIND
(Paramount)

Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Burns and Allen

FAIRLY RIOTOUS COMEDY! Married Couple Ruggles and Boland start out for California in their car (second honeymoon after twenty years of "bliss") with Burns and Allen and their great Dane riding along "to save expenses." What with the dog riding in the front seat, Miss Boland falling off a cliff and into the Grand Canyon (process shot), and newlyweds being interrupted in their honeymoon activities, it rolls along. When they all arrive at the hotel in Nuggetville, Nevada, where Skipworth and Fields are proprietor and Sheriff, respectively, complications set in. You ask yourself, near the end, "How long are we going to have to listen to those worn-out vaudeville jokes of Burns and Allen?" But if you like your funny pictures, perhaps you'd better see this.

C: YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

May Robson, Jean Parker, Lewis Stone

PRETTY FAIR! You will agree, however, that casting May Robson as the mother of a twelve-year-old son is so unfortunate as to be laughable. In spite of this error, Miss Robson comes through with a strong characterization as the jilted woman whose life is spent trying to avenge the jilt. Her moment comes during a financial crisis in which Lewis Stone plays the banker with his usual ease. Jean Parker and William Bakewell round out a good cast. You may like it.

D: TWO ALONE
(RKO)

Jean Parker, Tom Brown, ZaSu Pitts, Arthur Byron

DREARY! Tom Brown escapes from a Reform School and is captured by a slave-driving farmer who forces him to almost kill himself working the soil, while he falls in love with a slavey of the farm, Jean Parker. Arthur Byron's characterization of the tough farmer makes one think of a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabana"—and the acting is almost as dated. All the actors seem to be struggling, but it's all so dreary and dull that they finally give up. This could only be recommended to those who have had such a good time lately that they are searching for an antidote.

C: FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE
(Paramount)

Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan, Mary Boland

FOUR SOMEWHAT BORING PEOPLE would have been a better title. This little opus goes wandering around until it gets almost as "lost" as the four people. Story: A plague breaks out on board ship and the four people (Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bill Gargan and Mary Boland) escape in a small boat and enter the jungles. Yes, that's all. From there on I couldn't figure it out much. Claudette, a school teacher, loses her glasses in the underbrush and her inferiority complex at the same time. This brings her closer to Marshall and the inevitable ending. You are likely to say as you leave the theatre, "So what?" And we wouldn't blame you, except that we warned you first.

Lupe Velez and Bill Cagney in a scene from "Palooka."

Victor McLaglen and Boris Karloff in "The Lost Patrol."

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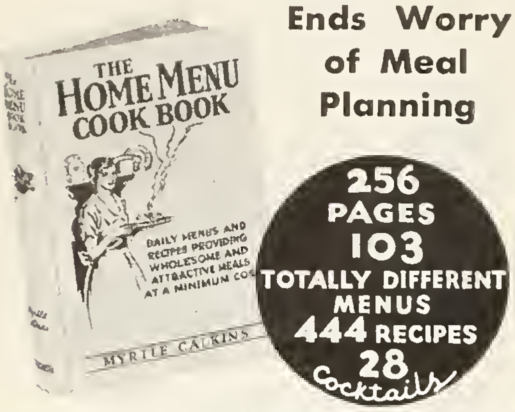
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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 77)

separate an egg and beat the egg white until it is foamy. Then you take a piece of soft butter and divide it into four pieces. You spread the rolled-out dough with one piece of butter and spread the butter with beaten egg white. Then you roll the dough up tight like a jelly roll. Next you fold the ends of the roll in to the middle and fold the whole thing in half, so that you have four layers. Flatten this out and repeat the rolling-out, spreading with butter and egg white, re-rolling and folding processes until the butter is used up—four times in all, as you use one quarter of the butter for each spreading. When the dough is folded for the fourth time, you wrap it in waxed paper and put it into a tightly covered container and tuck it into the refrigerator until you are ready to make your pie. It must remain in the refrigerator for at least two hours, but you can leave it there for days if you want to, comfortably secure in the knowledge that you can make a pie at a moment's notice.

That's all there is to it—according to Judith—and you can take it from us that better pastry was never eaten anywhere.

When you are ready to make your pie, you cut off a piece of pastry large enough to make one or two crusts—depending upon the kind of pie you are going to make. If you happen to be going to create a Butterscotch Pie like the one Miss Allen is displaying so happily in the picture, you would only need enough for an under crust. You shape the portion of pastry into a neat ball and place it in the middle of a lightly floured board. Then you flour your rolling pin a bit. With short, light, springy strokes you then roll out the dough—working from the center toward the edges, keeping the pastry approximately round all the time. Roll it out until it is somewhat larger than your pie plate, so that it will fit the plate loosely. No pulling or stretching—that will break the extremely delicate pastry.

Now fold the pastry in half, then fold again, pick it up and slip it into the pie plate. You do not need to grease the pie tin as there is so much shortening in the pastry.

NEXT you unfold the dough and fit it loosely into the plate, holding the dough away from the sides of the pan with one hand and pressing it down into the crease of the pan with the other. Cut off all the ragged edges around the rim. Your lower crust is now ready to

Listen, Pat O'Brien, there's a time and place for everything. And the preview of "Lost Patrol" isn't the place to eat peanuts. We see you digging into that bag. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Jenkins are with the O'Briens.

receive the filling.

One way to finish the edges of a one-crust pie is to provide it with a fluted collar. To achieve this, cut the pastry about half an inch away from the edge of the pan, using a pair of scissors. Then roll this extra pastry back onto the rim, cut side under, and pinch it into a fluting.

Crusts which are baked before the filling is put into them are apt to bulge unless you remember to prick them thoroughly with a fork before putting them into the oven. And they must be put into a hot oven (450°)—otherwise they are apt to collapse weakly into the bottom of the pan. Both the bulging and collapsing hazards can be eliminated by fitting an empty pan the same size as the one in which the pastry is being baked over the dough before it is put into the oven. This second pan must be removed a few minutes before the baking is finished, however, to permit the crust to brown as nicely as it should.

And that is all of the information you need in order to prepare pie crusts worthy of the delicious fillings, the recipes for which Judith Allen has collected in many different places and from many different sources.

"MY recipe for Mock Cherry Pie," Miss Allen told us, "is one I was given by the same southern cook who taught me how to make pastry and I've never found a recipe to beat it. It is made with raisins and cranberries. Honestly, it is a knockout—and how men love it! Then, there is a recipe for Prune and Apricot Pie of which I'm very proud—it calls for a meringue towering into the air. I discovered how to make a meringue which won't do odd, unpleasant things, too. I use the same meringue on Prune Pie as I do on Lemon Pie. Another favorite of mine is Butterscotch Pie which I always have served with a topping of whipped cream, dotted with toasted almonds. Oh dear! I've talked myself into such a famished condition!"

"Would you let us have your recipes?" we asked, right out. "All of them! The readers of MODERN SCREEN would adore having them—and we must admit that we are dying to try them, too."

Miss Allen opened her beautiful eyes wide in surprise. "Why of course," she agreed, "I'd love to give them to you. I'd have offered them to you myself, only it never occurred to me that anyone would be interested!"

"And by the way," she went on, "there's one pie recipe I regret not having as it is one of the best pies I've ever tasted. I always order it when I go to a famous restaurant in New York. It's called Raspberry Cream Pie and if you can get the recipe I'd adore having it.

WELL, we had quite a time tracking that recipe to its lair, but we *did* get it. And, since it can be made with either fresh or canned raspberries it knows no seasons. We had it printed as one of this month's recipes for Miss Allen and for you and you and you! In this month's Star Recipe Folder you will also find recipes for two other Judith Allen pie preferences as well as definite proportions for the marvellous pastry she described for you in this article. So you'll have directions for making Butterscotch Pie and Prune-Apricot Pie, as well as Raspberry. That is, you'll have them if you send in right away for your copy by filling in and mailing the coupon on page 77. So hurry, hurry and send for your copy of the recipes, all printed on cards to facilitate filing. Undoubtedly, if you use these recipes, you will become famous for your skill as a maker of superb pastry and the most delicious and unusual fillings.

While you are waiting for your Star Recipes to reach you through the mail, cut out these two Judith Allen favorites, paste them on filing cards and try them out. We guarantee that you'll adore them all.

MOCK CHERRY PIE

- 2 cups cranberries (cut in halves)
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup sugar
- 1½ tablespoons flour
- pastry

Combine sugar and flour, add halved cranberries and raisins. Mix together thoroughly. Pour into lined pie plate. Dot with small pieces of butter. Moisten outer edge of lower crust with cold water. Place upper crust on filled lower crust, pressing edges together. Trim off any surplus pastry around edge and cut slits in top of pie for steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350°) and bake 30 minutes longer.

LEMON PIE

- 1½ cups granulated suger
- 4 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1½ cups boiling water
- yolks of 3 eggs
- 2 teaspoons butter
- grated rind of 1 lemon
- 4 tablespoons lemon juice
- pinch of salt

Combine sugar and cornstarch in top of double boiler, add boiling water slowly. Beat yolks slightly and add slowly to cornstarch mixture. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add butter, lemon rind and juice. Beat together thoroughly. Cool. Pour into baked pastry shell. Top with meringue.

MERINGUE

- whites of 3 eggs
- 2 teaspoons cold water
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar

Beat chilled egg whites until foaming, add water and continue beating until mixtures will stand in peaks. Fold in sugar carefully, add lemon juice and vanilla. Pile lightly on filled crust and bake in moderate oven (375°) 15 minutes.

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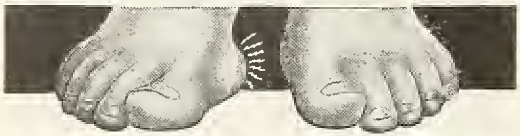

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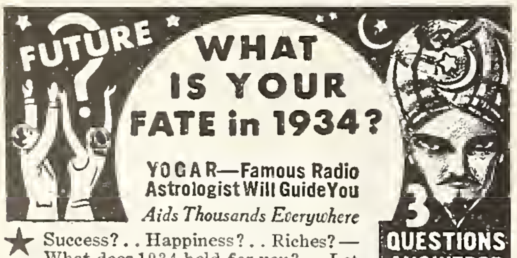

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If you'll let this list be your guide to the movies in town—to the very best (A), quite good (B), middlin' good (C), and not so good (D)—neither Mamma, Papa, boy friend nor girl friend will have cause for complaint

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
CAPTURED (Warners).
CONVENTION CITY (First National).
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
ESKIMO (M-G-M).
FASHIONS OF 1934 (Warners).
FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners).
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners).
HI, NELLIE (Warners).
I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
MORNING GLORY (RKO).
MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON (Paramount).
ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
PALOOKA (20th Century).
THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M).
ROMAN SCANDALS (United Artists).
STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
STRANGE HOLIDAY (Paramount).
THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
VOLTAIRE (Warners).
WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M).
THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
ALL OF ME (Paramount).
ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M).
BELOVED (Universal).
THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox).
BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO).
THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
FEMALE (Warners).
FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount).
FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
GOOD DAME (Paramount).
HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
HER BODYGUARD (Paramount).
HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
HOOP-LA (Fox).
THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (Warners).
JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
KING FOR A NIGHT (Universal).
THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
LADY KILLER (Warners).
LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
THE MAD GAME (Fox).
MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
THE MASQUERADER (United Artists).
THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
MY WEAKNESS (Fox).
MY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PILGRIMAGE (Fox).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
SMOKY (Fox).
SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
THE BOWERY (20th Century).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
FOG (Columbia).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
MANDALAY (Warners).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SO YOU WON'T SING, EH? (RKO).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
TWO ALONE (RKO).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).

ESPECIALLY FOR THE KIDDIES

We've tried to weed out some pictures that will be fun for the kiddies! Here they are

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
ESKIMO (M-G-M).
FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PALOOKA (20th Century).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).
THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
SMOKY (Fox).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

YOUR HAIR Lustrous and Beautiful the DIXIE DEB WAY

NEVER shampoo your hair with ordinary soaps. They are too harsh and drying. DIXIE DEB COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is a tested formula that is immensely popular with Southern girls. It gives a marvelous, rich lather that gently cleanses your hair and scalp of every particle of oil and dust, and leaves the hair soft and silky. After the shampoo be sure to brush a little DIXIE DEB BRILLIANTINE through your hair.

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10c each

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THE INFORMATION DESK

In this department you will find questions—with answers to match—about the stars and the talkies. Have you a question to ask us?

ARE movie tests fair? I have a friend who went to the trouble of taking one and never heard from it, nor could she get any information as to its disposal.—Harry Evans, Detroit, Mich.

Indeed, Mr. Evans, a test is apt to be fair. First of all it costs a company $300 to make one. A candidate has to show plenty of promise before they will go to the expense. And, a movie organization is only too anxious to discover talent. It would probably be impossible to inform all test-takers as to the fate of their acting. Suffice it to say, if the test proved successful, the candidate would hear soon enough.

MARY BRIAN looks like such a sweet, sensible person, I should think the announcements of her various "engagements" would displease her. Is she interested in anyone, or is it all publicity?—Elinor Howard, Dallas, Texas.

We have a notion when and if Mary ever becomes serious, she will be the one to do the announcing. We don't think all these rumors please her too much, because it must make her look like the perennial ingenue or just a beautiful gal that men forget.

IS it true that it was Kenneth McKenna who walked out on Kay Francis? If so, has he no taste?—E. V. Markham, Mobile, Ala.

We heard it, too, but can't believe it, either. One of the things to be said for the couple's separation, however, is the dignified manner in which it was done. No mud-slinging here. They are a pair of well-bred people, evidently.

ARE Toby and Pat Wing really sisters? One is so dark and the other so blonde. Also, why is Charles Farrell playing with Janet Gaynor again?—"Edna Wells."

The little Wings are sisters and once upon a time both had sable locks, but—you've heard of the platinum urge? Well, Toby hearkened and acted.

Perhaps Charlie realized that even after his declamations about merely being Janet's leading man, no matter what the billing read, he did better at that than anything else. This free-lancing isn't all it's cracked up to be. A company doesn't bother to "build" a player if he is only with them for one or two pictures.

Here is a department to which you may write for information about movies and movie players. All questions will be answered in this department, so you may dispense with the formality of sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Avoid questions which are too personal and infringe upon good taste. Otherwise—we are at your service!

Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHO played the mimic in "Mr. Skitch," that amusing picture in which Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts appeared?—E. L. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence Desmond, who knows a thing or two about acting, played this role and didn't she do right by it—and herself? We think so.

WHO enacted the role of Culpepper in "Henry the Eighth," and who played Morley in "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"?—Marie Phipps, Rochester, N. Y.

Robert Donat in "Henry the Eighth" and Charles Starrett in the other film.

WHAT has become of Eric Linden? He seemed like such a promising young actor and suddenly disappeared from the face of the screen.—Betty, Lowell, Mass.

Well, Betty, the story goes that young Eric is attempting to mend a broken heart somewhere in Europe. It seems he was much in love with Frances Dee and when the lovely lady decided in favor of Joel McCrea, Mr. Linden just couldn't go on with his career. He even broke his contract to Get Away From It All.

HAS Joe Cook ever played in the films?—Walter Hunter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Not that we know of. However, you will see him in a picture in the not distant future. In fact, when Mr. Cook returns from his musical comedy, "Hold Your Horses," now on tour. He has a Fox contract.

DOES Mae West actually write her own material, or is it just publicity?—Allen Swain, Montreal.

Everybody is becoming skeptical these days. Tch. Tch. Yes, believe it or not, Mae wrote lines before she ever acted. She has a novel to her credit, too.

WHY did Samuel Goldwyn spend so much money on an unknown like Anna Sten? We have lots of players in this country that, surely, are just as good.—A. D. S., Lakeland, Fla.

Mr. Goldwyn is a pretty shrewd gentleman and evidently expects to recoup every penny, and plenty more, that he has spent in introducing Miss Sten to American movie-goers. Anna is well-known abroad and, if those in the know are correct, will create quite a stir in this land.

WILL Joan and Franchot marry? They seem to have little in common but their picture professions.

Our guess is, "Yes." Joan, of course, says nothing, and Franchot claims he is going to keep on asking her. Miss Crawford has developed so much charm, and personality since her career began that we think she would be a credit to any man.

WHO is going to be Mae West's leading man in "It Ain't No Sin"? Will it be Max Baer or Cary Grant? I've heard rumors on both.—Katie, N. Y. C.

At the moment of writing, it's George Raft. Cary is ill in England. And Our Maxie demanded too much money, it seems.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

They all wanted NANA . . .

Colonel Andre offered wealth.

Old Greiner promised fame.

The Grand Duke had position.

Lieutenant George offered youth.

. . . and each thought he had won!

LIKE a blazing, speeding comet, Nana burst upon the consciousness of Paris. Whirling from the streets to the heights of theatrical fame, she captivated the town with her beauty, her charm, and her wit.

TO Nana's door, then, there came in rapid succession lust, stupidity, envy, and finally . . . true love. Did she know them all when they came? And did she choose wisely?

READ her fascinating story and learn the sensational solution she found for all her problems. That story, based on the world-famous Zola novel, is the story of glamorous Anna Sten's first American motion picture, "NANA"—produced by Samuel Goldwyn for United Artists. Read it immediately, by all means, in the April SCREEN ROMANCES which is now on sale everywhere.

AND enjoy in the same issue the complete stories of eleven other splendid new Hollywood pictures, all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual productions:

CAROLINA, starring Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young. WONDER BAR, Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell. ALL OF ME, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, George Raft. FASHIONS OF 1934, William Powell, Bette Davis. MYSTERY OF THE DEAD POLICE, Robert Montgomery. FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall. SUCCESS STORY, Colleen Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING, May Robson, Lewis Stone. COMING OUT PARTY, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond. I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien. WHEN STRANGERS MEET, Richard Cromwell, Arlene Judge.

Ask today at any newsstand for the April issue of SCREEN ROMANCES

SCREEN ROMANCES

"... a dozen screen hits between covers!"

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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
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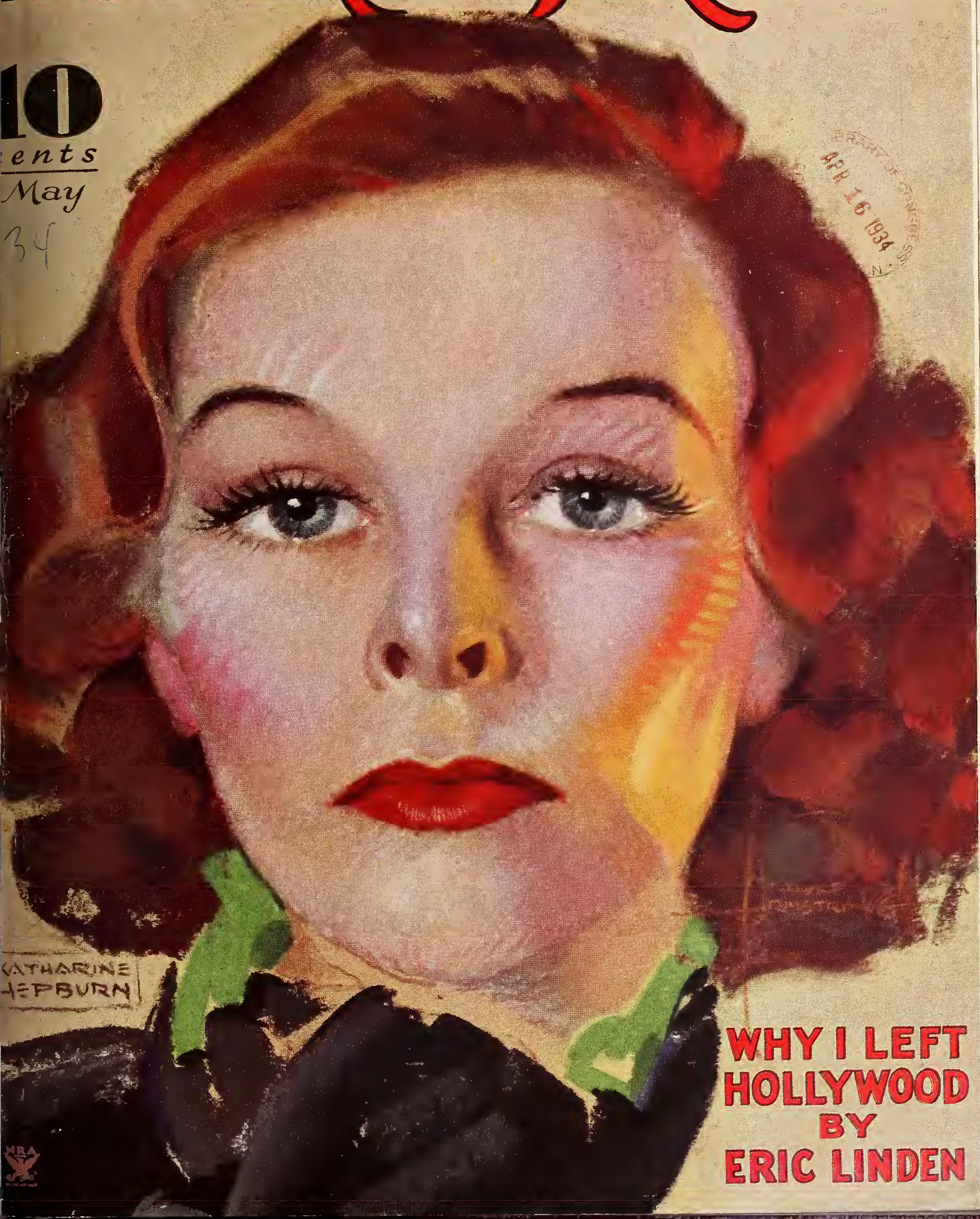

KATHARINE
HEPBURN

WHY I LEFT HOLLYWOOD
BY
ERIC LINDEN

Presenting

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A transparent, entirely pasteless, simply ravishing color that Savagely clings to lovely lips . . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

SELECT YOUR PROPER SHADE BY ACTUAL TEST

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold.

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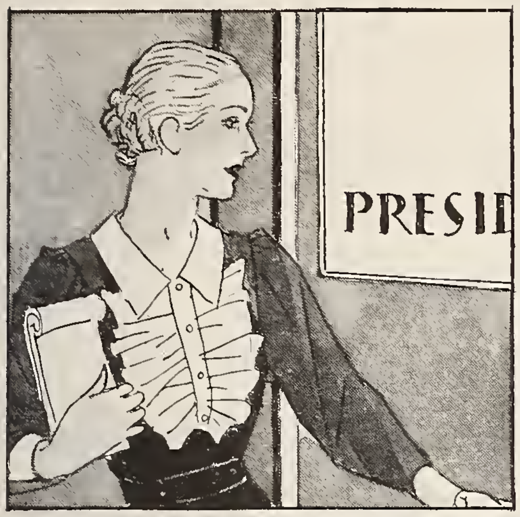
The SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of LIX (lipstick stain remover) and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided.

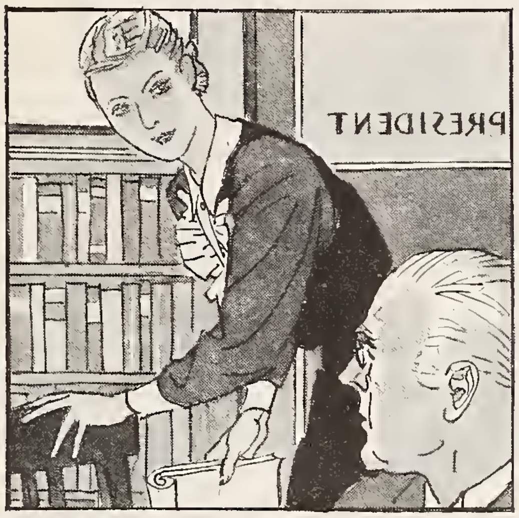
SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO

Isn't It A Shame!

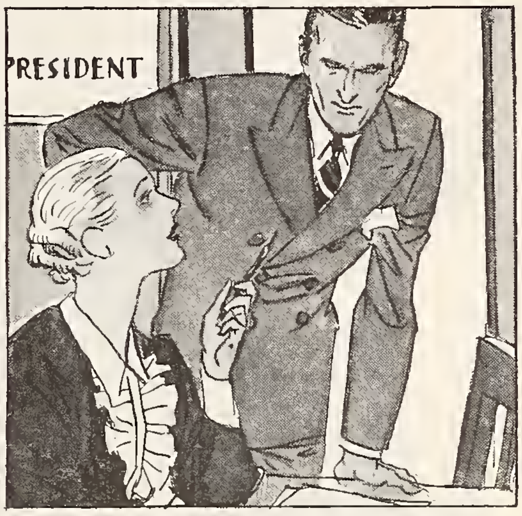
PRETTY GIRL . . . AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



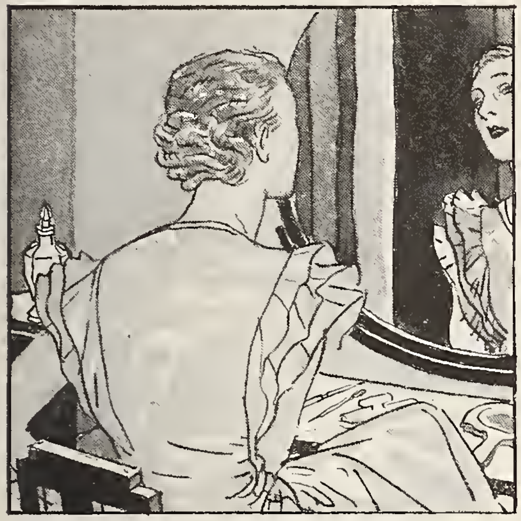
Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



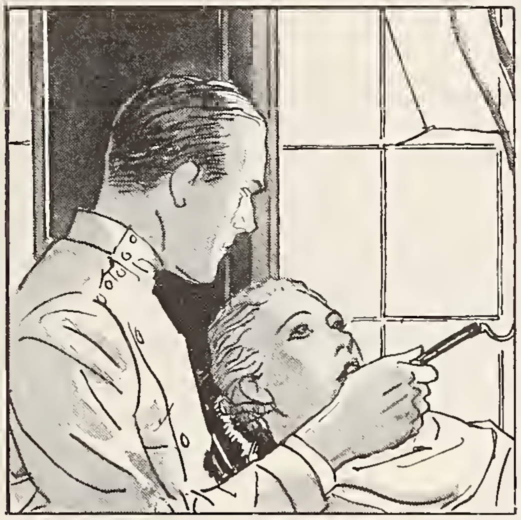
There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps young *men away!*



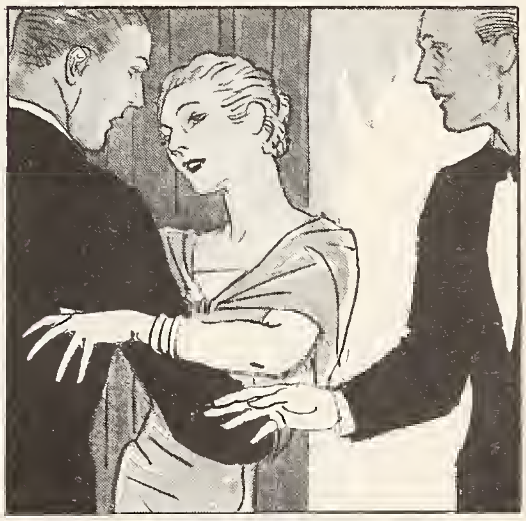
Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



A dentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

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Modern Screen

FOR MAY

Special Stories

WHY I RAN AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD........................Eric Linden 26
Young Eric's departure has been set down to many reasons. Here are his own reasons

SECRETS OF THE MAKE-UP ROOM..........................Perc Westmore 28
Our most famous paint-and-powder artist tells a few tales out of school

WHAT CAGNEY OWES HIS MOTHER..............................Jim Tully 30
To a certain dauntless Irish woman, young Jimmy admits a debt he never can repay

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"I'M AFRAID!"...Katherine Albert 40
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THOSE HOLLYWOOD LOVE FEUDS...........................Jack Jamison 42
Proving that it isn't safe to be out after dark in Hollywood—with the wrong person

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Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and occans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in
RIPTIDE
HERBERT MARSHALL
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Beauty Advice

... In these days of keen competition, the girl with bright skin and eyes gets the job

By Mary Biddle

(Right) Alluring Pat Patterson has this beauty stuff down to a science. With the proper make-up you, too, can look as charming as she.

YOU never really appreciate a good job until you've been hanging around a while without one. Isn't that so? Now with this rush back to the old work bench, you're speeding up a desire to do the thing in a bigger and better way than ever before, or you're different from most girls I meet, and whose letters I am reading all the time.

It's all too likely that we, who have been grouching and feeling abused because employers didn't seem to be falling over themselves in the past to secure our valuable services, have neglected our tender skins. And, believe it or not, you skeptics, that fresh clear look which comes to the cheeks after beautifying attentions, has a subtle effect on the master mind doing the hiring and firing. Of course, he or she would be the first one to deny that deep truth, but he or she is the victim of the "beauty" lure just the same.

I know a girl—a young thing, too—who had neglected herself shamefully. She had tramped around to so many offices in such nasty weather, and had been turned away so often, that she'd lost all interest in her appearance. She was discouraged and she looked it. One day a beautician took her in hand and lectured her at great length. "What do you mean by neglecting yourself this way?" he said. "No wonder no one is clamoring to have you in his office."

"But they turn me down for quite other reasons," whimpered the girl, looking very mournful.

"You think they do, and maybe they think they do," was the snappy answer. "Here, let me do you up, and then go out and see what happens."

Well, to make a long, creamy story short, a girl with a fresh, glowing skin started on the rounds next day and, miraculously enough, came home with a job in her possession. She promptly decided that brains and ability were all very well, but the outward aspect was much more important—almost like a badge of honor. Silly? Yes, but isn't it a fact?

THIS girl, for instance, who got her job on the strength of her face, as it were, didn't look made up a bit. She couldn't help but laugh over the fact that her boss asked her if she came from the country because she looked so healthy.

Now, there is a big secret right here, and the person who took her in hand gave me the lowdown so that I could pass it on to you.

He says (yes, it was a he, this time) that girls who put little spots of red on their cheeks, where they would not naturally appear, look ridiculous. He contends that a man can bring out a girl's beauty better than a woman can, because he sees what is wrong and how to remedy it. He has made up hundreds of movie stars and he should know, if anybody does.

Be that as it may, his one big theory is that the eyes are the keynote of (*Continued on page 110*)

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay—my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

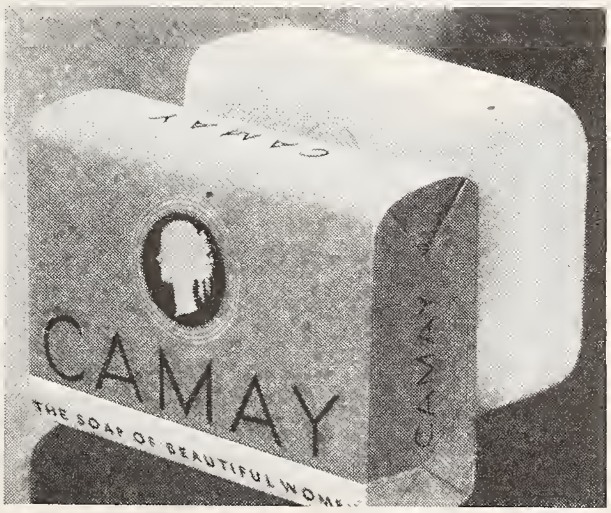
For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

LET'S TALK ABOUT Love

By

ALICE VAN DORAN

Constance Cummings and Ralph Bellamy in one of the more tender moments from RKO'S "Transient Love."

ANYONE with a few grains of common sense will admit that it is seldom the very important things that cause the love ructions in this world. It is the little things—unimportant and ridiculous to the onlooker—but tragic and tremendous in one's own estimation. Talk is cheap and the value of advice is way, way down, but I feel that I am a disinterested, impartial and completely innocent bystander and that is why I am going to sit up and tell you how to avoid some of the unhappy consequences that will arise from the very smallest molehills.

This can best be done in this case, I think, by examples. So I'll tell you a few little stories and I hope that one or more of them will strike home and make you say, "Why, that's exactly what happened to me. I know how it is, all right."

In the first place, then, have you ever considered how many love affairs and marriages end unhappily because of the common human vice of criticising? When we set forth on a little spree of "giving our honest opinions" we are inclined to forget that the party listening to us on the other end has any feelings whatsoever. Men, for example, possess a disgusting habit of criticising their sweethearts' and wives' clothes. They know nothing whatsoever about clothes—dear, no!—but they (most of them) feel splendidly qualified to specify exactly what type of dresses, hats, shoes and costume jewelry their ladies should wear. And then, we women commit one of two faults as a result of this criticism: we either, being frightfully in love and anxious to please, try slavishly to fulfill the dear man's notion of what the well-dressed woman should wear; or, being frightfully independent and snippy, take great pains to wear exactly the opposite of what the fellow likes.

YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS. That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and human understanding, your love problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, please.

Isn't there a happy medium somewhere in between?

I think every male in the world has in his mind's eye an idealized picture of his best girl. And there always comes an off-day for the gal when her nose shines and her hair won't look right, when she has on her most unbecoming hat, and both stockings develop runs. On this particular day, her sweetheart is untactful enough to remark, "You look like the dickens. Gosh, if there's one thing I like a girl to be, it's neat." It is only human for a girl to come back with, "Is that so? Well, you're no Clark Gable yourself." And then the row is on.

IT would be much smarter for her to say, "I'm awfully sorry, dear. I don't feel very well today. I'll look like a million dollars next time you see me, just to make up for being so sloppy," and smile at him, after which he'll probably apologize for his remark and everything will be sweetness and light again.

I know a very tall girl whose best beau has the clothes-criticising complex. And he says she's too tall to wear anything but tailored clothes. In the first place, good tailored clothes are *the* most expensive kind of raiment. And in the second place, she wears 'em so durned tailored that she looks like the old cartoons of "Votes for Women." And I know another young person whose Big Moment has a peculiar aversion to green. And she says, "Huh! He'll take green and like it," and goes out of her way to look for the brightest shades of green on the market. Of course, you could most sensibly advise the first girl that an occasional ruffle would be quite okay. And the second girl that she could be just as happy in this life if she didn't wear green. In other words, you could tell somebody else what was the (*Continued on page 126*)

THE REIGNING BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN!

MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR

JUST heard, in a roundabout way, a bit of gossip about the making of that recent smash, "Flying Down to Rio," which makes me realize that all the frazzled nerves are not in editorial offices. And which, further, makes me more appreciative of these glamorous musicals.

It seems that, in doing a musical, there is really no such thing as a script. Can't be, you see, because as a rule, all the musical numbers aren't written when the shooting starts. The picture is made from hand to mouth, as it were. But the quaint notion persists that a picture should have a script. And all the players—Del Rio and Gene Raymond, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire — were handed scripts on the first day. Great, big, fat scripts. Being good troupers, they went home and did their homework. And, each day following, lines were cut, new ones added. New musical numbers were put in, taken out, put in again, cut, re-vamped, lengthened, shortened, and then rehearsed, rehearsed and rehearsed. All hands worked 'til the wee small hours—and returned to work each day after far from adequate sleep.

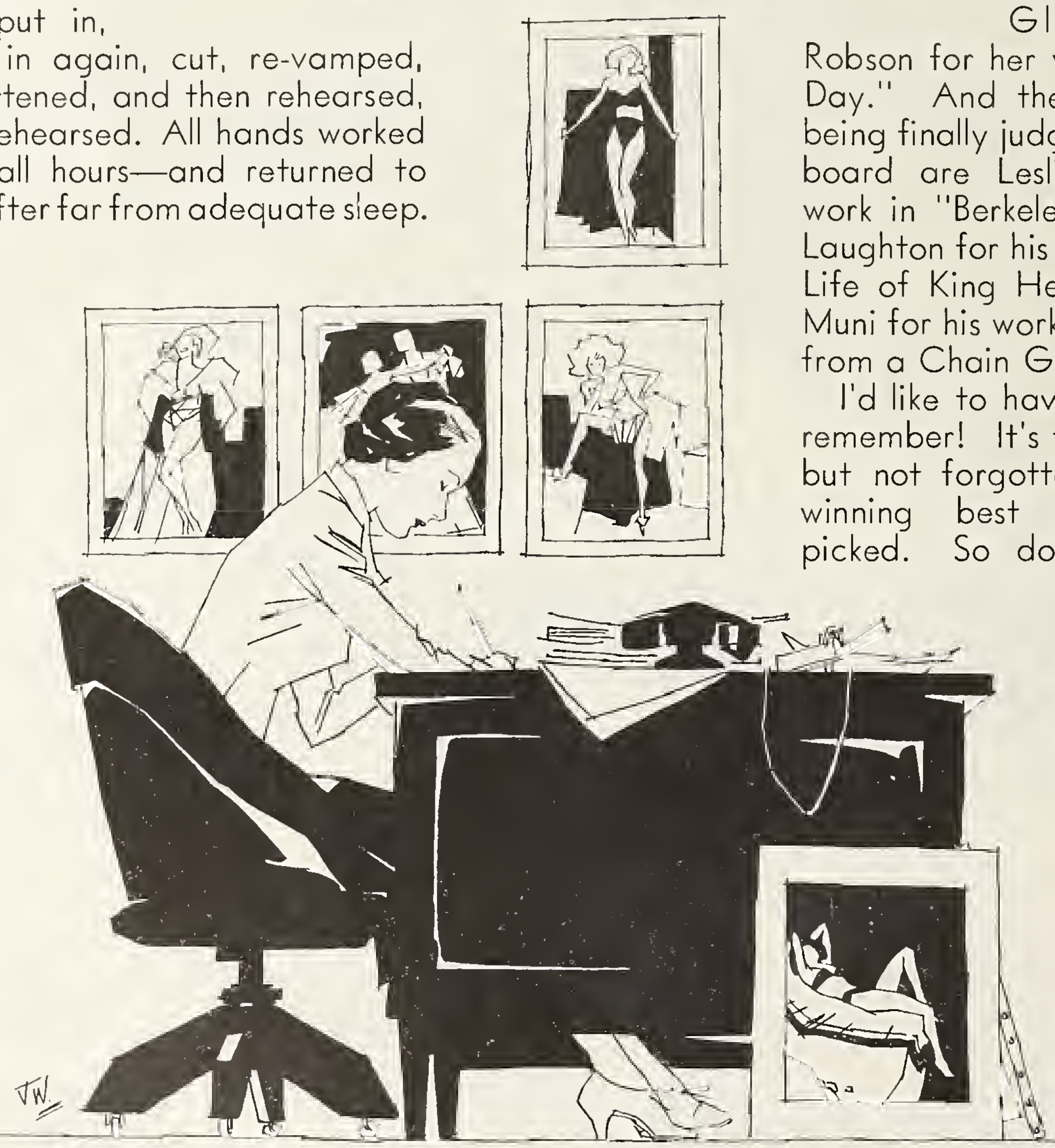
So—when you amble out to see "Wonder Bar" or "The Fox Follies" or "Murder at the Vanities" or "The Star Spangled Banquet"—keep in mind that all that glamorous loveliness which runs off without a hitch and looks so light and fluffy and gay, is the result of such work as would make a day laborer howl for mercy.

Have you heard Ed Wynn's crack about the Garbo-Mamoulian situation? He said Garbo's favorite song now is: "I Found a Mamoulian Dollar Baby." And Mamoulian's favorite song is: "The Swedish Thing in Life." These two were relayed to us by the author of a grand story about Garbo and her favorite director—said story to appear in the next issue of this magazine. Be watching for this one!

Want to do a little voting? By the time you read this, the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will have made their illustrious choices for the best work of the past year. I see by the papers that up for the choice of best actress are: Diana Wynyard for her work in "Cavalcade"; Katharine Hepburn for her work in "Morning Glory"; and May Robson for her work in "Lady for a Day." And the menfolks who are being finally judged by the Academy board are Leslie Howard for his work in "Berkeley Square"; Charles Laughton for his work in "The Private Life of King Henry VIII"; and Paul Muni for his work in "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

I'd like to have your votes. And remember! It's the year 1933, gone but not forgotten, from which the winning best performances are picked. So don't get mad if a knockout performance by one of your favorites in a recent picture isn't even listed among the runners-up.

I'll be waiting to hear from you!



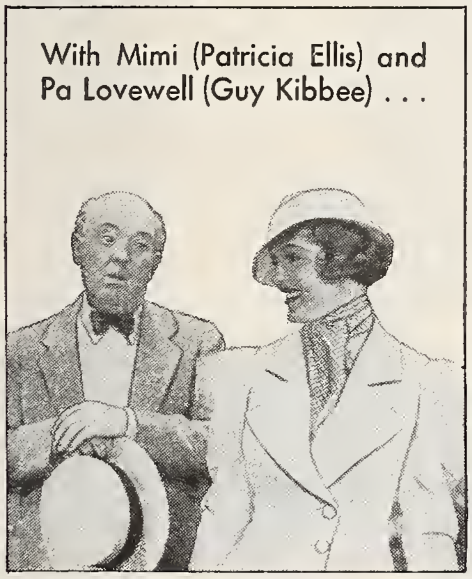
HAROLD
TEEN

He's in the Movies Now . . . Thanks to **WARNER BROS.**

See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life . . .

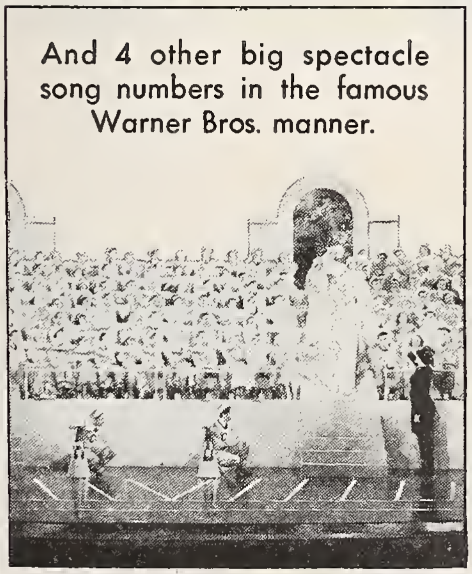
With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold...

And Lillums in the flesh, played by adorable Rochelle Hudson...


With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee) . . .

And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!

Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding". . .

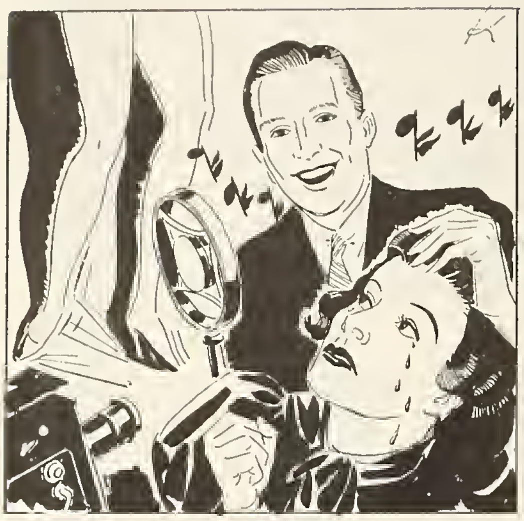

And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.

It has "universal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.

Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!

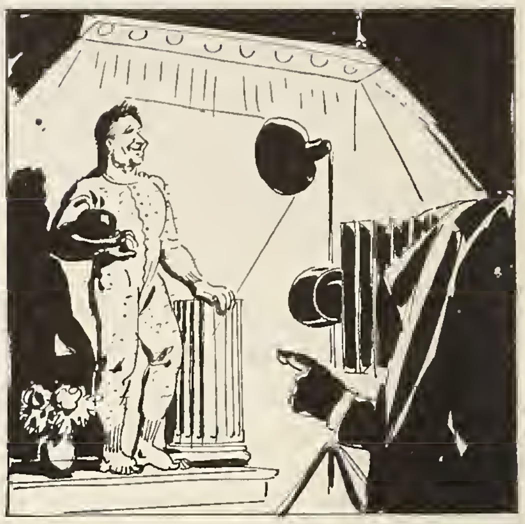
With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

Between you and me



Dream picture

The well-balanced movie



Wally Beery in his B. V. D.'s

What! All in One Picture?

J. WAYNE MARTIN, of Lake Park, Iowa, has a large order:

My dream for an ideal motion picture would include: Katharine Hepburn for a good emotional scene; Bing Crosby to croon; Ruby Keeler for some super tap-dancing; Florence Desmond with her swell impersonations; Jean Harlow for some beauty; and plenty of laughs supplied by Alice Brady, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Durante, Edna May Oliver, Stan Laurel, and Ted Healy and his Stooges. And to complete the bill, a Walt Disney Silly Symphony in color.

A Dash of Sex and a Touch of Sweetness

DOROTHY JAMES, of Uniontown, Pa., on the films:

You asked the fans' opinions as to what the public wants most—sex or sweetness. Here is my personal idea:

We want both, provided the sweetness is not too sugary and the sex not too filthy. According to your statistics, Jean Harlow and Janet Gaynor are just equal in popularity. Doesn't that prove what the public wants? Jean is the very essence of sex in her pictures and Janet just the opposite, but we enjoy them both and every time either girl makes a new picture, don't we make a bee-line to the theatre? Too much sweetness does sicken us just as too much filth does, but if we are given a well-balanced diet of moderately sexy and sweet ones, we will patronize the movies a lot more.

Some Booby Prizes

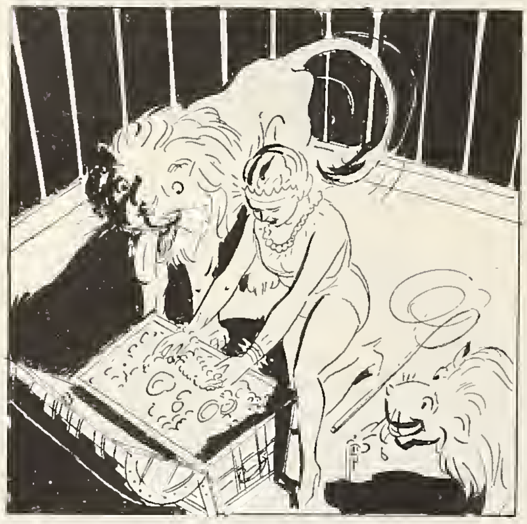
S. SCHWARTZ, of Atlantic City, N. J., thinks up a few, too:

One to Wallace Beery for allowing himself to be photographed in his underwear—he's no pretty sight.

To Gene Raymond for looking so ridiculous in "Flying Down to Rio." He kept opening his eyes too wide, and he worked too hard directing the orchestra.

And to Franchot Tone for allowing himself to be typed in "fish and soup" roles.

One to the director of "Man's Castle" for injecting the Glenda Farrell sequence; that was unnecessary—without it the film would have been more compact.



Mae and her diamonds

Your letters are grand—wish we could print every one of them. Come on, fans, let's have your reactions to the new pictures, the new stars, and everything else Hollywood is giving us.

An Orchid Apiece

A READER, who gives us neither name nor address, has been caught "iffing":

If I were allowed to be a Broadway columnist for a day, this is the way my column would look:

A chestful of diamonds to dear old Mae West for her simply grand performance as the lion tamer in "I'm No Angel."

A gardenia to Joan Crawford because of her marvelous acting and dancing in the picture "Dancing Lady."

And an orchid to Franchot Tone for the most natural acting I have ever seen in many a day in "Dancing Lady." Why wouldn't he? Joan Crawford was there and it wasn't difficult.

A cartful of apples to May Robson for her superb portrayal of Apple Annie in Columbia's "Lady for a Day."

A bouquet of roses to Alice Brady who makes one love her one minute and hate her the next as the dominating parent in "Stage Mother."

A set of boxing gloves to Max Baer for his excellent performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

An armful of shamrocks to cute little Janet Gaynor for her neat performance in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

A flock of carnations to little Madge Evans for her good performance in "Broadway to Hollywood" and also to Russell Hardie, that handsome newcomer.

(*Continued on page 15*)

OAKIE'S *a Scream!* TRACY'S *a Panic!* *together they're a* RIOT!

They must have been a couple of other fellows before an inspiration teamed them up in this three-mile-a-minute comedy that even an earthquake can't slow up. It's a laugh a second...and a second laugh after that!

20th CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

Spencer **TRACY**

Jack **OAKIE**

in

"Looking for Trouble"

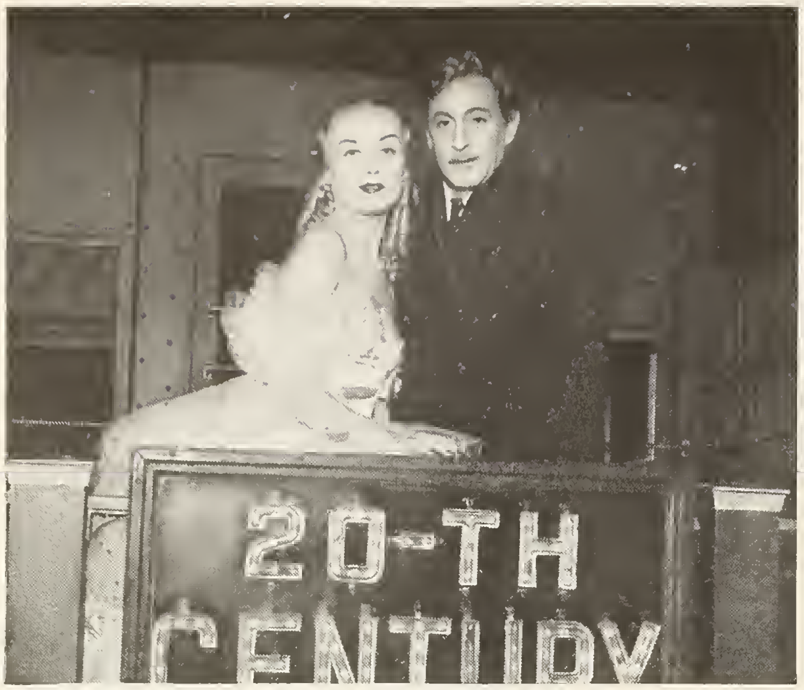
with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

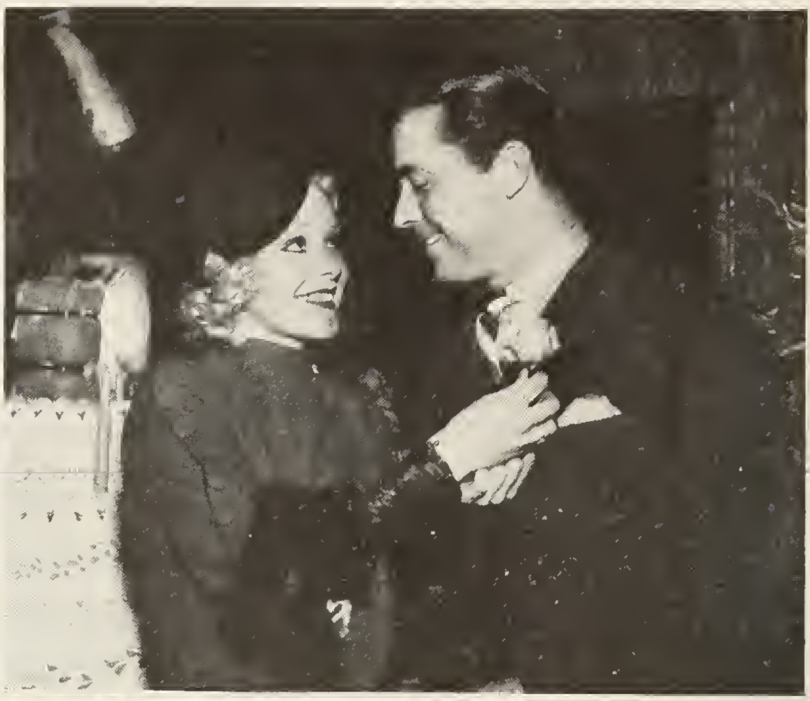
ARLINE JUDGE • JUDITH WOOD

Directed by William Wellman

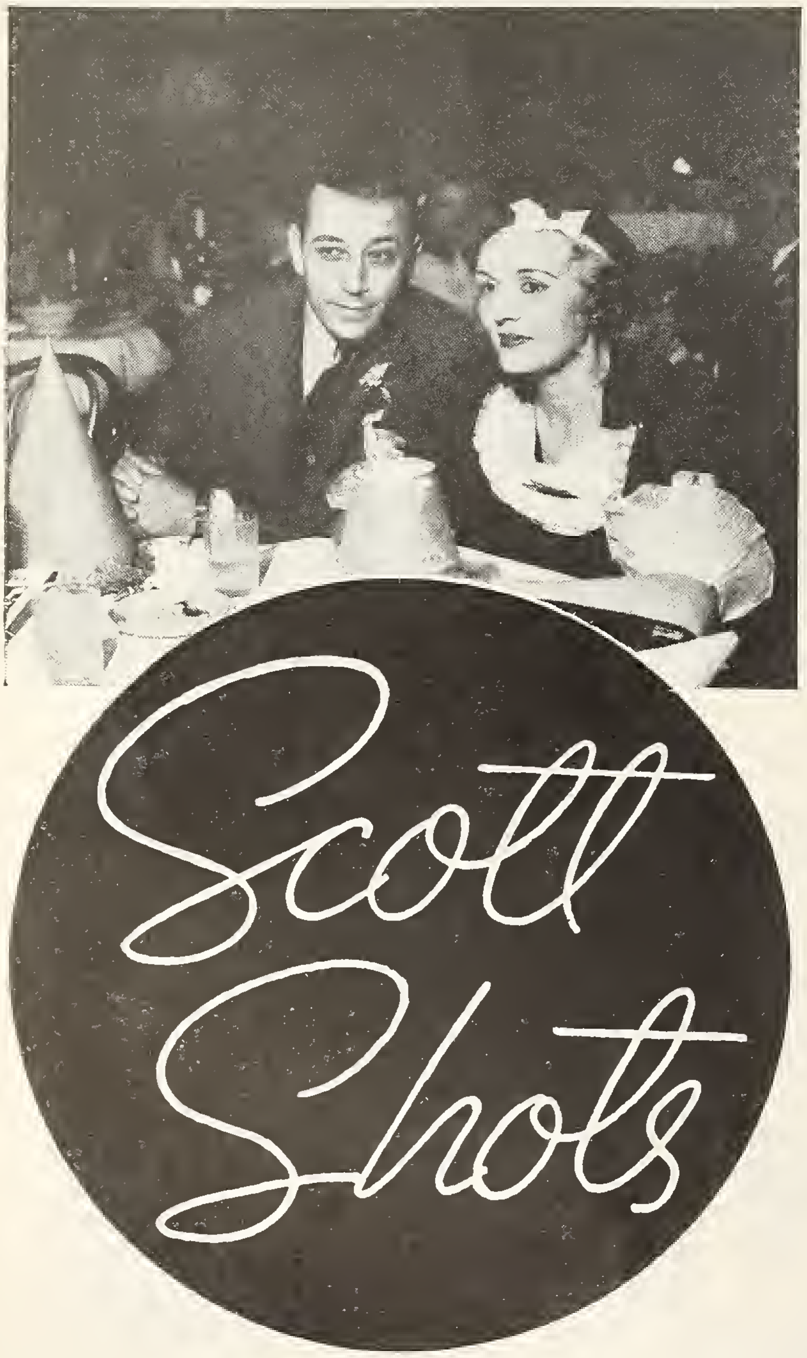
a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** ***Production***

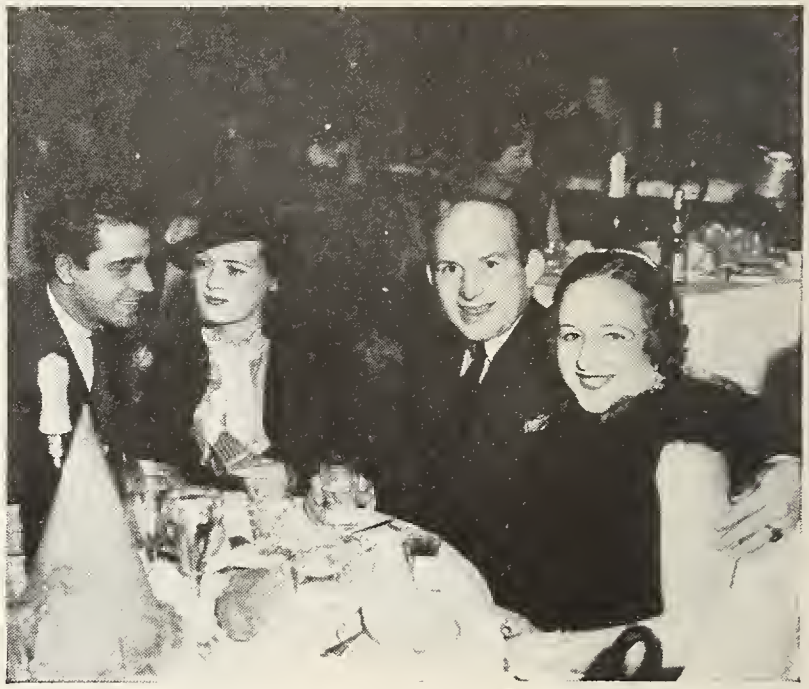


Carole Lombard and John Barrymore, the most important folks in the cast of "20th Century, Ltd.," posing in costume on the back of the honest-to-goodness train which is being used in the picture.



Every day, Lyle Talbot is reported in love with some new lady. Well, he may be seen with a flock of girls, but his temporary affections are settled upon Rudy Vallee's ex-singer, Alice Faye.





Scott Shots

(Above, left) The George Raft-Marjorie King romance seems to be definitely over. The Raft is shown with Virginia Lehman Peine, New York society person, at the tenth anniversary dance at Sebastian's Cotton Club. And he has been seen with her practically every other night at the fights or night clubs. (Above, right) Remember Molly O'Day, sister of Sally O'Neil? There she is with Jack La Rue—and it looks like a romance. The Vince Barnetts are with them.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

Paging Dorothy Wilson

NORMA RHODES, of Hephzibah, Ga., wants to know about the little stenog who became a star over night and then dropped out of sight:

Is Dorothy Wilson going to play in any more pictures soon? She was just grand in "Eight Girls in a Boat." (*Yes, Dot Wilson has a brand new Paramount contract to her credit. Her first assignment is "Canal Boy."*)

What the Talkies Are Doing to Us

EDW. LUBA, of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes us:

This afternoon my seven-year-old sister had a little spat with her older brother. Going out to play, she said, "Good day" with a freezing tone and turned-up nose that I thought only an irate English gentlewoman achieved. Later that evening, she confided that she had copied the exit from a continental smart set talkie.

At one time, boys returning from a silent picture reenacted the western thriller. Today, young and old, city sophisticates and country yokels all grow cosmopolitan from contact with the talkies. Talkies are broadening the outlook of our people, giving them a finesse and polish that perhaps now is a trifle superficial, but give them time—they'll reach beneath the surface.

Oh, That Red-Head

ROSE FARRELL, who doesn't give us her address, says Nancy Carroll isn't getting the proper breaks:

Nancy Carroll is as beautiful and as good an actress as any of them, yet she doesn't get a chance. Her versatility is proven in the many rôles she has portrayed so artistically on the screen. Remember her in "Illusion," "Close Harmony," "Stolen Heaven," "The Woman Accused" and "The Night Angel"? Wasn't she grand in all of those pictures? In spite of this, she doesn't seem to get on. Anyway, I'm one of her many fans who wants to see her in more and more pictures. (*We've got good news for you, Rose. Fox has cast Nancy in "Forbidden Lips," the film version of "Springtime for Henry." And Otto Kruger, that sterling actor of stage and screen, is her leading man. Sounds swell, doesn't it?*)

(*Continued on page 125*)

I'M GLAD THE STEVENS ASKED US... THEY'RE A SWELL COUPLE
I LIKE THEM A LOT... BUT I WISH SHE'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT "TATTLE-TALE GRAY." DID YOU NOTICE HIS SHIRT?

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

1. "Tattle-Tale!"... "Tattle-Tale!"... that's what *your* clothes are when they're musty and gray — when they show that all the dirt *didn't* come out in the wash.

FELS-NAPTHA

2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha — the *golden* richer soap with *so much dirt-loosening naptha in it* that you can smell it!

3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—*clothes so dazzling white*—you'll beam with pride!

• • •

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

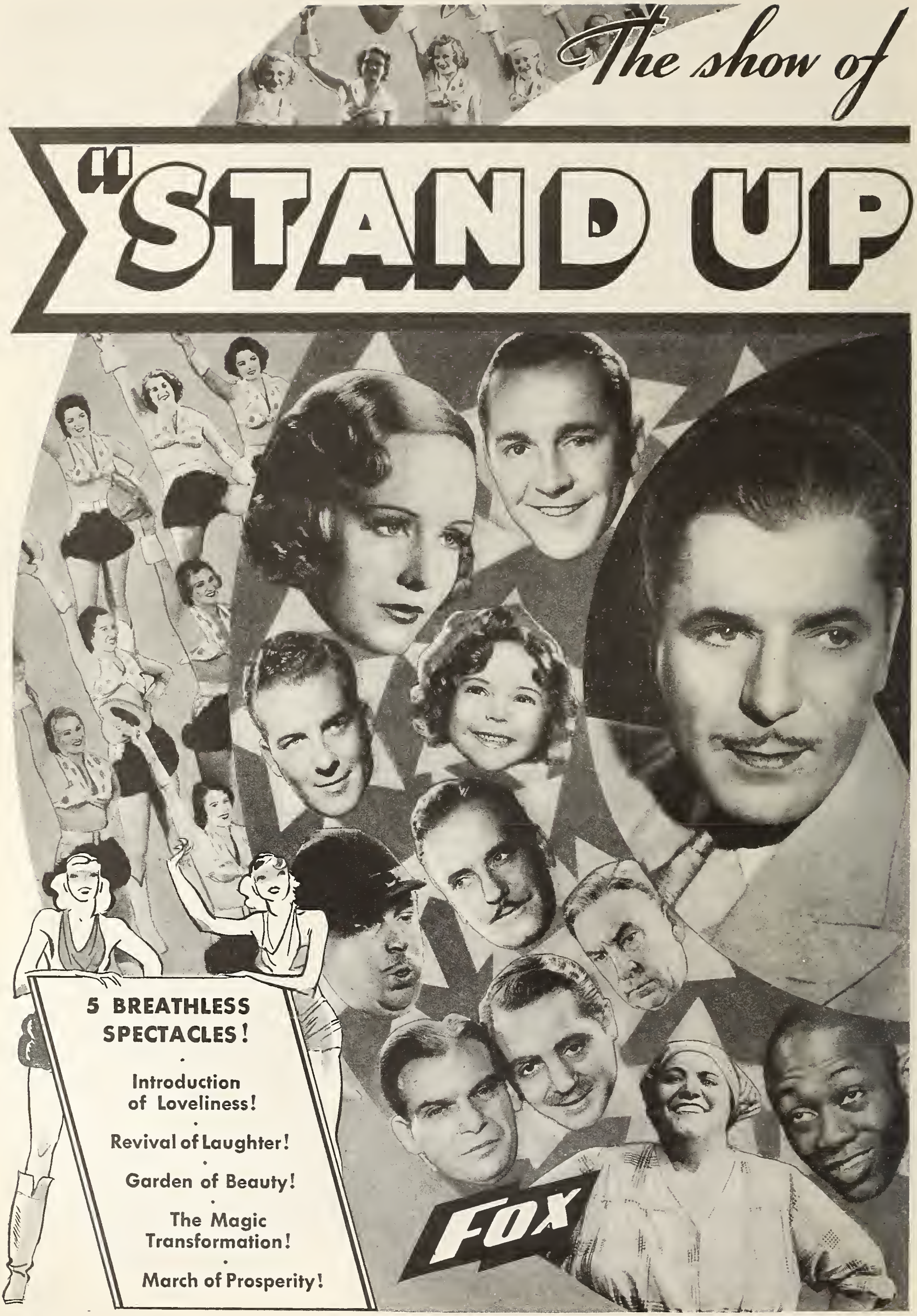
For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "*trick*" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds—*the way they last and last*—till every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens—how gentle it is to daintiest lingerie and silk stockings—how friendly it is to hands!

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!.. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.


The show of
"STAND UP
FOX

5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!

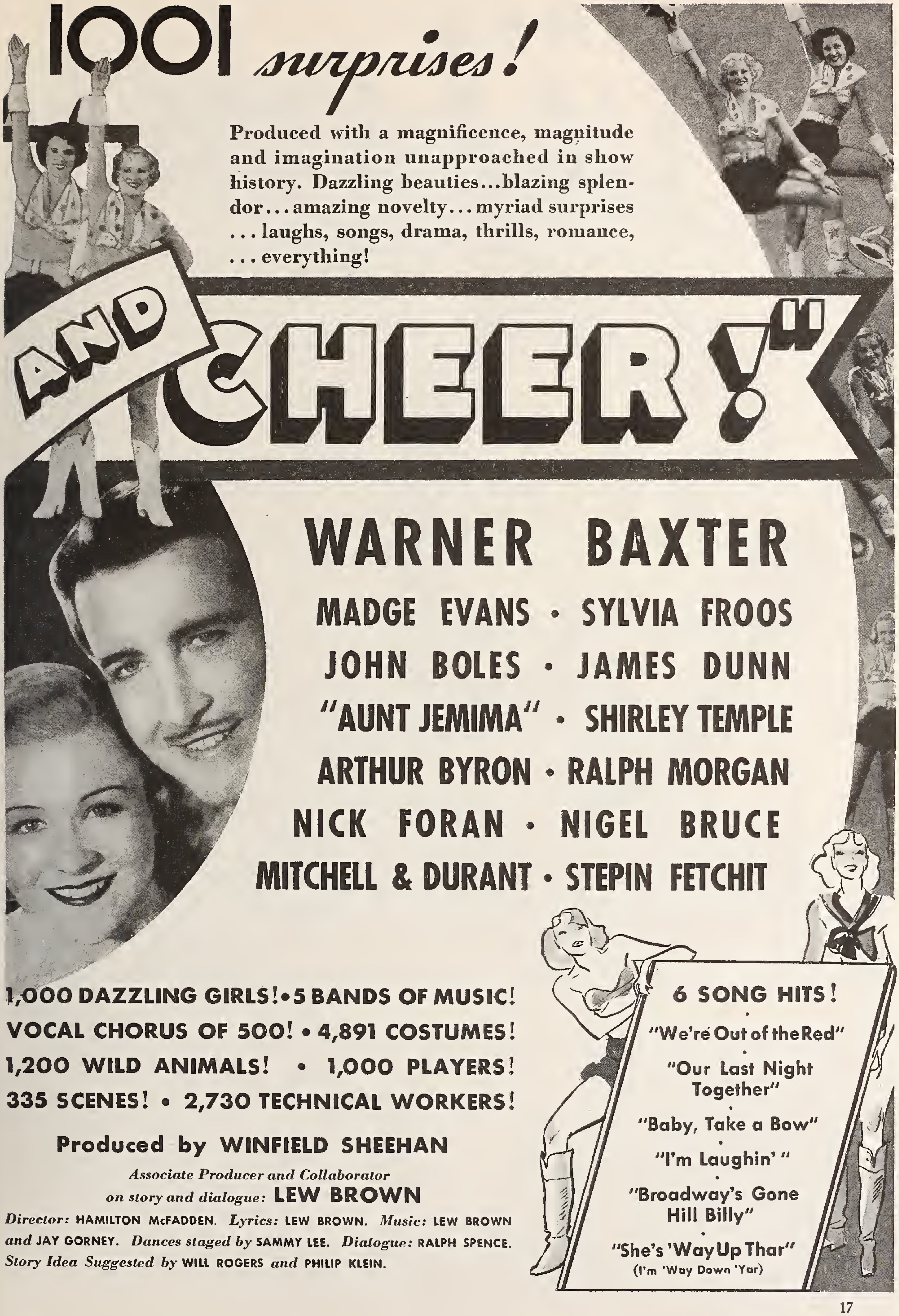
Introduction of Loveliness!

Revival of Laughter!

Garden of Beauty!

The Magic Transformation!

March of Prosperity!



1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises ...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

AND CHEER!"

WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS · SYLVIA FROOS
JOHN BOLES · JAMES DUNN
"AUNT JEMIMA" · SHIRLEY TEMPLE
ARTHUR BYRON · RALPH MORGAN
NICK FORAN · NIGEL BRUCE
MITCHELL & DURANT · STEPIN FETCHIT

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"
"Our Last Night Together"
"Baby, Take a Bow"
"I'm Laughin'"
"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"
"She's 'Way Up Thar" (I'm 'Way Down 'Yar)

MARGARET
SULLAVAN
THE GIRL YOU
LOVED IN
"ONLY YESTERDAY"
in
HANS FALLADA
LITTLE
MAN,
WHAT
NOW?
Translated by ERIC SUTTON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE
IT'S A UNIVERSAL!

Joan Blondell

She's all set up and rarin' to go, for Joan draws her first dramatic role in "Without Honor." And is she delighted that some other girl will have to make the wisecracks and chew the gum, while she is busy doing the heavy emoting! Jimmy Cagney plays opposite her in this one. They've been pals since the "Penny Arcade" Broadway production, which brought 'em each a screen test and a Warner Bros. contract. Joan is going blonde again and, while she may change the color of her locks in the interest of art or variety, she sticks to her vegetable diet to ward off the pounds; that is, until a nice juicy hamburger heaves into sight, when alas, her good intentions fade from the picture.

Jimmy Dunn and Carole Lombard

Believe it or not, at the moment, Jimmy Dunn is without a girl. Now if that isn't news, we don't know our headlines! However, he still goes in for bright shirts and colorful ties, which proves that he isn't completely subdued. Jimmy will appear in "The World is Ours" for Fox with Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Sally Eilers. Is that a splendid cast? We think so. And when he saves enough money, Mr. Dunn's first purchase will be an airplane. And now for the life of the party. We mean, Carole Lombard. She's a bachelor girl these days. And is busy working with Bing Crosby on "We're Not Dressing." After that Carole goes to Columbia to make "Twentieth Century" with John Barrymore.

Ralph Bellamy

If he isn't careful, he will become a clutching hand or a banging door, for Ralph is about to start on his third mystery "meller," "Murder in the Studio." His father was an advertising man and he claims he was brought up on slogans, one of which is "You can't lose." That is, if you work hard. How did you like Mr. Bellamy in "Spitfire"?

Irene Dunne

Here is a long distance commuter. Irene lives in New York and works in Hollywood. She has a clause in her contract permitting this little jaunt. The lady is a golf enthusiast and has a driving course in her own back yard. Richard Dix will be co-starred with her in "Stingaree." Remember them together in "Cimarron"?

He has a list of splendid characterizations to his credit—the latest of which is Pancho in "Viva Villa"—and a private landing field in the high Sierras near the island camp where he spends his vacations hunting and fishing. The great big Beery is training his little daughter, Carol Ann, to be a moving picture actress.

Wallace Beery

Pretty Muriel Evans is making her debut, not in a Park Avenue hostelry, but in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. She has just been seen in "Women in His Life" and is awaiting a new assignment. The little lady also has her hobbies—collecting oriental art and jewelry. Oh these blondes, they do like nice things!

Muriel Evans

WHY I RAN AWAY

With Loretta Young in "Life Begins," Eric knew happiness and achievement in it.

With Dot Wilson and Dick Cromwell in "Age of Consent.", A sad experience.

FROM HOLLYWOOD

With Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord."

In his first picture, "Are These Our Children?"

. . . Some said I left for love of Frances Dee; others, because of contract trouble. Now—at last—I'll tell the truth

by Eric Linden

WHEN I left Hollywood for Europe four months ago, the papers attributed my leaving to many strange reasons, among them being, my unrequited love for Frances Dee, my hidden passion for some—to me—unknown star, and so forth, all because I didn't have the time, then, to give them the real reasons. Now that there is time, here they are.

I left Hollywood to live.

I left an established name, a two thousand dollar car, a house and furniture, but I found much more than I left. I found myself again. And since it's yourself that you have to live with all your days, it wasn't such a bad exchange.

I arrived in Hollywood in 1931. I was twenty-one and felt it. I left Hollywood in 1933. I was twenty-three and felt forty. The first year changed me, the second year I realized the change, and if I had stayed another year I'd have grown used to the change and accepted it along with all that Hollywood is made up of, as natural. But when I realized what was happening to me, I left. And I'm going to try to trace it out for you in the hope that it will clear up a few of the veiled mysteries that Hollywood has surrounded itself with.

Going back over the various hectic months, a long way back it seems, back almost to childhood, to that day two years ago in my agent's office in New York, it's easy to remember the strange excitement of being told that the test I had made for "Are These Our Children?" had been accepted and that I was to fly to Hollywood in the morning. Remembering that excitement, I can feel it all as I write, and all the unhealthy excitement of the days that followed.

I landed in Hollywood on a Saturday night and the plane was met by studio officials who drove me to the Roosevelt Hotel. There I got the first taste of that bitter-sweet cocktail called publicity. The *Herald-Express,* the *Examiner,* the *Record,* the *Hollywood Citizen* were all waiting for interviews.

When I read them the next morning, I had my first lesson in interviewing, which seemed to be, it doesn't matter what you say, but how you say it—and most important of all—how you listen to what the interviewer is saying. Ever after, I held my tongue between two tight jaws and smiled interestedly at whatever the interviewer had to say about her life, past, present and future.

AT about one a.m., I found myself alone for the first time since arriving, alone and tired, my first night in Hollywood. The tired loneliness of that night, after all the seeming glory of what had happened and was to happen, returned time after time. It was the feeling that finally took me away, a feeling bred by the narrowness of thought in nearly everyone I came in contact with.

It was like dropping down out of the air to a strange undiscovered planet, a planet that knew nothing of the earth, or of the earth's doings, a planet with its own language, its own customs, habits, laws. Like an Edgar Rice Burroughs story, its boundaries are mystery, confined as it is by the gigantic walls of unseen people that make up its audiences and whose minds and opinions mean as much as grass to these other-world Hollywoodians.

True, there are a few human people in Hollywood, a very few. But these I seldom met. They keep to themselves. It's their only way to retain that humanness, but then that was a secret I was too young and confused to know. And that night the feeling of loneliness was somewhat subdued by the view from the balcony of the room I was in. I saw all of Hollywood—the lights in even aisles stretching from the Boulevard to the foot of the hills, and over the hills, a thick, white web of stars. There was a magic in the place that night.

The next day, I met Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge who later married him, two grand people. Monday, the picture started. It lasted four months. I was at the studio from seven in the morning to seven-thirty at night, very often working through from four in the afternoon to five the next morning on night shots. This last grind is a customary thing every Saturday night at all studios because, the next day being Sunday, they can't call the actors back.

Remember that too, the next Saturday night you watch them, seated in your comfortable orchestra seats, as they step smiling with all twenty-four teeth from one limousine to another. And remember too, that the limousine is rented, the same way as the (*Continued on page 100*)

(Left) Kay Francis' lovely mouth is enhanced in beauty by Westmore art. The Indian maid is Ruth Roland—remember her?

Twin brothers — Perc and Ern Westmore— share the make-up supremacy in Hollywood today. Until now, they have revealed none of their wide range of experiences years of intimacy with the movie great have brought them. Here, for the first time, they disclose their secrets!

Several years ago the boys arrived from England with their family. They landed in Los Angeles with $2.50, but soon the father and Perc landed jobs at Maison Caesar's, moviedom's largest wig-making establishment.

On Perc's first day at work, Lon Chaney blew in, asked for a wig and went into one of his contortions to illustrate the type of character he was to play. Poor Perc was almost frightened to death. Later, Adolphe Menjou arrived, demanding a mustache. Then, young Westmore was given the job of applying hair to the faces of the entire "Three Musketeers" cast, and he was all set at the studio.

FASCINATING REVELATIONS OF ONE OF THE

Nudity and semi-nudity mean nothing to the make-up man. There is Perc, painting dimples on the knees of the chorus of a super-special. Just as a doctor would examine so many tonsils or give so many vaccinations.

When Olive Borden did "Adam and Eve," she and George O'Brien were in love. It was Perc Westmore's job to make up, not only Olive's face, but her entire body, for the picture. And did the husky O'Brien object!

Secrets of the Make-up room

By PERC WESTMORE

IN the peculiar atmosphere that is found nowhere else in the movie game save the make-up room, incredible intimacies are spawned. Why? Well, for one thing, it's the intimacy of personal contact. For make-up and allied work, you know, has no outside-world conventions or sense of prudishness. Like the artist or the doctor, the make-up man not infrequently finds as the medium for his work the revealed body of one of filmdom's beauties. It is all in the day's work. In the contact that ensues, there is utter impersonality.

Does that seem difficult for you, outside this profession, to understand? Well, perhaps it is. Why, I even remember when it was difficult—and enraging—for one of our most virile stars to comprehend. That was George O'Brien when he was in love with Olive Borden.

They were shooting a picture called "Adam and Eve." That title ought to tip you off to what I had to do for Olive, when it came to make-up. Under the circumstances, it wasn't just face make-up, but an "all-over-body job," to borrow a phrase from the auto business.

To build up Olive's young body into the voluptuousness that was, theoretically, Mother Eve's, certain lines had to be changed. I developed, for the purpose, a sort of rubber preparation, flesh-tinted to match Olive's skin, that could be applied to her own lithe form.

SO each morning, she would come into my private dressing-room for the work. There were also present Olive's mother and my wife, then a hairdresser on the lot. And there I applied to Olive's lovely body the preparation that rebuilt her lines. Intimate, did I say? Well, you can picture it.

And that's exactly what George O'Brien did. He visualized it too well! Barred, (*Continued on page 116)*

MOST INTIMATE PHASES OF CALIFORNIA'S LEADING INDUSTRY

WHAT CAGNEY OWES

He owes her his courage and his sense of honor and his sense of humor, too

HE was born, as you know, on the East Side of New York. His father was Irish, his mother Norwegian and Irish. As so often happens among the poor, his mother was the bulwark of the family. It was around this red-headed woman that fierce economic storms raged.

It was she who, in the days of hunger, kept alive in the hearts of her children the faith that at the end of the dismal valley was the radiant rainbow of hope. And it is to her that Jimmy Cagney owes his sense of fair play and his professional success.

The father was a bartender and as became one in that unlucky profession during the days of prohibition, he was often out of work. His health failed as his purse dwindled.

The mother, marrying young, and without education, would listen to no plan that would take one of her brood from school. Of her five living children, two are now physicians, two cinema actors and the youngest, a girl of fourteen, is half through high school.

There may or may not be a tide in the affairs of men. But there is, beyond cavil, a strain in certain people who, if they were angels, would seek to make their wings longer.

The clan of the Cagneys is of that breed. Self-pity was even more rare among them than money. Mrs. Cagney saw to that. Jimmy is today, stubborn, decisive and merry. He would smile at the wake of all who doubt themselves.

THE life of the Cagneys, until Jimmy succeeded, was one of the many thousand sagas of the poor in a land of overwhelming plenty. The Cagney children had but little time to brood. They worked at odd jobs before going to school and after they came home.

One of Jimmy's first jobs was that of custodian in a library in New York. A custodian is the urchin who returns books to their proper places on the shelves. Jimmy's mother considered it a good job because it kept him near books.

When he graduated from Stuyvesant High School, he wanted to be an artist. His mother encouraged him to take a course in Fine Arts at Columbia. Each night he worked as a waiter to finance his studies.

Jimmy looked about the restaurant and gave the food his full approval. Before long he got his older brother, Harry, a job as waiter. Harry liked the place and got his brother, Eddie, a job. Eddie was well pleased and brought Bill Cagney in on the business. Bill was only fourteen, but Jimmy gave him a pair of his long pants and he started in. The innocent proprietor was unaware that he housed the clan of the Cagneys.

Once, when the cashier was sick, Jimmy told the

The most successful Cagney—James.

Doin' right well, too—brother Bill.

HIS MOTHER

By JIM TULLY

And the Cagney tribe, all successful today, are just about equally indebted

owner that he knew of a middle-aged Irish-Norwegian, red-headed woman who would be ideal to handle the money. The proprietor was about to send for Mrs. Cagney, when the cashier returned.

The Cagney boys were slow to anger. When Bill, lost in his long pants, brought a club woman a piece of pie, after she had ordered ice cream, the lady, leaving her dignity at the club, told him many things about stupidity that he had never heard. Bill began to grin. Soon the other Cagney boys, overhearing the woman, gathered around the table. They also began to grin. Everywhere the woman looked she beheld a grinning face. The proprietor and cashier came to the table and they began to grin. The woman, thinking no doubt that she had lost her senses, hurried out of the place, leaving a dollar and a powder puff on the table. Jimmy picked up the dollar and gave the powder puff to Bill. It was the first time in his life that he failed to grin.

WHEN the proprietor decided to pay his waiters, he called them all into his office.

"What's the name?" he said to Jimmy.

It ended with Cagney. There followed Harry, Eddie and Bill. The owner's hand trembled.

"Who was the woman you recommended for cashier?" the dazed owner asked.

"That was our mother," the boys grinned in unison.

"Where's your grandparents?" was the next question.

"We can get 'em," answered all the boys. "They'd be swell at the lunch counter."

The owner staggered backward and said, weakly, "You can have the place."

"Not me," said Jimmy. "I'd rather just work here. You see, I'm going to college and I couldn't give it the proper attention."

Jimmy remained in Columbia until given a position as "Junior Architect" at ten dollars a week. During all these bitter days Mrs. Cagney remained at the helm, so the spirit in her family remained the same: one for all, and all for one. The same spirit is still among them.

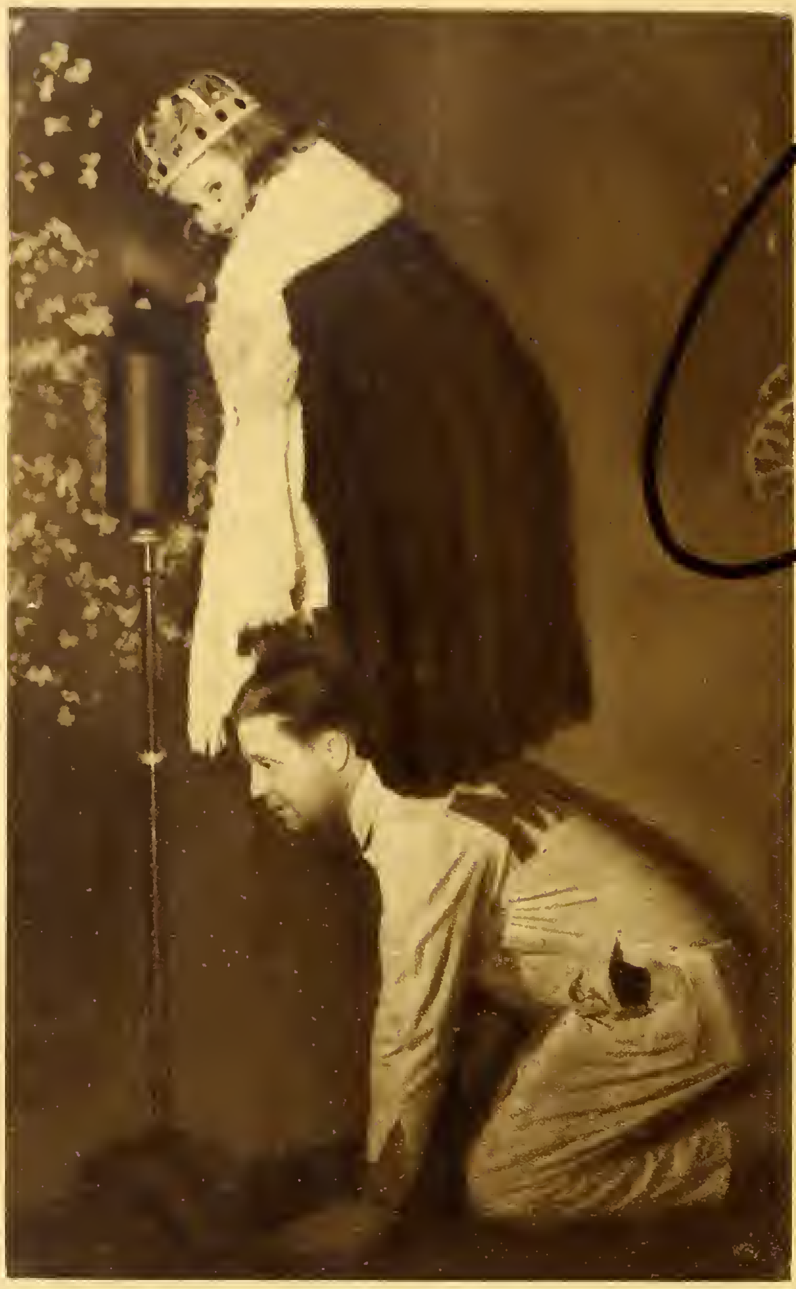
"If it would make my brothers happier, I'd change places with them if I could," Jimmy says today.

It is not quite likely that Warner Brothers would approve of the change. Handling one Cagney has been difficult at times.

How they conquered a wretched early environment, even with the help of a stout-hearted mother, cannot be stressed too deeply here. When the State of New York saw fit to electrocute an early boyhood friend of Jimmy's, the family took the news in silence. Finally, it was broken by Mrs. Cagney, saying to her children, "We must have pity and understand." (*Continued on page 98*)

Mrs. Carolyn Cagney, his mother.

And sister, Jeanne Cagney.

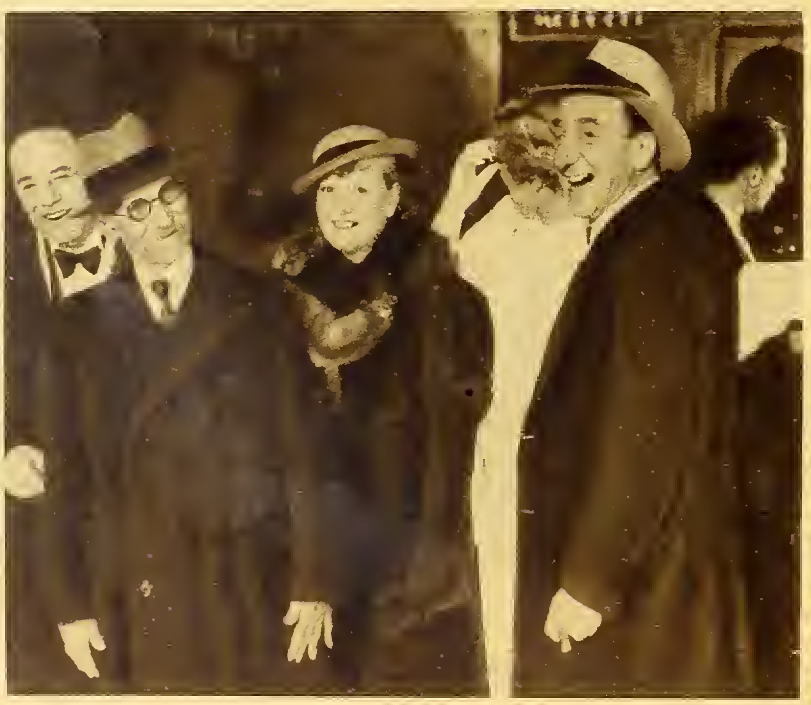


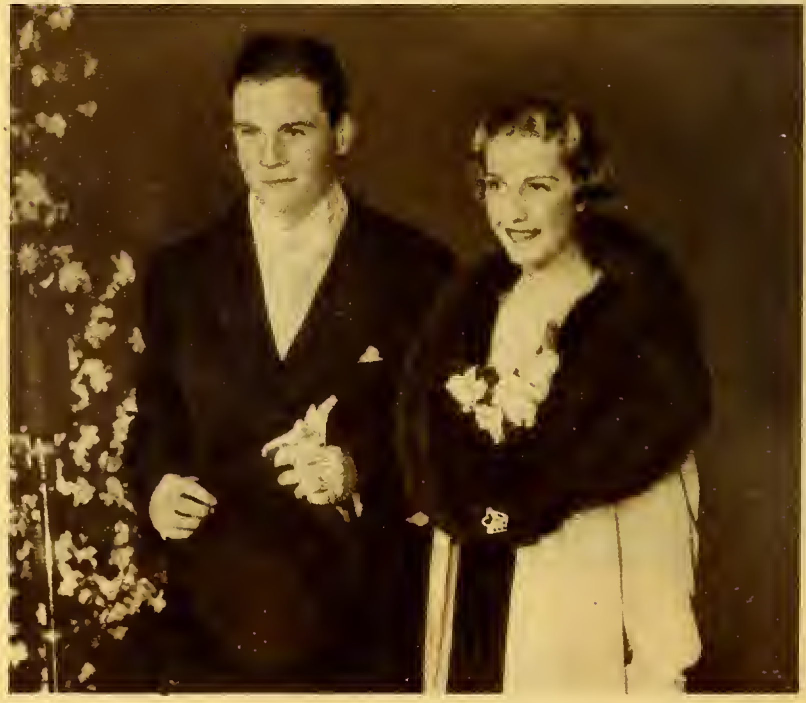
Gala

. . . No town can do a premiere quite as well as good old Hollywood. Cast your eyes over Scotty's album of the "Queen Christina" first night, and see if you don't agree

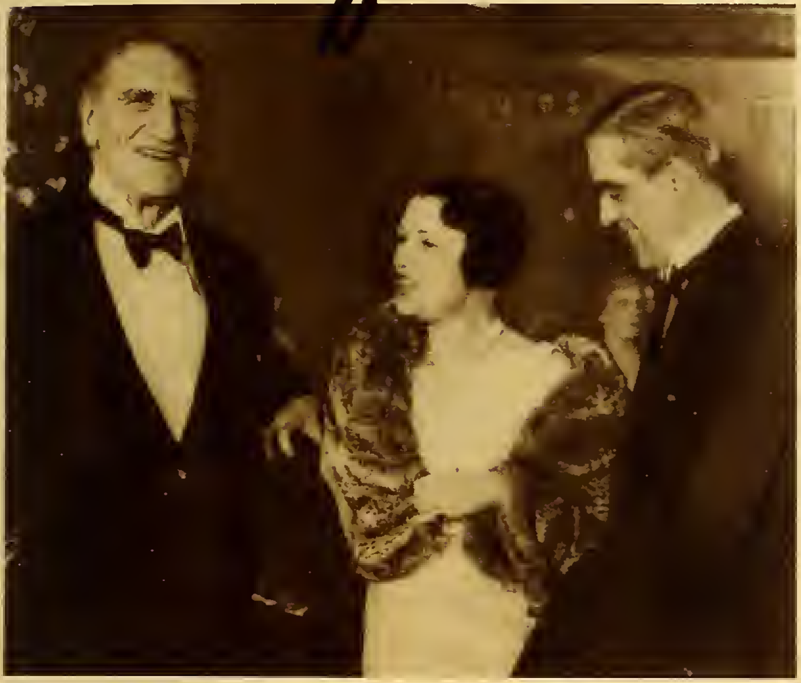
(Above) Little Cora Sue Collins—the baby Christina of the film—says a few words into the mike. An obliging electrician's shoulders are serving as an aid. (Below) Schnozzola Durante, Mrs. Schnozzola, and Jimmy's Dad. We think Dad ought to go into pictures, too—he looks like a natural-born comedian.

(Below) Who else but Tom Brown with his one and only Anita Louise? The sophistication and poise of these young folks is something to make one think. Did you ever see a man-about-forty look poiséd-er than Tom? Or a Park Avenue dowager more at home with her orchids than Anita? And they're barely past twenty!

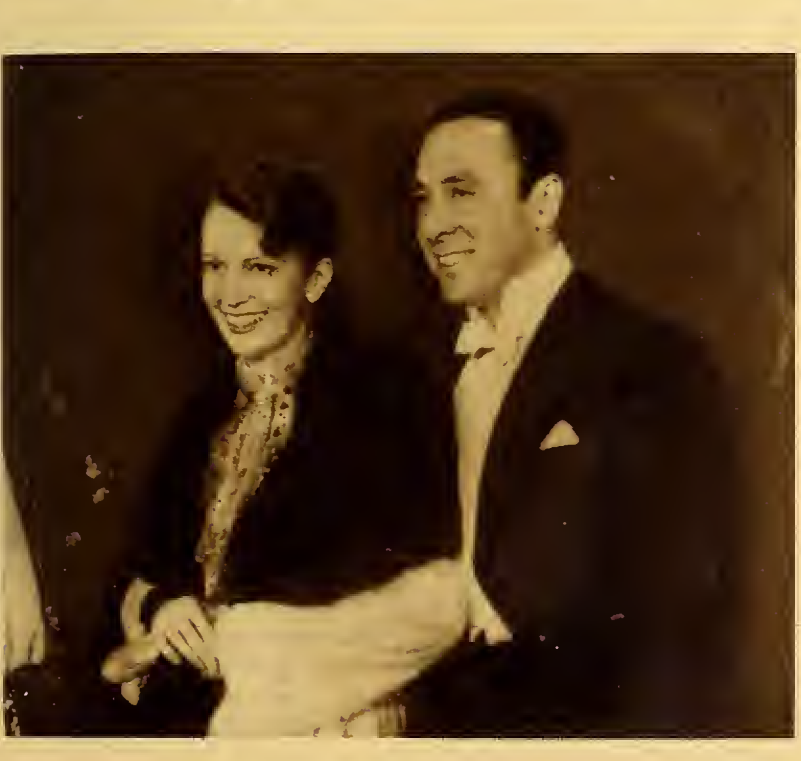


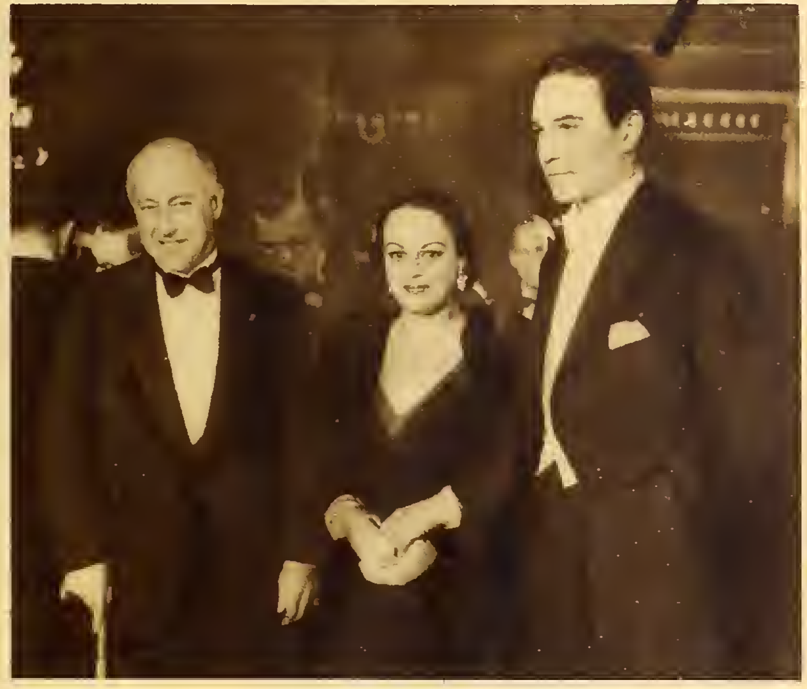


Opening

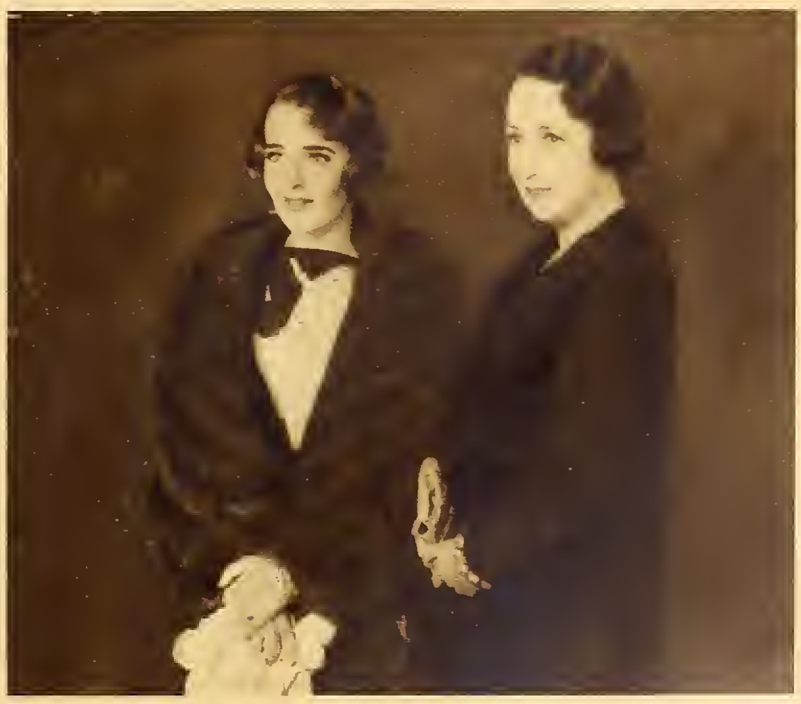


(Above) C. Aubrey Smith, Alice Brady (making one of her famous faces) and Boris Karloff. Mr. C. Aubrey had the misfortune to be attacked by his German police dog, a touchy canine, when he got home that night, and suffered serious injuries to his hand. (Below) The happily married Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien.





Cecil DeMille, his daughter Katherine, and Harry Wilcoxson, imported from England by DeMille to play Anthony in "Cleopatra." (Below) Little Mrs. Al Jolson—Ruby Keeler to her fans—with a Mrs. Edwards from New York, whom everyone thought was Ruby's mother. She isn't. Ruby's mother's name is still Mrs. Keeler.



She arranges her contracts and gets her own jobs, for Madge Evans' beautiful head is, first of all, a businesss head

The gentleman with Madge is Tom Gallery, and those who know them best claim the wedding bells will soon ring out. At any rate, the popular pair have been "that way" for, lo, these many months.

Smartest GAL IN TOWN!

By KATHERINE ALBERT

THIS is a story of a very modern girl. It could almost be called "from rags to riches" and be in the Horatio Alger class. And yet this modern girl who has been called by shrewd executives, "the best business woman in Hollywood," is as feminine as a lace negligée and looks quite as helpless as an 1890 belle riding a motorcycle.

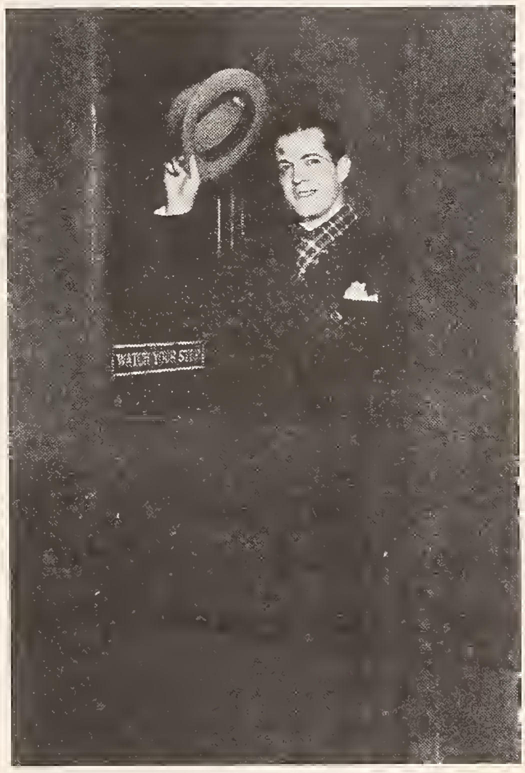
Hollywood has wondered how Madge Evans could handle her own career without the help of a manager, an agent or a secretary. Hollywood shook its head and sighed, "she can't lick a studio" when, a few years ago, Madge refused to compromise when the executives wanted her to sign a new contract at the same salary she had been making when she first came to town.

The reason for all this dates back to the time when a pitiful little English family almost faced starvation in the bewilderingly large country of America and a mother, who had been trained to do nothing but look after her own brood, moaned, "What can I do to feed my children?"

This family had come over here with such high hopes. Madge's father had a good job. Her mother was a woman of charm and culture. Both the children—Madge and her brother—were beautiful and well mannered. Then the father lost his job through no fault of his own, and he could not find another. He knew no one—had no "contacts." And daily, as his feet pounded the New York pavements looking for work, he grew more and more discouraged and disheartened. (*Continued on page 90*)

They Visit New York

BY Regina Cannon



Laura LaPlante, looking as piquant as ever, sailed away on the Ile de France recently to make a few movies in England. And here are Chester Morris, Chester Erskine, director, and Helen Morgan, famous blues singer and piano-sitter, snapped between shots of "Frankie and Johnnie," in production at the Biograph. Ramon Novarro dropped into New York for the première of "The Cat and the Fiddle" and to make personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre.

THERE'S a breath of Hollywood in the Bronx these days, for the old Biograph studio way up thar at 174th Street is humming with activity.

After riding in the subway for what seemed like a week, but in reality is less than an hour from Times Square, we arrived at the lot which housed the early cinematic activities of such celebrities as Mary Pickford, the Gish girls and Mabel Normand. Those were the very good old days when you saw movies for a nickel and never missed a Saturday matinee for fear Pearl White would be stabbed by Paul Panzer in "The Perils of Pauline" and you wouldn't be on hand to scream a warning to her.

Now, Chester Erskine, youthful theatrical producer, has taken over the studio and is directing "Frankie and Johnnie," that old-time "meller" all about the guy "who done her wrong." Chester Morris plays the carpet-bagger country gent, wise in the ways of the city, who does right by Our Nell (played by Lilyan Tashman) financially, and wrong by our Frankie (enacted by Helen Morgan) romantically.

The set is a humdinger—the Mansion House—replete with gilded Cupids, portraits of naked damsels hefty in stature, and a bar that would make Sloppy Joe of Havana fame green with envy. The wall tables were peopled with Broadway beauties dressed in the colorful gowns of the "She Done Him Wrong" period.

Just as the camera was about to shoot Mr. Morris crashing through the swinging doors, the observant Tashman noticed the girls were wearing wrist watches and brightly lacquered finger nails. Time out to rectify such errors against the Gay Nineties.

If our reputation as a prophet counts for anything, we predict you're going to like "Frankie and Johnnie." The very atmosphere around the Biograph seemed charged with fun and success and when Mr. Morris glanced about the saloon in wide-eyed wonder and asked if this was the Mansion House, and a hard-looking gal informed him, "No, this is where Santa Claus makes his toys. Stick around 'til twelve o'clock, we're gonna play 'spin the bottle'," even the blasé extras laughed—and nothing, you know, is funny to an extra!

* * *

CHESTER MORRIS told us that while he was glad to be in New York, he missed his wife and children a lot. In fact, he had phoned them in California the night before to the tune of $50, which shows devotion, extravagance or both.

"Sue put each of the youngsters on the wire," said Chet, "and I heard her say, 'Say, hello, daddy; I love you and miss you.' Gee, I'm glad they do, but the slow dialogue, promptings and pauses was sure helping to take the telephone company out of the red."

After this one, Chester goes to Universal for "Life of a Sailor," where we trust he will get the break he deserves, for this gentleman is one of the few really capable actors on the screen. (*Continued on page 127*)

Good News!

TEA FOR THREE

Scott

(Reading down) David Manners, Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot teaing at the Colony. Kay and Lyle are said to be so-o interested. Jimmy Dunn, Lucille Gleason, Ann Harding, Boris Karloff and James Cagney meet to discuss NRA code plans. Elliot Roosevelt and Marie Dressler dine at the Biltmore.

GUILDERS MEET

Scott

MARLENE DIETRICH is known as a glutton for punishment on the set. She is utterly tireless. She never complains. Even those supporting players, who are not exactly sold on Marlene as a person, have to admit she can certainly take it when it comes to hard work.

Imagine everyone's surprise and sympathy, then, when Marlene broke down and sobbed almost hysterically when they lifted the crown off her head after two hours of rehearsals and "takes" of the coronation scene in "The Scarlet Empress." The very heavy jeweled crown had cut a deep scar across her forehead, producing a blinding headache, and yet there hadn't been a whimper out of her until the difficult scene was completed.

There was a heartfelt and appreciative silence from everyone on that set including the extras when the "aloof" Miss Dietrich put her scarred head down on her arms and sobbed like a tired child.

JACK'S "INSULTED" AGAIN!

John Gilbert may be separated from Virginia Bruce, but he's still taking all his professional disappointments and heartbreaks to her sympathetic little shoulder. The other night he burst into Virginia's mother's home (where she is living with the baby) with a long story about how he had just been snubbed by an important man in the industry. It seems that this man who was investigating salaries, and conditions in general, in the movie business had invited Gilbert to his home because he was particularly interested in hearing the ins and outs of Gilbert's contract.

Arriving on time, Jack found that two actors, who rate as little more than "bit players," had been invited for the same time and the same conference. And what's more, the Important Man kept Gilbert waiting an hour while he discussed business with the small part actors. "Three years ago he would not have dared to do such a thing to me," said Gilbert whose pride was severely hurt.

They tell another story about Jack that gets under your skin, too. When "Christina" was previewed in a Glendale theatre, Jack went over fully intending to go in and see the

F. D.'S BOY AND MARIE

Scott

"come-back opportunity" which the Garbo was kind enough to give him. But at the last minute, he lost his nerve. He could not bear to sit there and calmly watch while the audience passed judgment on his efforts. So he kept walking around the block until the preview was over. A friend came out. Jack clutched him by the lapels. "Tell me," he said hoarsely, "tell me the truth. They didn't laugh did they?" He could not forget the reception of his first talking picture at which many people laughed. Poor Gilbert!

THERE is a hot rumor floating round the world to the effect that Gloria Swanson will divorce Michael Farmer in the near future. Of course, Gloria won't talk about the matter and attempts to give the impression that her work will compel her to think of nothing else. But (and this is just between us) there is also a story that Gloria has fallen in love. And if the story is true, you can look for a flock of Heartaches vs. Headaches, or something, for the object of her affections is an until recently happily married English star.

CORTEZ ENTERTAINS

Scott

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez lunch with Virginia Bruce Gilbert at the Colony.

Shirley Ross, a blues singer with acting ability, has just signed a long term contract with M-G-M.

TCH, TCH! FANCY THAT!

Helen Twelvetrees doesn't know it, but an awful lot of people overheard her conversation at that party recently when she kept assuring a certain bewildered gentleman that all she needed was "the same opportunity Helen Hayes has had." She got so excited her voice rose, and two tables of bridge fiends in the next room tiptoed to the door and listened gleefully as Helen explained how unfortunate she had been in not getting the same parts that fell to Helen Hayes.

THE will of the late Louise Closser Hale was filed in a probate court yesterday and among other bequests was one for over a thousand dollars in favor of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Louise thought of her less-fortunate friends right to the last. A grand person. God bless her.

. . . HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD IS THIS INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE SCREEN AND ITS PLAYERS!

Good News!

Scott

Here are the Keelers—Dad, Mother and sisters Margaret, Gertrude, Helen and Anna May. Do they look proud of their Ruby? Yes, yes!

Scott

Maurice Chevalier has gone social. Here he is with Lady Furness, friend of the Prince of Wales.

BOOBY PRIZES FOR—

Maurice Chevalier for disappearing at a recent party given in his honor . . . and being found hours later in a small room listening to a concert of his own recordings.

Adolphe Menjou for being foolish enough to tell a bunch of cameramen at a recent party that he thought a "news-cameramen clan" was the most bothersome thing in Hollywood. When the item appeared in the newspaper the following day, he called in person on the editor and attempted to get a retraction, on the ground that he had not made the statement. The editor refused because two of his reporters had heard it made. Now Adolphe is threatening to tell all actors to refuse to pose!

Producers of "She Made Her Bed." They offered Baby Richard Ralston Arlen $25 an hour, worked him eight days and when his check was called for, it was found to be made out for $80. When asked why the check was cut from $800 to $80, the answer was, "We read where Dick Arlen was going to give all of his baby's salary to charity anyway, so we thought it wouldn't make any difference." P.S. Now Dick is suing the studio for the $800 and will turn the entire proceeds over to charity, as mentioned.

Elissa Landi (who was the shining star in Rouben Mamoulian's life until Garbo replaced her) for naming her cat Garbo. And a special award to the Swede for merely shrugging her shoulders and refusing to make any derogatory remark when informed of Elissa's catty gesture.

Jean Harlow for appearing at the premiere of "Queen Christina" in a frock that caused the spectators to turn their heads in modesty!

Ann Sothern for going ritzy since receiving her contract at Columbia and demanding a private booth at a local beauty parlor, for drying her hair, when established stars like Ruth Chatterton and Lilyan Tashman have never been known to murmur a complaint about sitting in the public drying-room.

Racquel Torres for saying over the radio at the "Queen Christina" premiere, "I'm so happy to be here because I enjoy Garbo the artist, and because I am so very much in love besides."

Lilian Harvey for being a poor sport while dining at a public restaurant with a male escort and snapping out to a cameraman who asked if he might take their picture, "Wish I could buy my own restaurant so I could eat a meal for once without being bothered by you fellows."

Sally Rand for telling an interviewer that she was through with fan dances for good and the very next day all the billboards in Los Angeles were plastered with signs advertising "Sally Rand in Her Original Fan Dance" at a local theatre.

HELEN MACK'S new boy friend is Charles Irwin. Don Alvarado is squiring Irene Bentley to the late spots. Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo are dating. And Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing Johnny Farrow's engagement ring again. It was off for a while.

Scott

Jack Holt and Lilian Bond seem to play "off again, on again." It looks "on" here, doesn't it?

THE news hounds didn't get much of a chance to cover the court appearance of Kay Francis when she obtained her divorce from Ken McKenna. Reason? The action was filed: "Katherine Gibbs Mielziner vs. Leon Mielziner, Jr.," which threw all the press boys off the scent and none was present to hear Kay tell her little story to the Judge. "He nagged me and was critical about my clothes, my friends,

Good News!

Scott

Number, please? Tom Brown, Anita Louise, William Janney, Jacqueline Wells, Julian Madison and Joan Marsh buzz the operator.

my home, my acting and so forth." It only took three minutes. Presto! Of course, the Kay Francis romance-rumors are starting to pile up a-plenty.

The gal got very hot under the collar when a news reporter asked her about Maurice Chevalier. Either Kay means it when she says "ridiculous," or else they are having a tiff. Well, whichever way it is, it no longer matters to little Toby Wing. Maurice is a closed chapter in her peppy young life.

Scott

Mae Clark and Sidney Blackmer entertaining Mrs. Dix—Richard's "ex"—and a handsome friend.

By the way, here's a rib-tickler that took place during the divorce hearing. Kay had brought her colored maid along to testify. When the girl got on the stand she was asked the usual question, to which she broad A'd, "Mr. McKenna assumed an attitude of domineering superiority over Miss Francis from the time they were first married." Some fun, eh, kid?

THAT birthday party that Frank Morgan gave for Adolphe Menjou had one funny sequence. When the cake arrived, Menjou removed one of the candles, saying, "Let's be honest, anyway!" Morgan smiled. "All right, let's." He ordered the servant to bring four more candles! We counted them, yes, but Adolphe's a pal!

LEW'S SIDE OF IT

Since the story that Lew Ayres had been a naughty boy in flirting with that little girl in the stationery department of a Hollywood store was printed in MODERN SCREEN, it is only fair Lew should have a chance to answer the charge in these same pages. At first Lew was angry. But now he thinks it extremely funny that the few joking comments he made to the girl should have been interpreted by her merely as a "flirtation."

"I've only visited that store twice in my life," says Lew, "and each time Ginger Rogers was sitting out in front in my car waiting for me. In fact, my only business in the store was to run an errand for Ginger."

Incidentally, they are still trying to figure out whether or not Ginger Rogers' mysterious "vanishing" act was just another publicity stunt. You may remember that Ginger left a note to her mother saying not to be nervous, she was just going away for a few days' rest. When several days went by and Mrs. Lela Rogers did not hear from her famous red-headed daughter, she began to worry that the "don't be nervous" note might have been written by Ginger at a kidnapper's gun point. The police were called in, alarms were sent out, and several hours later Ginger wired her mother from a rest resort in Arizona that she was well and safe.

Scott

At Miriam Jordan's party. Herbert Mundin, Toby Wing, Jack Oakie, Ann Sothern and Miriam line up.

FORMER Universal actress, Sidney Fox, and her erstwhile mate, former Universal writer, Charlie Beahan, are certainly keeping the nights interesting of late. It's really getting so that Sidney has to have a bodyguard to watch over her "on account of" Charlie likes to play rough. You should hear!

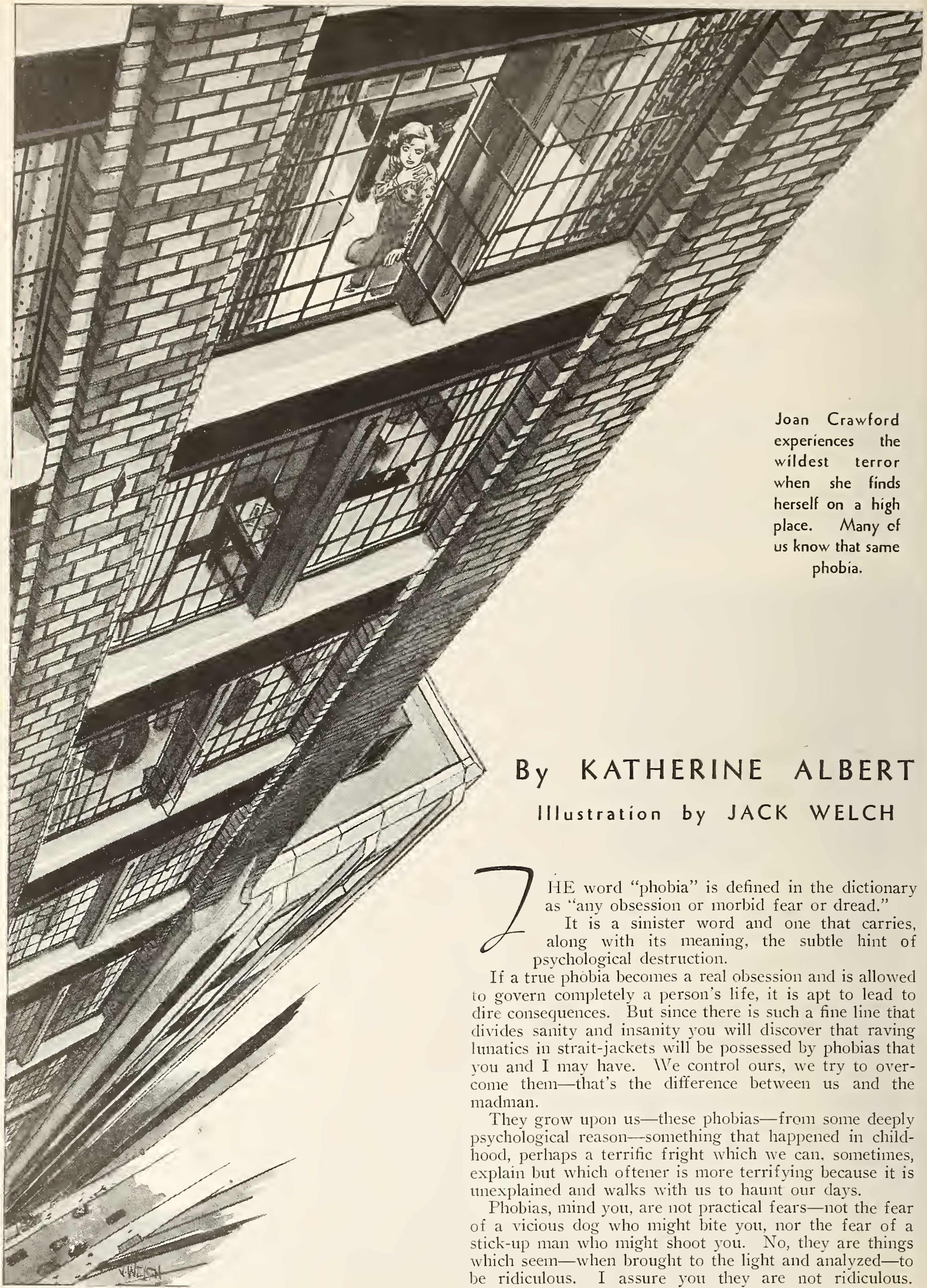
LEE'S STILL SORE!

The rumor is around that M-G-M is going to get big hearted, "forgive" Lee Tracy, and take him back into the fold again.

But don't hold your breath until this comes to pass.

We don't know how M-G-M feels about it, but we do know Lee's sentiments. We had a long talk with him the other day on the "I'll Tell the World" set at Universal, and as far as he is concerned, he will never return to the Culver City plant. That abrupt dismissal, which he didn't even know about until he read it in newspaper headlines, is a sore spot with him and one which he will not soon forget.

And don't let anybody kid you that Mexican disaster has cowed Lee and broken his spirit. He's the same personality-plus kid and more power to him! *(Continued on page 77)*



Joan Crawford experiences the wildest terror when she finds herself on a high place. Many of us know that same phobia.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Illustration by JACK WELCH

THE word "phobia" is defined in the dictionary as "any obsession or morbid fear or dread."

It is a sinister word and one that carries, along with its meaning, the subtle hint of psychological destruction.

If a true phobia becomes a real obsession and is allowed to govern completely a person's life, it is apt to lead to dire consequences. But since there is such a fine line that divides sanity and insanity you will discover that raving lunatics in strait-jackets will be possessed by phobias that you and I may have. We control ours, we try to overcome them—that's the difference between us and the madman.

They grow upon us—these phobias—from some deeply psychological reason—something that happened in childhood, perhaps a terrific fright which we can, sometimes, explain but which oftener is more terrifying because it is unexplained and walks with us to haunt our days.

Phobias, mind you, are not practical fears—not the fear of a vicious dog who might bite you, nor the fear of a stick-up man who might shoot you. No, they are things which seem—when brought to the light and analyzed—to be ridiculous. I assure you they are not ridiculous. They can fill your days—and nights—with a stark terror.

"I'M AFRAID"

But (and this is a proven psychological fact!) it is best for you to bring them to the light, to air them, to discuss them and you will sometimes, in this way, overcome them.

Knowing how important it is to air these phobias, as one would air a long-closed room, the stars have frankly confessed their fears, hoping that their confessions will help you to rid yourself of the sinister influence of fears which have at one time or another haunted us all. And I warn you who are fortunate enough to be free of all phobias not to laugh at the nameless and foundationless fears. They are much more terrorizing than the practical fear of some actual and real menace.

JOAN CRAWFORD is a victim of altaphobia (fear of heights). She could no more stand at a perfectly well-closed window on a twenty-seventh floor than she could walk into a lion's den. In fact, it would be easier to face the lions. That would be a practical fear—not this vague terror, this nameless thing, which possesses her when she is upon a height. She has been to New York dozens of times. She has never yet been on the Empire State Building, nor has she, even, ever lived in a suite of rooms higher than the seventh floor. As a matter of fact, she has just "worked herself up to" the seventh floor. When she first visited New York, she had to take a suite on the fourth floor. By gradual stages she has gone higher, but she is still unable to look out of her window and she keeps all windows securely locked.

Carole Lombard is another who fears high places. "When I am in New York I keep my furniture away from the windows so that, in dressing, I will not have to look down far below at the streets. God knows I have tried to overcome this fear. But I have not been successful," she said.

. . . These secret fears of the stars, so frankly revealed here, make up an intensely interesting human document. For haven't you—haven't we all?—similar fears that almost no amount of courage can help us overcome?

This terror cannot be traced. It is some primitive thing, inherited, perhaps, from our simian ancestors who were terrified of falling from trees. But the horror that victims of altaphobia will seldom admit is that when they happen to be on a high place (and this is the reason they keep their windows closed) they have an overwhelming desire to jump!

A strange fear called "agoraphobia" terrorizes many of the picture people. Do not blame Garbo when she refuses interviews and when she runs like a frightened rabbit from the crowds who pursue her to catch a glimpse of her. Garbo is a victim of agoraphobia (which means "fear of crowds") so intense that it has dominated and ruled her whole life. It is this that has made her a recluse, a hermit, a neurasthenic.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is another with this fear, although it is not so pronounced as Garbo's. "When I was a small child," she confesses, "I was caught in one of those horrible subway holiday crowds. I was so small that I could not see anything but milling people. They seemed to suffocate me and now, although I adore football games, I must always leave before the finish to avoid the crush. It terrifies me and I have missed many an exciting moment in the game. Crowded elevators in department stores slow up my shopping tours. I cannot ride in them—and walk up and down stairs rather than go through the agony of being crushed by people."

And Constance Bennett is another who has a phobia about crowds. They leave her weak and ill for days when she is forced to be in them.

A related fear to agoraphobia is claustrophobia (fear of being shut up in a closed space). This comes from the desire for freedom which is born in all of us.

Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan have this fear to such a marked degree that sometimes on the sound stages, when they hear the doors being locked, the sudden dread possesses them and they are unable to go into a scene for several minutes.

Helen Mack is another victim of claustrophobia. She says that when she was a child she was locked in a closet as punishment and that undoubtedly started the terror—a terror that keeps her from locking any door in her home except the front and back entrance-ways. She has tried to overcome this and when she is in a hotel she locks the door and tries to sleep, but the knowledge that that door is locked—that she is shut in—disturbs her rest all through the night.

Eddie Lowe has one of the most curious phobias I have encountered among the stars. Let him tell you himself all about it. "I have a phobia for believing I have swallowed things. As a child, I would have things in my hand and forget what I did with them. I remember, when I was about four years old, in San José, I couldn't remember what I'd done with a safety pin and told my parents I had swallowed it. (I had done no such thing.) They called a physician at midnight.

"Later, I couldn't remember what I had done with a peach pit. I again told my parents I had swallowed it. I lay on a couch and writhed in agony. They sent for a doctor and again I was found to be wrong.

"There was only one answer to this—to remember details. The result has been, all through my life, that I always know what I'm doing. I never forget what I am doing or must do, what I have done, or become absent-minded about anything, even to the smallest detail. In this case, a fear has been a definite blessing."

And Chester Morris has a fear which he admits so frankly that he'll surely be able to overcome it some day "My definite phobia is earthquakes. It didn't start. I've always had it. Bob Montgomery, my pal, has the same trouble and he's always had it, too. We go absolutely white. I get nauseated. The fear is based on the fact that I am absolutely helpless. I'm (*Continued on page 114*)

THOSE HOLLYWOOD

. . . Who's mad at who and whose boy friend is the reason? Oh, there's never a dull moment in cameraland!

THE family feuds of the hill billies in the Southern mountains are as bread-and-milk compared to the figurative hair-pulling that goes on in Hollywood's love feuds. Why the movie colony can't settle down and be normal, love or no love, is a mystery. It seems everybody wants to be married to everybody else's husband, or engaged to everybody else's fiancée.

The result is, couples go around with chips on their shoulders, just from strain and nervousness. Of course, sooner or later somebody knocks off the chip and then the fur flies.

It may make amusing reading in the newspapers, but it isn't so funny in real life. Most of the broken hearts and broken friendships in Hollywood are the result of these feuds.

One afternoon recently I sat in the drawing room of a woman star. I mentioned a young actor, new at the time to pictures, who happened to be a friend of mine. "You'd like him," I said, "and you ought to meet him."

"How can I?" she asked bitterly. "Suppose I ask him to a party. I'll have to ask the girl he's running around with. Suppose I meet him at someone else's party. All right. I may sit beside him for five minutes, and what will happen? His girl will never speak to me again and her friends will say I'm trying to steal him. I daren't make that many enemies—not in this town!"

I think that was the first time I realized how complicated and miserable love feuds can make life in Hollywood. Here was a star, beloved by everybody, who didn't dare to chat with a new man for fear of stirring up

(Above) Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M. This lovely lady was once the acute angle of a triangle that put Hollywood in a speculative mood as to its outcome. The unexpected happened when death solved the problem. (Below) Gilbert Roland found himself jobless for a long time, though he is both attractive and a good actor. Was it revenge for his devotion to Norma Talmadge? Many people thought that that had something to do with it.

LOVE FEUDS

By JACK JAMISON

(Above) At this writing the John Gilberts are seeing lawyers, for Virginia Bruce wants what her husband wants — whether its marriage or divorce. The impetuous Jack has figured in love feuds from time to time for several years, and it looks as if he may still be at it. (Below) Mervyn Le Roy, director of hits, dropped little Ginger Rogers and married the boss' daughter. Some thought this would finish the girl cinematically, but Ginger is now going stronger than ever with better breaks ahead.

trouble. Is it any wonder it's impossible for them to live naturally?

The classic tangle, of course, is that between Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett. Gloria is said to have gotten the Marquis a job in the French studio at which she was working. And he, in turn, to have signed Connie to a contract when Connie showed up in Paris. That's how the whole thing started. By the time they all got back to America, the Marquis was more than a little interested in the blonde Bennett. And then one of those heart-breaking things happened that love feuds are always stirring up. Gloria gave a dinner. The Marquis—and if this is no more than gossip, you'll just have to make the best of it!—came in when it was almost over. Not only that, but when the other guests put on their hats and coats, he made ready to leave, too. Gloria, stabbed to the heart, asked, "Won't you stay a minute, Hank? I have something I want to talk to you about."

But the Marquis left with the others. Surely, his marrying Connie a little later could add no pain to the humiliation Gloria suffered, standing there before all her guests, begging her own husband to stay. If you ask her to think kindly of Connie now, you don't know much about human nature, I'm afraid. How could she? And so another love feud was born.

WHILE we're speaking about old times, do you remember the stories that were told about Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland and their feud with Joseph Schenck? Of course, an actress married to a producer-husband and going around with handsome leading men on the same producer's payroll is a situation that always brings a flock of stories. It's such an obvious triangle that it sets people's imaginations working. I remember when the same sort of stories were told about Norma and her first leading man, Eugene O'Brien.

But at any rate, there simply is no doubting the fact that, from the day rumors began to go around that Norma and Gilbert were in love, (*Continued on page 124*)

Frank Morgan, Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald and Jean Hersholt in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

Will Rogers in a new characterization, with Evelyn Venable in "David Harum," a Fox Film.

Reviews —A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

The beauteous Dolores Del Rio plays the love interest in "Wonder Bar," the musical, with Al Jolson.

> We are trying to give you an honest, fair grading of current pictures. The simplest way seems to be the old school report card idea: A, meaning excellent; B, meaning good; C, meaning fair; and D, meaning poor. However, it is sometimes difficult to be absolutely just in such a rating. For instance: the plot of a picture may be poor—while the acting is good. Will you, then, read carefully the text of these reviews in order to gain an accurate opinion of the pictures for yourselves?

A: THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro, Frank Morgan

THE same music with different words. Yes, they left the beautiful music intact, but the story has been so changed that those of you who saw the stage version will fail to recognize it. Thus, in place of being a *super,* this picture is merely colossal. As far as the settings, photography, direction and the music go, you have a treat in store for you. Jeanette MacDonald really has a chance to sing and I'm sure you won't forget it in a hurry. Ramon Novarro does splendidly, although his voice is a bit overshadowed by that of his lady-love. Both are composers to start, but the feminine half of the combine goes to the top too rapidly for him. They part (Frank Morgan, it is), but get together again in a finale that is positively thrilling. If you like music and grand singing, see this.

B: SING AND LIKE IT
(RKO)

ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Ned Sparks

IF I had had an aisle seat for this one, I would have done some rolling in it. Why even the visiting supervisors had hysterics. It's about a gangster who hears ZaSu Pitts practicing a "mother song," forces a producer to star her, rewrites the show to get the song a good spot

Katharine Hepburn in her latest, "Spitfire," with Robert Young playing opposite her.

"Sing and Like It," a real laugh-inducer, features ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton.

and then tells the ace critic what to write at the point of a gun. Yes, you might as well know the story—it will allow you more time to hear the funny lines. I had to go back a second time to catch them all. The plot is swell, the direction excellent and the entire cast perfect for a grand total of laughs. Let the girl next door watch the baby and take the evening off. It's really a good tonic for the old nerves.

A: WONDER BAR
(Warners)

Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis

SWELL entertainment. If you go for grand tunes, gorgeous dancing gals and an all-star cast of excellent actors, you'll want to see this one. As far as having a plot—we couldn't hand "Wonder Bar" much—but we have a strong hunch that won't make any difference. Dolores Del Rio does some good work as the dancer in the show who finds out that her "friend" Cortez is about to jump the traces and do a run-out with Kay Francis. Of course she stops that, and how! Then she sees Dick Powell and things begin to move again. Have you noticed already how much different this is than the usual Jolson epic? There are several people in the line-up and they play their roles for all they're worth. This is the picture that had the "fighting cast" you've read about, but they made a grand musical in spite of it. If you're a friend of musicals at all, you'll like this one.

C: DAVID HARUM
(Fox)

Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Evelyn Venable, Stepin Fetchit

MORE of the same. Yes, it's getting so that you know what Will Rogers' picture is going to be before you see it. "David Harum" is a swell character for Rogers but the story is nothing to get steamed up over. Just one or two funny things: One, where Will and the Deacon are doing some plain and fancy "hoss" trading; the other, a fast finale in which we see an hilarious horse race. Louise Dresser is adequate, as always, and Stepin Fetchit steals a few scenes. A pleasant enough picture, if you're a Will Rogers fan.

B: SPITFIRE
(RKO)

Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy

EXCEPTIONAL character study. But the picture bored me in spite of it. Spitfire (originally titled "Trigger") gives a marvelous opportunity for Hepburn to show us a beautiful picture of a backwoods mountain girl full of fire and religion, but it doesn't give the audience much chance for entertainment. What there is of story is mostly narrative and thus the usual situations are almost totally missing. Ralph Bellamy and Bob Young "playing engineer" in the same mountains, are a bit confused as to what it's all about. Sarah Hayden as a none-too-nimble-witted mountain gal does a fine bit of acting. If you're all for Hepburn, we suppose you'll like this.

B: JIMMY, THE GENT
(Warners)

James Cagney, Bette Davis, Alice White, Allen Jenkins

GOOD programmer. Do you like Cagney? Then you'll want to see this one. "Jimmy The Gent" is Cagney with a horrible haircut and badly-fitted clothes. But he races through a picture that is in high gear all the way. The story was originally called "The Heir Chaser," so you can imagine what Cagney is doing most of the time. Bette Davis (in a brand new hair-do) is much better than her last time out. Alice White is pert and shapely and the comics and villains vie all over the place. It's a good evening's fun.

B: BOLERO
(Paramount)

George Raft, Carole Lombard, Sally Rand, Frances Drake

A DARN good show! Here at last is a picture that really makes use of the musical background. Starting in a slow tempo, the music keeps pace with the motivation of the plot—stronger, higher and reaches a pitch fit for the dramatic finale the actors furnish. Have you been saying, "George Raft needs a real chance?" You were right and here is the chance! And he plays the role of the dancer right to the hilt. Carole Lombard is good as his partner and is a good dancer, too. William Frawley comes in for a bow as the Irish brother. The ending,

Bette Davis appears with James Cagney in "Jimmy, the Gent," the star's latest Warner offering.

George Raft, Carole Lombard and William Frawley during a dramatic moment in "Bolero."

when Raft and Lombard do the famous "Bolero," is thrilling and tragic. See it!

B: MYSTERY OF MR. X
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Allen, Lewis Stone, Ralph Forbes

SUSPENSE plus entertainment. This is the best picture Bob Montgomery has had for a long time and he really goes to town. He starts as a diamond thief who happens to snatch a big stone at the same time that the mysterious Mr. X is murdering his fifth policeman. The Commissioner thinks if he can find the man who stole the diamond, the murderer will be caught at the same time. Montgomery gets mixed up romantically with the daughter of one of the high officials (Elizabeth Allen) and from there on the fun is in high gear. The suspense when Bob tries to bait the murderer by wearing a policeman's uniform is terrific. Lewis Stone and Forrester Harvey are both excellent. You'll be well entertained.

B: NO MORE WOMEN
(Paramount)

Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Sally Blane, Minna Gombell

LUSTY entertainment. With Eddie Lowe and his old-time enemy, Vic McLaglen, as competing deep-sea divers—each trying to get the treasure so he can make a hit with Minna Gombell—you get a vague idea that there is plenty of action, romance and fast language. But when Sally Blane inherits one of the boats and hires Lowe as diver and more romance clutters up the scene, it gets even better. Lowe and McLaglen are better than usual, perhaps "different" is the word. You should like this.

B: BEGGARS IN ERMINE
(Monogram)

Lionel Atwill, H. B. Walthall, Betty Furness

I LIKED THIS. Made by a small studio, but so beautifully acted and so well put together that it rates with the best of the major output. Lionel Atwill creates a character that will live in your memory just as some of Lon Chaney's best. He starts as a steel executive, loses his investment through trickery, as well as his legs. Then comes the twist through which he remakes his life and lands on top again. Henry B. Walthall gives a fine sincerity to the blind beggar and Jameson Thomas is a villain to sneer at.

B: CATHERINE THE GREAT
(United Artists)

Elizabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson

THIS won't hurt Dietrich's picture. In spite of the fact that England got to the screen first with a story on this historical lady, I assure you it doesn't mean a thing. Too many people know the facts behind this story to be fooled by this glossed-over idea of the life of Catherine. However, Elizabeth Bergner, who portrays Catherine, should be watched. She has a strange voice that captivates in lieu of any great beauty. Doug Jr.'s over-acting made him a perfect choice for the role of the mad Duke Peter. His characterization was quite good. The bouquets really go to Flora Robson who does the Empress. See it and judge for yourself.

C: HAROLD TEEN
(Warners)

Hal LeRoy, Rochelle Hudson, Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis

DON'T let the title fool you. While 'tis true that the main characters in this little epic are named Harold Teen and Lillums, the story is so far from the famous cartoon strip that it's laughable. Matter of fact, what they really made is a musical show with a back-stage atmosphere and a marvelous dancer in the role of Harold. The picture hasn't the high school touch that made the original (silent) film such a success. If you'd like to watch a great dancer (Hal LeRoy) dance and hear Rochelle Hudson sing nicely, you might watch for this.

B: TRANSIENT LOVE
(RKO)

Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson

SOPHISTICATED, clever drama. This is about as smart and modern a show as you will see for many moons. All about two couples living in the tony suburbs of New York. All is serene and beautiful *except*—and there is where Constance Cummings comes in to almost wreck everything. Irene Dunne does (*Continued on page 128*)

Gary Evans Crosby looks happy. That inquisitive interviewer-guy hasn't arrived yet. Uh, uh, here he comes. Barging right in, just like a guest or sumpin'. Now the questions begin—and they're pretty personal

Baby Talk

By HENRY WILLSON

Bing's baby gurgles his piece about the home life of a crooner

"ABBA dabba blubb blubb—who'd you say?"

"A Mr. Willson wants to interview you, Master Crosby, for a movie magazine."

"Well, send him in. These fan writers get in my hair. In fact, they get in both of them."

I was ushered into the spacious nursery where Gary Evans Crosby, aged six months, received me with all the pomp and splendor that could be expected from a young man of his age—perched in a dignified manner in the center of the floor with one toe in his mouth—the third from the left on the right foot.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the starlet, in a deep baritone voice that assured me I was in the right household.

"Well, Mr. Crosby . . ."

"Oh, call me Gary—the heck with formality! We never stand on ceremony around this house. The truth of the matter is, I've never stood on anything."

"How does it feel to be the son of a famous crooner?" I asked.

"Not bad; not good. You know, the one thing that gets me down being his son is this 'aunt and uncle' stuff. Every woman that comes into this house since I've been (*Continued on page 113*)

WHICH SORT OF MAN

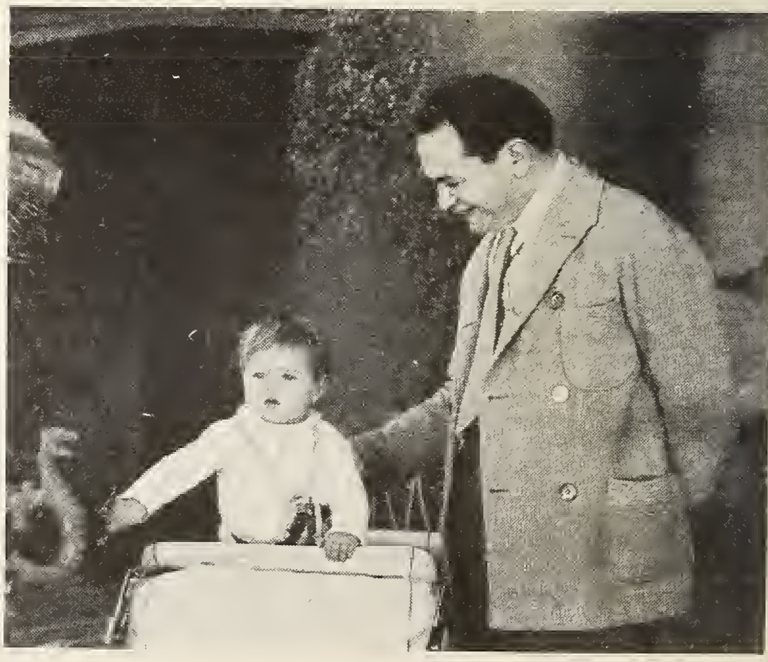
Bad men are good lovers

By HELEN BURNS

. . . The meanie on the screen is invariably the softie in the home

The Wallace Beerys with Carol Ann, who is even now in training to be an actress.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni and, below, Edward G. Robinson with his "Little Caesar."



THE suave, handsome boys of the screen have inspired many romantic imaginings, but their varied love affairs and numerous divorces have sounded the death knell for many of our cherished illusions. It remains for the burly, two-fisted guys to give us back those illusions.

There are happy and enduring marriages in Hollywood. There are wives who may well be envied as possessing husbands as thoughtful and devoted as it is possible for husbands to be.

Wally Beery, Eddie Robinson, Jimmy Cagney, George Bancroft, Paul Muni, Charles Bickford and others, who portray uncouth and ruthless characters in pictures, have made notable successes of their marriages. It must be more than happenstance that, almost without exception, these hard-boiled meanies of the screen are lovable softies at home. I asked some of their wives if they could explain it.

"To begin with, they're not too good-looking to be true," said one of the lucky wives. "The men who are so handsome that women go into deep breathing exercises over them are invariably spoiled and conceited, and a conceited man makes an impossible husband."

"I think there's just so much devilment in every man," another wife volunteered. "The men that can let off some of that steam in front of the camera are content to be good boys at home."

A third wife offered still another explanation. "All of the actors you mention are red-blooded he-men," she said. "You won't find them hanging around the dansants or night clubs. They're not particularly susceptible to women, and, when they do fall, they fall hard."

Whatever the reason, there is no denying that "Little Caesar" and "Scarface" have proved more satisfactory husbands than many of Hollywood's romantic leading men.

The world hears little of the off-screen life of these men, for they devote their time to their homes and families. They are interested, (*Continued on page 123*)

WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Jean Harlow could have wed a handsome star, but wisely chose a cameraman.

Dorothy Jordan married a producer and, below, pert Arline Judge picked a director.

Heroes are bad lovers

By MARTHA KERR

. . . The sex appeal boys use up all their charm before the camera

WHAT caused the split between Jack Gilbert and his beautiful wife, Virginia Bruce? How does it happen—to go back a little farther—that Jack has had three marriages before this end in divorce?

Why has Clark Gable shown such a decided marital preference for older women?

How come Gary Cooper has—after a long career of romances with girls like Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and Lupe Velez, postponed marriage until so recently?

Why couldn't Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hold a vivid and vital gal like Joan Crawford?

Why do so many exciting and beautiful actresses marry not actors but directors, producers or just plain business men?

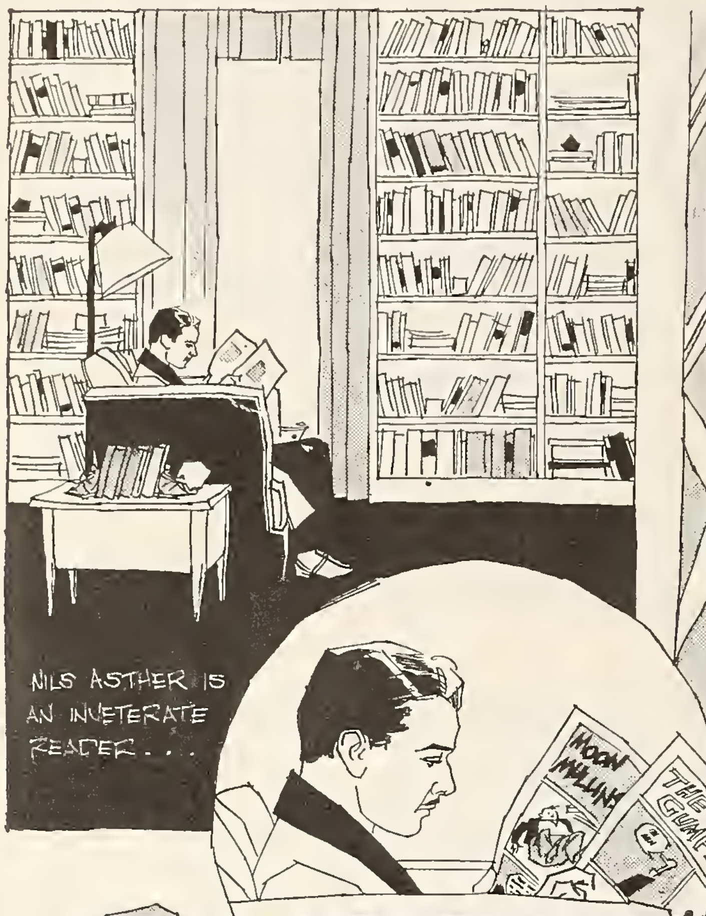
I'm going to stop asking you these posers for awhile and attempt to answer them myself. I cannot tell you—to go back to questions one and two—the word by word account of the series of quarrels that caused Virginia Bruce to leave Jack Gilbert. I imagine it would be pretty dreary even if I knew it. And I'm not going into any lengthy treatise on mother fixation to prove that Gable can find happiness only with older women.

But I can give you a much deeper reason for all the marital mishaps of the great lovers of the screen. I can honestly state that nine times out of ten the sex appeal boys of the films don't make good husbands, and that those lads whose shadows thrill thousands of women and girls throughout the world are not the real great lovers.

Well, just look at them. Richard Dix, engaged to be married a dozen times, finally wed a girl who had had no connection with pictures. There was no professional jealousy between them. He was the working husband, she, housewifely Mrs. Dix. None of the usual temperamental differences that cause Hollywood divorces were present. Yet they separated.

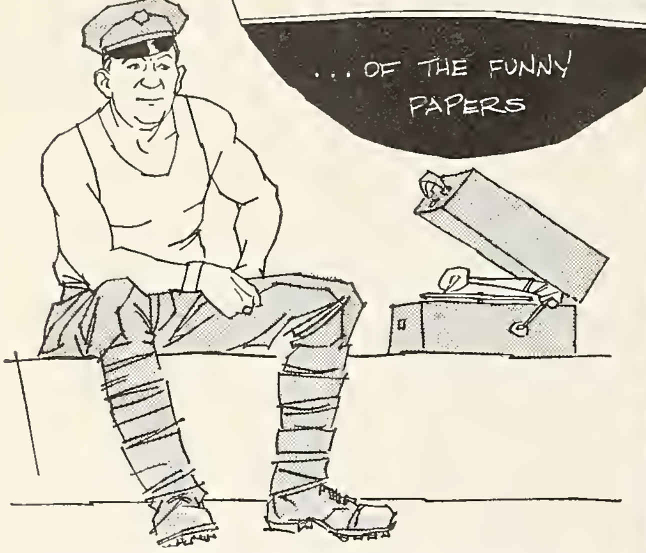
Now the reason that these sex appeal lads cannot seem to hold their wives or even their sweethearts is because they give too much of their sex (*Continued on page 122*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE – By JACK WELCH

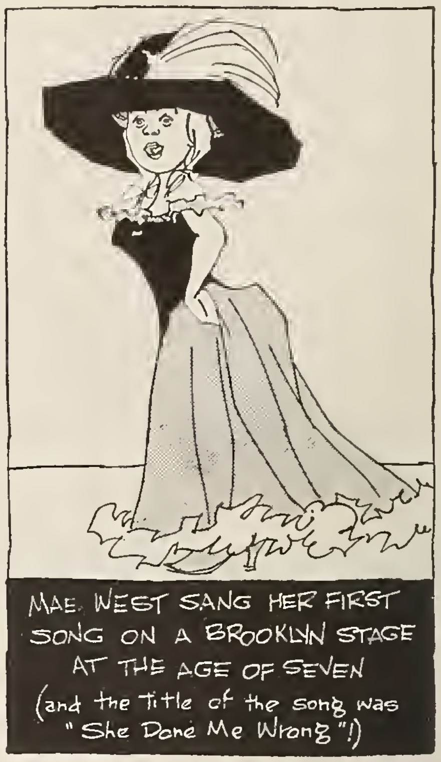


NILS ASTHER IS AN INVETERATE READER . . .

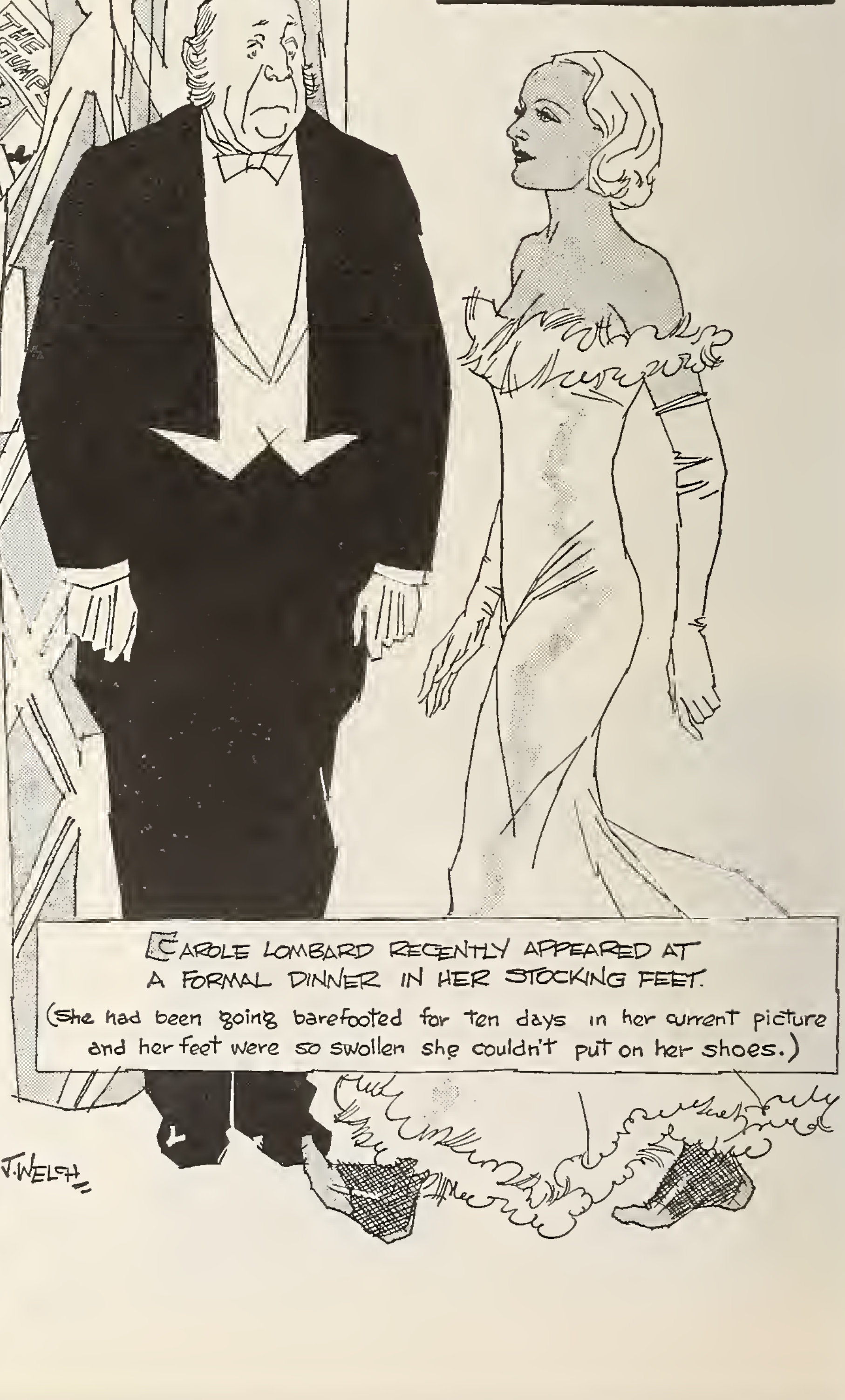
. . . OF THE FUNNY PAPERS



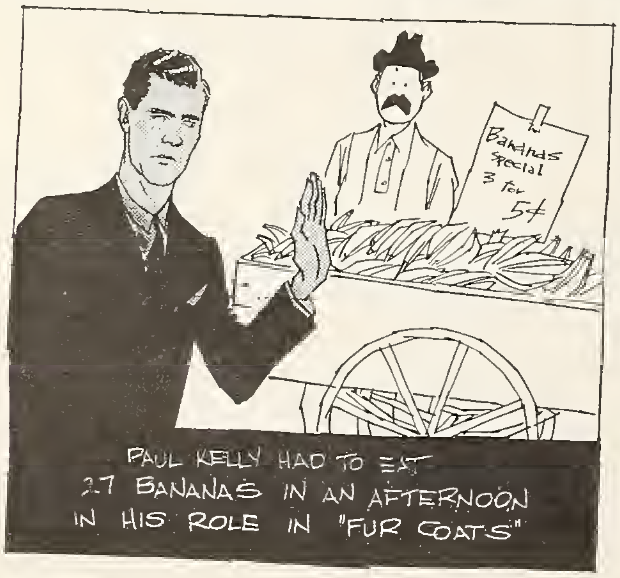
–WHEREAS VICTOR McLAGLEN WON'T LISTEN TO A RADIO AND CARTS AROUND A PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH ON WHICH HE PLAYS CLASSICAL MUSIC



MAE WEST SANG HER FIRST SONG ON A BROOKLYN STAGE AT THE AGE OF SEVEN
(and the title of the song was "She Done Me Wrong"!)



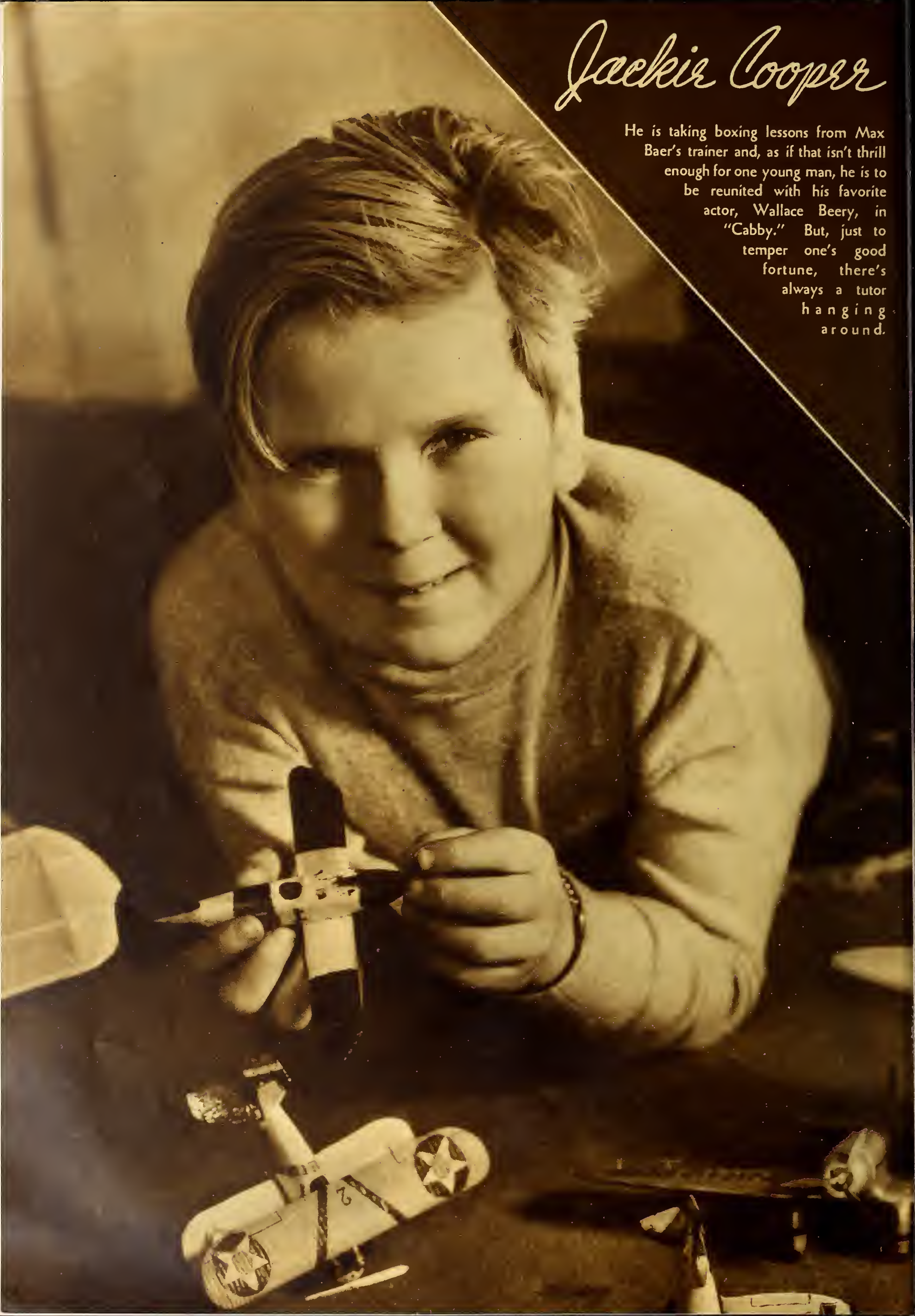
CAROLE LOMBARD RECENTLY APPEARED AT A FORMAL DINNER IN HER STOCKING FEET.
(She had been going barefooted for ten days in her current picture and her feet were so swollen she couldn't put on her shoes.)



PAUL KELLY HAD TO EAT 27 BANANAS IN AN AFTERNOON IN HIS ROLE IN "FUR COATS"

Dorothy Wilson

Just because you were a pretty studio stenographer selected as a picture bet is no sign your troubles are over. After the termination of her RKO contract Dorothy went through eight months of disappointment and heartbreak. Then Lady Luck deigned to smile on her once more. Through a fluke, she was given a role in "Eight Girls in a Boat," when the leading lady collapsed just before the location trip. On the strength of her performance in that picture, Paramount made her an offer, and "Canal Boy" will be her next.



Jackie Cooper

He is taking boxing lessons from Max Baer's trainer and, as if that isn't thrill enough for one young man, he is to be reunited with his favorite actor, Wallace Beery, in "Cabby." But, just to temper one's good fortune, there's always a tutor hanging around.

Kay Francis

Kay turns a deaf ear to the rumor hounds and maintains a stony silence regarding her divorce and future personal plans. Indeed, she is too busy working for Warners on "Dr. Monica" to take time out to even discuss her "best-dressed woman" candidacy.

Una Merkel

Una is working with Harold Lloyd in "Cat's Paw," so she is apt to be busy for some time to come. You know Harold has never yet rushed through a production. Miss Merkel has two great friends: her husband, a young business man named Ronald Burla, and Helen Hayes. Una still prizes the pressed flowers from Helen's wedding bouquet.

Lanny Ross

His parents must have suspected they were to have a romantic lad on their hands, for they named him Lancelot. He began to sing early. When he was broke, he sang for his supper, and later for the Yale Glee Club and later still for the radio. Paramount signed him and the handsome troubadour is featured in that studio's "Melody in Spring."

I know how to handle Ben!

They say professionals shouldn't marry. Oh, yeah? Well Bebe and Ben did it—

By REGINA

Mama Bebe takes Barbara to the "Registered Nurse" set.

BEFORE she became Mrs. Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels was the most popular unmarried young woman in Hollywood. Yes, Bebe had as many beaux as there are lights on a Christmas tree. In fact, she boasted nearly as great a number of admirers as bachelor Ben had girls, and you who are up on movie stars' activities will doubtless readily testify that Mr. Lyon was no male wallflower.

And so, when fate and a beach party threw Bebe and Ben together and a year later a minister clinched the deal, there were those in them thar Hollywood hills who had nothing to do—besides sit around awaiting a call from the casting director—except predict that it couldn't last. It, of course, being the erstwhile connubial bliss of the newly wedded Lyons. Why, anybody could tell you that as vivacious and witty as Bebe was, she simply couldn't hold a restive, gal-spoiled gentleman like the town's latest benedict! And everyone knew that, despite Ben's attractiveness and charm, he just wouldn't be able to keep the popular Bebe at his side for very long.

And so they stayed married. And, not being a vindictive pair, we doubt if it was (*Continued on page 84*)

I know how to handle Bebe!

—and, what's more, have made a success of their love. What's the secret?

CANNON

NOT so long ago, Ben Lyon was free and slightly over twenty-one. He had a long-term contract and a big car and a little girl. She was blonde. Then he had another little girl. She was a brunette. And then, just for luck or to prove he wasn't color blind or sumpin', Ben got himself a red-headed girl. Well, the wiseacres said, that just about took in everything!

And, they further said, Ben was by way of being a youthful philanderer, the pet of the party and not very serious in his intentions. He wouldn't stay in pictures long; he wouldn't marry; he wouldn't settle down. And when the Orange Pekoe and ginger ale hounds, who sit around the Ambassador and sip and gossip, were through, Ben did all these things.

He met Bebe at a party and asked her for a date. She said, "No, thank you," not to play hard-to-get, but because she wasn't very much interested. She had heard that Mr. Lyon wasn't ever around for very long anyway, so why bother? Whether Ben was intrigued or smitten by her attitude is now a moot question. The fact remains that he kept on the luscious (*Continued on page 86*)

Scott

Bebe and Ben at the "Queen Christina" opening.

When is a woman

By LYNDE DENIG

JEAN PARKER in her late 'teens is alluring.

Lilian Harvey in her early twenties is alluring.

Ann Harding about thirty is alluring.

Mae West, who has many more candles on her birthday cake, is alluring.

At what age is a woman *most* alluring? Well, what's the answer?

Elenore Duse was an elderly woman when she died, but the flame of magnetic genius still blazed in her sensitive body, and Sarah Bernhardt, old and crippled, retained a vital spark that made her a bewitching personality.

George Jean Nathan once observed that more attractive women were met on New York's Fifth Avenue between Forty-second and Fifty-seventh streets than any place else in the world. George may qualify as an expert. He knows his London, Paris and Berlin. But had he ever been to Hollywood, the capital of moviedom, where even the scrubwomen, as likely as not, had been front line chorus girls? Undoubtedly not.

To the casual bystander most movie recruits are in no way inferior to their more successful sisters on the studio payrolls. Yet one group eats cake while the other, failing to make the grade, serves it.

Youthful

THE following lists offer a fair representation of the more important feminine favorites on the screen today. Their ages range all the way from fifteen to fifty and then some.

It may be noted in passing that, of these forty successful actresses, twenty-one are blonde and nineteen are brunette, which contradicts the prevalent notion that blondes generally dominate the studios. Twenty-seven have had stage experience. Fourteen are foreign born, leaving a comfortable balance of American stock.

All may be credited with striking personalities in one way or another, but surprisingly few are extraordinarily beautiful. Heather Angel, Frances Dee, Lilian Harvey, Madge Evans and Marlene Dietrich possess beauty, but they are exceptions.

For the purpose of estimating the individual characteristics that contribute most substantially to the attractiveness of the forty outstanding actresses, it is convenient to classify them in four groups starting with the kindergarten.

These names promptly suggest themselves: Mary Carlisle, Jean Parker, Jean Muir, Frances Dee, Heather Angel, Charlotte Henry, Maureen O'Sullivan and Ida Lupino.

Obviously these young women possess the charm, the buoyancy and the freshness of vigorous youth. Their appeal—sex

Exotic

most alluring?

Is sweet sixteen or fascinating forty—or some time in between—your best year? Here's the way to tell!

appeal if you will—is that of natural innocence untarnished by sophistication. In this respect these girls are unlike most of their older sisters.

Mary Carlisle, for example, may well impersonate the ideal American girl in appearance as well as temperament. Fair and sparkling, she is entirely at home on a college campus, where she needs to be little more than her natural self.

In the case of Jean Parker the appeal is ethereal. She reveals, along with youth, a sympathetic quality that imparts the throb of life to sentimental episodes. No one need be asked to die more gracefully than does Jean in "Little Women."

FRANCES DEE is probably the most mature of the kindergarten group. In addition to her beauty, she profits by a rare and fascinating animation.

Heather Angel, radiant contribution from England where she gained her first experience, is the epitome of feminine loveliness and possesses a voice in harmony with her personality. What a dainty little thing she is. Her beauty is so delicate and fragile that at times it seems to be almost unbelievable. She fitted superbly into the romantic atmosphere of "Berkeley Square."

Sophisticated

Ida Lupino, losing competitor for "Alice in Wonderland," is a bewitching blonde. Although not precisely the type for Alice, she displayed such possibilities that she was immediately placed under contract. Jean Muir adds another to the roster of sweet young blondes. To her physical attractiveness, she adds a throaty, delightful voice which—if voices have sex appeal—certainly has it.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a little bit of old Ireland, a Celtic beauty with snappy blue eyes and a pert expression. Found by Director Frank Borzage in a Dublin café, her popularity in American pictures has spread spontaneously.

Others might be nominated to illustrate a contention that somewhere about eighteen is the most attractive time for women. What do you think? Is this your age and do you feel strongly the power to attract?

Now, what of the girls a few years older—older in experience and worldly wisdom if not in years? They, too, possess desirable bodies and features that drive an artist to his canvas. And, supplementing these natural assets, they may bring to the screen a true note of understanding in their expression of character.

What of Lilian Harvey, Madge Evans, Margaret Sullavan, Karen Morley, Miriam Hopkins, Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn?

Sex Rampant

(Continued on page 120)

A new kind of

In "Gallant Lady," with Ann Harding and Dickie Moore, Señor Tullio had a beautiful chance to play the casual and utterly charming type of lover he does so well. To be sure, he didn't win Ann, but he never failed to amuse her with his sparkling wit and charm.

To Connie Bennett's "Moulin Rouge," Carminati brings a new type of theatrical producer. A well-groomed one, who doesn't chew cigars or leer at ankles. And who, when he pursues a lady, does it so gracefully, that even one's Aunt Tabitha couldn't object in the least.

THERE'S a new way of making love on the screen and a new and very interesting screen actor to do it.

I'm speaking of Count Tullio Carminati de Brambille, who is billed as plain Tullio Carminati and who sprinkles his sex appeal with a sense of gaiety, to make not only a charming screen lover, but a distinctly different and interesting man.

If you've seen him with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady" or with Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge," you know his smile. That smile which is mostly of the eyes, tells you that he practices the strange paradox of being utterly sincere and yet taking nothing seriously—himself least of all. He is the same off the screen as on it. He has no mannerisms and he tells you exactly what he thinks.

"I cannot be other than myself," he warns you before he talks and he is the same to titles, the press or to waiters. The latter he converses with in their native tongue, for he knows five languages. The fact that he was born to a title and that the great Eleanora Duse sought him out for her leading man are not sufficient excuses for him to "put on the ritz" as many another star might do. Instead they have given him his utter simplicity and the great charm and grace that make up his personality.

When I asked him whether he was trying to bring a new brand of love to the screen—love embroidered with charm, he replied, "How can love be otherwise? One needs allure in love. It is more than embroidery; it must be a part of love or one is lost. The people of my country, Italy, and all Latins, I think, are too serious in wooing. Of course everyone is serious when he is seventeen. We sink into a quicksand, but when we finally emerge we should know better. After adolescence, there is no excuse for acting as if love were a great tragedy. And it will be, if we don't take it just a bit lightly.

"In the first place, laughter with the woman you love is a great bond, and clever women always see that that bond is present. In the second, if you are so tied up in your own emotions, you cannot watch those of the one you are trying to win. If you cannot stand off and watch yourself you become an utterly ridiculous figure, especially to the loved one.

LOVE should be built on faults—yes, really it should. I do not believe that love should be blind. Faults in the one you love are endearing, or if they're not they should at least be recognized, talked out and laughed away. If you know the faults of the person you love and can do this, then at least you know that your love has a fairly firm foundation. The great thing is for a man and a woman to be able to laugh away faults together, but how are they to do this if they lack a sense of humor?—and a sense of humor is a part of love. Besides, if you can laugh away your own faults to make them endearing to the one you are wooing, you more or less disarm him or her, as the case may be. Do you see?

"And supposing you lose the person you want to win? You certainly can't do it gracefully without the aid of laughter. It is then especially that one is apt to become ridiculous. It is not good to leave a ridiculous memory. You want to be remembered kindly. It might help! Who knows? People change their minds sometimes—life is like that. That is why we continually hope. And there is always hope for the one who loses gallantly with laughter.

"If this is true about men wooing women, how doubly true it is when a woman wants to win a man. Isn't it usually the woman with the proper balance and sense of humor who gets the man she loves? It is hard for a man to get away from a woman

(*Continued on page 88*)

Lover

. . . There's a secret to staying in love and Tullio Carminati, who knows all the answers on the romance questionnaire, tells it here

By DENA REED

"Love should be taken blithely to ward off tragedy." Thus speaks the expert Carminati.

PICTURE NEWS!

Wide World

Culver

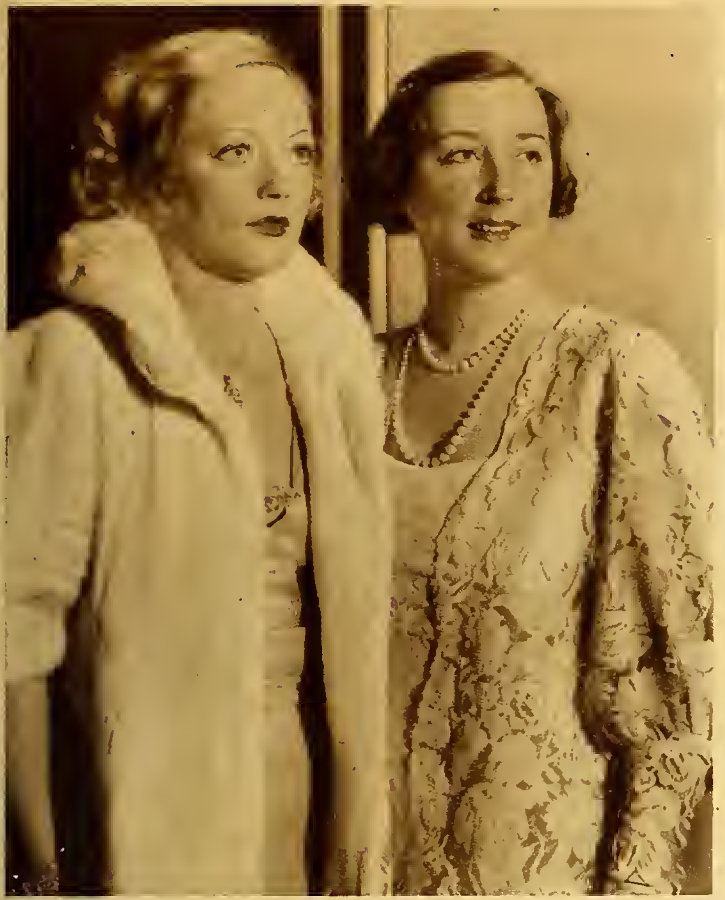
(Above) Walter Huston is treading the Broadway boards once more and here you see this splendid trouper making up for his role in the stage production, "Dodsworth." (Below) Cy Bartlett and Alice White—they're Mister and Missus now, you know—do the Mayfair together in the best of style.

(Top) Minna Wallis and Mrs. Gable's children by a former marriage see her and the famous Clark off for New York. (Above) Milton Beecher, M-G-M publicity man, wants an autographed picture, too. (Below) The pretty gal is Polly Ann Young, Loretta's little sister. She's with Billy Bakewell.

Scott

Scott

PICTURE NEWS!



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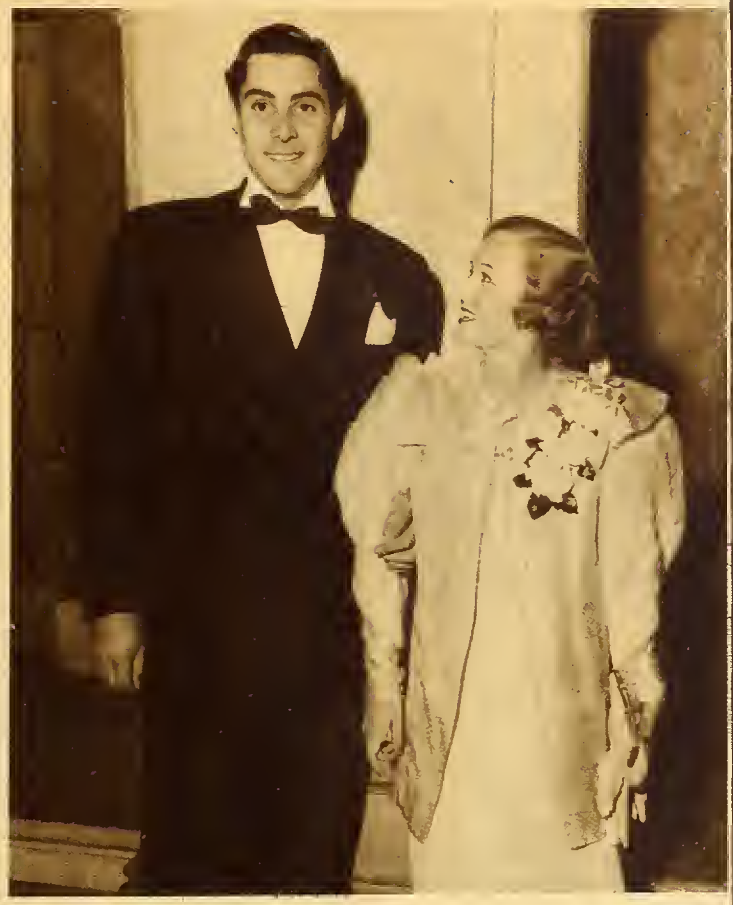

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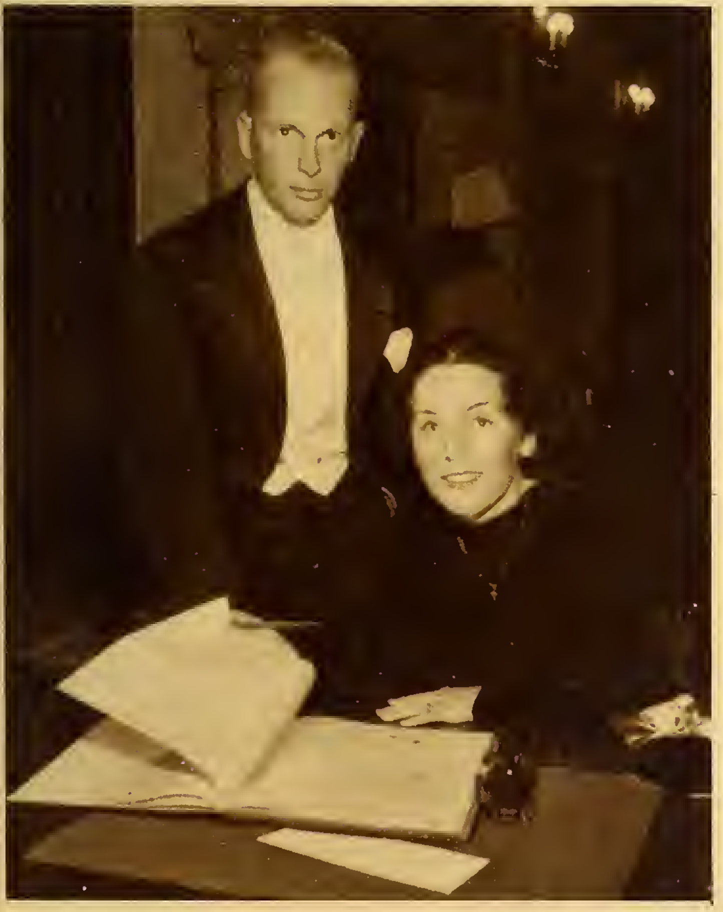
(Above) Here's a real sister act—Marion and Rose Davies—all dressed up ready to go places. Do you think they resemble each other? (Below) Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan sign the Celebrity Book. 'Tis said they'll be putting their names to a marriage license one of these days.

(Above) And now the rumor hounds are buzzing about Marian Nixon and Phillip Reed. Well, they look pretty pal-ly at that! (Below) Jack Oakie has a new girl! What, again? Yes! Ruth Hilliard, a "Vanities" beauty. They're seen here partying at Sebastian's Cotton Club.

Scott



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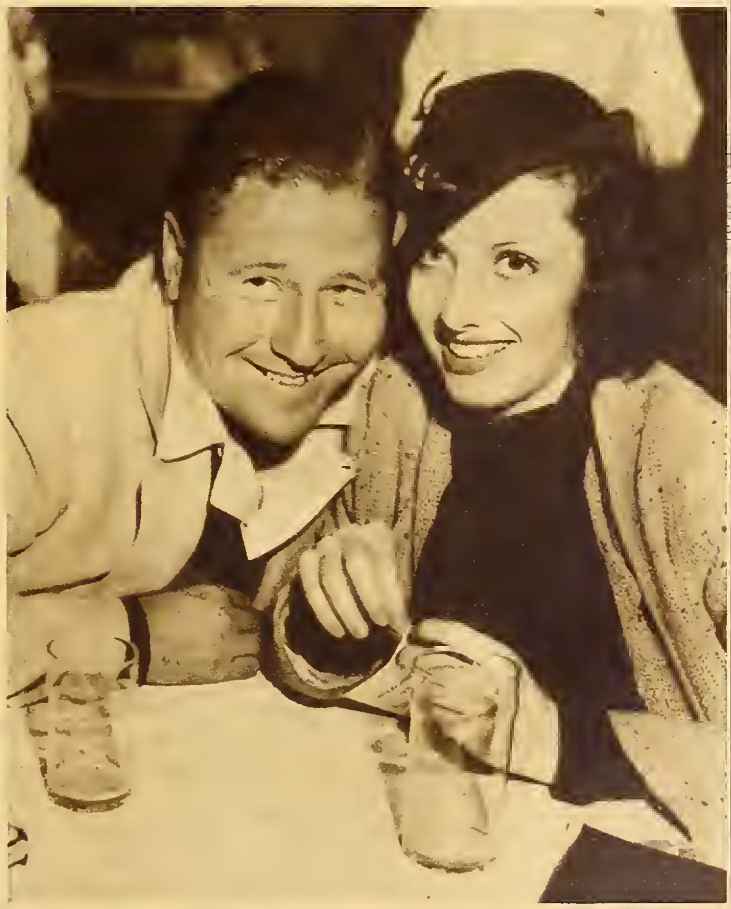


"Any woman can

In a marriage that's as modern as can be, John Boles has all the freedom he wants.

With Sylvia Froos in "The Follies" in a scene designed to make wives miserable.

THE divorce horrors of Hollywood will have no effect on the marriage of Marcelite and John Boles. *Frau* Boles, a war-bride at nineteen, school teacher, wife of an impecunious voice student living in boarding houses and furnished rooms, traveling from Texas to New York to the French Riviera, tasting poverty and riches, has withstood stormier weather than the film center can ever produce.

Sitting in the white Early American living-room of their white (rented) home in a rural section of Beverly Hills, she pooh-poohed the idea that wanderlust, predatory Hollywood females or the siren demands of the screen could in any way combine to undermine the solidity of the marital happiness of the John Boleses.

It may be defying fate, but deep-bosomed, handsome Mrs. Boles made the prediction in her first press interview, that there would never be a separation in the closely-knit unit formed by the four Boleses: John, Marcelite Dobbs, young Marcelite, aged thirteen, and Janet, six. Here are her reasons. Their seventeen years of marriage authenticates them.

"Why should there be a separation?" she asked me. "I'll wager that our family will be one in Hollywood that will never part. It isn't a question of 'holding your husband,' you know. It's a matter of letting him go. I give John all the freedom he wants and he does the same for me. And what I don't know, doesn't hurt me. I believe in married couples having friends of the opposite sex. If a married woman can't have a cocktail —without her husband's presence—in the living-room of her home with a man whom both she and her husband know, then she doesn't belong in a civilized world.

"If my husband can't take luncheon or dinner alone with a woman friend, whether she be actress, acquaint-

have my husband"

. . . Step right up, girls, this sounds like an offer! Yes, Mrs. John Boles is serious when she tells why her husband can walk out on her anytime

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

John Boles has been married seventeen years—and to the same woman.

ance or school friend, then I want to know it. I am not afraid of losing his love. I have said to John, and I say to you, 'Any woman who wants him, can have my husband.'

"The first time I said that to John, he looked puzzled. 'Do you mean that?' he asked. 'I do,' I answered. 'If you are that easy to get, I don't want you myself.' That is my answer to the Hollywood bugaboo about 'other women.' They simply don't exist to me.

"I know they exist, materially. I know they are prowling about, stalking about, perhaps, waiting to snatch husbands. When it comes down to that, I hope they do look at John and I hope he looks at them. Even slightly more than that, if he wants to. I should loathe living with a man that no other woman wanted. Being married to a man that other women desire, lends a certain distinction to him that he would otherwise lack.

"But when it comes to 'affairs,' that is where my patience would be exhausted. That is what I mean by saying, and I mean it, 'Any woman who wants him that badly, can have him.'

IT has always been my theory, and I've worked at it during our seventeen years of marriage, that each one of us should remain an individual. When we start losing our personalities, submerging ourselves in the other's life, then it is time to watch out.

"I have always been Marcelite Dobbs. John has always been John Boles. It will be that way until the end, if it is humanly possible. John has his interests. I have mine. We do not infringe on each other's rights. I am always glad when our interests happen to be alike, but I don't try to force John to interest himself in something I am doing.

"As I look back upon our lives together, I think the closest escape that I had from making our marriage conventional, and fitting myself into the usual wife-pattern, was when I changed my course at Texas State College at John's request, and took up a Science course. At that time John was studying to be a doctor and he thought that a doctor's wife (we had just become engaged) should know something of laboratory work and science. If he had become a doctor, instead of a singer, and I had become his laboratory aide, I wonder if our marriage would have been successful? Something tells me it would not have been. I would have become a doctor's wife instead of remaining Marcelite Dobbs."

As she said this, standing tall as the Marriage Goddess Juno in her dark dress against the white mantel of her living-room, the wife of John Boles spoke with such conviction, frankness, faith, that those very qualities should keep her marriage intact, safe from divorce. If they don't, it will be one of the real marital catastrophes of Hollywood. They have lived, those two, through the thick and thin of fat and lean years, quarrels and reconciliations, debt, illness and child-bringing.

The Boles met at Texas State College, Austin, where Marcelite Dobbs had been sent to break up a Virginia romance. At nineteen, on the twenty-first of June, 1917, she married John Boles, medical student, long a friend of the family. He immediately enlisted, spent eighteen months with America's Intelligence Division in France, while she taught school in her native Marshall, Texas, wept with the other war-brides at Red Cross meetings, and embraced a returned

(*Continued on page 112*)

THE LIFE AND *loves* OF LYLE TALBOT

By WALTER RAMSEY

(Above) At the tender age of twenty, Lyle as "Merton of the Movies." (Center) The lovely Elaine Melchoir, his ex-wife. Lyle and she have been going around together since her recent screen test in Hollywood. (Below) With his first leading love, Alney Alba in "Pigs."

LYLE HENDERSON HOLLYWOOD TALBOT was born in Brainard, Nebraska, but it was not until several years later that, as Lorelei Lee so aptly put it, fate began to happen to him. The first really important event in Lyle's life was the big chewing gum scandal.

When a trusting gum salesman carefully stored his wares in Grandma Talbot's house, little did she reckon with her grandson's light-fingered tactics. It didn't take the imaginative mischief-maker long to discover the gum and, realizing its possibilities as a securer of favors, to distribute it among the kids of the neighborhood. Needless to say this little episode caused Lyle much grief and embarrassment, to say nothing of a long-to-be-remembered whacking.

When he was sixteen, young Talbot persuaded his father to allow him to join his travelling show. However, he soon found that he would make more histrionic progress in stock. After a few seasons with this one and that, he joined the John Winnanger Company. It was here he met and fell in love with Lottye, the beautiful saxophone player, who appeared with the "lady orchestra" the company had engaged. However, Lyle's love was not returned and over night the fair lady fled with her saxophone, leaving town without so much as a farewell kiss for Lyle.

THE romantic blow of Lottye, the lady saxophone player, walking so indifferently out of his life, was strictly the ending of Lyle's kid days. He considered himself cynical, disillusioned and embittered toward women. And while it is now funny to look back on this puppy love affair in all its amusing angles, it was real tragedy and heartbreak to the kid at the time.

He determined to put women out of his life "forever" and threw himself into his work with real seriousness.

Though Lyle was but nineteen, he had grown tall and mature and there was no reason why he should not at-

... Romance steps in—and out ... a trip abroad . . . more disappointments and more awful "stock" ... a brief marriage and success at last

(Above) Lyle and Bebe Daniels talk things over on the set of "Registered Nurse," their co-starring picture. (Center) With the entire stock company; that is, one of 'em. There were plenty, you know. Recognize Lyle? Behind the lady in white. (Below) A scene from the two-reeler, "Nightingale," Talbot's first motion picture, with Pat O'Brien and Vivienne Osborne supporting him.

tempt to get leading men roles in place of the hit-or-miss parts he had been forced to assume during his growing up days. Through a friend he got word of a juvenile post with a stock company in Sioux Falls and after wiring the manager of the company, fibbing considerably about his experience and demanding a rather nice salary, he received word to "come on" for at least a two-week tryout.

He remained two years with the company, not because of his acting ability (which was far too limited for the "second leads" he assumed) but because the matinee idol fans of the town wrote him so many mash notes, the manager was afraid to fire him.

Before Lyle was of voting age, it was very apparent that women were going to play an important part in his life.

He hadn't been in Sioux Falls six months before his woman-hating convictions began to waver. The girl's name was Alney Alba and she was the ingenue in the company. They made love seven evening performances and two matinees per week on the stage and the habit must have grown on them, because at the end (*Continued on page 92)*

PLUCKY LITTLE GIRL!

"Hello!" says Mary Carlisle. "I'm telling the world I'm not heart-broken, or miserable or misunderstood. I'm enjoying my work, I'm having heaps of fun—and I'm rarin' to go!"

Ridicule—you know how hard it is to take. Well, Mary can take it!

By DORA ALBERT

IF you were—or if you are—just about twenty, and as cute looking as Mary Carlisle—well, almost as cute looking, let us say—and if you really felt you could do something rather well, and no one took you seriously, it would be sort of tough, wouldn't it?

And then—supposing you were a movie starlet—and were just tickled pink about the breaks you'd received from producers and were working like sixty to live up to folks' expectations of you and—bingo!—some idiot writes a story about your longings to be a second Garbo and about your suffering because you're little and blonde and plump instead of glamorous and slinky and slim—it would sort of make a girl writhe, wouldn't it?

Mary Carlisle has been through both those devastating experiences. But—a great, big "but"—she doesn't want anyone to come sniffling around with sympathy or to hand out any sort of maudlin pity—or write any soupy story about it. She has too much pluck—and assurance—and plain, ordinary sense.

You probably can't think of her as being anything but sweet, dizzy and slightly gaga. She looks like the apple of every college boy's eye and you know how dumb they can be. Just a little clinging vine, with blue eyes and dumpling cheeks.

Oh, yeah? If you think all that, I wish you could meet Mary Carlisle.

The first thing that would hit you is her self-assurance. It isn't conceit. It's simply that she seems to be ready for anything that happens. Nothing fazes her. She stands in awe of no one. Half Irish and half English, she combines the common sense of the English girl with that fighting quality that the Irish always seem to possess.

Nobody can put anything over on her. Nobody! Not even the Barrymores.

When Mary and Lionel Barrymore were appearing together in "Should Ladies Behave?" Lionel kept forgetting his lines. The director went over and over and over the scene, and each time Lionel forgot his lines.

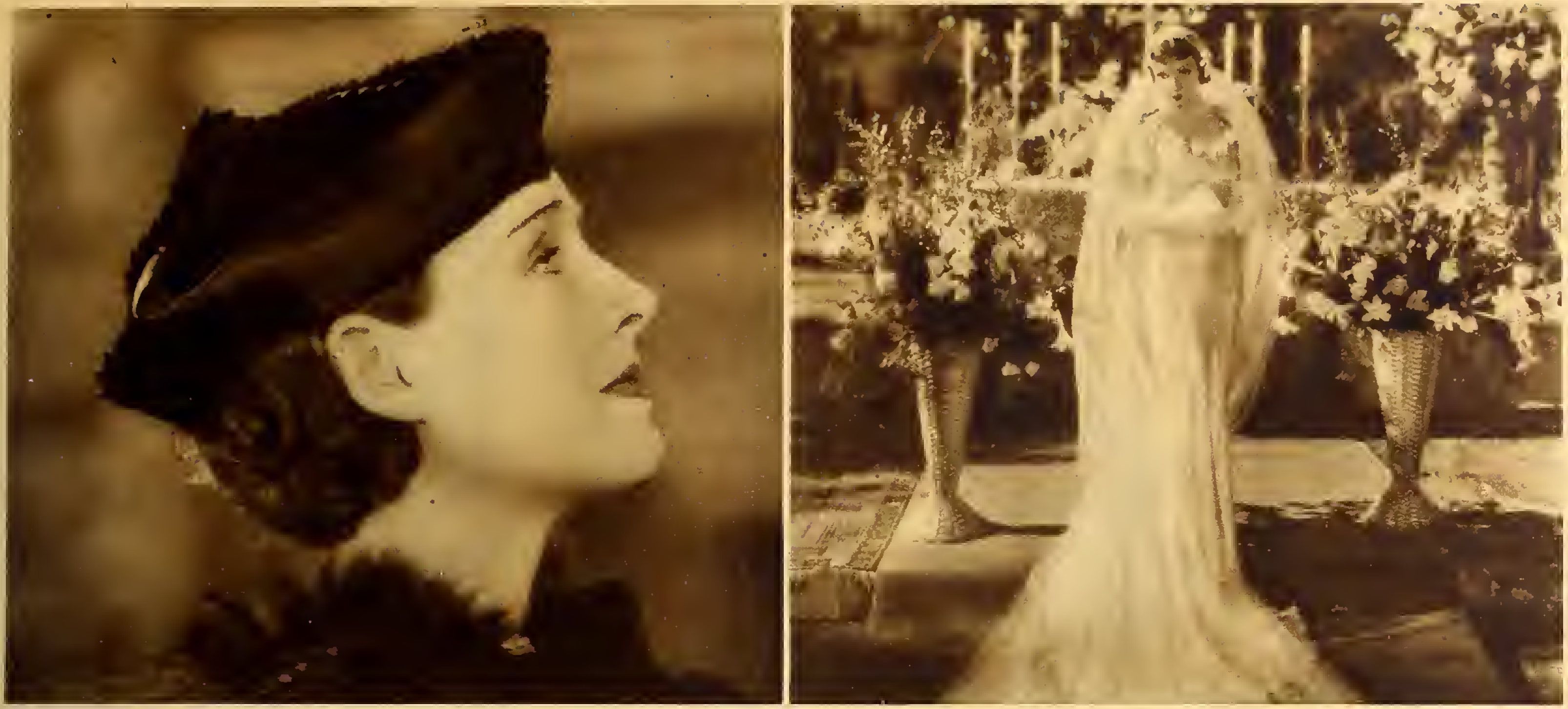
Some time later, Mary was cast with Lionel again in "This Side of Heaven."

This time it was Mary who kept forgetting her lines. Each time she started to say them, she forgot them. She told me what happened:

"Finally, Lionel Barrymore grew impatient with me and started bawling me out. So (*Continued on page 104)*

ON Dress PARADE

All about the newest hats and the newest gowns in current cinemas



(Left) In "Lady Mary's Lover" Norma Shearer wears a tricone trimmed with the tiniest pleated edgings that end in a pert peak on the middle of the crown. (Right) Attention, June brides! Claudette Colbert in her stunning wedding gown and veil in "It Happened One Night."

By MARGERY WELLS

THE parade this month—fashions on the screen—goes ga-ga on period gowns. Queens and their royal regalia are all very well, but not for our rush-about lives when we're dashing here and there doing things every minute. No, we have to hunt up modern movies if we want a practical "design for living." We've got to be royal in our own good American way and content ourselves with swiping a collar here and a cuff there from a lady-in-waiting.

But when Connie Bennett steps on the screen in "Moulin Rouge," she's saying something in our own language. Perhaps she does go a bit haywire with too much glittering lamé and too many swishing sequins when about her own home business. But that's movie talk, and if you're on to your nice distinctions, you'll recognize the fact that, in her private life, she'd never rattle the spangles in a quiet hour at home any more than you or I would.

However, when the Bennett steps out in that simple little organdy with the double circular bertha, wide skirt and ribbon sash, then we understand her. By the way, that's one of the dresses copied best by the Cinema Shops. Not a detail has been overlooked. Connie wears it in white with a twisted ribbon of blue and pink, but you can have it in two shades of bluish lavender with those same two shades in the sash. It's keen for a summer dance or a garden party.

Her white satin evening gown—flat under the chin and very low in the back—is something to write home about. Now that gown has all the elements of perfect style for the present moment. See it and study its simplicity, for there's a fashion lesson there worth learning.

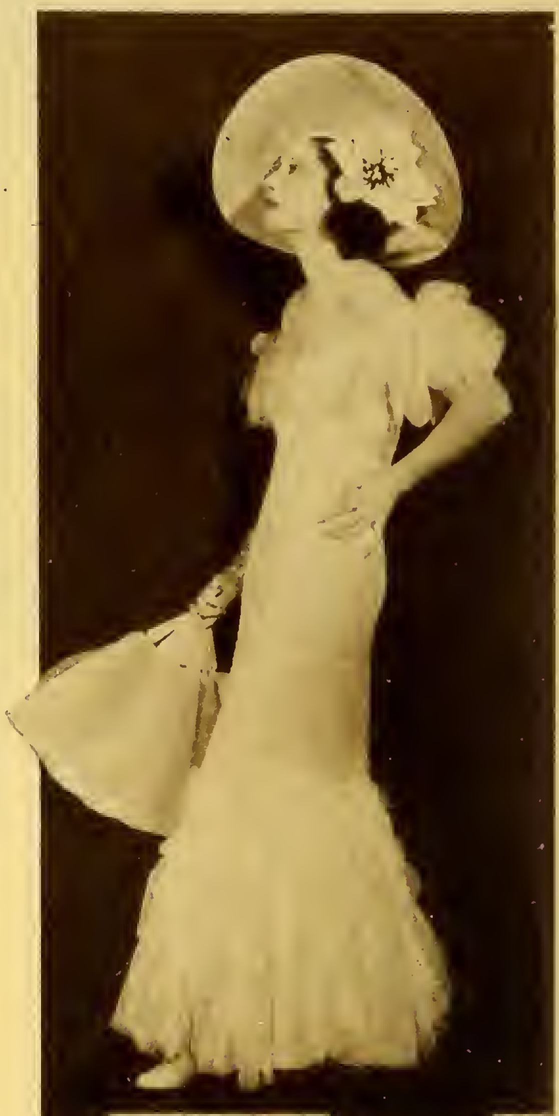
And I want you to notice Connie's headdress, too. It's her own idea. She always does it more or less the same, but the point is, it's good for her. And that's the secret of the modern headdress for all of us. If you look at all like Connie, then go in for swirly bangs. They cover a high forehead in a most flattering way, and the straight lines over the head ending in shaky curls, do quite a lot for a face inclined to be too round.

"HI, NELLIE!" There's a pattern for a business girl. Glenda Farrell knows how to dress her part and no mistake. Not every girl in the marts of trade has to come up against a bunch of wild men like the Nellies of newspaperdom. But the clothes pattern holds good all the same.

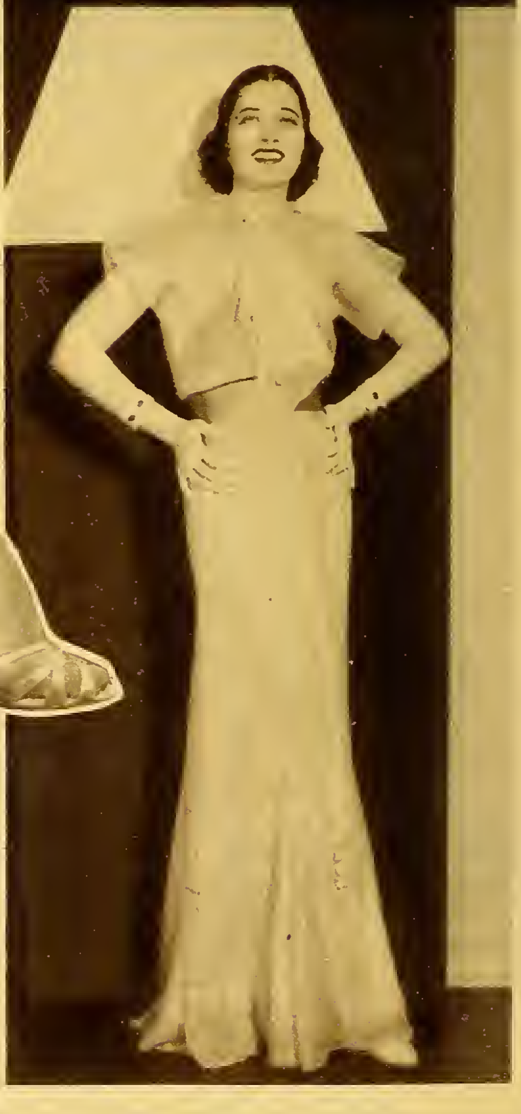
Notice her white, fresh collars all the way through the piece. See how crisp she always looks, even though she's as mad as a hatter underneath and ready to kill some confrere at a moment's notice. Her frocks help to keep the illusion—and it often must be an illusion—of perfect composure under trying circumstances.

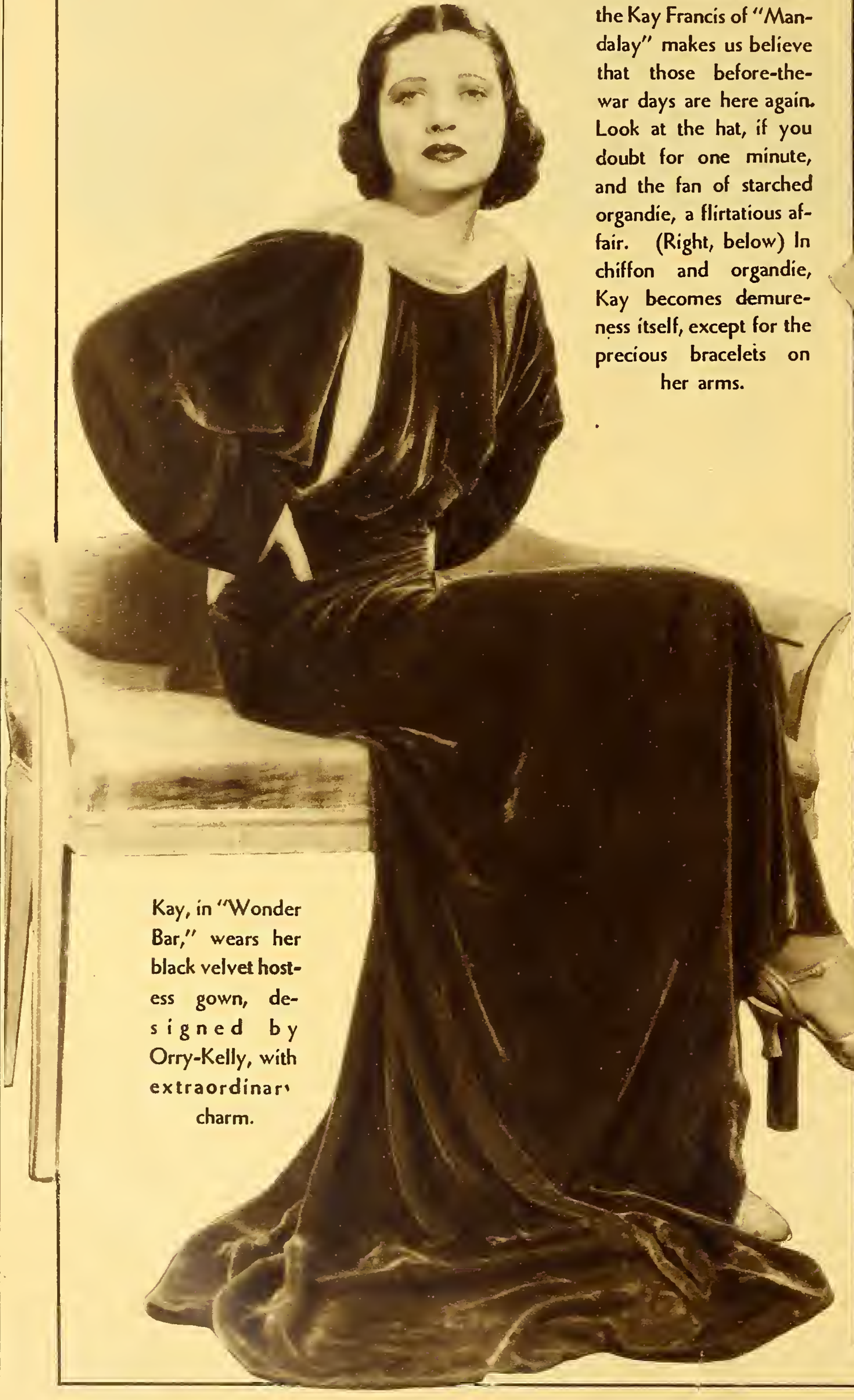
She must have had a frock *(Continued on page 108)*

Who better than the lovely Kay Francis can put that desirable adjective, glamorous, into clothes?

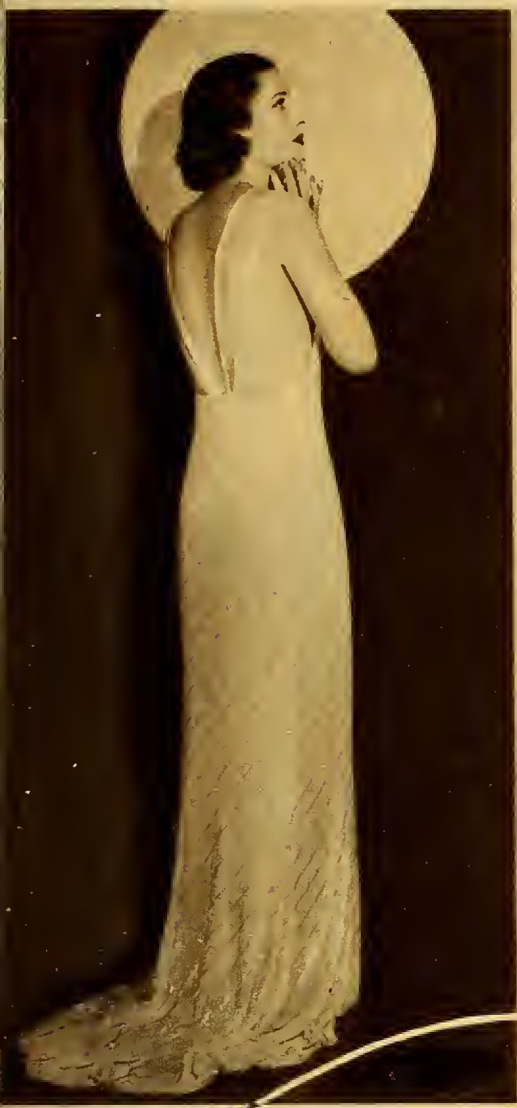


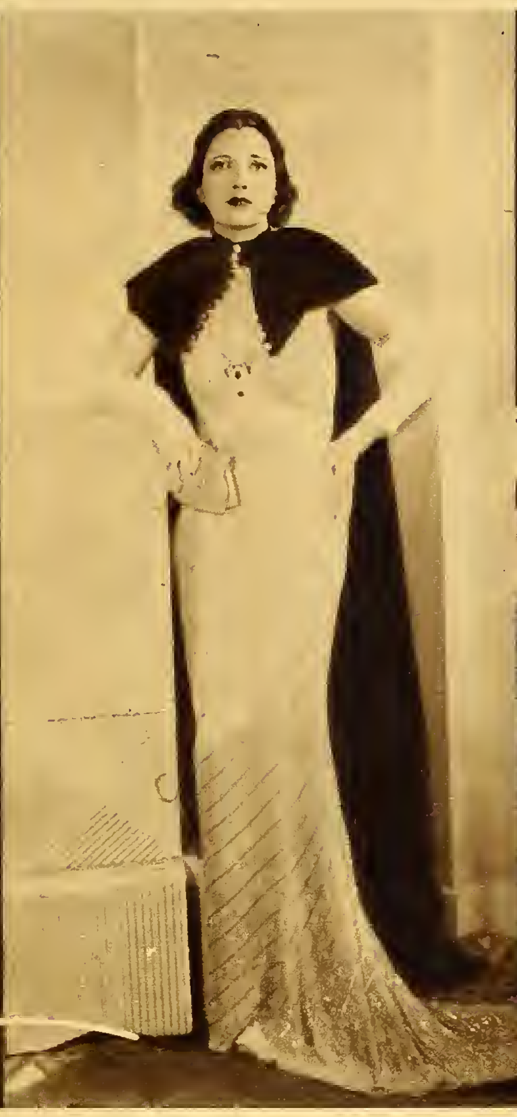
(Right) In her flowery frock of chiffon and lace, the Kay Francis of "Mandalay" makes us believe that those before-the-war days are here again. Look at the hat, if you doubt for one minute, and the fan of starched organdie, a flirtatious affair. (Right, below) In chiffon and organdie, Kay becomes demureness itself, except for the precious bracelets on her arms.

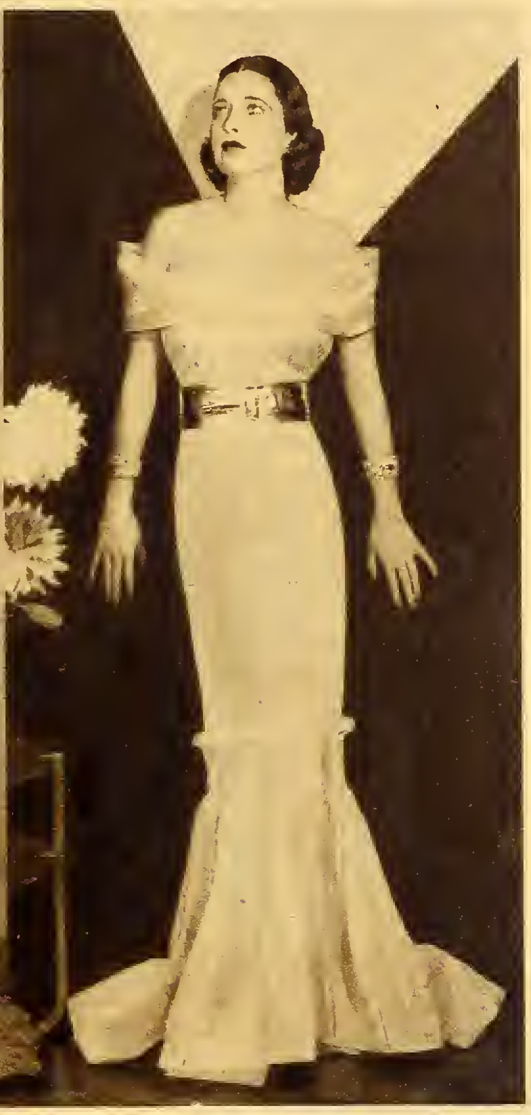




Kay, in "Wonder Bar," wears her black velvet hostess gown, designed by Orry-Kelly, with extraordinary charm.







SPEAKING OF Glamor

Spangles will always lure the girl who by nature is dramatic—and aren't we all? This gorgeous gown worn by Kay sacrifices everything for the beauty of the fabric. Notice—not an inch of trimming, for even the shoulder and back straps are made of the material itself. The long train (can't you hear its luscious swish as she walks?) is quite perfect as modern evening style and the open back—as open as it can be—is formality at its best.

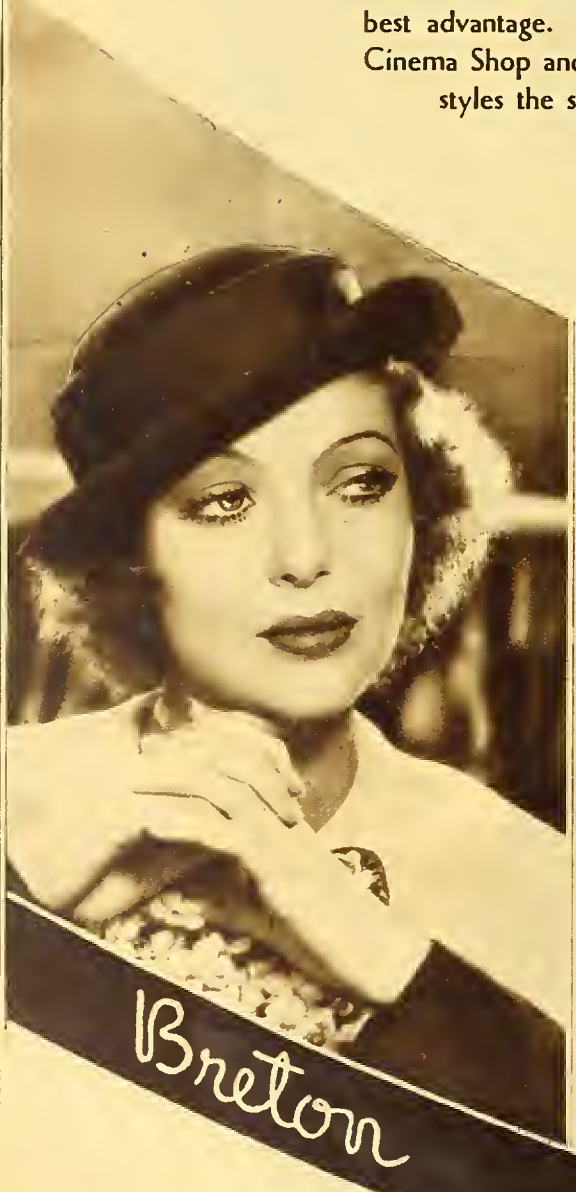
It looks free and airy enough, this evening cloak of black velvet, but, as a matter of fact, it is circular—vastly circular—so that Kay may either swoop it together in one long line for a becoming background, or wind it about her figure so that she and her glittering gown are completely covered. Notice the pin of precious stones fastened at the low neckline of her dress—her one flight into ornamentation on an otherwise severe ensemble.

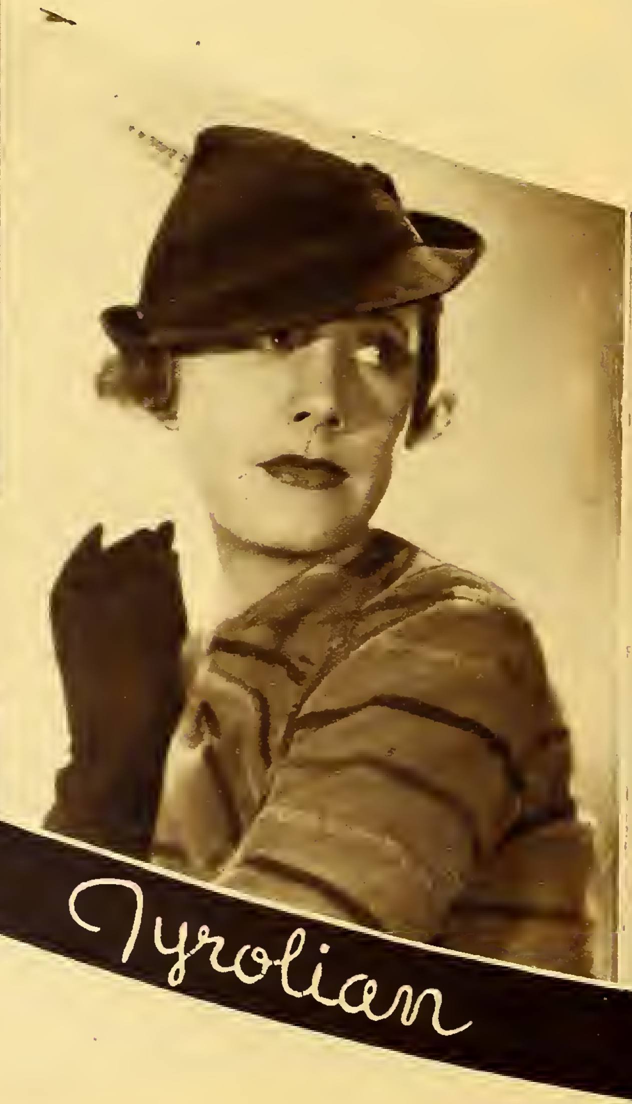
Delicate pastel tones in striped taffeta make this dinner dress something to contemplate and honor. That fichu arrangement over the shoulder has its 1890 flavor and so does the wide shirred ruffle on the skirt which sweeps the floor. Even the sash, made from one of those ciré ribbons, with a bow at the back and long streamers, carries out the quaintness of an old-time fashion which has been adopted as this season's favorite.

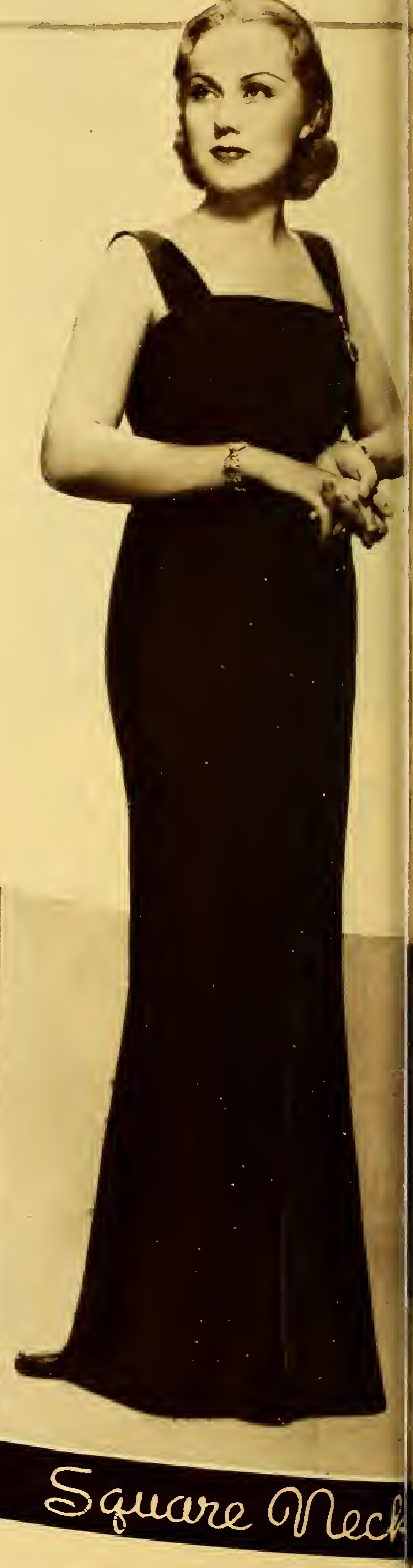
Screen Stars' dresses and

Follow the fashion path the screen stars blaze and insure smartness

Fay Wray's dress for evening and dancing is very new. Why? Because of its square neckline in back as well as front. (Below, left) Loretta Young sports a Breton sailor in soft pliable felt, looking particularly lovely with her white collar and violets. But Irene Dunne (below, right) chooses a real Tyrolian cap, feather and all, to bring out her charms to their best advantage. You'll find them all at the Cinema Shop and you can fit your type to the styles the screen stars are wearing.







hats for you, and you, and you

by Margery Wells

"WHERE can I get it?"

My, how many letters I receive asking this question. To dress as the screen stars dress seems to be the desire of every girl who worships at the movie shrine.

Well, you can do it now. How?

Scattered all over the country, in hundreds of towns, there are shops which are selling replicas of frocks worn in current pictures. You'd be surprised what a pull they have, for these dresses somehow have the sanction of all that is right and good in the language of modern fashion.

Dress like Miriam Hopkins in "All of Me," and you know you are right. Indeed, how could you be wrong?

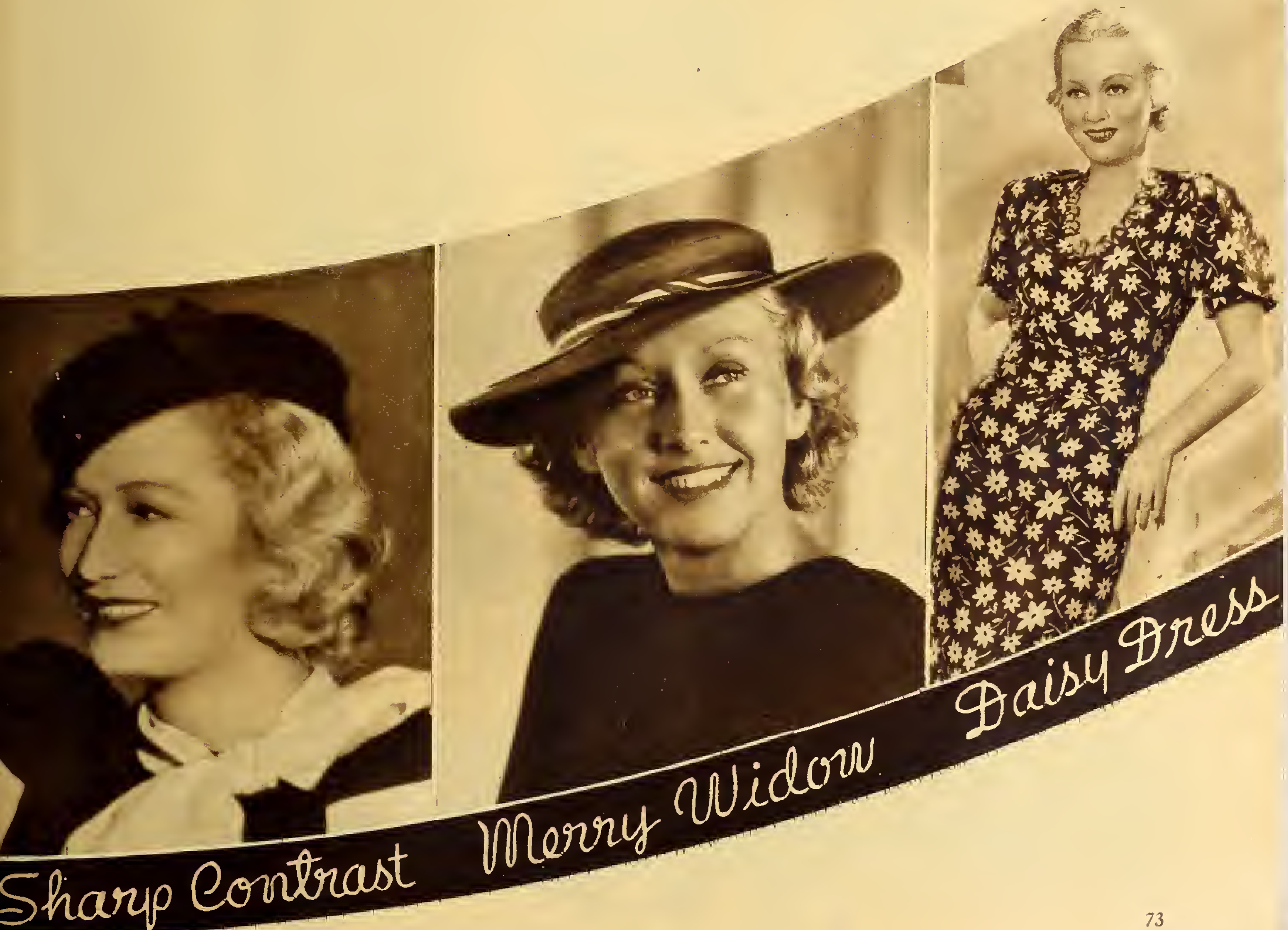
Well, you can do it if you search out the Cinema Shop in your neighborhood (I will tell you where it is located) and demand the dress which is shown in the picture on this page. There's this about it—a mode so advanced that it will stay in style for months to come. There is not nearly so much chance in buying a dress with this background as there is in selecting something which looks pretty and which you *think* is all right.

For this time of year, and

(*Continued on page 119*)

(Below, left) A black turban, cocked to one side, over pale blonde hair. Is there anything more effective? Miriam Hopkins wears this pert little hat with its tiny bow on the left side in a perfect way. And she has artistically used a white scarf further to set off its line and darkness against her frail blondeness.

(Below, center) Evalyn Knapp shows us what the Merry Widow hat can do on a modern head. None of its charm is lost. In fact, much is added. (Below, right) Little Shirley Grey's dress, a daisy print in blue and white, is simplicity itself enhanced by a touch of organdy at the neck and at the extreme ends of the sash.



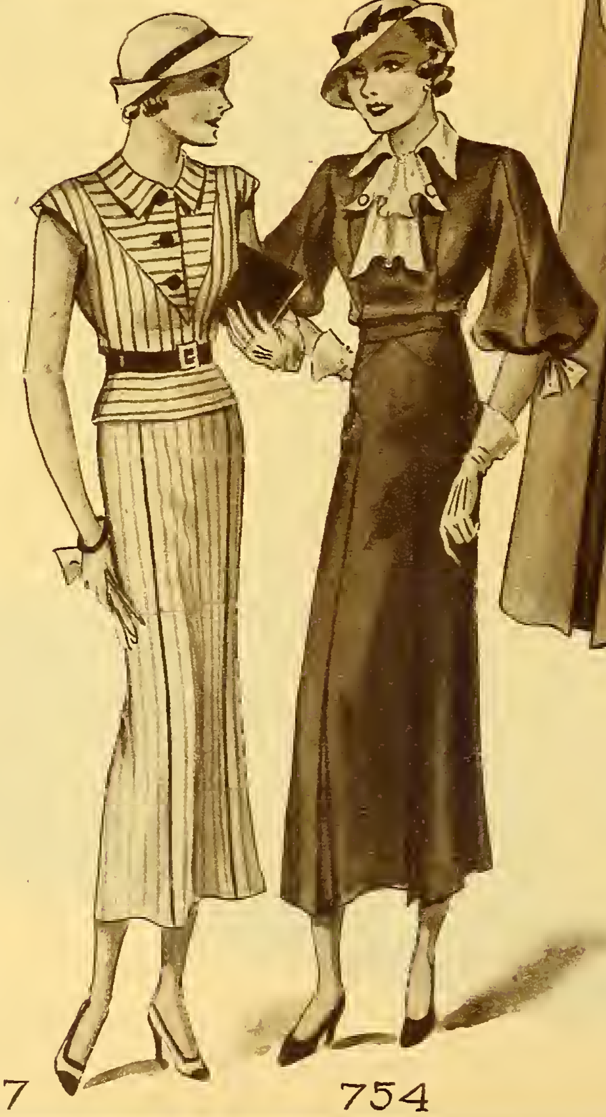
MODERN SCREEN Patterns

745—(Above, right) Prints for spring—or plain? Elizabeth Young dons a tailored frock of brown, yellow and beige dotted crêpe. The large bow of brown taffeta gives it added chic. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust.

747—(Above, center) Ida Lupino wears this up-to-the-minute 1934 frock. It's excellent for every-day or office wear. It is made of red and white checked men's shirting material. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

754—(Above, left) Ginger Rogers wears a charming black Elizabeth crêpe dress with kick pleats in the skirt, long puff sleeves, trimmed with white Marylyn crêpe dotted with blue. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

Instructions for ordering patterns —and back views—on page 108.



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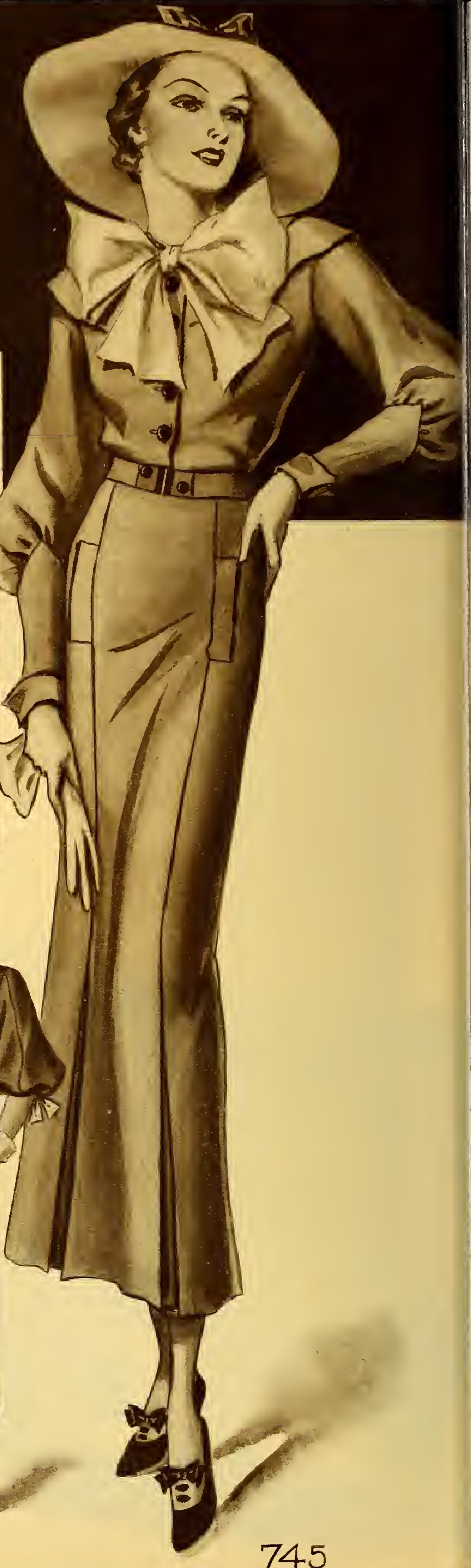


745

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER—"

Miss Ruth Dodd of New York, *says:*

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, *says:*

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs — tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on *your* habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.**

You'll find Camels rich in flavor—yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment...the full, satisfying taste...the pleasure of smoking at its best!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS *Never get on your Nerves Never tire your Taste*

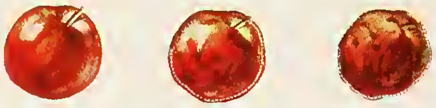
Lines start below the surface—in your under skin

Miss Whitney Bourne *of New York, accorded the most beautiful girl of last winter's brilliant social season. She guards her exquisitely fair skin with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams. She says: "Two different creams are absolutely necessary."*

Dryness comes in your outer skin . .

Each Skin needs its own Cream

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

THE truth is—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where *Dryness* comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin—and puts moisture back into it. It's a greaseless cream. You can use it day and night without fear of oiliness.

But *Lines* have their cause deep down in under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm, use a deep penetrating oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.

UNDER SKIN
OUTER SKIN

Here is the way Miss Whitney Bourne *describes this Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment . . .*

1. *"Last thing at Night,* I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt. I use Pond's Tissues to take this off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream—it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.

2. *"After that,* I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

3. *"Next Morning,* and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

For your Under Skin
Pond's delicious oil-rich Cold Cream. Or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin
Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

PONDS
L
PONDS
C
POND'S
V

Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been trying to get along with one cream only, just try this famous Two-Skin Method for a few days—and see your skin grow soft and fine—smooth.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
50 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name________________

Street________________

City________________State________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

(*Continued from page 39*)

THERE'S a terrible feud on between two dashing idols of the Paramount lot. The first time they were introduced, one of them became so sore he pinched his rival.

In other words, Baby LeRoy is pretty burned up over the fact that Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr. (eight months old) scored such a hit in "She Made Her Bed" with his Daddy and Sally Eilers.

JOAN CRAWFORD really had her heart set on playing the title role with Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." But when popular demand won the swell part for Jeanette MacDonald, Joan was the first to wire her congratulations and good wishes. Nice going, Joan, and a real indication of the kind of gal you are.

SPENCER TRACY gave Loretta Young a real little moom pitcher camera for her birthday and Loretta was so thrilled she immediately started on a home-made production. The idea was a burlesque on "Man's Castle," with Polly Ann Young and William Bakewell in the roles Loretta and Spencer created on the screen. Loretta produced, directed and wrote the script for a swell time was had by all until the bills from the camera shop and "lab" started to roll in. The amateur production had cost her exactly $750 in cold cash.

The film is so cute and so funny and it cost so much, Loretta hates to see it go to waste. She's playing with the idea of showing the picture in someone's private theatre, charging "premiere prices" and turning the proceeds over to charity!

JACK OAKIE has a five hundred dollar bet on he can lose fifteen pounds in two weeks. On account of Oakie not caring any more about money than he does for both eyes, arms and legs, you can expect to see him considerably thinner.

THERE AND HERE

Cary Grant and Virginia (bride) Cherrill did a stop-over in New York to look at a couple of plays they may do for Paramount . . . Zeppo Marx played "twilight golf" with Leo Diegel the other evening and the caddies went around with lighted matches until eight o'clock. . . . 'Tis said that Myrna Loy's trip to Honolulu is not only breaking Novarro's heart, but a certain big producer is having trouble as well. . . . When they once started cutting the "Scandals" they did a big job, only to find that they had cut out the ten biggest scenes. . . . Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing) cut Sally Eilers colder than *that* in issuing invites to a Friday Afternoon and Sally took it big.

BING CROSBY and James Cagney have gone literally crazy over auction sales. There is a certain very exclusive auction sale room on Wilshire Boulevard and so far Bing and Jimmy and their wives have not missed a single one.

Strangely enough no one in the big crowds seems to recognize Bing and he can bid away to his heart's content. But they place Jimmy Cagney right away and many a withering look he gets when he over-bids some indignant housewife.

Crosby comes home from auctions laden with Italian and Spanish *objets d'art* which cannot possibly be fitted into his early American home. So Dixie has set aside a certain room in the back of the house which he can furnish with his auction bargains. He's taking far more interest in this than in the entire furnishing and interior-decorator schemes for the rest of the place.

The latest auction addicts are Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

THE latest gossip is that Margaret Sullavan got in Gloria Stuart's hair out at Universal and that is why the last named young lady is so anxious to terminate her Universal contract. The difficulties were not personal, but professional. Gloria thought she deserved a better break than being forced into screen roles which Margaret had considered and discarded. Even the studio had to break down and admit she gave a grand dramatic performance in "Beloved" and for a while there was talk she might get "Little Man, What Now?"

But when you see that picture it will be with Margaret Sullavan, not Gloria. Gloria's feelings are so hurt she is threatening to leave Hollywood for New York, where she will join the Group Theatre.

A CERTAIN scene in "Rip Tide" with Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer was shot thirty-five times by director Edmund Goulding. No, Bob and Norma didn't "blow up" in their lines, but a door they were supposed to open kept creaking in spite of the gallons of oil the prop boys poured on its hinges. Just as the stars were about to swoon from fatigue, the door decided to behave itself, and then what should happen, but the cameraman sneezed. It went on and on like that all day long!

LITTLE Dorothy Wilson knows a great deal more about Hollywood than she did two years ago. Now that Dorothy has clicked again in "Eight Girls in a Boat" and has a new Paramount contract, she is not going to make the same mistakes she fell into after her sudden stardom in "Age of Consent."

"I went hay-wire," says Dorothy, "and spent every cent I earned. I thought I was a big shot and that I was set on the screen for a long career. Well, a year of idleness taught me differently. I'm going to work hard and really make something of this second chance."

EVIDENTLY Genevieve Tobin doesn't like her Hollywood reputation of being a ritzy and hard-to-get-along-with young lady. Her press agent has been flooding the local blats with the "most democratic" items all about how Genevieve is playing dominoes with the electricians and actually waving to the extras as she crosses the studio lots. You can't imagine how friendly it all is, or is it?

GEORGE RAFT says the only way to be happily married in Hollywood is not to read the newspapers.

"Then," says George, "you won't know when Hollywood has made up its mind you'll have to get a divorce."

NEIL HAMILTON is so tired of ape-men and animals that he is almost tempted to give all his earnings on the new version of "Tarzan" to charity. Neil has been on the picture for months and it isn't finished yet. Of course, he received something over $50.000 for his work, but he hasn't appeared on the screen during that whole time, which is bad for any actor. (Please note: we said "almost" tempted.)

WE haven't been handed the official list of "Baby Stars" as yet, but we have some news on the subject. It seems that the Wampas, a group of studio press boys who yearly chose the group, want to introduce them to the fans via radio and two or three of the major studios are all against the plan. One of the studios has its own radio station and doesn't like to see the business go to another hook-up and the rest of the no-likees are just "agin the deal." So, maybe you'll hear Baby Stars and maybe you won't!

WARREN WILLIAM disappeared the other day and no one could locate him for hours. The thing had two aspects—one serious and the other funny. (1) William was actually "lost at sea" and his studio was almost crazy during the fourteen hours until he was rescued by the coast guard. (2) The studio was afraid to broadcast the tragedy because Warren William's picture was about to be released and the publicity department *knew* that the press boys would think that their star's "disappearance" was merely a gag to publicize the film. When he finally returned, after a terrible fourteen hours on a stranded boat, the press was notified. The boys all admitted that, "It would have been too much like a certain Broadway play of last season." Quaint?

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN'S Papa is busier than a bird dog denying he ever gave out a story: "My son is going to marry Greta Garbo." Mamoulian read the statement in New York and nearly hit the ceiling. The wires he sent back were so hot, it is doubtful if his father will ever open his mouth again, even to be "misquoted."

THOSE HONEYMOONERS!

GARY COOPER and Sandra Shaw are still very much in the honeymoon stage. Sandra visits Gary practically every day at the M-G-M studio, where he is making "Operator 13" with Marion Davies, and lunches with him.

The other noontime Mrs. Cooper was late and Gary waited so long for her to show up the company was called for work before he had had his lunch. But everything was okay when Sandra arrived with homemade sandwiches, which Gary ate on the set between scenes.

THE thin half of the team of Laurel and Hardy has been having a Roman holiday for himself the last few days. Stan just up and disappeared and no one could find him. The studio was all set to start his new picture and his wife was crazy. The rumor had it that he was going to return to England to get out of paying his wife any alimony (which might have been the reason she was going "crazy"), but now that Stan has returned, he lets it be known that his disappearance was merely a gag to try to get his wife to return to him. Which is a new idea, or maybe it's Stan's idea of love.

MR. PAUL LUKAS is overly-funny about his working hours (must have been reading the publicity about George Arliss) and so, the other night when the company executive approached him with, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lukas, but it looks as though we'll have to work a leedle overtime this evening. You'll play ball with us, yah?" Paul merely chirped over his shoulder as he left, "I'm an actor, not a ball player."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT either stepped in—or the reported offer was never made—because Elliot Roosevelt denies that he will work for M-G-M. "I have never been offered $1,000 a week, or even thirty dollars a week. I have no knowledge that would fit me for a position in a studio anyway," said Elliot. Some of the colony think the job-rumor was merely publicity, while others think it was an actuality, but that Elliot's father told his son to stick to something he knew about. It's your guess, but it is a cinch he isn't working.

THAT was some cocktail party that was thrown for Lady Furness and her twin sister Gloria Vanderbilt. The crowd was so large that a tent was built in the back yard to handle the overflow. We thought Dolores Del Rio was the most beautiful lady there, but she certainly had top competition from Corinne Griffith, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young and a whole host of beauteous damsels. The most popular man in the gathering was Jack Warner who got a "hand" upon his entrance that wasn't equalled all afternoon.

WELL, after all the hurrah, Mexico has finally okayed "Viva Villa," that is, all except one little scene. They don't seem to think that Villa had enough soldiers in his army when he entered the Capital and they merely want M-G-M to re-shoot that one little scene using the entire Mexican Army as extras. Thy will be done, Mexico.

IT made us laugh. A couple of agents in Hollywood had been having a terrible time making a certain star pay her commissions—until they hit upon an idea. The boys hurried to New York and got in touch with the star's mother, whom they asked to meet them at the studio for an interview with the newsreel boys. She came. When they had the camera set up they told her to start talking. Said Mamma, "Vell, vat do you vant me to say?" All the while, of course, she was looking straight into the camera. The boys told her that would be enough. Then they rushed back to Hollywood and gave the non-paying star a preview of the little picture. P. S. She paid.

THE publicity department over at Warners went rather ga-ga when the studio finally found a baby to play Joe E. Brown as a child. Said they, "Joe can get four billiard balls in his mouth—while George Evans at the age of three can hide two in his oral cavity."

IMAGINE this! The Bruce Cabots had a cocktail party over the week-end for Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe. A whole gang of people came and were they laughing when it was found that Bruce had forgotten to have the swimming pool filled. "It's mutiny!" cried Johnny.

IT will be too bad if that "Wonder Bar" engagement breaks up the long standing friendship between Dick Powell, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. During the making of the picture Dick made no secret of the fact that Jolson took the good song numbers and shunted off the weak ones on him. Jolson didn't like these cracks from his wife's musical comedy partner and of course Ruby is always on Al's side.

A CONCEITED young actor on the Paramount lot was explaining to a luncheon table group that nothing made him so mad as to be referred to as an "actor."

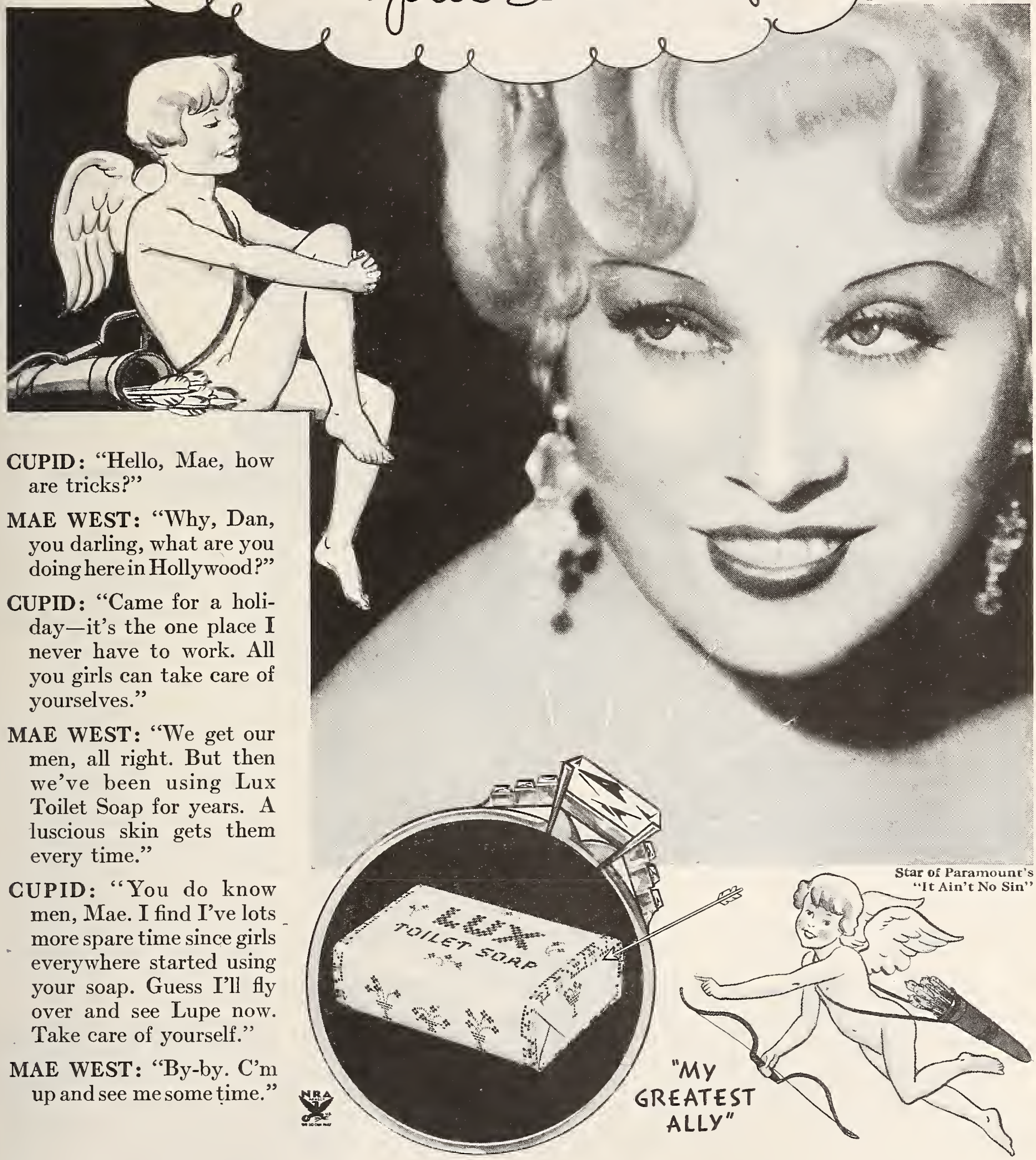
"Hmmm," said Alison Skipworth, "no wonder you have the sweetest disposition on the lot!"

That's a little deep. You have to figure it out!

THIS is almost a believe-it-or-not, Mr. Ripley, but Warren William's studio stand-in is named William Warren.

THE question of the month: Why hasn't Alice Brady, who was such a terrific hit in her first three pictures, been assigned a new picture. The delightful Alice told us the other day that she hasn't worked in four months.

MAE WEST *and her pal Dan Cupid*



Star of Paramount's "It Ain't No Sin"

"MY GREATEST ALLY"

CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-by. C'm up and see me some time."

Take a leaf out of Mae's little notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it just as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!

The MODERN hostess

Some delightful desserts for you

"Don't serve monotonous and uninteresting meals," warns Mae Clarke. Those individual plates of Savoy Pudding she's topping with chocolate sauce and whipped cream look interesting enough to us. She has also given some excellent daily menu suggestions.

OVER our tea cups the other afternoon, Mae Clarke and your scribe were discussing the marital difficulties of a mutual friend—a non-professional girl whose husband, one fine day, just up and walked out without any explanation!

"It's a shame!" I declared hotly. "And such a nice girl, too. Now, if she'd ever really done anything . . ."

"That's just it!" replied Mae, between bites of cinnamon toast. "She's never done anything to anyone or for anyone—she's just what I term 'negative nice.' Consequently he was bored stiff, fed right up to the teeth on her everlasting monotony."

"But that's not enough excuse for leaving your wife," I protested.

"It may be no excuse but it's often a Grade A explanation," asserted Mae. "I often think that if our courts of law would grant divorces on the grounds of boredom we would soon see boredom forever banished from the hearth. And do you know where I think the first improvement would take place?"

I shook my head. I had my own guess, but I wanted to hear Mae's ideas.

"In the food placed upon the family dining table," said Mae, emphatically. "With so many people discussing vitamins and calories and diets I suppose I'll be considered downright old-fashioned when I say that I still think good food is terribly important—that is, food that is colorful, interesting and exciting. It's all very well to concentrate on foods that are wholesome, nourishing and simply teeming with vitamins and mineral salts but the resulting meals shouldn't be dull and routine."

I shed a mental tear as I thought how often I had heard men (and youngsters, too, for that matter) complain that their meals at home were monotonous and uninteresting. Why is it that so long as women's most important household task is to see that their families are fed, they won't take a little extra trouble and see that they are well fed? "The little more, and how much it is—the little less, and what worlds apart." The poet who wrote that was not referring to food, but he might have been, for it is truly "the (*Continued on page 82*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for May, 1934.

Name........................
(Print in pencil)

Address........................
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

LOVELY ROLLICKING

Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell's gift for comedy sparkles through the new Warner Brothers' picture "Smarty," with Warren Williams and Edward Everett Horton.

EATS BREAD EVERY DAY AND IS GLAD TO TELL *Why*

Good natured, lovable . . . very much alive . . . Joan Blondell enjoys every minute of her busy existence. In this friendly letter to Betty Crocker, cookery expert, she willingly gives one clue to her abounding vitality.

> Dear Betty Crocker:
>
> Of course I like bread, and of course I eat it—every day! I couldn't keep in tip-top shape without plenty of good energy food, and that's what bread is.
>
> Joan Blondell

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

Vitality
Demands Energy
109 Smart New Ways to Serve
BREAD
Our Outstanding Energy Food

CLEVER NEW USES FOR BREAD IN THIS BOOK BY BETTY CROCKER

Free! A thrilling new book of recipe and menu suggestions, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)". New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make an appetizing, well balanced diet. By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Fascinating accompaniments for soup, main course, salad. Answers to questions on bread etiquette.

Delicious, appetizing . . . bread "goes" with everything. Is economical, convenient . . . baked for you in pleasing variety, together with other tempting baked wheat products, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name..

Street or R.F.D. No..

City.. *State*....................

Copr. 1934, General Mills, Inc. Mod. Sc. 5.34

Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 80*)

little more," that extra few minutes thought spent on planning the meal which makes all the difference between "dining" and just "eating."

TO me, menu-planning is one of the most creative duties of homemaking. I love to sit down with a pencil and paper and my filing cabinet of recipes and work out a whole week's menus in advance. Admittedly I have to alter my schedule occasionally—left-overs I hadn't counted on sometimes crop up—a roast I figured would be good for hash the next day gets itself devoured at one sitting. But in spite of this I find that planning meals in advance enormously simplifies both marketing and cooking, cutting down my trips to the shops and the length of time I have to spend in the kitchen. And I am sure that once you get into the habit of working out your menus for a number of days ahead you will wonder how on earth you ever struggled along on the old meal-to-meal system.

But there I go again! Telling you how to make things easier for yourself when my purpose this month is to inspire you to serve more interesting meals, even if it does mean a little extra effort. So now I am going to give you six excellent menus, each one built around a different meat and each one a guaranteed gloom chaser. These menus are ones that Mae Clarke says would turn the most thoroughly depressed male into a scintillating dinner companion. Of course, these menus are not intended to be considered iron bound. If you hate broccoli, there is no law against your substituting asparagus or cauliflower. And if your whole clan loathes cream soups you won't hurt Miss Clarke's feelings or mine if you substitute a clear bouillon. But these menus do provide a magnificent framework upon which to drape your own ideal menus. And I advise you to cut them out and file them away with your collection of pet recipes.

SPRING LAMB DINNER

Grapefruit cup with wedges of mint jelly
Roast Stuffed Leg of Spring Lamb
Gravy Pickled Peaches
New Potatoes, Parsley Butter
Baby Beets, Piquante
Lyonnaise Carrots
French Mixed Green Salad
Mocha Tapioca Cream—Sauce de Luxe
Coffee

CHICKEN DINNER

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Roast Stuffed Chicken—Giblet Gravy
Buttered Peas Corn Fondu
Baked Potato Puffs
Celery Olives Radishes
Orange Cream
Coffee

BAKED HAM DINNER

Tomato Bouillon
Baked Virginia Ham—Mustard Sauce
New Cabbage
Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Corn Bread Spiced Crab Apples
Hearts of Lettuce
Roquefort Cheese Dressing
Springtime Pudding—Scarlet Sauce
Coffee

VEAL DINNER

Mixed Seafood Cocktail
Veal Cutlet Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
String Beans
Moulded Cheese and Tomato Salad
Savoy Pudding
Coffee

FISH DINNER

Individual plates of Hors d'Oeuvres
Broiled Sword Fish—Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Cheese Biscuits
Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery
Chiffonade Salad
Queen of Puddings
Coffee

STEAK DINNER

Iced Honeydew Melon
Broiled Steak
Broiled Mushrooms
Broiled Sweet Potatoes
French Fried Onions
Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumber Salad
with French Dressing
Crackers and Cheese
Coffee

DOESN'T just reading those menus make you hungry? Can you see what I mean when I say they will give you a permanent groundwork upon which to build your own meals? The recipes for many of the dishes mentioned in the menus have been included, from time to time, in the Modern Hostess Recipe folders. Surely you have been sending in for them every month—if not, now is the time to begin. As for the desserts in these menus—the final treat which draws each meal to a triumphant conclusion—you'll find these Mae Clarke favorites in this month's folder. And such desserts! Once they are in your possession you'll never serve a dreary, last-minute subterfuge of a sweet again. Let me tell you about them.

The Mocha Tapioca Cream lifts tapioca out of the nursery class and makes it as sophisticated a delight as you've ever tasted. And the sauce that accompanies it is as smooth as satin. The Orange Cream is a real picture, all golden and white and you can give the children a treat by letting them share it. The Savoy Pudding is fragrant and spicy and can be served with either a molasses cream sauce or a velvety chocolate fudge sauce. And the Queen of Puddings is a relative of that much-maligned dish, Bread Pudding—but what a difference!

All of these Mae Clarke recipes are included in this month's Star Recipe Folder, which you may have by filling in the coupon on page 80 and mailing it to me. Do be sure to send it right in, before you forget it. I have tested every recipe very carefully and you have my word and that of everyone who has tasted these desserts that more delightful last courses cannot be imagined. And while waiting for your set, try this Mae Clarke dessert:

SPRINGTIME PUDDING

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
a pinch of salt
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon molasses

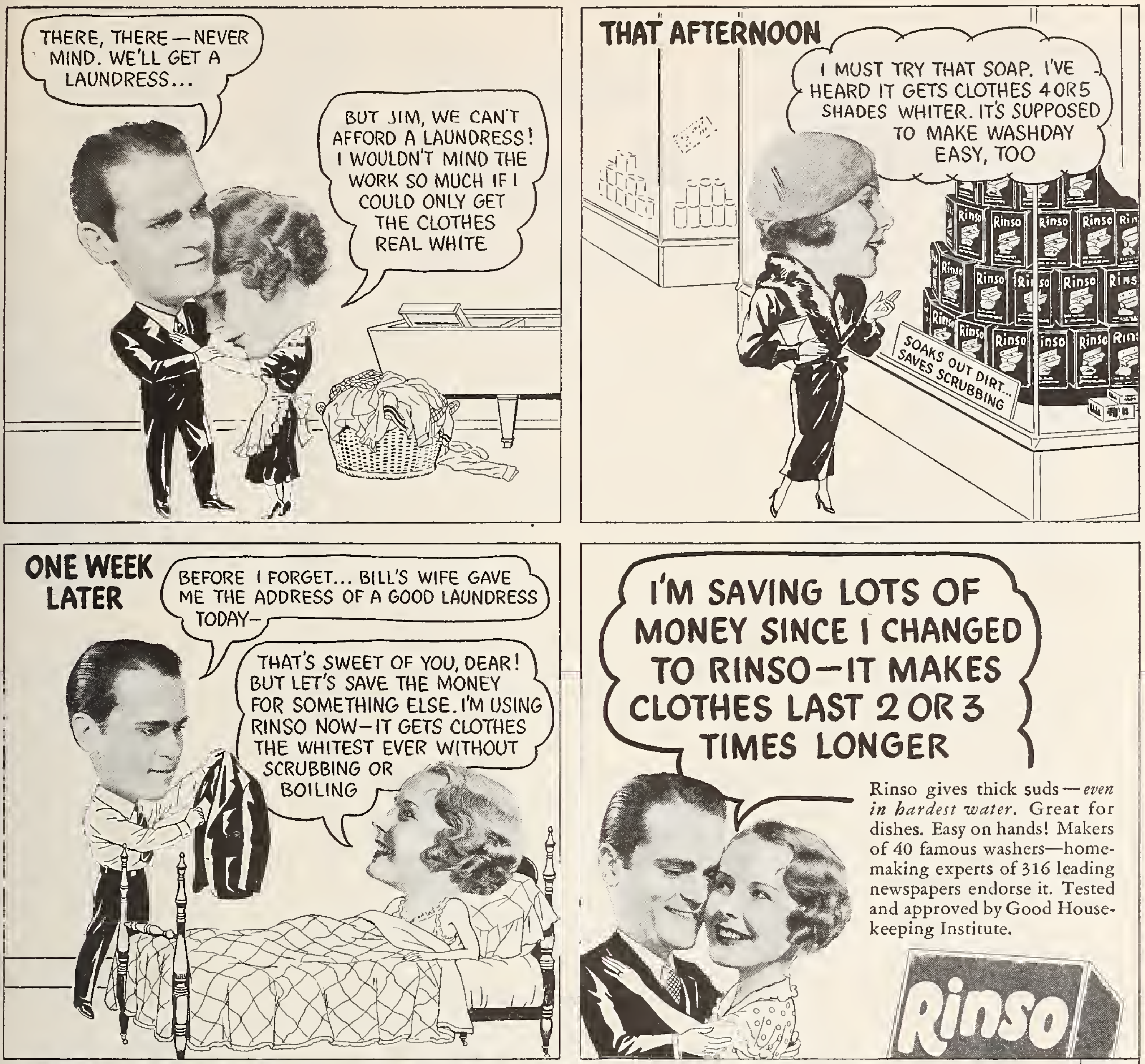
Cream shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add well beaten egg. Mix well. Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder and spices and add to sugar mixture alternately with the milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and molasses. Turn into square or oblong greased cake pan and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 minutes or until a straw comes out clean. Turn out on cake cooler, cut in squares and serve with following sauce:

SCARLET SAUCE

2 cups strawberries, washed, hulled and cut in halves
2 cups red rhubarb, cleaned and cut in ½-inch pieces
½ cup water
1 cup sugar

Combine fruit, water and sugar and cook slowly just until fruit is tender. Serve over cake, either hot or cold.

Do you want to know about THE MAN GARBO LOVES and why she's that way about him? You can do just that by reading our next issue


THERE, THERE—NEVER MIND. WE'LL GET A LAUNDRESS...
BUT JIM, WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS! I WOULDN'T MIND THE WORK SO MUCH IF I COULD ONLY GET THE CLOTHES REAL WHITE
THAT AFTERNOON
I MUST TRY THAT SOAP. I'VE HEARD IT GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. IT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE WASHDAY EASY, TOO
Rinso
SOAKS OUT DIRT... SAVES SCRUBBING
ONE WEEK LATER
BEFORE I FORGET... BILL'S WIFE GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF A GOOD LAUNDRESS TODAY—
THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, DEAR! BUT LET'S SAVE THE MONEY FOR SOMETHING ELSE. I'M USING RINSO NOW—IT GETS CLOTHES THE WHITEST EVER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING
I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO—IT MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER
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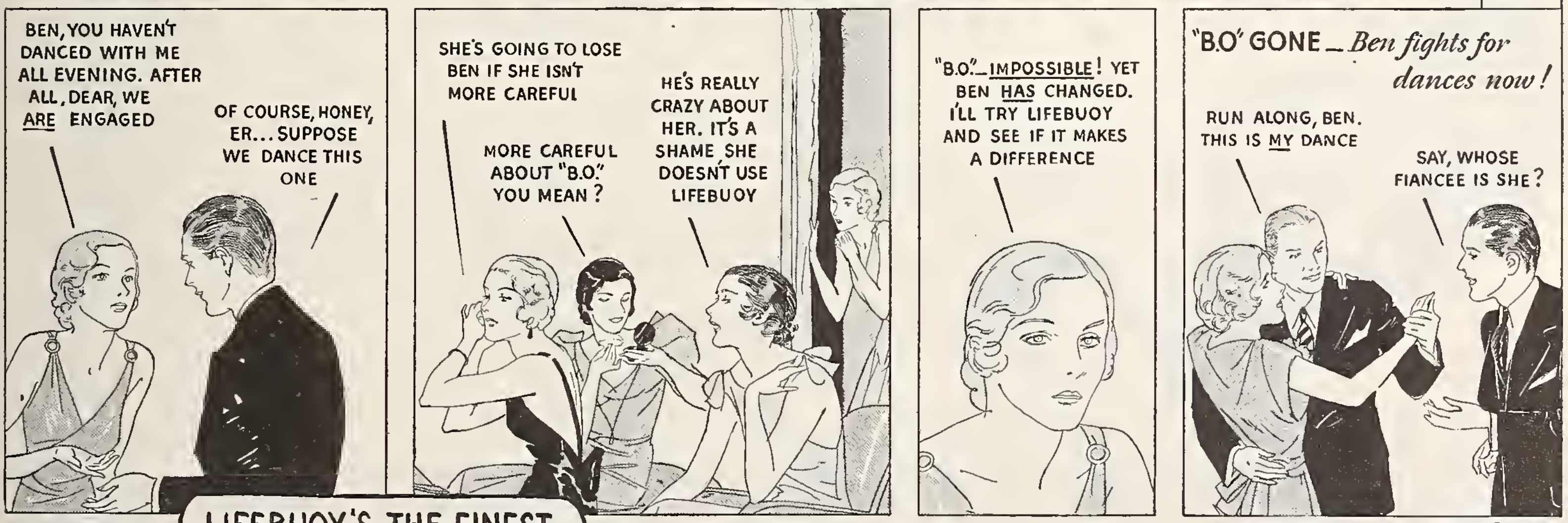
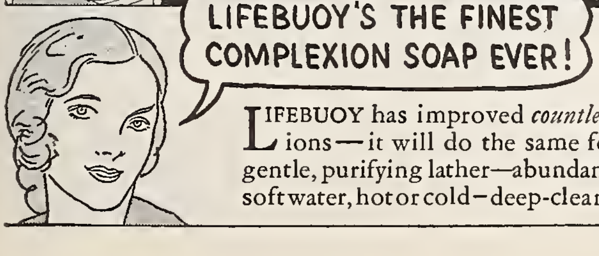

BEN, YOU HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME ALL EVENING. AFTER ALL, DEAR, WE ARE ENGAGED
OF COURSE, HONEY, ER... SUPPOSE WE DANCE THIS ONE
SHE'S GOING TO LOSE BEN IF SHE ISN'T MORE CAREFUL
MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O." YOU MEAN?
HE'S REALLY CRAZY ABOUT HER. IT'S A SHAME SHE DOESN'T USE LIFEBUOY
"B.O."—IMPOSSIBLE! YET BEN HAS CHANGED. I'LL TRY LIFEBUOY AND SEE IF IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE
"B.O." GONE—Ben fights for dances now!
RUN ALONG, BEN. THIS IS MY DANCE
SAY, WHOSE FIANCEE IS SHE?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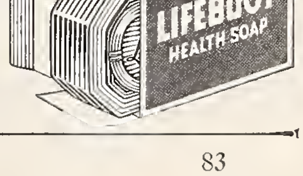
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I Can Handle Ben

(Continued from page 56)

merely to spite the meanies.

There are two good reasons why the Lyons still check in each night at the modest fourteen-room hacienda they call home. One of them is Bebe and the other is Ben. Bebe is confident their lives are going on like Tennyson's brook, for she admits she has a system that has a Monte Carlo routine lashed to the mast when it comes to effectiveness. Not that she has conscientiously worked it out. It is just sort of a common sense how-to-be-happy-though-married formula.

Bebe claims that, like the traditional customer, the husband is always right. Even when he's wrong. Especially when he's wrong.

"A clever wife," claims Mrs. Lyon, "knows how to work her points while she is agreeing with something on which she totally disagrees. Ben has a fault—the only real one I've discovered—and that is a tendency toward stubbornness. He gets an idea, a not-so-good idea. If you cross him on it, it grows into a fixation. He is going to carry it through or else!

EARLY in our acquaintance I discovered that it didn't hurt him and helped *us* if I seemingly fell in with his plan. Without visible opposition, he could finally be brought around to listen to its discrepancies. It wouldn't be long before he'd tell me that he had thought the matter over carefully and decided to discard it. Then I'd do the best acting I could without benefit of camera and make-up and say, 'Well, maybe you're right.'" And lo, a Daniels came to judgment and checked up a triumph!

Bebe is willing to give in on unimportant matters without even playing a game. Such as leaving parties early and not having visitors too often. Ben does not like lots of people around most of the time, for he is not essentially a social person, and so his wife manages to get along without much company.

And when Ben recently decided to redecorate their home, there were a few rooms that, in the process, went rather too Spanish. Bebe might have preferred something lighter for a Santa Monica house, but if she did, her husband never knew it. For it didn't matter an awful lot to the Missus whether the influence was a bit of old Seville or a dash of western America. The important point was their happiness.

"And," declares Bebe, "I have conquered any tendencies toward jealousy and possessiveness. Not that I had much to cope with in myself in this direction, for I've always had pride and if a man would rather be with someone other than me, well, let him run along. He would run anyway, so let him go with his opinion of me high and his own personal vanity low. Am I the calculating one? Tch! Tch!

"Seriously, Ben knows his comings and goings are never timed nor must his absences be accounted for. I never ask 'Where' or 'With whom,' and consequently never hear the one about sitting up with a sick friend. Instead, I get a straightforward story—and believe it. More foolish wives torture themselves with doubt than you can imagine and I sort of have a hunch that you can attract the thing you fear—whether it's a cold in the head or a beautiful blonde."

Bebe's native disposition is as bright as the California sun, when the climate isn't busy being unusual. She is naturally gay and if there is a quarrel, she has a great little capacity for forgetting as well as forgiving. Which comes in the nature of being a big relief to her verbal opponent. And she doesn't nag!

SPEAK your little piece once," says Bebe, "and only once. Then it will hit the mark and sink in. Repetition weakens. If I scold Ben for some shortcoming, he is as humiliated as a little boy, but if I keep it up, in rides his high horse and the first thing you know he's on it. Then I discover I've talked myself in and out of a good argument.

"Another reason why Ben and I click is because when we first married we deliberately cultivated mutual interests. Ben has always been crazy about aviation. He flies his own plane and would rather be in the air than in the White House. So I took up aviation.

"A few years ago, Ben wouldn't have given a nickel for a deck of cards. He didn't know a club from a spade; and what's more, he didn't want to. I'm the original bridge fiend—with nods of apology to Joe Schenck and Sam Goldwyn—and so my husband learned to play. He went at it as doggedly as a child practising scales on the piano, but now he could take on Culbertson and after it was all over, we'd still have rent money! See what a born gambler I am! Or is it just optimism?"

Bebe admits that love may make the world go round, but that it takes the steadier feeling of companionship to keep your head from going with it. She and Ben have been in love so long now that they have regained their perspective. The whole life picture is clear to them instead of merely their own little corner of it. And so, as time goes on, the road becomes smoother instead of bumpier. Of course it takes two to make the journey steady and Mrs. Lyon claims it is mostly up to the woman. So if you want still to be somebody's wife—or some day expect to be—let him win (then he won't want to), don't be possessive, trust him, don't nag, and cultivate mutual interests.

These are the ingredients in Bebe's recipe for a sure-fire marital success. If you follow it carefully, you can't lose.

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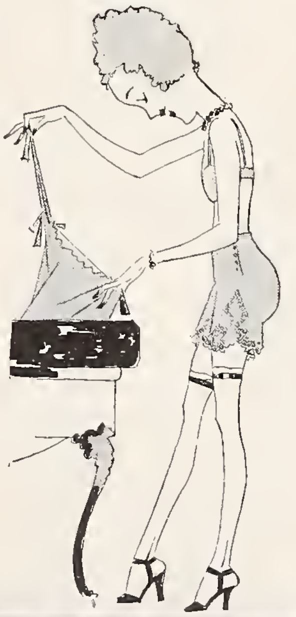

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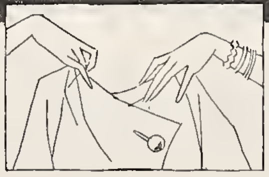

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I Can Handle Bebe

(*Continued from page 57*)

lady's trail until it led into the Beverly-Wilshire one evening and up the bridal path.

Then they settled down, which in this case didn't mean to hibernate or grow stale. Ben was so much in love that he determined his marriage was going to be a success. If it wasn't, it would neither be his fault nor for want of trying to make it so.

"Of course," insists Ben, "Bebe has the disposition of an angel and is the most agreeable person in the world. Don't think she's saccharine, though. She is plenty spirited. She doesn't trespass on anybody's territory and expects the same consideration when anyone approaches hers. I've learned this more and more during the last two years.

"It is especially in evidence where the baby is concerned. I had some ideas about how she should be brought up. Bebe had others. We had discussions which could have become arguments. It didn't matter just what they were; whether it was a question of the temperature of Barbara's milk or if it was cool enough for her to wear a sweater. Finally, I thought it out and decided that it was only fair that Bebe should supervise the baby. It was hard for me not to put in my oar and at times a great temptation, but, if we were to continue to be happy—well, I saw the way."

DURING the kidnap scare that hit Hollywood a year or so ago, Bebe insisted that they hire a guard for little Barbara. Ben thought that a big burly man, wearing a corsage of gats, would so frighten the child that any benefits derived from his protection would be offset. He tried to persuade Bebe that with a nurse and a couple of doting grandmothers ever on the scene, little Barbara would fare very well. But the strong-armed lad appeared, nevertheless, and the baby, who has Bebe's sweet friendly disposition, grew fond of him.

"Shortly after we were married," declares Ben, "we told all the mother-in-law jokes to our mothers-in-law. At first they laughed a little uneasily, but when they discovered we were laughing with 'em and not at 'em, we drew up a little pact. Everyone concerned agreed that we were to have no so-called

(*Continued on page 88*)

Chick Chandler, who plays an important role in Warner Bros.' "Harold Teen," just can't make up his mind whether he's sitting next to Katharine Hepburn or her twin. Well, it isn't Katie, it's Aloha Wray, one of the high school kids in the same production.

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I Can Handle Bebe

(*Continued from page 86*)

mother-in-law problems and since Bebe and I both have mothers who are not interested in anybody's business but their own, this was easily arranged. They themselves wouldn't have had it otherwise."

If there is one thing Bebe would rather do than make a lot of money, it is to spend it. Like the beautiful girl in the magazine ads, it is because she likes nice things. Clothes and jewelry and furs and then more clothes. And don't forget the perfume. No, let us never! Probably the Daniels is the most ultra-feminine person you could hope to meet. Lace and chiffon and shimmering satins. No mannish attire for this stunning girl. And so the bills come in. The first of the month and the second and for twenty-eight days thereafter.

"At first," says Ben, "it used to drive me slightly screwy. I knew how hard Bebe worked for her money, for there is no more conscientious star in pictures than she. And then to see her squander it was just too much. I spoke to her about it and, as I look back, recall that she never told me to mind my own business. As I said, my wife possesses the traditional sunny disposish. But there was something about her attitude that made me stop and think.

"Then I realized that I had no more right to tell her how to spend her money than she had to tell me what to do with mine. And she had never presumed to make even a suggestion in that direction. From that moment, I decided that she was to run her own financial show. And she has—and the ship hasn't sunk yet!"

Of course, the Daniels judgment is legendary in Hollywood. Why, 'tis said that her final decisions on business matters would do credit to the opinions of a couple of magistrates just out of conference. Bebe knows the movie business about as well as anyone on the Coast, having been a part of it since she arrived at the mature age of fourteen. And so her husband defers to it on all occasions.

I'D rather get Bebe's ideas on a picture set up—everything from story to salary—than almost anybody's I know. So, one more reason that we have hit it off so well matrimonially is that I never question her business affairs. Last summer, for instance, she had an attractive offer to make a couple of pictures in England. I was to do one on the Coast for M-G-M. Bebe thought she needed this trip before making other films in California. Having made up my mind never to cross her on matters of this kind, I came to the conclusion that I would drop my picture and go abroad with her. I was not playing the big self-sacrificing guy either. It was the wise thing to do and proved a swell trip with no regrets.

"We made a lot of new friends in London. For that matter, Bebe does everywhere. This was always one of the things I admired most in her; her ability to attract and hold people. Before we married she had a host of men friends. I determined—and I had to school myself to it at first—that they wouldn't lose her companionship because of me. So I never have said, 'If you see Joe Dokes for lunch again this week, the tattlers will have a field day,' for again her good judgment comes into play. She never overdoes anything."

And so, because Ben permits his wife to supervise their child and run the house and attend to her own business affairs and get away with extravagances and, because there are no mother-in-law problems and Bebe may continue to see her old pre-marital friends, there is no cause for strife, and these are the reasons Ben is still her husband. And pretty good ones they are, too. Or do you think so?

A New Kind of Lover

(*Continued from page 61*)

who knows how and when to laugh."

This charming philosopher, born in Zara, Dalmatia, is not one of those numerous screen actors who tell you, "My life is a great romance," because perhaps it is a greater romance than any I have heard. Tullio did the disgraceful thing for a man of his family when at the age of fifteen he ran away from home to become an actor. His titled father promptly disinherited him but I do not think he very much minded. In fact, I have visions of the boy Tullio driving off to join a theatrical company in Ancona and blithely singing a song as he does when he first drives into the picture, "Gallant Lady." It was not important to him then that he be a count. His dreams he valued far more.

WHILE in Ancona he was discovered by the celebrated actor, Novelli, and taken to Rome where he worked and studied and worked, traveling from one company to another across the Continent as actors abroad have to do. Finally one day in Rome when he was heading his own company, the great actress, Duse, visited him. He was overwhelmed. He tells of the incident with far more charm than the written word can capture, but I shall try.

"Monsieur," began the Great One.

"Yes, Madame." And here Tullio bowed and showed the respect he had felt at the honor of having Duse seek him out.

"I have a little ship, a very little ship—"

"Yes, Madame?" There was another bow and a moment of breathless waiting.

"But the ship has no captain."

"Yes, Madame," bowed Tullio once more, wondering whether the great actress had lost her mind to talk of ships.

"Would you like to be the Captain of my little ship—my company?"

Light dawned at last and Tullio nearly fell over. But of course he accepted. He became Duse's last leading man and manager and she always teased him by calling him "Le Capitan" and saluting. After her death in 1924, he was at loose ends. At the time, it seemed impossible to act again with anyone else. He went into the country for six months to try to think things out so he could go on with his career. And then his father died and he was summoned home. But having made good in his chosen profession, he could not go back to an empty title. It was indeed empty now because the castle and estates that made up Brambille had been swept away in the war.

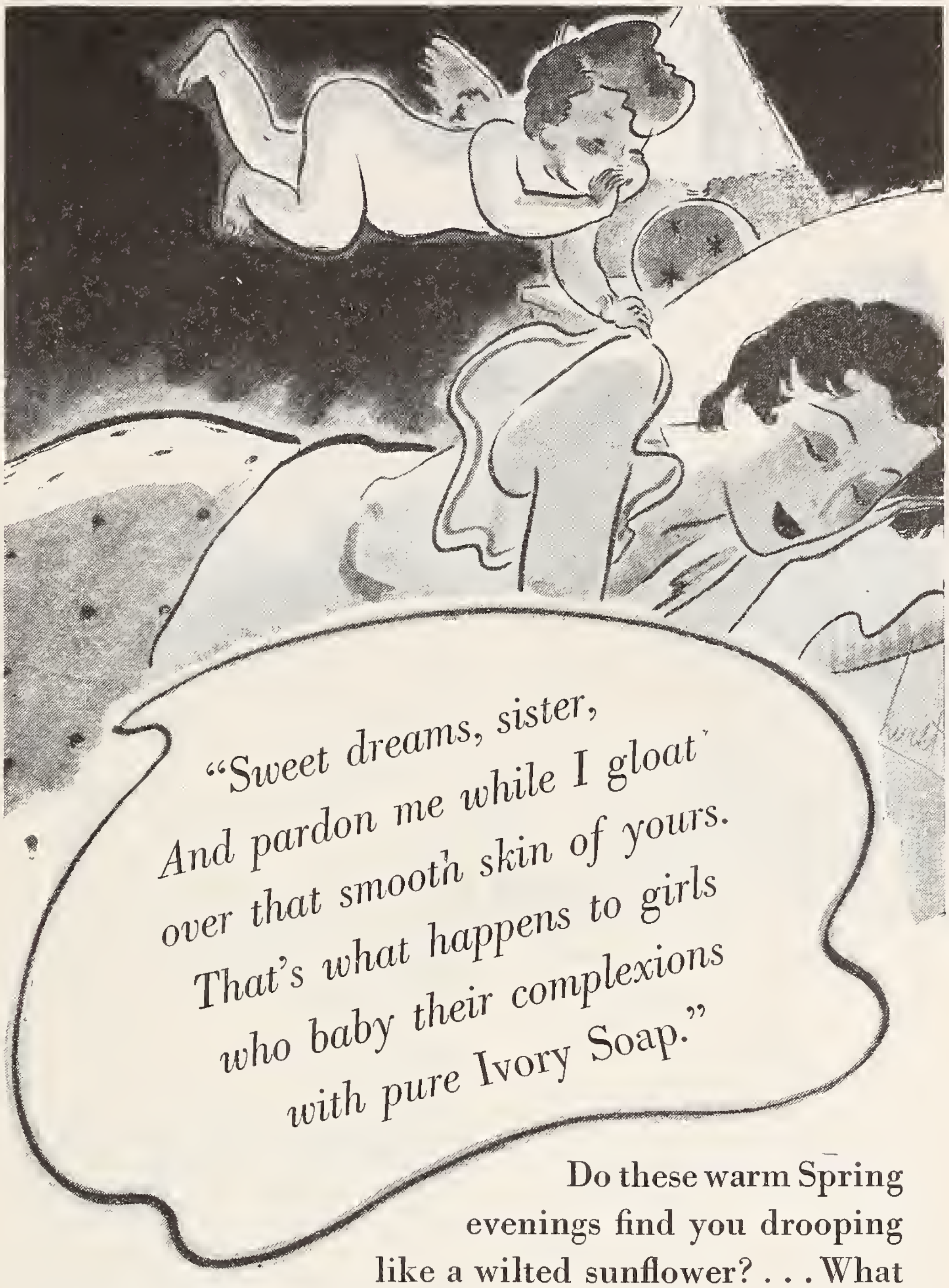
Tullio went back to acting, was discovered by Joseph Schenck in 1926 and brought to America for five silent pictures in which he appeared with Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, Pola Negri and Virginia Valli. Although he made love to his stars in French or Italian as the mood seized him, he soon mastered English and his first appearance on the American stage was in "The Command to Love." It wasn't until "Strictly Dishonorable," in which he played the principal role opposite Muriel Kirkland for a year and a half, that New York got "Carminati-conscious." After his great success here he played the same part in the London production. After traveling abroad and visiting his family, he came back to America and had a leading role in "Music in the Air," from which he was signed for talking pictures.

SO now we have a new type of screen lover who acts the way he feels about love. Tullio has never married, first because he supports his mother, his sister and her family and two old servants who have been with the Carminatis for years. He did not marry while acting abroad he told me because, "It would be unfair to ask some poor woman to travel about as I had to do."

And now? Well, Tullio doesn't like the modern woman who flaunts her independence and boasts that she has lost her illusions.

"That should not be. It is enough to lose one's illusions when one is old," he said. "I suppose it comes of a woman's having to fight her way in the world with men, but I notice that even the ones who don't have to, want to. I do not like it because it's a rare girl who does not lose her femininity."

"That's your ancestors in you speaking," I laughed. "Even though you've dropped your title and say we're all free here, deep down in your heart you've still got old-world ideas about women."


"Sweet dreams, sister,
And pardon me while I gloat
over that smooth skin of yours.
That's what happens to girls
who baby their complexions
with pure Ivory Soap."

Do these warm Spring evenings find you drooping like a wilted sunflower? . . . What to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face—doctors scoff at elaborate beauty rigamaroles. They know that soap-and-water is best for the skin. Not just any soap, of course, but Ivory Soap—because it is absolutely *pure*. Ivory protects the most sensitive complexions in the world—the skins of tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your soap! Ivory contains nothing harsh to dry up your skin's natural oils. No flossy colorings or perfumes in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy your scent in a bottle and not in a soap.

Get some Ivory today and start working for your baby-smooth Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the *finest* and least expensive beauty treatment your skin has ever had.

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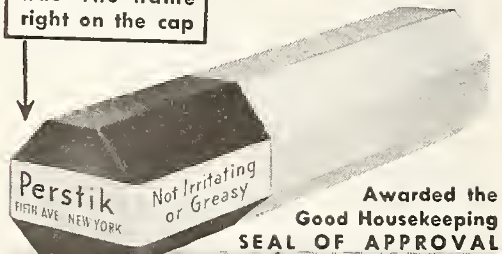

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"Not only I," he said, his eyes twinkling, "but all men. We're all the same. Mind you, I'm not criticising American women. I don't care what a woman does so long as she does it with good taste and remains feminine. But girls in America lose the thrill of the forbidden because they do everything openly at too early an age. Frankness is fine, but for a girl of twenty to be disillusioned doesn't make her more attractive. To me, it seems a great pity.

"I think women should practice the art of being feminine. Yes, that and a sense of charm in love are the two things which all men want whether they're American or Continental."

How about it girls? I think Tullio Carminati of the wise and smiling eyes, has given us not only a new screen hero but an awful lot of good advice, don't you?

Smartest Gal in Town

(Continued from page 34)

Thus the burden was cast upon Madge's mother. She could not look at her two beautiful children and see them hungry and cold. But what could she do? In her gentle English way, she deplored her utter inability to earn a livelihood and during those sad, dark days she vowed, "My daughter will never be in my predicament. She will know how to cope with the world. She must and will learn."

BUT there was a more immediate problem at hand and Madge's mother faced it. In her mind she reviewed what talents she had and spread them out on an imaginary table. She could paint a little and she began painting with a desperation born of her need.

Because of her charm and graciousness she was granted interviews by several famous artists who gave her good advice. This did not help her to sell her efforts, however. But while she was seeing these artists she met one who specialized in child portraiture and it was during their conversation that a plan evolved.

The artist complained that it was often difficult to make the children be quiet while they were sitting for their portraits. Mrs. Evans suggested that she come and read to them while the artist worked. She offered to perform this service free of charge and if the plan were successful, she would be paid.

And then she had another idea. When the children whose portraits were being made could not come for sittings little Madge posed in their clothes while the artist did the first "blocking in" or worked on the dress or background. Madge's brother posed for boys' pictures and at the same time Mrs. Evans was working, too, reading to the wealthy children when they did come.

And thus this courageous woman was able to save her family from starvation. But she learned then how much better equipped she would have been if she had had some business knowledge.

Also during this time little Madge posed for commercial photographers (you know, of course, that she was the little girl pictured in the Fairy Soap advertisement) and eventually this work led to motion pictures and soon little Madge was a child star. And times were fine for the Evans family.

When she was sixteen—and past the awkward age, during which time she could not work in films—Madge decided that she wanted to go on the stage.

There was an intimate mother and daughter conference about it and Mrs. Evans said, "I want you to do with your life what you want to do with it. I'll help you as much as I can but I'm determined, darling, that you must paddle your own canoe, that you must look for help from no one, that you must learn to rely on yourself, make your own decisions and stand or fall by them."

IT was this that made Madge such a serious, earnest girl as she and her two best friends, Peggy Shannon and Peg Entwhistle (whose tragic story you know) went the rounds of the theatrical manager's offices. There was a beautiful spirit of camaraderie between them. All different types, they gave each other tips when they discovered that some producer was looking for an ingenue.

When Madge at last got her first stage job the producer asked her to have her agent make an appointment with him to discuss salary. "I haven't any agent," Madge said, "I'm afraid you'll have to discuss salary just with me."

He looked at the girl before him—so child-like and baby-faced—and mentioned a pretty low figure. So anxious was she to get the job that Madge was on the verge of accepting that salary but she remembered her mother's words, "You've got to paddle your own canoe." And quite calmly she said, "Oh, I'm sure I'm worth a little more than that."

So in her first real business encounter she came out winner!

Going from one small engagement to another she skilfully worked her salary up to $125 a week until she was called to replace a girl who took sick during rehearsal. In her wise way she discovered that this girl was to receive $200 a week, so when the manager offered her her usual $125 salary she said, "But the other girl was to have $200. I'm sure I can do her part as well as she. Isn't it only fair that I receive the amount she was to have received?"

You see how she works? Calmly, quietly but with the assurance that she must rely on no one but herself.

In Hollywood it has been the same way. She was brought to the M-G-M studio on a three months' contract. Then she was given a year's contract. If she proved satisfactory at the end of that time and signed another agreement her salary was to take a jump. They told her they could not afford to pay her the increase although they would like to give her a new contract.

Madge did not hesitate. She was sure of herself by now. "I think I'm worth more," she said, looking like the princess in an enchanted garden and behaving like Miss Day-After-Tomorrow.

THEY thought at first she was bluffing. But soon they found she wasn't and gave her the increase. That was when she got the reputation of being "Hollywood's best business woman."

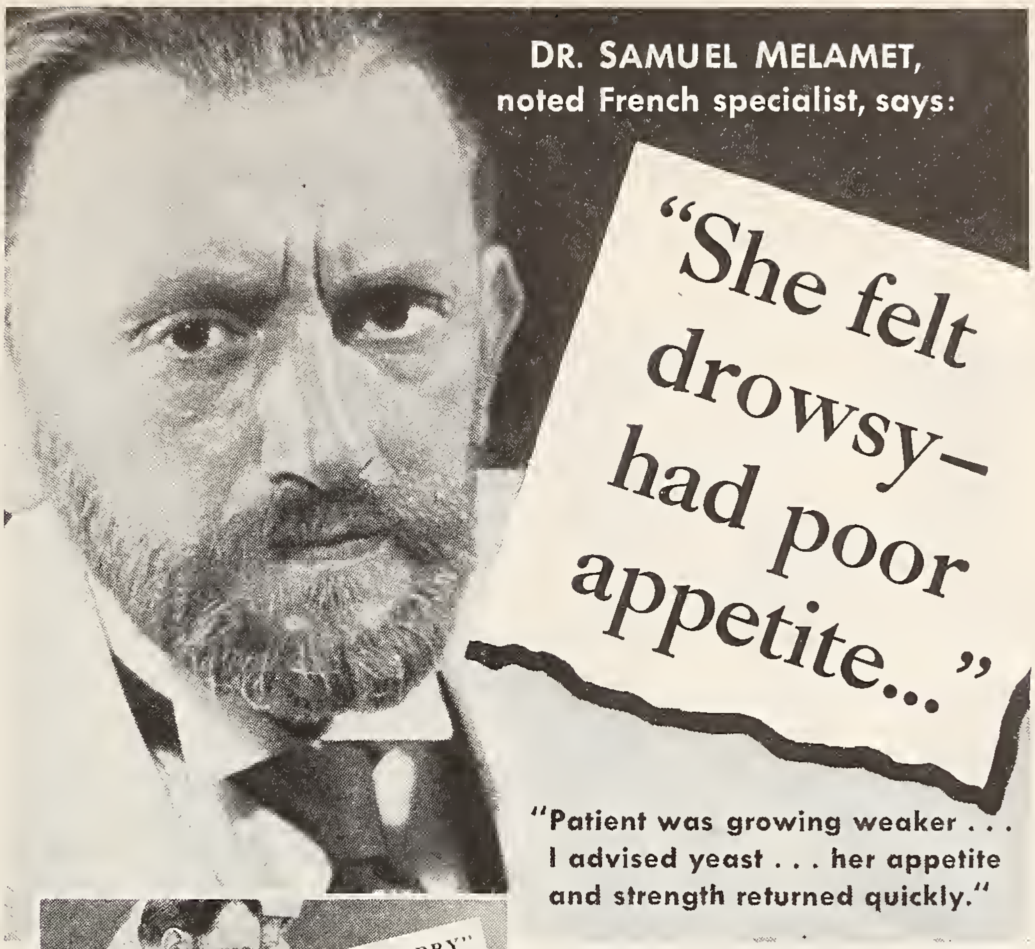
The only outside help with the management of her career she ever has is when she has a lawyer look over her contracts. As for the rest, it is done by her and her mother. She gets her own jobs, discusses her own salary. Her mother handles her fan mail and takes care of the monthly bills. Each week she puts aside a certain amount of money in a savings account. When that has piled up sufficiently she talks to her banker about good, sound investments and makes them. She lives quietly and spends very little—compared to the more extravagant stars. Right this minute Madge Evans is financially able to leave pictures and get along pretty comfortably for the rest of her life.

She doesn't want to do that. She likes to work but it is a nice feeling, nevertheless, to know that she can quit.

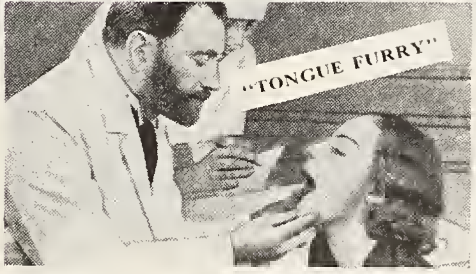
One day I asked her if she weren't afraid to talk about money with executives. "They know about those things," I argued. "They're in their own territory. Now you could take any one of them out on the set and act rings

Scott

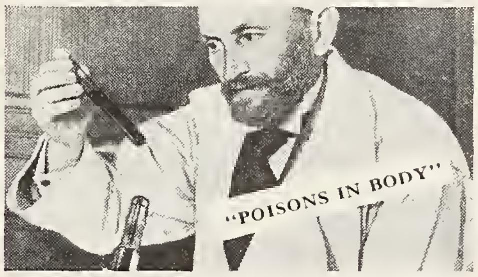
We just can't keep up with this Oakie lad. Here he is looking very lovey-dovey with Toby Wing and if you'll thumb back a couple of pages, to page 63, to be exact, you'll find him equally enraptured with one of Earl Carroll's belles.


DR. SAMUEL MELAMET,
noted French specialist, says:
"She felt drowsy—had poor appetite..."

"Patient was growing weaker . . . I advised yeast . . . her appetite and strength returned quickly."



"LOUISE P., 19 years old, ate hardly anything, was dejected, losing weight, always tired. She slept very badly, had poor color.



"I EXAMINED her carefully . . . made fluoroscope, X-ray and other tests. Found her trouble was constipation. I advised yeast.

"TROUBLE GONE"

"IN A few weeks she had healthy color . . . improved appetite. Her weight became more normal. Once again she was full of energy."

"WHEN PATIENTS SAY, 'Doctor, I feel run-down . . . I can't eat as I used to,' my first suspicion is chronic constipation," states Dr. Mélamet, the eminent consultant on diseases of the intestines.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Laxatives give temporary relief at the expense of weakening the intestines.

"Yeast is the natural way to correct constipation. It strengthens intestinal muscles . . . softens waste."

If your food makes you feel drowsy, "heavy" inside, causes you distress . . .

Or if your skin is blotchy, rough, broken out . . . your head aches . . . you toss in your sleep, then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes a day as directed on the label.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. The richest of all foods in the group of vitamins B, D and G.

It has helped millions regain better health. It should help *you*, too!

"I never miss any Fun now!"

"I was terribly run-down . . . had a lot of headaches, too," *writes* Miss Marthalee Grimes, *Columbus, O.* (right in photo). "I never wanted to go anywhere. Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast.

"My appetite picked up. I have no more headaches. Now I still have pep left after working all day."

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B G D
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

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around them But if I were you, I'd be frightened to death of being cleverly done out of something financially."

She laughed. "I'm not afraid of business men. I've never been because I've known that I had to handle my own affairs. But I'll tell you something that I was terrified of doing. When they told me I had to go to the opening of 'Dinner at Eight,' I trembled in my shoes. And when I met Joan Crawford, whom I admire, I was terrified, too."

So what can you do with a girl like that? She'll beard any business lion in his den but she dreads putting on her most beautiful evening gown and having herself admired by thousands of the fans who crowd around theatres on opening nights!

The Life and Loves of Lyle Talbot

(*Continued from page 67*)

of a six months' courtship, Lyle asked Alney to marry him.

I HAD a marrying complex," he grins. "I think I have invited more women to marry me than any unattached male in the United States. The moment I felt the first fluttering of heart interest I proposed matrimony. Had the ladies all accepted me I dare say I'd rate as the male Peggy Hopkins Joyce. But usually something came up to prevent the step. In the case of Alney it was her mother. Alney was a talented and lovely girl and mamma was very ambitious for her. I don't think she wanted her wasted on a young actor who was just getting started in a Sioux Falls stock company."

When the romance began to be too serious, mamma packed the little ingenue back to New York and comparative safety and Lyle was left with another temporarily punctured heart.

The telegram from Doris Oesting came during Lyle's second sworn declaration to "leave women alone from now on."

At first he had a little trouble in placing the name on the wire which came from New York. Then he remembered. During a short engagement in Rapid City, South Dakota, he had met a charming woman, a school teacher. She had been interested in him and had promised to help him if the opportunity ever arose. Two years went by, and he hadn't heard from her. But evidently she had meant it when she said she wanted to help him, for the wire she sent brought exciting tidings that Doris Oesting had arranged the opportunity for Lyle to go to London for a role in Ernest Truex's newest play.

He was almost beside himself with joy and excitement. Even his "woman disillusion" was forgotten in the last minute details of getting his release from the Sioux Falls Orpheum Players, purchasing his ticket and setting out for New York and Broadway, which he had never seen.

He says as long as he lives he will never forget the thrill of his first glimpse of the actor's heaven—Broadway. For hours the first evening he walked along the magic lane with bright glittering lights spelling out the names of the great artists of his profession. Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, were mixed among the movie theatre marquees which blazed the famous to the world. He brushed shoulders in the eight-thirty theatre crowds, happy just to be an eavesdropper to their "show talk." Lyle had saved about $2000 and he could have purchased theatre tickets and been a part of the Broadway excitement. But he found more pleasure in viewing the scene as a whole, reveling in the animated activity of Times Square. "Some day I'm going to have my name up there," he promised himself.

THE day after he arrived in New York, he met Doris Oesting to get further information about the Truex show. Through friends of hers, she told him, she had obtained the promise of a good part in the play for Lyle. She herself was sailing for Europe on the *Leviathan* in a week, as the guide in a party of students, and it had been arranged that Lyle should cross on the same boat.

It was not the least inexpensive jaunt in the world. On the advice of Miss Oesting, Lyle had several suits of clothes made in New York and the first class passage fare on the *Leviathan* nicked him for another big chunk of his savings. But what did he care? A good part in a show that was a cinch to be a "long run" awaited him and his world looked rosy indeed.

He had less than a thousand dollars when he arrived in London. Then the ax fell!

Truex wanted him for the rôle. The author of the play and the manager of the theatre were anxious to hire him, but try as they would they could not obtain permission from the English authorities, who had just passed a law forbidding American talent for the protection of English actors. At least too much red tape and time would be involved in getting Lyle's permit to act on the English stage, far too great a delay for the show to wait for him.

Doris Oesting was heartbroken and no doubt Lyle should have been. But strangely enough he looked upon the whole thing as a thrilling adventure and even in view of the disastrous outcome, he was glad it had all happened. As long as his money lasted he toured London and Paris in style and saved barely enough for his boat fare, third class, back to America. After the purchase of his ticket he had exactly $11.75. His

"I hate to miss the party, *But...*"

"I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T DANCE. MY FEET ARE MY WORST ENEMIES. I HAVE TWO BAD CORNS."

"WHY MY DEAR, HOW OLD FASHIONED YOU ARE. WHY DON'T YOU USE BLUE-JAY? THERE'S NO PAIN, AND IT'S THIS SIMPLE"

1 Just soak the foot for 10 minutes in hot water, and then wipe it dry.

2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

3 After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot and lift out corn. It's so safe and gentle!

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slim purse worried him not one bit. "Oh, what the hell," he figured, "something always turns up."

It did. And right in mid-ocean. A New York actor's agent, whom he had met through Doris Oesting, radiogramed him of a good offer with a stock company in Memphis, Tennessee. It cost Lyle $4.40 of his remaining worldly capital to accept the offer. And were his third class cabin mates impressed!

The Memphis stock company offered Lyle his first job as a full-fledged leading man. His salary was $200 per week and the Lyceum Theatre was the nicest in town. He began to feel that at last he had his foot on the first rung of the ladder of success which would eventually lead him to either Broadway or Hollywood.

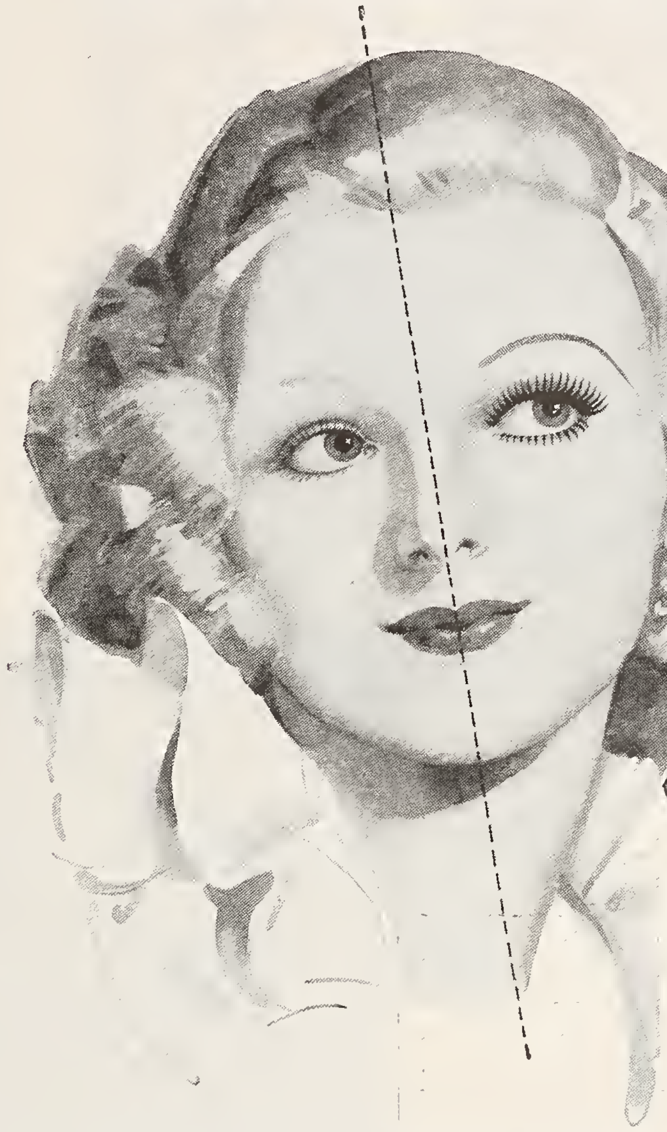
BUT the life of a stock actor," explained Lyle, "is not that simple. I didn't know it at the time, but I was a good long way from my goal. It's a funny thing, you may have an excellent stock engagement in one town and figure your future is just around the corner, and then suddenly the financing (which is never very strong) or something will blow up and you're with a third rate company back in the sticks again. Of all forms of show business, the stock company game is the most perilous and uncertain.

"There are all sorts of ropes to learn —and to pull. For instance, you've got to know how to protect yourself on your seasons. The Memphis company opened about the latter part of September and closed around April. Therefore, to assure themselves of another job, the smart players leave before the run is over and migrate to get in a bid for a job with a northern company. I didn't know this angle. I didn't think it was loyal to the producers. So I stuck out the Memphis engagement until the final curtain came down and so went without a job for several weeks."

Even that really didn't matter. There was a girl in Memphis named Vivian Cueno. Vivian was not an actress. Her interest in the theatre was artistic, but more definitely, Lyle Talbot. They had met during a short span when Vivian and some of her debutante friends were putting on an amateur show. Lyle had coached Vivian, particularly in her love scenes. Of course, he should have known better. Southern women had always been one of his weaknesses. Quite suddenly he found himself in love again, practically engaged and without a job.

No doubt they would have been married if an offer had not come for Lyle in a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. Vivian, it seemed, did not want to go to Lincoln, Nebraska. All her friends were in Memphis, all her social life was centered there. They wept a little about it and for about a week after Lyle left, they wrote hectic letters of "waiting forever" and all that sort of thing. In a little while they both forgot.

Though to Lyle's mind, he was apparently getting "nowhere" during this span of his life, he was really gaining invaluable experience as he passed from



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To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

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Boracetine TOOTH POWDER

stock engagement to stock engagement. He was very much in demand as a romantic leading man. His stock itinerary for the next three years included Oklahoma City, St. Louis and Columbus, Ohio.

"ALONG that bleak path," relates Lyle, "I met many girls who have since clicked in a big way in Hollywood. I remember little Isabel Jewell, who was so stage-struck and so anxious to get a job with us in Lincoln, Nebraska. She was an awfully cute, attractive little thing, but she hadn't had much experience. The manager wasn't at all impressed with her, but something about the eagerness of the kid got me. I asked the manager to give Isabel a chance and promised to help coach her in stage technique. There was never a romance between Isabel and myself. But we became awfully good friends."

Claire Trevor is another girl who was helped along her professional way by Lyle. They met during the run of his St. Louis engagement and once again he assumed the rôle of teacher and coach to an ambitious little novice, with the result that she made such a success in Ernest Truex's New York show, "Whistling in the Dark," the Fox company signed her on a long term contract for the movies. Still another "protégée" was Jean Muir, with whom he worked in Columbus, Ohio.

"At that time," he says, "it seemed to me that everybody I came in contact with was getting a break, that is, everybody except me. I was still struggling around in stock companies that would go broke, that weren't good enough to stand up, that something always happened to. I think my most disastrous experience took place when I received a wire to return to Memphis and put on my own stock company.

"It seemed a fraternal organization had acquired the Lyric Theatre and wanted me to return South and organize my own stock troupe. I toured around for talent and brought my players to Memphis at my own expense. If I hadn't brought them at my own ex-

With her divorce from Michael Farmer well under way, Gloria Swanson has signed up with M-G-M. Here she is with Irving Thalberg, discussing story possibilities. Gloria may do Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

pense, they wouldn't have been brought. We were not long in discovering that the fraternal order was endowed with everything but money. Here I was tied up with a troupe of actors, several hundreds of dollars already paid out in advance for royalties on shows I wanted to present, and nothing but a flat pocketbook staring me in the face.

"Through the aid of the mayor and the chief of police we managed to put on a show for two weeks. But I knew we were doomed from the start. Somehow or other, I did manage to scare up enough money to get the members of the company back to New York. And I found myself left with nothing but my car. That's another funny thing. We broke actors sometimes do our span of poverty in the grandest style. Because we must keep up the old 'front,' we have starved to death in high-powered cars with elaborate wardrobes and excellent hotel addresses. It's fun, of course, to look back on it all, but it's the very devil to go through."

FOR the next six months Lyle wandered in and out of New York, *out* to Boston for a short appearance in "The Criminal Code"; over to Greenwich, Connecticut, for a short stock job; to Portland, Maine, for an even shorter engagement and then back to New York, where he got an opportunity to do a screen two-reeler called, "The Nightingale," with Pat O'Brien and Vivienne Osborne.

Working in this "short" was a young girl named Elaine Melchoir. She was a New York girl and had had a little experience in musical comedy. Elaine and Lyle and Pat and Vivienne had a lot of fun on that picture. They went places together in Lyle's car and had a lot of laughs. Yet, in view of the fact that two months after Lyle met Elaine they were married, their courtship stands as one of the least-hectic in Lyle's life.

"We were in love," explains Lyle, "but I don't think either of us ever expected our romance would end in marriage. We didn't plan it. We just somehow drifted into it. Anyway, during the month of August, 1930, we took the big step.

"If I can relate nothing particularly exciting or dramatic about my marriage, it is because there is nothing exciting or dramatic to tell. We never quarreled; even today we are excellent friends. During the year we lived together, we were the best of pals. Elaine had a wonderful sense of humor and I'm quite sure ours was one of the politest marriages on record. We had the utmost consideration for each other, and had lots of laughs. Perhaps if we had had more money, or if our respective stage jobs had not continually separated us, we might have made a go of it. But as it was, right after we were married, Elaine got a job in New York, while I went to Chicago to open in "The Cradle Call." Just as my show was closing in the Windy City, Elaine opened there in another show. And so it went. When we did have a chance to be together, we lived with her mother, which wasn't particularly sat-

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isfactory, either."

So, both being ambitious, they decided the best thing to do was to separate, thereby leaving each free to go on as he or she thought best. At present Elaine is doing very well over the radio. "But who knows," mused Lyle, "we might get together again and be remarried. There's a chance of it. I saw her when I was in New York on the 'Forty-Second' special train and I think we both realized we hadn't given love half a chance. She's been out here in Hollywood recently, too."

But on February 8, 1932, they were divorced.

BECAUSE of the state divorce laws of New York, it was decided that Lyle should get a divorce in Dallas, Texas. Dallas was selected as there was a strong chance of Lyle's being offered an engagement with a stock company there.

But before he left New York something happened which almost wrecked his screen career when he came to Hollywood six months later.

Through one or two "shorts" he had done, several motion picture companies were becoming interested in young Talbot. He was tested by various New York offices of several big companies. One of the tests was to be a scene from "The Cradle Call" in which the hero asks the girl if she would like to have a child by him. It was a risqué scene on the stage. On the screen, it sounded just out and out dirty. This, combined with the fact that the girl, in attempting to register sex appeal for the camera, was overly brazen in her delivery of the smoky lines, resulted in a test so hot it could easily have been used for stag "smokers." The entire reel so embarrassed Lyle that he begged that it never be sent to the West Coast. They promised him it wouldn't. But later, when he finally came to Hollywood, it was this very test which was responsible for losing him the rôle opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain."

After viewing that test Lyle gave up all ideas of ever being in pictures. He

Madeline Wilson (left) "stands-in" for Frances Dee in her latest picture, "Finishing School." Frances and her husband, Joel McCrea, are minus $150 and a watch as a result of a recent hold-up.

accepted the offer from the Dallas stock company, played one week in "Louder Please," and then received the news the show would close because of lack of funds. This final blow nearly floored Lyle.

"There I was down in Texas, no job, and seventy-five dollars still owing on my divorce. I don't mind telling you I was beginning to lose courage. I was flat broke and desperate, but as it has always been in my entire life, just when I have been on the verge of giving up a telegram arrived.

The wire which came so unexpectedly to the broke young actor was from Arthur Landau, an agent in Hollywood. Landau briefly stated he had seen a test of Lyle at one of the studios (not the sexy one) and that he believed he could do something for him if Lyle would come to Hollywood. Would he? Would a fish swim? But where was the money coming from? He hated to do it and it hurt his pride, but he was forced to wire Landau to advance him a loan before he could come to California. He wouldn't have been surprised if he had never heard from the agent again. But that same afternoon he received money for his ticket and an "advance cash loan" from this perfect stranger.

WHO first said, "It never rains but it pours"? Evidently several other agents had seen a good test of him at the same time, for while he was still en route to Los Angeles, he received offers from two other agencies. Both had "something for him at Paramount." But Landau had befriended him and Lyle decided to stick by his management.

The night before he was due to arrive in Los Angeles he completely lost his speaking voice.

"That," grinned Lyle, "was the climax. Here I was on my way to talking pictures on borrowed money from a man I had never seen and I lost my voice. I couldn't speak above a whisper. I didn't know what the devil had happened. Believe me, I was shaking in my boots when I alighted from the train the next morning and found Landau waiting for me. I was scared to speak, scared he'd think I'd played some dirty trick on him and accepted his loan when I didn't really have a voice for talking pictures. Finally, when I was silent for so long, he asked what was the matter. I merely smiled and attempted to answer by shrugging my shoulders. But when he told me he was taking me directly to the Warner Brothers studio for a test, I had to break down and tell him I couldn't talk. I thought he would be wild. All he said was, 'Just a slight train cold, or possibly nervousness. It doesn't mean anything. Your voice will come back as suddenly as it left you.' Whew! Was that a load off my mind.

"Strangely enough no one at Warner's seemed excited over the fact that I had lost my voice. They decided to go ahead and take my test anyway. Now maybe you won't believe this, but it's the gospel truth: The minute I stepped in front of the mike and started to

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---

speak my first line, my voice came back. Maybe Landau had been right. I guess the muscles of my throat had become constricted through sheer nervousness."

A WEEK after Lyle's first Warner Brothers test, he was signed on a long-term contract.

His first picture was "Love Is a Racket," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and in the two years he has been with Warner's he has made twenty-six pictures.

"Of course I'm crazy about it out here in Hollywood," he will tell you. "It was the goal for which I had been working all during my career. As far as I'm concerned, everything about the town and the movies is perfect and every time I hear a train whistle I have to pinch myself to realize I don't have to hop it for a new stock company job.

"I live very quietly. I'm thinking seriously of buying this little house here on the hill and settling down to being a regular native. No, I don't have any desperate desire to return to the stage, even to Broadway. Oh, perhaps if some extra good show came along I might be interested. But my real ambition is centered in Hollywood. Of all the pictures I have made I think "Three On a Match" is the best, at least so far as my work is concerned. I'm also enthusiastic about "Mandalay" with Kay Francis and "Registered Nurse," which I have just finished, with Bebe Daniels.

"But what about all these Hollywood romances?" I asked him.

Lyle smiled. "I'm afraid that is more press agent and news-photographer stuff than the real thing," he replied. "When I first came out here I escorted Estelle Taylor to several theatres and night clubs and we were photographed together. Of course that was supposed to be the start of a romance between us. The same thing happened with Lola Lane. Both of these girls are charming and it was a pleasure to have them as friends, but really, there was nothing serious. I've come to the conclusion Hollywood is 'that way' conscious. If a young man takes out a girl in, say, Dallas, that's all there is to it. If you do the same thing in Hollywood, you're practically engaged as far as the columnists are concerned. But I don't mind. I'm flattered."

Not long ago, when Lyle was seriously hurt in an automobile accident, it was pointedly noted that one of the daily visitors at his hospital bedside was the Countess di Frasso, former friend of Gary Cooper. But Lyle has nothing to say about this.

The chapter of what Hollywood will eventually bring him, whether or not he will re-marry his former wife, or will choose a new wife from the movie colony remains to be written. Yesterday, a Hollywood columnist called Lyle "future star material." So, perhaps, Lyle Talbot's life in Hollywood is just beginning.

What Cagney Owes His Mother

(*Continued from page 31*)

Neither his mother's words nor the fate of the boy who died has ever been forgotten by Cagney.

That which helped the entire family more than all else—except their mother—is that they were constantly busy, either at study or work. Before one of the boys quit a job he consulted his mother.

When the future actor decided that the career of an artist was not for him, his mother amazed him with the comment, "I'm glad you found it out."

HE promptly gave up his ten dollar a week job as a Junior Architect and became a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's at sixteen dollars per week.

After some months at this work, he made a mistake and wrapped the wrong bundle, which changed the course of his whole life. The matter was taken up by the Complaint Department. The man in charge sent for Jimmy. At the end of the talk the man said, "You weren't made for a bundle wrapper, my boy." He looked about him at the men and women, their backs bent in the labor of rectifying mistakes.

"You have too much fire in your eyes to be wrapping bundles. Now if I were a young fellow like you, I'd see something before I died."

No more was said. The mistake was corrected. But Jimmy remembered. His mind was in a turmoil for several days, when he heard, of all things, from another bundle wrapper, where a female impersonator was wanted.

He went after the job and got it. The good Mrs. Cagney had faith in her red-headed son, but not as a female impersonator. She said nothing until she saw him make his debut in skirts.

In a few weeks his mother informed him that she did not care what he did so long as it was honorable. His mother had never talked that way before. Jimmy quit impersonating.

But the dust of the stage was in his lungs. He got a job in the chorus of "Pitter Patter" at $35 per week. In twelve weeks he was given a specialty with the show. Being used to handling several jobs at once, he got $15 a week extra for being a dresser for Billy Kent, the star. Before long he maneuvered to get $10 more a week for taking care of the baggage. During Jimmy's half hour of spare time each day, he practiced dancing.

THINGS were looking up. His older brother was studying medicine. His other brothers were graduating from high school. The inflexible mother, growing strong with the years, was keeping her brood together by respect and affection.

After four years in vaudeville, all of which time he turned most of his earnings over to his mother to keep afloat the family ship, he returned to New York. This was in 1926. At that time our trails crossed. My book, "Beggars of Life," had been dramatized into "Outside Looking In." As the book was written in the first person, there was in the play a young red-headed Irishman who played the part of me. It was Jimmy Cagney.

I went to New York for rehearsals and there met the lad about whom I am now writing. His technique in the role of the youthful hobo was such that one might easily have been persuaded that he had also known the road as well as I knew it.

The play ran three months and made us both slightly known in New York. He was shy and reserved, but underneath, he had a magnificent self-assurance.

For this part Jimmy was given $150 per week. A week later he signed a "run of the play contract" for $200 a week. He did his first actual dramatic work in the role of "Little Red." When the show closed he returned to vaudeville and did a dance act with his wife, whom he married while both were appearing in "Pitter Patter."

Another piece of good fortune awaited him when he was given a part in George Kelly's "Maggie, the Magnificent." The kindly Kelly taught him a great deal about "timing" and other essentials which make up dramatic technique. Then a scout for Warner Brothers saw him and a movie contract was his.

A girl by the name of Joan Blondell was also in the play.

Jimmy Cagney and the girl were brought to Hollywood to play in the film "Penny Arcade." All the rest is brilliant film history. The pride of the clan of the Cagneys has played no part to which he has not given vitality and charm. Among his other qualities, he speaks Yiddish and German well, and wears, as of old, the same size hat.

Jim Tully, famous author, quizzes Jimmy Cagney on his past, present and future, and gets one of the finest stories ever written about this star, as you will know if you have read the above yarn.

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Why I Ran Away From Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

studios rent their bodies and minds, the only difference being that the limousines are returned as untouched and shining as when they were borrowed. There are very few picture people who can say as much for their minds and bodies after even a year's rent of them.

HOWEVER, I've never disliked work when it was as genuinely interesting as the making of "Children." The well-thought-out and polished completion of both the story and dialogue, the sure and right direction of Ruggles, the teamwork of the cast (none of whom was Hollywood wise enough to be jealous of each other's parts) and the amount of time taken to assemble all of these items, combined to make the experience a thrilling one. They boil down to creative coöperation, the lack of which is responsible for the great majority of weak pictures. Coöperation is based on mutual agreement for a common end, but there are so many common ends in just one two-reel comedy, and so much more mutual disagreement in just one publicity article, that I have always counted a good picture a miracle and worshipped at its shrine.

Meanwhile, week-ends, I was meeting the picture crowd, all of them, at different parties staged by ——, ——, and ——, one "gala" evening after another, and all alike. The first course was cocktails, the second, highballs, the third, straight. The rest of the courses didn't matter. As party sank into party and the various faces grew more and more familiar, as their habits, trick gestures, trick phrases, trick thoughts focussed, I started staying away.

By this time, I was living up in Hollywoodland, the hills that overlook both the desert and the sea. During the week, I muffled the phone and Sunday afternoons, the only time I had to myself after working all Saturday night, I took Pete, my wire-haired terrier, and set out for the tops of the hills. It was in these small breathing spaces between the weeks that I felt the first stirrings of doubt in the white-heat glory of Hollywood fame. The great, still flag of sky over my head, the earth stretching impassively to the Pacific, so quietly careless of its restless children.

Dorothy Dell, a Ziegfeld Follies dancing and singing beauty, makes her screen debut with Preston Foster in Paramount's "The Man Who Broke His Heart." She was "Miss Universe of 1931," you know.

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The doubts were thick, but I was too busy to do anything about them.

"ARE These Our Children?" was previewed. Reviewers were kind and I was requested on loan by Fox, Universal, Paramount, M-G-M and Warners. Warners paid RKO the most for me, which was exactly five times what I was getting from RKO, and I was loaned for "The Crowd Roars." Cagney, Blondell, Dvorak. A real troupe. Joan and Jimmy, two of the few human beings in Hollywood, simple, direct, frank, with a sense of humor that didn't depend on the garbage pail for its points.

Warners gave me equal billing with them on my second picture and I went back to RKO. Here they had ready the script of "Veneer," an excellent play on the style of "Bad Girl," which had a run of two years on Broadway to its credit. In the stage version, the boy, a brash, blowing braggart with good intentions, which I was to play, was the main character. Helen Twelvetrees was to star, so the boy's part was cut down, the girl's built up and the sad ending made happy. It was directed by Bill Seiter, an excellent farce director, and released as "Love-Starved." So much for my third.

My fourth was even worse. A Polish novel about a Russian reporter in France was translated in English. The reporter was made American and Dorothy Jordan and myself were put through the traces of as ugly a plot as ever reared its idiotic head. J. Walter Ruben directed, but there wasn't much he could do for it and it got all that was coming to it, when it was released as "Roadhouse Murder."

It was made in eighteen days and we worked from seven in the morning to eleven at night and were back to work the next morning at seven to make up. The fact that contract players are not allowed the twelve-hour rest between calls that free lancers are, meant that—for almost three weeks, I had less than six hours sleep every night. This strain, coupled with the extraordinary dialogue that was dished up to be memorized two minutes before shooting each scene, made the prospect of being loaned out again, extremely inviting.

Once more to Warners. Mervyn LeRoy directing Ward Morehouse's story, "New York Town," later released as "Big City Blues," again with Joan Blondell. Guy Kibbee, Inez Courtney, Walter Catlett, together with good-scout, good-director Mervyn, managed to get the bad taste out of my mouth, and with the additional good luck of meeting Joan's sister, Gloria, life became a little more endurable.

IN "Big City Blues" I played a Charles Ray type, a relief from the smart-alec bullies I had been cast as, which, in themselves, were a complete change from the rôles I had played on the stage in New York and Paris, but then, that's another typical Hollywoodism. First sight, first love, what they see you as first, you are. You can't possibly play anything else.

It was my luck, however, to make so

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many pictures at first, that half of them were still unreleased when I was called by directors to read parts, so that I was able to convince them, by reading, that I could act them, rather than have them convinced by seeing me in a different type of part on the screen, that I couldn't. I wasn't always to be as lucky. When three in a row of smart-alecs followed each other, I was smart-alec. When three in a row of mothers' boys followed, I was mothers' boys. When three in a row of heavy hysterics followed, I was heavy hysterics.

After "Big City Blues" came one of the most valuable experiences I had in Hollywood, the privilege of playing in "Life Begins," a picture which because of its embarrassing subject was received with only half the enthusiasm it deserved. A really great picture, its theme as old as the world, child-birth. Its treatment, human, poignantly so, its dialogue, simple and sincere.

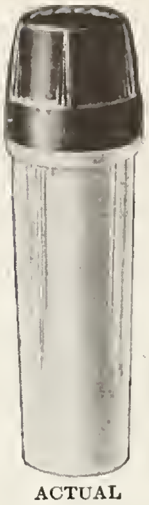
I lived that part for four weeks, eating and sleeping at the studio. I respected it as I would a child given to my care for a little while. Knowing what my own brother went through at the birth of his two sons, knowing what my mother went through at the birth of my brother, it was a little difficult not to be that serious about it. Like "Children" it dealt sympathetically, understandingly with a human problem, as real as food to the majority of theatregoers, their own children.

After it was over, I was anxious to keep up the standard of parts and pictures, remembering the Hollywood slogan, "You're as good as your last picture." And I had to have good pictures to keep myself from thinking of the doubts. I fought bitterly with RKO over their assignments, but David Selznick, who was president then, the third at RKO in a year, refused to even see "Life Begins" and put me into "Age of Consent" as the same blowing show-off. Since the play "Cross Roads," from which "Consent" was taken, had been bought with myself in mind for the part that Cromwell finally played, I was pretty much disgusted.

HALF-WAY through the picture, I moved to a house at Los Tunas Beach. It was thirty miles from the studio. Nights, coming from the fuss and fever of the set to the quiet room with its great stone fireplace overlooking the soft-moving Pacific, was like starting a new life. My mind stretched, straightened, relaxed. But not completely. There were always the doubts, stirring and growing.

As soon as there's time, I kept saying to myself (more than a year and I hadn't had a week off between pictures, or less than a week)—but as soon as there's a week or more, I'm going away, as far away as I have time for and think this out. Whether it balances. Whether it's as important as everyone here has made it out to be. Your name in every paper in every state in every

Bing Crosby helps do the honors when Carole Lombard's brother, Stewart, visits the set of "We're Not Dressing." He looks like good movie material to us, don't you agree?



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country. Your face as familiar as salt to families from Alaska to China. Whether it is important to you as a person, as a human being with a long life to lead with yourself and others. Whether it gives as much as it takes and what the balance is. I thought all that in the house by the Pacific. And soon I had the time. I had five weeks.

First, I made "Afraid to Talk" for Universal, a vivid account of the persecution of a bell-boy by gangsters; a strange potpourri called "No Other Woman"; another strange mixture, "The Past of Mary Holmes," both RKO. Then "Sweepings," with Lionel Barrymore. And then I went away.

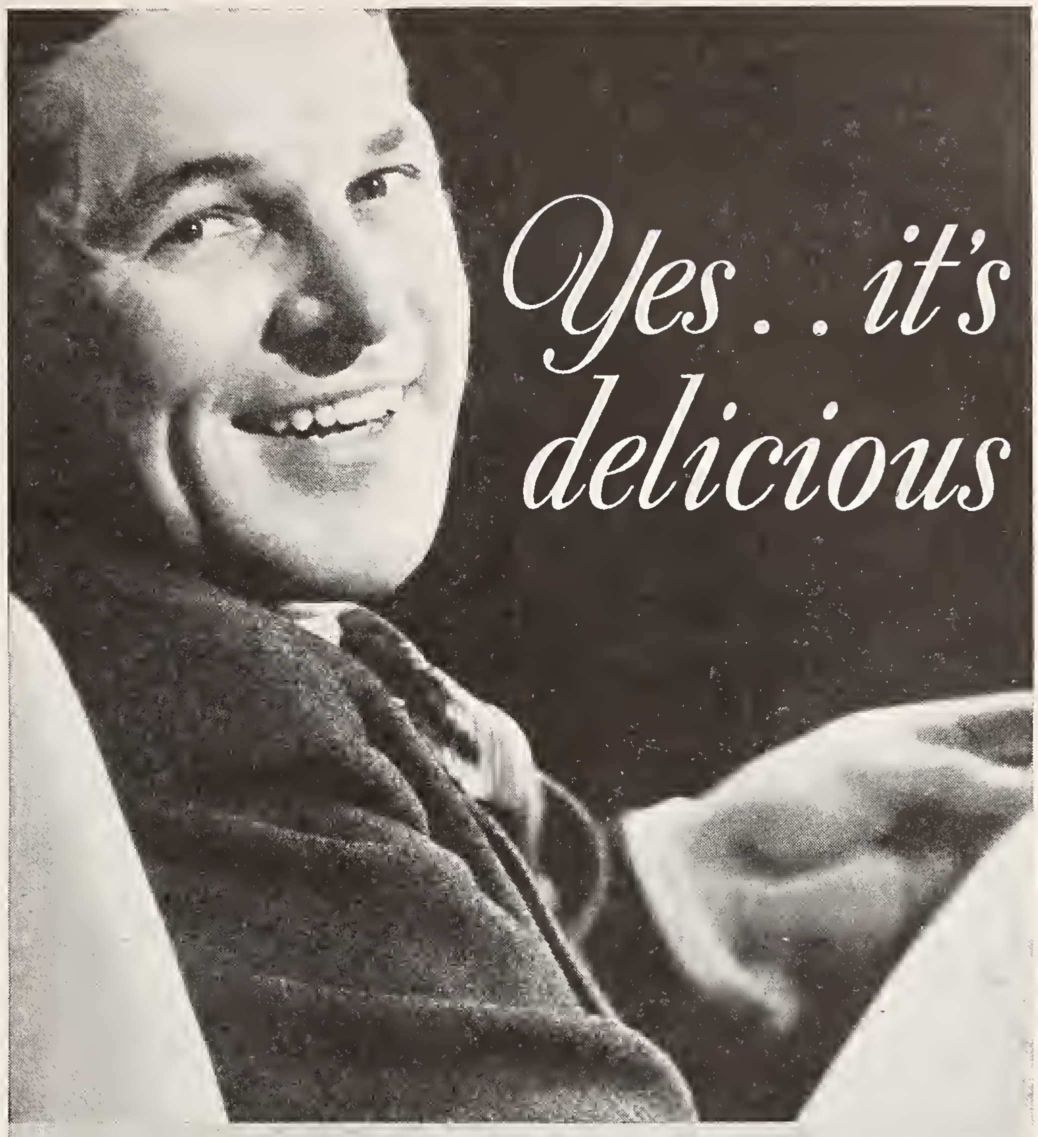
I spent one week in Carmel, the most godly spot in California; a week with Kathleen and C. G. Norris in Saratoga, a week on a fishing boat in San Francisco Bay, a week on a ranch up the Klamath River in Oregon, and the last week just roaming from one corner of San Francisco to another. I saw people of all kinds, life, swift, slow, high, but I saw life. I saw that the world still moved, and the people in it, a fact that Hollywood has forgotten, along with all the rest that they've forgotten—the tragedy, joy, completeness and rounding out of simple everyday things.

I saw all of this and I realized that I also had forgotten. And I came back to Hollywood, realizing more. That a place that could make a person forget life, is a bad place. Especially bad for as young a person as myself. It flattens you out and as Edna St. Vincent Millay says, "He whose soul is flat, the sky will cave in on him by and by." And I didn't want there to be such a by and by. I wanted to enjoy life. But how can you enjoy it if your mind is thick with narrowness and discontent?

As a human being, I had a right to live. But I wasn't living. I was smothering, and soon, when I had gotten used to breathing as little air as I was breathing, to as little reality as I was experiencing, I would die, a mental death perhaps, but so much worse than physical. How many dead you meet every day, their eyes open, their mouths moving, but their minds dead. And I was too young and too eager to live. So when I came back to Hollywood, I made one last picture, "The Silver Cord." When it was over, I moved fast. A friend said, "I'm flying to New York tonight and sailing for Europe the day after." It was a Saturday morning, Europe was six thousand miles away from Hollywood. Far enough, I thought, and I said, "I'll go with you." And I went.

At the moment, as I write this, I am sitting at a window overlooking the Mediterranean from Monte Carlo to Antibes. The hills opposite are terraced with olive trees, the ancient symbol of peace which is what I left Hollywood to find.

There are a few of my old fans, who were most faithful and encouraging during those two years, that I should like to hear from. If they'd like to write, they can reach me at Villa Capra, Avenue Serena, Rimiez, Nice, France.



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But it's not only the spicy, tempting flavor of Dentyne that people like. It's also the special Dentyne "chew."

Mouth health experts say we need to do more chewing than soft, civilized foods require. So Dentyne is made with a special firmness which provides vigorous exercise for our mouth muscles. This stimulates the tissues . . . helps the mouth to clean itself . . . and improves the condition of the teeth.

Chew Dentyne regularly for mouth health. You'll want to anyway because you'll like it so well.

Chew delicious

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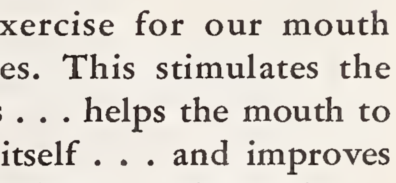

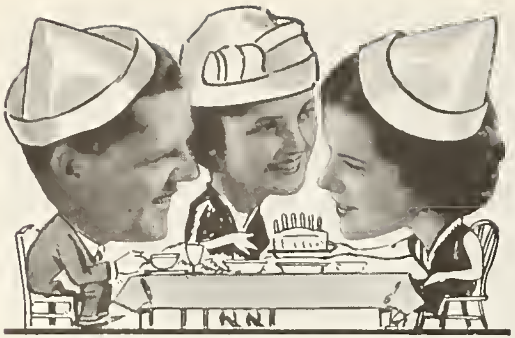

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But I Won't . . . Thanks to TUMS"

ONCE a party like that—with a big meal—would have given me heartburn, probably lasting for hours, spoiling my whole day. But not now! For I am one of the millions who have learned about Tums. I just eat three or four of those delightful candy-like mints after meals or whenever sour stomach, heartburn, gas, threaten to make me uncomfortable. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Only 10c at any drug store.

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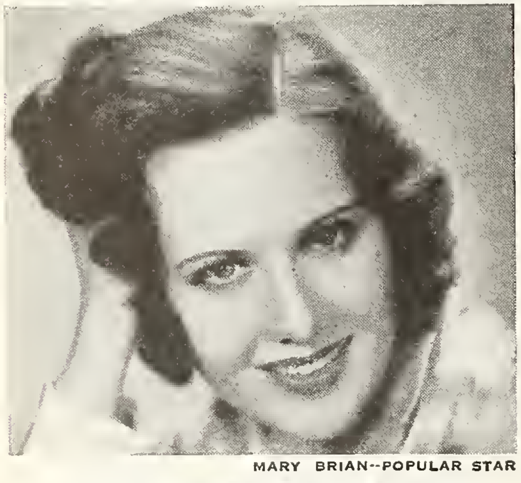

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Name ____

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Color of my hair:

Plucky Little Girl

(*Continued from page 68*)

I said, 'Mr. Barrymore, do you remember the day you didn't know your lines?' "

Talking back to a Barrymore!

LITTLE Mary, who looks so round-eyed and innocent, is a fighter. She has a temper. And sometimes loses it.

Most newcomers in pictures are content to take whatever publicity they can get, and be thankful for it. But little Mary raised Hades when a fan interview painted her as being a brave, gallant little girl with dimples in her knees and an ache in her heart. According to the story, wherever she went on the M-G-M lot, people would call to her, "Hi, stupid!" She would swallow her gum then and her heart would throb and she would blink back a tear. Then she would call back gamely, while her heart was breaking, "Hi, yourself!"

"It isn't true," stormed Mary Carlisle. "Not a word of it! No one on the lot ever tried to call me stupid. And if they did, I'd never have let them get away with it."

Which, you can be quite sure, is true enough.

If Mary Carlisle were not a fighter, she would not have gotten as far as she has. It is true she looks utterly adorable, with hair of spun gold and those China blue eyes. But so do hundreds of other girls in Hollywood. It is true she has a certain amount of talent, but so have hundreds of other girls, who have no chance to prove it. So she must possess something else. Something that those hundreds of other girls haven't got.

You see, it was this way. Mary was born, of all places, in staid old Boston about twenty years ago. The family moved to Los Angeles when she was three years old.

When she was about fourteen, Mary was sitting one day in the commissary at the Universal Studio. Carl Laemmle, Jr., was sitting at another table and he whispered to his secretary, "That girl has the most angelic face I ever saw. I'd like to give her a test."

When Laemmle's secretary came over to Mary's table and asked her to take a movie test, she was naturally half flattered to death.

ALL the angelic innocence that Carl Laemmle had seen in the girl was gone. She was heavily rouged and powdered. She wore a long dress that

A pair of moccasins—and Lupe Velez is all set for "Laughing Boy," in which she co-stars with Ramon Novarro. Don't they look like a couple of honest-to-goodness Indians?

trailed to the ground and a huge feather boa. She tried to act as grown-up as she could, and her imitations of adult emotions were ludicrous. In place of a fourteen-year-old child was a little girl trying to act like Madame Butterfly. It was pitiful. And awful.

Naturally they buried that test deep in the vaults at Universal.

But the desire to act in pictures had been aroused in that little blonde girl. And when Mary Carlisle wants anything, she goes after it.

She knew people at Universal who knew nothing whatsoever about that awful test she had taken. They knew of her great ambition to act in pictures, however, so they arranged to have her play a little extra part in a picture called "The Collegians." She played the part for two days, and then she was dragged back to school because she was so young.

Still she didn't give up hoping that she would get into pictures. She begged her uncle, Grant Whytock, who is a supervisor at M-G-M, to get her a chance, a start. Finally he referred her to Sammy Lee, the dancing director, who gave her a job as a chorine.

It was pull that got Mary her job, but it took more than pull for her to get ahead. After all, she was only one of hundreds of dancing girls.

She haunted the casting office. She listened avidly to gossip as to what pictures were being cast. If a director happened to mention the fact that he was hunting for an ingenue, the next day Mary Carlisle would be on his trail. If he happened to mention the fact that he needed a vamp, who should be there the next day but Mary? Or suppose he whispered discreetly to a friend that he needed a comedienne, somehow or other Mary would hear about that whisper and be there begging for the job.

There were times when she was so tired after her grinding routine all day long that she was ready to drop. But if someone so much as whispered to her, "Say, did you hear that Mr. So and So is casting a new picture?" she would immediately rush off to the director to plead for a chance to do a small part.

"Can you imagine it?" one assistant director said once. "That little hoofer actually thinks she can act!"

Still she went on, praying for a chance to act. She would get advance copies of scripts, memorize long sequences and recite them before directors.

Do you remember in the picture, "Dancing Lady," to what lengths Joan Crawford had to go to get Clark Gable to give her a chance as a dancer? How she had to follow him from his office and plead with him?

Well, Mary Carlisle went through equally agonizing experiences, only she was begging for a chance to act, to be something more than just another chorine.

Because she was trying so hard to get out of their ranks, the other chorines, who didn't have her ambition or persistence, laughed at her. When she appeared on a set lugging a few ad-

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

6,000,000 Women Already Adopted New Inexpensive Scientific Beauty Plan

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Refines Skin Texture, Ends Large Pores, Pimples, Oiliness, Blackheads, Flakiness.

$5 facials, creams and lotions are *out!* American women have found an inexpensive, *quicker* way to skin beauty . . . a scientific formula that brings *noticeable* new beauty in only 10 days!

Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

Nurses Discovered It

It's NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin corrector. Now the "miracle" formula that's saving *fortunes* on beauty care for 6,000,000 delighted women.

Noxzema is not a salve nor ointment. It is snow-white, greaseless, *medicated*. Noxzema promotes skin beauty Nature's way—through skin health. Its penetrating medication purges away hidden poisons that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you *all* the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.

Special Trial Offer

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Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. Am enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

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Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight.*

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50¢ jar.

AN EYE-OPENER FOR MY FAMILY!

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15¢ WINDOW SHADES

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KEEPS CLOTHING SAFE FROM MOTHS

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QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

vance copies of scripts with her, they would wink at and nudge each other. Then they would whisper among themselves, "Here comes the prima donna."

Mary's persistence grew to be a sort of standing joke around the M-G-M lot. How could the directors and the chorus girls who laughed at her realize that the joke in the end was going to be on them?

One day Nick Grinde, the director, took her out for a part in "Devil's Cabaret," a short subject in which she cavorted in tights with Edward Buzzell. And gradually other directors took notice. Sam Wood took her out for a small part. Soon she was getting little acting parts to do quite frequently.

Finally Sammy Lee, the dancing director, said, "As long as they're taking you out for parts, it would be a grand thing for you if you asked for a stock contract. You can take dancing with me any time, but it would be to your advantage to play regular rôles."

MARY asked for and got a stock contract. When the contracts of the dancing girls expired, Mary was still at M-G-M. In fact, they gave every sign of grooming her for stardom. They sent her to Oliver Hinsdell for lessons in diction and reading lines. And before you could say Jack Robinson, she was his pet pupil.

He coached Mary Carlisle and Robert Young in a little one-act play which was shown in Irving Thalberg's private projection room. And contrary to any stories you may have heard, it was that little one-act play which got Mary Carlisle her seven-year contract with M-G-M.

Mary also appeared in two plays which Oliver Hinsdell put on at a Beverly Hills little theatre. In one of them the famous burping incident occurred. What, you haven't heard of it? Why, Mary during the course of the play named "The Second Man," was called upon to drink some ginger ale.

"Some of the ginger ale went up my nose," said Mary, "and I burped. The audienced howled and they kept the burping in the play. It was very funny when it happened, but I hate the way that story's generally told. You see, they imply that I'm so angelic that I couldn't drink down the ginger ale, just because I usually don't smoke or drink. Well, it may be true that I don't smoke or drink, but it's not because I'm angelic or disapprove of smoking or drinking. And anyway, I drank some champagne the other night, so who knows, maybe I'll be drinking like mad soon?"

There is an eager, radiant quality about Mary that has helped her get ahead. When the important stars on the M-G-M lot actually realized how terribly in earnest the kid was, they went out of their way to encourage her.

Walter Huston stopped her one day and said, "Now, Mary, I know they are kidding you around this lot, but keep up what you are doing. Don't let anybody tell you that this acting is entirely a God-given art. You are born with a certain amount of talent, but hard work and practice in acting and more acting is the only way you'll ever develop what talent you have. Do your little tests, recite your pieces before directors and don't let anybody kid you out of it. It's all practice . . . and pretty soon you'll be so good they can't turn you down!"

When Mary got her first important bit, as the giggling bride in "Grand Hotel," practically every star in the cast went out of his way to help her.

Edmund Goulding, the director, was the first to notice that the little honey blonde was nervous and scared.

"It'll be over before you know it," he said. "You just get out of the auto, dash into the hotel and the bridegroom registers. Smile at Mr. Barrymore when he comes through."

"That was the hardest smile I ever smiled," Mary confessed.

John Barrymore noticed that she was tremulous. Now I don't for a moment want to kid you along that John is a boy scout at heart, but there is something about Mary that does things to men.

When Mary's lips trembled, he laughed and said, "Don't lose that blonde head. You know, gentlemen still prefer 'em."

That cheered Mary up considerably, and after that she was relaxed and poised.

IT isn't only men who give her a helping hand, however. Joan Crawford, touched by Mary's eagerness and inexperience, walked over to her and showed her how to make her entrance at the right angle to the camera.

You can't imagine Mary Carlisle getting flustered today by any scene she has to play. She has acquired a tremendous amount of poise in the last few months. But she still has loads of spunk and a radiant sort of vitality. You may have noticed a tendency in some of her pictures for her to look a little roly-poly. A few months ago Mary noticed it herself. She knew that more than one career in pictures has been wrecked by something just as silly as that. She made up her mind that she wasn't going to weigh an ounce more than she had to. In a month's time she reduced from 116 pounds to 106 pounds by going on a diet. For breakfast she would limit herself to a glass of grapefruit juice, and for lunch to a salad with mineral oil dressing and a very small portion of steak or chops with spinach or string beans. It takes a lot of resistance for a girl with a sweet tooth and a liking for Chinese food to stick to a diet. But Mary did it. Would you?

Apart from the fact that she has more spunk than the average girl and maybe more ability, Mary is very much like the girl next door in her likes and dislikes, her flirtations and her chatter about boy friends.

When I was talking to her recently, the 'phone rang. She evidently liked the boy who was on the wire. Her voice was honey sweet.

"Oh, how darling of you to call me! You want to see me tonight? Why, I'd just love to, after I get through with that personal appearance I have to make. I hope there won't be too many people around the theatre. I turned down a date tonight and I hope I don't bump into the person I turned it down with. I'll be seeing you soon. Goodby."

Her blue eyes were sparkling as she turned to me.

"That was a boy I met at a party last night and he's awfully cute. I won't tell you his name because if I told it to you, you would print it and I don't want you to print it. He left the party at half past one o'clock because he said he had to go to another party. Then he asked if he could 'phone me at three o'clock in the morning and I said I'd just love it. But he didn't phone last night and he didn't 'phone till just now. Then he said he was calling to apologize for not 'phoning at three the way he said he would. He said the reason he didn't phone was because he got a little too tight and he was afraid he might say the wrong things if he called me up then. But I didn't care, because he's awfully cute. Heigh ho and lack-a-day!"

I'll bet Mary is the partyingest girl in Hollywood. While all the other Hollywood gals claim they're sitting home with their knitting or with a good book, Mary is having the time of her life between pictures, rushing from one party to another. When she's working on a picture, she works her blonde head off. But when she's having a good time, she has the best time any girl ever had.

In Hollywood she has more friends than she can reel off names. Perhaps she's seen most often with Edgar Allen Woolf, the writer.

"But you can't write it down as a romance," she says with a toss of her head. "Why, he's old enough to be my father. But we're very good friends and have a lot of fun when we go out together."

Occasionally she goes out with Billy Bakewell. She claims she isn't in love with anyone yet and won't be for some time to come.

She has a swell sense of humor and is full of the devil. Once—quite some time ago—while she was working in a picture at Columbia, she walked into the beauty parlor there. The head hairdresser was busy, so she sat down and waited. And waited. Till she got tired. In the meanwhile, a little extra girl came in. She, too, was told that the regular hairdresser was busy. But Mary Carlisle walked over to her very calmly.

"I'm Fay Wray's stand-in hairdresser," she told the extra girl. "Fay Wray is busy now and I haven't anything to do. Won't you let me do your hair? I'd love to dress it for you. May I?"

The little extra girl agreed, and Mary gracefully fashioned curl after curl, till the little extra's hair was completely done. The extra girl went away, thanking her. She doesn't know to this day that it wasn't Fay Wray's stand-in who did her hair. And unless she reads this story, she'll never know who really did it.

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But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

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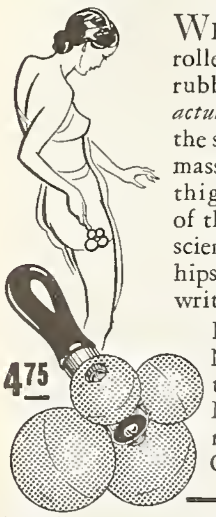

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Non electrical, simple to use. Not a roller, "patter," vibrator. Developed in Rochester, Minn., the Hemp Massager is recommended by physicians. Clip the coupon now.

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On Dress Parade

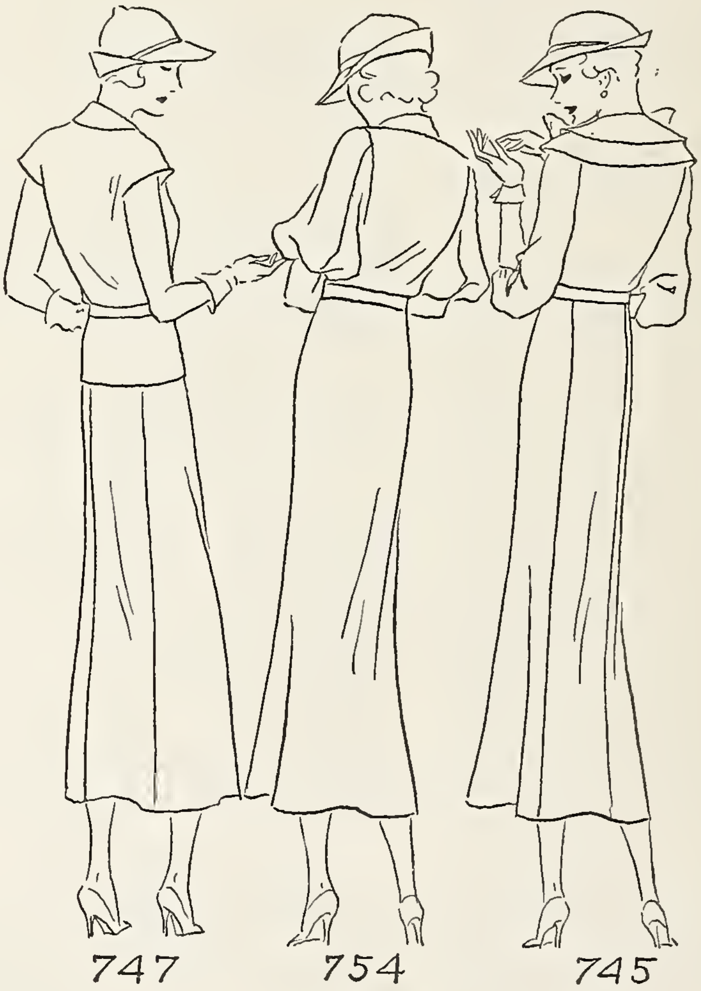
(*Continued from page 69*)

for every day of the week—say five—judging from her various appearances on the screen. She wears a suit with a white blouse, a dress with pointed piqué collar, another with a light-toned tunic over a dark skirt, still another woolen one with rows of buttons under the chin, just to relieve the monotony. Would we could all dress in so perfect a manner!

Pajamas! What gal isn't interested in them? For a real inspiration, take a look at the satin brocade ones Claudette Colbert wears in "It Happened One Night," and no doubt you'll go right home and copy them! The style is a charming adaptation of the Russian blouse, with turned-over collar and full sleeves, but instead of two pieces, they are in one, with tops of the trousers fitted snugly around the hips. Note the sash with long silk tassels and the mannish braided frogs and buttonholes. Stunning!

Then for a simple, practical and "copy-able" outfit, study the one Claudette wears on her bus journey. Plain dark skirt and over-blouse of diagonal stripes with composition buttons running down the front and narrow white linen cuffs and collar to give that "feminine" touch. The dark hat, perched on the back of her head in the approved style, suede bag and patent leather pumps complete the ensemble most satisfactorily.

BUT how the girls gasped when she stepped out in her wedding gown. June is just around the corner, maybe that's why. The Empire bodice and high waistline accentuated the lovely Colbert figure puh-lenty—and the circular décolleté, edged with gardenias, certainly was an original touch. No doubt the presence of these flowers, plus the ones that rimmed her cap, was the reason for eliminating the customary bridal bouquet. The small prayer book was most effective, don't you think? But the really grand thing about this wedding gown is that it would make a simply elegant evening dress. And that's a thought worth noting.



747—Ida Lupino's easy - to - make frock.

754 — Ginger Rogers' black crepe.

745 — Elizabeth Young's tailored dress.

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

Despite the fact that most of the costumes worn by Carole Lombard in "Bolero" were dated back to 1914, they wouldn't look a bit old-fashioned in any 1934 wardrobe. Take that traveling cape suit in navy twill for instance. The snug buttoned vest of plaid was right up today's alley and the navy cape, lined with the same material as the vest, was quite chic. The beret type o' hat crushed over one of Carol's exotic eyebrows was taken right from today's smartest fashion sheet. However, the other street dress seemed a bit overdone. The long tunic with buttons running all the way up the front was attractive and modern in style, but those enormous cuffs and collar of starched white linen seemed just too much of a good thing. Her little straw hat with the two upstanding patent leather quills was daring, to say the least.

And speaking of hats, how did you like the jockey-type one Myrna Loy wears in "Men in White"? Remember Clark Gable's remark, "It looks like a postage stamp, but I like it!" That tricorne one with the brilliants that she wears for dinner was fairly good-looking, too.

If you're planning a motor or boat trip and are perplexed about an outfit, go to see "Hold That Girl" and pay close attention when Claire Trevor steps out in that smart swagger tweed coat. Don't fail to notice the Johnny collar, the full sleeves and the smart turnback cuffs. And when she removes the coat, lo! a cunning flannel waistcoat buttoned down the center, with small points in front and short peplums over the hips. The skirt seems to be a tweed mixture and the blouse of crêpe, with tailored four-in-hand crêpe tie. I liked her small hat with turned up brim on one side.

NOTHING like trimming up an old afternoon or evening frock with artificial flowers. So many of the dresses featured in the fashion show in "Hit Me Again" had a floral cluster of some kind. One of the organdy dresses boasted a nosegay at the natural waistline, another had it attached to a narrow laced girdle, set far on one side and still another featured a small cluster of flowers attached to a narrow neckband. This was adorable.

Joan Blondell, a strictly "sport" type, looked very girlish in her navy and white organdy tailored frock. The neck was particularly interesting. You will notice it conforms to the "high, wide and handsome" line—cut from shoulder to shoulder, with rolled collar and trimmed in front with a sassy bow.

If you're interested in alluring evening wraps (that are practical as well) look closely at Bette Davis' floor-length circular cape of black velvet in "Fog over San Francisco." When she flings it over the back of a chair, these eagle eyes noticed an amazing feature. The lining is of silver tissue and would act very nicely as another cape! Yep, it's one of those "turn-about" affairs.

For something utterly exquisite, take a peek at Marlene Dietrich's nightgown in "Scarlet Empress." Luscious white satin with row upon row of the finest

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of fine lace. And the gorgeous negligée of black velvet with bands of ermine and countless yards of lace ruffles. Alluring—no less!

Elissa Landi proves that she can wear clothes in "Sisters Under the Skin." Her dressy street suit of light corded cloth with gold cloth blouse had dash to it. The coat is knee length, very loose, and the three-quarter length sleeves boast huge cuffs of red fox furs with the cuffs of the gold cloth blouse showing at the bottom of them. The most attractive feature, however, is the inverted scarf at the neck, with ends tied back and allowed to hang outside the coat.

Her rich velvet hostess gown, with high-necked Empire bodice and large collar of Renaissance lace, is the height of good taste. Notice the square-cut jeweled pin brooch which adorns the neck at the throat. Just a quaint little touch.

The striped silk organdy fills the semi-formal need. Here again we find a resemblance to the 1914 model. A sheath-skirt slit to the knee . . . bodice with a surplice neckline edged with a ruche, which also trims the edge of the slit skirt and the bottom of the overskirt that hangs almost to the knees. A chiffon scarf also wends its way into the picture.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

beauty. They must be brought out and made to shine at all costs. And to this end, he has adopted one entirely new theory of spreading on the make-up.

I tried it with amazing results. Try it yourself and see what luck you have. I'll bet you'll have the surprise of your life.

After your face has been thoroughly cleansed with a mild cold cream, put the merest dab of cream rouge on the end of a finger tip. Mix it with another dab of cold cream to help it to spread more easily. Now spread it evenly and thinly under the eyes in those hollows which have never known the touch of rouge. Spread it down towards the nose if there are lines or hollows there, and on the outer sides of the cheeks towards the ears, where there are apt to be other hollows. Blend it in carefully and don't let it touch the tips of the cheek bones.

Exactly opposite to what you have been doing? Yes, but note the effect. Doesn't this new setting make the eyes stand out miraculously? Intelligent, expressive eyes are so important—especially for the business girl.

After the rouge has been applied, lay on the merest coating of a powder base (a liquid one is best) and apply the powder. The beauty expert advises a lighter powder for the chin, because that gives the face an oval effect.

AND, by the way, he wants you to use a rouge that is the color of blood rather than one of those orange or red shades. That's all in tune with the looking natural idea. We're getting away slowly and surely from that artificial idea of make-up. We must look natural.

This man is a great believer in eye shadow—more power to the eyes, he contends. For daytime he advises a transparent color to match the natural color of the eyelids. Examine your own eyelids under a strong light and see if they are not some shade of brown, either very light, medium or dark. Don't match the color of the eyes. That is all wrong; note the shading of the lids and then spread on the shadow in a very sparse form.

More eye expression is the immediate result—so much so that you will be astonished.

The application of mascara is a last touch. Make that brown or black for daytime use.

Eyebrows are the very last—and here again this up-to-date specialist differs from most of his confrères. He says, accent the color toward the nose and not toward the outer edges. Well, try it and see the result. I can only say that the faces I have seen, my own included, have had simply marvelous results from this roundabout treatment.

OF course, the lips must be rouged, but away with the yellowish and rosy shades. Here again, keep to the blood-red tone.

The underlying secret of a healthy complexion is the condition of the skin. We all know that, or should, by this time. And for that condition, I can only beg you to be diligent with your cleansing creams night and morning, as regularly as the hands of the clock go round the dial.

Then, if your skin is dry, rub in a nourishing cream before you go to bed. I promise that if you are at all faithful about doing this, you will come forth with one of those velvety skins which will be the envy of all who meet you. It's not so much a God-given asset as it is the result of what you, as your own God, do to yourself. And the beautiful part of the whole process is that, once it becomes a habit, you do the ministrations without even thinking about them. Then you will have a distinct shock some fine day when the girl at the next desk sighs and complains that you were born with a beautiful clear skin while she has not been so fortunate. If you are generous-minded you will want to tell her the whole gay story, but likely as not she will not listen, much less believe the mystery tale you are telling her. So you might as well save your breath. Added to which you can maintain your standard as being one of those fresh, pretty, young workers who registers joy on the job she is doing—even if you happen to be gritting your teeth underneath it all, because of this and that here now worry.

What do you think of this new way to make up? I'll admit it is different from anything you or I ever heard of but the results are marvelous. And, let me assue you, it's no more trouble than the old method and well worth trying.

And, ladies, please don't neglect your hair. Next to eyes that are alive, a skin that's colorful and fresh, hair that is electric and bright is most essential. Don't be afraid to shampoo it often. Once a week won't hurt it a bit. That old shampoo-once-every-three-weeks myth has long been exploded. And if your hair is drab, neither one color nor the other, and you feel you'd like to fall into the blonde, red-head or whatever category, here's a tip. You can restore your hair to its natural shade, or one you'd like it to be, by a very simple process. You can do this safely, effectively, cheaply, right now in your own home—all in one sitting, too. Isn't that good news?

It isn't a new product but an improvement on a very old and reliable one which has been on the market for years. After many years of research, beauty specialists have finally perfected this new process which permits the hair to be colored in a short space of time. If you're interested in knowing the name of this product, I'll be glad to tell you all about it.

If you wish to know the names of these cosmetics, the name of the wizard who has discovered this new theory of make-up, and the name of that hair restorer, write to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Remember, too, that Mary Biddle is always eager to help you with any beauty problems if you will send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

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"Any Woman Can Have My Husband"

(*Continued from page 65*)

soldier-husband who had developed a strange passion that has given her more agitation than a platoon of Hollywood sirens. Like his ancestors the Irish Cal Daugherty, the Carmichael lad, and Carl and Cicero Smith who hied themselves to the Boer War, John had fallen a victim to the Boles' heritage, wanderlust—love of travel.

"It was all right," said John's wife, smiling. "I have the same thing. If it were possible, nothing would please us better than to divide our money, half in one sock, half in the other; lock the door of this, walk out with the children and go as far as the money would take us—South Africa, Indo-China. The children could do without school. Travel is a better educator than school. I could teach them mathematics; they would learn history, geography as they traveled; John could give them languages. He coaches them in French now.

IT'S the Scotch-Irish in John and the thrifty housewife in me, I guess, that makes us plan to save exactly half of what we earn. We'd come home to a bankroll, work for awhile, and then do the same thing again. We all have a love of travel. Marcelite, last year, begged her father to take her to Tahiti. He couldn't on account of work, but if he had been free, I know he would have.

"I'll agree that for a woman it is hard to pack up and leave her home. You cannot be a materialist and live happily with a man who likes to travel. That is one reason why we do not own the home we live in. We own only one piece of property, our Malibu Beach house. The furniture, here, is all ours however. But furniture and antiques, no matter how much I love them, can be crated and stored in a warehouse in a single day and we can be free to travel immediately."

There was considerable travel for the Boles family between post-war days and the cool comfort of the white Beverly Hills house with its real Duncan Phyfe table, Sevres china, porcelain, 18th Century fire screen of petit-point, rare old rugs. During the war, Boles discovered he had a singing voice. In Dallas, working in a cotton broker's office, living in a boarding-house, studying singing, he secured an audition with New York's famous Oscar Seagle. He sang for Mr. Seagle and made arrangements to borrow $600 from his father's bank to continue musical training at Seagle's summer camp at Schroon Lake, New York, when Mrs. Boles discovered she was to have a child.

Nothing, not even Marcelite's expected arrival, deterred the Boleses. Mrs. Boles' aunt who specialized in being fairy god-mother to her favorite niece, bundled her own two children, her mother, John and Marcelite Boles together and hastened, for the season, to Schroon Lake. John's summer, in addition to vocal practice, was spent building hearth fires, making breakfast for his family, gardening at the Seagle estate, and acting as Mr. Seagle's secretary.

In the fall at the Glens Falls home of the Seagles, John Boles' first child was born. He was teaching French at a girls' school, taking daily lessons from his patron. The next summer found them abroad with sixty of Mr. Seagle's pupils, living at Nice in the Hotel Continental, studying with Jean de Reszke. Happy-go-lucky and debt-ridden it wasn't until 1923, after Boles had walked New York streets upon their return, turned down vaudeville and night club offers, almost starved, that Broadway success came in the leading role of "Little Jesse James." Then films and the scrupulous saving of every dollar until their debts were paid.

SOMEHOW, with the intricate pattern of their lives so closely interwoven, with the hard work, faith and honesty, that went into the living of those bare years, the petty question of Hollywood's marital standards and infidelities dwindles into nothing.

Laughing, Mrs. Boles can say, "Any woman who wants my husband can have him!" because she knows that her marriage is based on something deeper, even, than love and companionship. It is based on hard work shared. It is based on success achieved.

She can say, and she does, that she is her husband's harshest critic. Complacently, as safe as a ship in harbor, she can say, "Of course we quarrel. Every married couple does. But our biggest quarrels usually result from my criticism of either John's singing, his acting or his make-up. But don't think that I follow him onto the set, telling him what to do. I don't.

"I have only been in a studio three times in the six years that we have lived in Hollywood. I have only watched John work three times. It's his profession. It is not for me to manage it for him.

"You see, I don't want to know what he is doing at the studio or anywhere. I trust him. Last night, for example, he 'phoned that he would be working until midnight; that he was having dinner at the studio. For fun I said, 'I'll be over to watch you work this evening.'

"'All right,' he answered. 'We'll be on Stage Four. Are you coming?'"

"'You know I'm not,' I told him. And I didn't go. Why should I?"

And why, indeed, should she? Deep in her heart and safe from strangers' sight, Marcelite Boles knows that she has weathered storms such as she and John Boles will never see even in the turbulent waters of Hollywood.

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WHAT ABOUT LEE TRACY?

In his own words Lee relates what he has gone through these past months and what he owes that spunky little gal, Isabel Jewell.

IN OUR JUNE ISSUE

Baby Talk

(*Continued from page 47*)

crawling around, trots up, chucks me on the cheek and hands me the same line. 'Hello, you cute little ducky—you. Say hello to Aunt Estelle.' Of course I'm expected to grin and show my gums—open my eyes big, and wait for the next crack, which is always the same: 'Why, you look just like your Daddy, don't you? No, I think you've got your Mother's eyes.' Phooey—such tripe! You know something? I've even got an Aunt in Brooklyn. She sent me a Christmas present, a couple of months ago. Her name is Barbara, and she's been sending Pop a present for years, and he doesn't even know her . . . least, that's his story. This Christmas, a package comes addressed to Master Gary Evans Crosby, from 'Aunt Babs.' Ya coulda knocked me over with a teething ring."

Though the orange blossoms were blooming in the Crosby gardens behind the house, Gary still had his first Christmas on his mind. "Gee, Christmas was great! But what a dizzy gang came in here to try to decorate that tree. Even the crooner got the spirit of the season and he helped about a dozen of my self-appointed aunts and uncles to trim the tree. It was stupen—stupendi—it was swell! But you shoulda seen Pop pilin' himself up and down the ladder, droppin' ornaments and then, when he got all finished and took the ladder away, Mom says to him, 'Okay, Crooner' (that's what she calls Pop, to kid him). 'Okay, Crooner,' she says, 'now take a good healthy look at the little space of about three by ten feet, where the ladder covered the tree!' Gee! I looked up myself and there was a tremen—tremendo—BIG blank spot. Did that tree look silly? And as for Pop—well!

"A couple of days before Christmas, my 'Fawther' came home and announced he'd done some Christmas shopping. Of course, this being my first Christmas around here, I didn't think anything about it.

"'You've done shopping?' said Mama. 'It's the first time in history. What did you get?'

"'Oh, I bought a bunch of sweaters and socks and things.'

"'Who'd you get them for?'

"'I dunno—anybody.'

"'How did you know what size socks to get?'

"'Got all size elevens—that ought to be close enough,' says he.

"What a card my Pop is! He even wrapped the presents himself, and they looked it. But anyway, he had the spirit, and that's what counts. If there's anything I hate, it's the lack of Christmas spirit," said Gary, gnashing his gums in wrath.

FOOTSTEPS approach. It's the nurse. "Hello, Tootsie-Wootsie. How's Mama's 'ittle cutey-pie? Did you know it was time for the itsy-bitsy baby's milk?"

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¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
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½ teaspoon salt
Few grains Cayenne
1 teasp. dry mustard

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"That's Helen," Gary explained. "She's a good old gal, but this 'itsy-bitsy' stuff kinda feeds a guy up. Some people come to see the family. First they want to get a look at the new house and then the baby. I'm exhibit 'B.' Just an excuse for a lot of useless chatter, I think. You know, Helen took me out for a little ride in my buggy—cute trick, that buggy—and a sightseeing bus actually drove up in front of the house and stopped.

"'. . . and this, ladeez and gentlemen, is Bing Crosby's house . . . the entrancing home that gives him inspiration to sing for his millions of fans. That large window to the right, folks, is the new baby's nursery. To the left—where you see those two large windows, is Mr. Crosby's room. You have actually seen, folks, the outside of the very bedroom where sleeps the world's popular singer of popular songs.'

"Can you imagine a gang of people paying fifty cents to ride out here to Toluca Lake just for that?" Gary asked.

I, of course, could, but didn't argue.

"Now, for a few questions of your personal life, if you don't mind."

"Go ahead—shoot! There's nothing in my life that I can't lay bare."

"What time do you wake up in the morning?"

"Wake up about three o'clock—my family claim—but that's gross exagg! I really don't wake up 'til five—give a little yelp or two, to get some attention—have a nip or two of Grade 'A' and back for a little snooze."

"'Til about 5:05,'" interrupts Dixie Crosby.

"This is my mother."

"Yes, I've had the pleasure, Gary, a couple of years ago."

"'Gary's a great boy, but terribly spoiled. He'll get a new toy, play with it about five minutes, then never look at it again. He has a great sense of humor, though. Everything seems to strike him very funny. You know, he actually laughs every time anyone says the word Mama to him.'"

"Wait a minute, Mom, let us finish up this interview. Oh, oh! Hey, Helen, blabaa blurb, gamma damma wu. Excuse me, Uncle Henry, but I gotta change—for dinner."

Gary's expecting a new brother or sister soon. But he's neither worried nor jealous, for he knows that in the Crosby household he will still be head man.

"I'm Afraid!"

(*Continued from page 41*)

not afraid of things that I can lick. You can't lick an earthquake.

"I felt my first one in '26. Last year, when I bought my new home, I made sure that it was quake-proof. I also took out insurance. Then came the quake of March 10, 1933. I was a hopeless coward, absolutely helpless.

"After the March quake, Bob Montgomery and I went to a meeting at the Writers' Club. A tremor shook the building. Bob and I, two Hollywood he-men, dashed from our seats to the nearest exits. They were locked. We turned around. We were embarrassed. The room was silent. All eyes were on us. We were the only ones out of two hundred people who had left their seats. Mae Murray piped up, 'Come, children, sit down like good little boys.'

"I can't overcome my fear. It's a part of me. I've done everything possible, but every time a floor shakes from the weight of a passing truck I find the bottom drops out of my stomach."

The fear of water, which is known to the psychologists as hydrophobia, is another fear that Maureen O'Sullivan has. Imagine, then, how brave she was when she swam in "Tarzan." She was scared but she has overcome this fear by forcing herself into the water and now she swims well and constantly so that the fear will be scotched for all time.

MARGARET SULLAVAN has no fear of water but a fear of everything that is in the water. When she was a child, her father caught small sharks off the Virginia coast and their ugly mouths frightened her. The dreadful part of this fear is that she loves to swim. But once in Wisconsin she found leeches in the water and the nameless fear possessed her. But Margaret believes that fear can be overcome. She once forced herself into the water on a tropical beach where sharks' fins had been sighted from land.

"I am afraid, but I go into the ocean frequently," she said. "If one has a strong will, any fear can be overcome."

There is also the fear of speed. When Claudette Colbert rides in an automobile, motor boat or plane that is going fast, she dies a thousand deaths. When a car goes more than forty-five miles an hour she becomes tense and rigid and cannot talk nor take her eyes off the road ahead. She tries to overcome it by making herself talk or read or by counting the signs and cars as they pass, but it does not work for long.

Richard Dix is another who cannot drive fast in a car, for he is terrified of accidents. This comes from the fact that when he was a child he was in a bad accident in which he almost met his death.

Alice White has the snake phobia and once, while she was on location making a picture, went into hysterics when Mary Astor, who has no fear of reptiles, appeared at her dressing room door with a harmless black snake wound around her neck. Bruce Cabot and his wife, Adrienne Ames, are both terrified of a mouse. Warner Baxter fears horses and uses a double in riding scenes. This is the only time he ever uses a double. He will—and has—taken hair-raising jumps from cliffs, but he will not get on a horse. But I think the most curious animal fear of all is Jean Parker's. She loves snakes and all animals and is now making an animal picture with lions, which she adores and of which she has no fear. But she is afraid of birds. And that should certainly prove that these phobias come from something quite outside ourselves. For surely a little bird could actually hurt no one. No, it is some deep-seated horror—something inherited from those dim, dark days when we walked on four legs or flew through the air or wallowed in slime.

A variant of the crowd-fear is the stage fright which even the most seasoned troupers have. It is not surprising that Ruby Keeler suffers from stage fright, as she does continually, for she is young in the business. But it is rather amazing to learn that a veteran of many first nights like Billie Burke is still deathly afraid of them and that on the first day's shooting of a new picture she shakes and trembles like an extra girl with her first bit part. And Marie Dressler has never overcome stage fright. When she was called upon to speak at her recent birthday party she trembled like a leaf in the wind. When she goes on the air she feels the same way. Once she opens her mouth to speak, the fear goes.

And there are the phobias of Hollywood. Now look at yourself. What are your fears? Are they the same or different ones from these listed?

Kay Francis, looking very glum, after the judge granted her a divorce from Kenneth McKenna. She said he was far too critical.

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28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
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Secrets of the Make-Up Room

(*Continued from page 29*)

of course, from being present at the actual work, George used to pace up and down the studio road outside the door. His temple muscles were twitching. I wouldn't even be surprised if he was muttering imprecations against the sort of business that made a man have to stand for it while his beloved was being pawed by some other man.

And I'm quite sure that, during that period, nothing would have pleased George O'Brien better than to find some warrantable excuse for pushing my face in. Because he was a husky boy, I took extreme care not to give him the ghost of an excuse. And finally, we all got through "Adam and Eve" unharmed. And when everything is said and done, I understand what George must have experienced. He really was in love with Olive. I was sure, at the time, there'd be wedding bells. And now he's happily married to Marguerite Churchill. Well! Well!

Today, I'm sure George himself will be the first to laugh when he reads this story. Because he must realize now that such physical intimacies are utterly impersonal.

And yet that paradoxical "personal impersonality" often leads to a sense of entrusted confidence which in turn leads to those heart's revelations which, I can assure you, pass from star to make-up man.

Why, twice at least, I've actually played the role of Dan Cupid himself—and each time scored with a happy marriage. One case was the romance of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

When Ruth came, with great fanfare, from Paramount to Warner Brothers, we worked hard to make the acquisition all it was worth. My part was to work with her on make-up and hairdressing. I had heard tales of her snootiness and temperament and was ready for it. But instead, I found a woman as sweet as she is shrewd, as square-shooting as she is keen business-minded. I liked her at once.

SOMEHOW I sensed that in her life with Ralph Forbes there was a sort of friendly happiness, but that love—well, there was something lacking when it came to love. And then they began a frantic search for just the right leading man for Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

Now there had just come to the Coast, under contract to us, a black-haired Irishman called George Brent. A run-of-the-mill actor, who had done some good things on the stage. I had worked on Brent, making him up for his first screen test and found him gentlemanly and likeable. Then I forgot him until I went to the projection room to see how the test had come out.

There I found Ruth Chatterton, looking at it, too, on the chance that this stranger might do for that leading man. There was not a word from her while the test was run. I heard her breath quicken, though. The film flickered to an end and the operator switched on the lights. Ruth's eyes were glowing. She looked at me and excitedly exclaimed, "Perc, where has this man been all my life?"

Right then and there, I knew!

Next day, it was I who escorted Brent to Ruth's dressing-room. I mumbled a vague introduction. "Miss Chatterton—Mister Brent." I might have said even then, "George, permit me to present the future Mrs. Brent."

Whether they realized it or not, I do not know. If they did, they were both too well bred to show it. Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, and George knew it. But love never in this world has been stopped by that.

In the days that followed, I saw the ripening of their love. I saw, too, the young pretties on the lot making their respective plays for George. However, none of them ever got closer to him than a Senegambian could get to Queen Mary. He was gracious and courteous, but aloof. They called him high-hat. Truth was, he was in love and couldn't see any other woman.

So ill that he should have been in bed, Brent forced himself to work through that picture, rather than hold up production, or miss the chance of playing opposite Ruth. I knew the hours they spent in her bungalow. Long before anyone else knew, I realized the inevitable.

GOING back to the subject of impersonal intimacy, I think one of the most utterly unconcerned women about displaying her personal charms I've ever met was Madame Maria Korda, the famous "Helen of Troy" in the picture of that name.

Believe it or not, when I was summoned to her dressing-room mornings to arrange her hair in the peculiar style required for the picture, I'd almost invariably find her clad in absolutely nothing but a towel.

"Exhibitionism," some of you will say. But it wasn't that. There was about it such an absolute unconsciousness of nudity, that I realized it for, and admired it as, the ultimate expression of professional impersonality.

Probably, if I had visited her and her husband at home and her dress inadvertently lifted and revealed a knee, she'd have been embarrassed and annoyed. Funny, isn't it?

Maria Korda was perhaps one of the most temperamental women I've encountered. She started out by being a big-shot. Thought she could show up as late as she pleased. However, in my department, if she wasn't on time, she wasn't made-up. She soon learned to respect me and came early. But her husband, Alexander Korda, who directed her in "Helen of Troy" (and who, incidentally, was the director of the present success, "Catherine the Great"), was often a victim of her temperamental outbursts.

Her favorite gesture was to fly suddenly at him. Korda always carried a half dozen expensive cigars in his breast pocket. Like a tigress, Maria would be at him. One hand would tear into the breast pocket, and out would come his stock of cigars. Furiously, she'd crush them and then fling them in a confetti-shower of brown tobacco into his face. And Alexander would shrug his shoulders and let it go at that. His cigar bill must have been colossal.

But, after that first failure to get away with temperament with me, she never tried any tricks in my direction. On the contrary, she was almost too meek. I recall one day I came across some accounts and found she owed me money for supplies. I stalked over to the "Helen" set. For six hours they'd been shooting on one love scene.

Ignorant of the tension, I walked over to Maria and without ado, said, "You owe me $127 and I want the check right now."

Tears flooded her eyes. I had expected anything else—rage, haughtiness, even a slap in the face—but not tears. Very soon afterward, the check was delivered to my office.

And at the end of the picture, I was the only person but one that she remembered with a gift. The other present was delivered to the door timekeeper who used to glance with ill-concealed resentment at his watch every time Maria Korda would arrive late. To him she sent a Big Ben alarm clock, with a strap attached, "So you can strap it to your wrist, and not have so much trouble pulling out your watch," she wrote.

TALKING of temperament calls to my mind how Sidney Fox got off to a bad start when she first came here because she believed that she'd have to "act temperamental" to impress Hollywood with her importance.

One of the first requirements, when she arrived, was a set of new coiffures. She phoned me and made an appointment.

Then, when the time came, without excuse or good reason, she deliberately broke it. I paid her back, by myself breaking the next one in the same manner.

However, in the meantime, I prepared ten wigs for various personalities to test on her head. Finally, we got together and I began to prepare her head for a wig. She let out a scream.

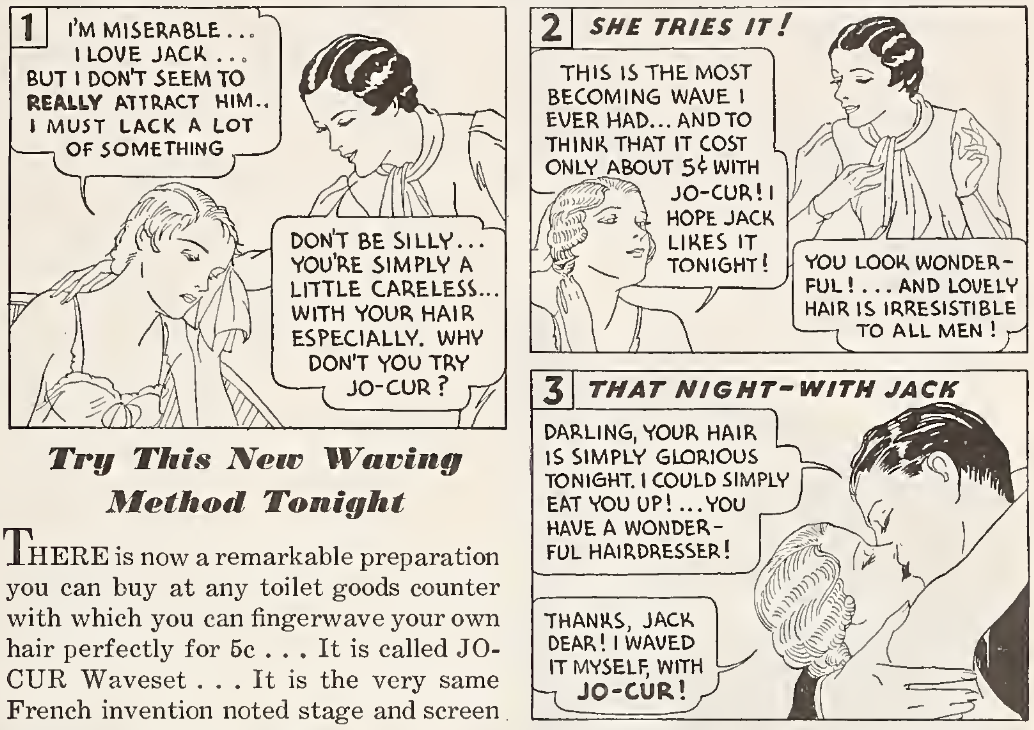
"I don't want a wig. You dress my own hair, you hear!"

I could have told her, perhaps, that today ninety per cent. of our foremost women stars wear wigs in their roles! But I wasn't in a mood for reasoning with a creature as unreasonable as she. I merely asked her why she objected to a wig.

"They give me headaches," she said. "I tell you no, no, no! You dress my own hair and—"

"You get out of here," I said. "Get yourself into some silly beauty parlor where you can act and fume and shout directions. But you can't do that here."

What Jo-cur Did for "Discouraged JANE"


1
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Welcoming David Manners back to the Hollywood fold, after his New York vacation, are Emily LaRue (left), who looks very much like her brother Jack (right), and Glenda Farrell.

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And I walked out on her. I didn't see her for weeks. Then we met on another picture. She was completely changed—as sweet and kind and lovable as you'd want anyone to be.

"What's happened to you?" I asked. She smiled.

"Wrong advice," she said. "Just before I came to Hollywood, I was scared to death. I asked what I should do when I got here. Some advisor who, I now know, knew no more about Hollywood than I do about the Einstein theory, told me: 'Sidney, when you get there, be as hard-boiled, as mean as you can, with everybody—no matter who or how big they are. That's the only way to get by.'

"I tried to follow that advice. What a fool I was! I know better now."

BEFORE I close this chapter, let me tell you the inside story of Barbara LaMarr, that tragically glorious and misunderstood creature.

It all began so ordinarily, that association between us that was to probe such extremes of emotion. A call came to me from the set where they were shooting "The White Moth."

"Can you hurry over here, Perc? There's something wrong with one of the wigs."

"Miss LaMarr's wig hurts so she says she can't work," an assistant whispered.

I fitted it to Barbara's head, while she winced in agony. In a few seconds, I found what was wrong—and, as so often happens, it was absurdly simple. On each side of her head, at the temples, the wires of the wig-frame were pressing hidden nerve centers. A few minutes of such pressure, I knew, could cause excruciating pain. And yet, Barbara LaMarr had worked for several days under that torture, before she complained.

It was the work of a minute to re-fit the wig. I knew the suffering she'd undergone and I appreciated her courage. It must have shown in my eyes. She smiled up at me. In that glance between us, passed an unspoken understanding that many people could never achieve in a lifetime of intimacy.

I somehow sensed a great sadness about Barbara—a prophetic sadness. But it was more than a year before my forebodings began to come to pass.

One night my phone rang. A Mr. Watson on the other end. "Barbara LaMarr's father," he hastened to explain. "She wants you—can you come?"

Shock stopped me speechless as she came into the room when I'd reached her home. She was thin; her face drawn. She smiled when she saw my reaction. "Yes," she said, simply, "it's what I want to talk to you about. You see, Perc, I—well—I'm dead."

I can't tell you here how I felt.

"Two years ago," she went on, "my doctor told me I could not live more than twenty months. My lungs. My body would have given in long ago, but I won't let it. I've got work to do. And I love life, Perc, that's why, when they told me how long I had, I deliberately burned the candle at both ends. But it cost money and I have debts and before I die, I want to earn the money to pay in full.

"You've got to help me. I'll make myself stay alive, if you can make me lovely enough to keep on working until the end. Will you?"

THERE was a really physical sickness in me as I heard from her own lips how she had paid for her fun in those hectic months when she had raced with Death.

This gay group at the Cocoanut Grove includes Russ Columbo, Walter Lang, Madeline Fields (Carole Lombard's secretary), the Misses Dietrich and Lombard. Carole and Marlene are very pal-ly these days.

I capitulated utterly. My heart, my admiration was hers. Each morning, I'd make her up. As she rose from the chair more weary than the day before, she'd turn those great, dark eyes on me, and whisper: "Perc, is this the last day?"

"Far from it—not for many days," I'd say. I don't believe anyone, save she and I and the doctor who worked all night with her many a night during those months of shooting on "The Girl From Monterey," knew what was happening. And we kept the trust and did not tell, even when she'd stumble blindly off the set, to faint in my arms in her dressing room. God, what courage!

Even if I'd have dreamed of taking it, she had no money to pay me. But she had other ways. Let me tell you how she tried, once:

Often she'd said to me: "Perc, some day soon—before the last day—I want to dance for you my Dance of the Rosary. It is beautiful, Perc. . . ." Always I put her off, knowing that any unneeded exertion was just another card played into Death's own hand. But one day we were in her dressing room in the tower of the LaVenta Castle on the hills overlooking the Pacific, where we were shooting on location. It was between scenes; she was to rest. In a corner was one of those little portable gramaphones. She stepped over to it, and even before she spoke, I knew.

"Perc," she said, "don't stop me—today. I've promised I'd dance for you. And I keep my promises."

She flicked the lever and the first notes of "The Rosary" sounded. And there, just for me, she danced. Wearing the little tight bodice over that once beautiful breast, the flaring skirt, her bare legs white, her feet naked. Danced divinely. I can close my eyes today and see her, as the last sad notes wept, sway with eyes closing, to faint dead away in my arms as I leaped to catch her.

I could have beaten myself for letting her do it. I told her so. But she only smiled, when she revived, and said: "It gave me happiness, Perc. I wanted to do it for you, who have done so much for me. . . ."

A few days later she said simply, "Today, Perc, *is* the last."

Halfway through that day, she collapsed, and had to be taken in a coma to her home.

It's never been told before, but the last two or three sequences of that picture were played by an unknown girl who looked enough like Barbara so that, with painstaking effort of make-up and camerawork, the deception was never apparent to the audiences who saw the picture afterward. And all the time, Barbara lay dying at home—and I, with heart heavy as lead, made up the girl who only looked like her. . . .

One night shortly after my phone rang. "Come quickly, she's calling you." It was Barbara's father's voice. Before I could leave the house the bell rang again.

"You need not come, Perc," he said. "It's too late. She's gone."

At dawn that morning, with the fog rolling thick over the hills about her home, with Barbara lying in the next room, I heard her father repeat to me the words she'd spoken to him for my ears.

"She wants you to take her to the chapel. She wants you to do what you two agreed on. And no one is to see her until you say it is time."

I took that pathetically wasted burden and paid her that last service I'd pledged. As she'd made me swear, I transformed her into the beauty she had once been. It took all the wizardry of make-up. And I cried, unashamedly, as I worked. It was only the inviolability of my pledge to her that gave me the fortitude to do it.

Then, as she had wished, she lay in the chapel so that those who wanted to pass by might do so. And she looked fresh and beautiful. It was the least I could do for her.

Screen Stars' Dresses and Hats for You

(*Continued from page 73*)

through the summer months to come, there is nothing like a printed silk. Of course, some of them are good and some, pretty bad. Take the one Shirley Grey wears in "One Is Guilty." There is a perfect example of what is good. One you will not tire of, that will stand up under hard wear and that, after a long, hot summer, will do its stuff just as well as it did in the cool of the spring.

All the stars' dresses at the Cinema Shops are priced from $15 to $35. The higher figures are in the minority, for most of them come between the $15 and the $20 class.

Hats? Oh, yes, there are Cinema Hat Shops, too, for what good is an attractive costume after all, if the hat is the least deficient? It can sink into obscurity like nobody's business. But go around to one of these little hat shops, tucked, many times in the middle or on the outer edges of large departments, and there you will find in actuality a real hat, living out the picture which had been planted in your mind by some stirring film you had lately seen.

On pages 72 and 73 you will see some of them pictured. Loretta Young's, for instance, is too chic and fascinating for words, and the sort of a hat that can perk up the appearance of many a dark dress you may have hanging around, wondering how on earth to make it look like something. Well, add a wide white organdy collar, a bunch of artificial violets and Loretta's hat. There you have an ensemble no one would recognize as starting from a humble last season's beginning.

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THERE'S a lovely golden glow to curtains dipped in French Ecru Rit that brightens the whole house—gives it a cheery "sunshiny" quality. And the color *lasts* in a way that will amaze you if you're used to ordinary dyes that run in the wash and fade or streak in the sun.

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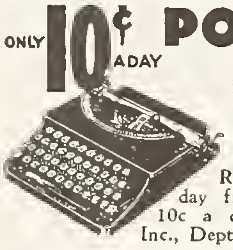

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Good hats are harder to locate than dresses in good style. Usually they look cocky and happy on the wax dummies in the windows and when you get them on, they are rather dreadful. But once you have seen them tried out on a movie actress' head, you know more or less what you are getting—no buying a pig in a poke after that formula has been gone through with.

Evalyn Knapp's sailor is swell. They'll be wearing these pre-War sailors this year. And Irene Dunne's little Tyrolian cap is just the thing for sports clothes or those street things that we all have done in the manner of sports togs.

If you want to know the address of the Cinema Dress Shop or the Cinema Hat Shop in your neighborhood, write to me care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and I will send you immediately all information on this subject.

When Is a Woman Most Alluring?

(Continued from page 59)

The average age of this group might be placed in the neighborhood of twenty-six, which is not so young, for in the exotic, hot-house atmosphere of Hollywood, emotions and bodies blossom early. Most of these actresses have come through a long period of training. They have lived enough to know trials as well as thrills and they have developed a technique of expression.

CONSIDER the vivid Joan Crawford, communicating feeling in every movement and always suggesting fiery emotions that burn through the conventions. Most assuredly Joan had not reached her most attractive year at eighteen. At that time she manifested sex appeal and little more. Today this appeal has been refined and intensified.

Jean Harlow is an inspiration to those to whom recognition comes only as the result of painstaking effort. A few years ago, Jean was dismissed with a tolerant smile as a girl who flaunted a beautiful body. Critics were a bit contemptuous, but she kept stepping along to a place of assured recognition. It is quite possible that she has not yet reached her most attractive years.

Lilian Harvey, the daughter of an English mother and a German father, came to us from a Viennese background. She had been saturated with the color and the spirit of European capitals, an experience one would never surmise from the sweetly innocent parts she portrays. Lilian possesses a persuasive beauty. Likewise she is a cultured artist capable of adapting herself to varied characterizations. It is doubtful if she has reached her most interesting period.

Miriam Hopkins is distinctly a case of development. When first seen on the New York stage she was merely a talented girl who had not yet learned how to make the most of her appearance. In Hollywood she revealed a lush personality—seductive and compelling.

Madge Evans is one of the rare instances of a child star whose gifts are carried over into young womanhood. Her progress has been steady.

Years have made little difference in Janet Gaynor. To Gaynor fans she always will be the sweetly sentimental heroine of "Seventh Heaven." She has found little need to venture into deeper waters.

Like Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan is a Southern girl picked from the Broadway stage. She is definitely on the up-grade. Her heart-touching performance in "Only Yesterday" will not be forgotten.

Having passed through various phases, including the Oriental, Myrna Loy has only recently found herself and in so doing has gained a well-merited recognition.

THEN there is Katharine Hepburn, the flaming sensation of the year—a gifted child from some magic land possessing unaccountable magnetism and an emotional power beyond her years. Have not college and marriage given her resources to draw upon? Would she have been so important a few years ago?

How about you? Have those very few years since eighteen given you the confidence necessary to make your personality felt? If so, you may now be at your best.

Longer established on the Hollywood records is a considerable group of stars who combine the freshness of youth with the allure of ripe emotions directed by keen intelligence.

They are actresses who have learned to enhance their personalities. The art of the dress designer, the skill of the hairdresser, the wizardry of the make-up men—all contribute to their glory. And more than that, they have come to know themselves and have achieved a poise born of confidence. They are still young, but they have tasted enough of life to reflect poignant passions.

In asking at what age a woman is the most attractive these names cannot be overlooked: Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez, Diana Wynyard, Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo.

It would appear that each one of these favorites is at the top of her swing utilizing every resource at her command.

Kay Francis, for example, is an exquisitely groomed figure, always costumed in perfect taste, yet never permitting clothes to overshadow her performance.

Norma Shearer is an instance of natural talent cultivated with marvelous skill. As an artist's model and later as an extra, she recognized her best features and those that were not so good. Clever photography, effective make-up, stunning clothes and more than all else an active brain have placed her in the first flight of stars.

Ann Harding, one of the few natural platinum blondes, belongs among the bright mentalities. She went to Hollywood from Broadway triumphs and has given many memorable performances.

Elissa Landi, author of books and composer of sonatas, brings to the screen both emotion and intellect. Daughter of an Austrian countess, her personality has been colored by life on the Continent.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, too, knows more than the art of acting. Beginning her career as an artist, she turned to the stage, which was a pathway to the studios. She is a smart young woman equally decorative in a boudoir or at a cocktail party and always appropriately gowned for either.

Constance Bennett belongs in the same social set. Her butterfly brilliance and her ability to wear extreme styles make her the idol of girls who think that society is like that—broken hearts washed away by cocktails.

Helen Hayes does not lean upon beauty. She is one of the most accomplished actresses of the day and by reason of her gifts casts a spell over an audience. She is not dependent upon years or the lack of them. Her effectiveness has been the natural outgrowth of talent.

Dietrich, as everyone knows, is an exotic product of a fortunate combination of beauty and brains lighted by the torch of sex.

The mystery of Garbo lies in the depths of her strange soul. The force of her dramatic personifications indicates that she has known life—its torrents and tempests as well as its brilliance. Surely her genius is ageless.

Have these spectacular actresses reached their zenith?

Possibly they have not. Undeniably they have beauty, brains, also understanding born of experience. If you possess these qualities at their age, you probably are at your best right now.

Coming to the most mature group—widely dissimilar though they are, all of these players assure adult entertainment: Alice Brady, Ruth Chatterton, Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Tallulah Bankhead and Mae West.

No actress lacking the ripening influence of life could have portrayed Ann Vickers with the convincing quality imparted by Irene Dunne.

Mae makes no pretense of youth, yet late polls show her to be the most popular star among the boys at leading universities. Mae appears to be more attractive now than fifteen or even twenty years ago.

While her appeal is due to a ribald humor and her sex manifestations are boldly unrefined, it is only fair to place her among the more intelligent actresses. She uses her brains to exploit her body. She writes her own stories and plays them to the hilt, or to be more accurate—to the hip.

The question remains: At what age is a woman most attractive? It might be ventured that woman is most attractive in the fortunate period when all her powers of body, mind and soul are coördinated in harmonious expression. She may be fifteen or she may be fifty when this fortunate moment arrives. But when it does, years will pass into sweet oblivion.

WESLEY RUGGLES
ROMAYNE

Romayne, director Wesley Ruggles' secretary, interviews more people than her boss does. So why shouldn't her name be in larger type than his own? Romayne's telling Ethel Merman all about it.

Don't give up!

—a helping hand may be all you need

"I DO NOT want to give up . . . but why do I tire so easily . . . why can't I 'carry on' . . . and how is it that I do not feel like myself?"

It may be that as the result of colds . . . indoor or over-work . . . worry and the like . . . the strength of your blood has been weakened—that is, the red-blood-cells and hemo-glo-bin reduced . . . and Spring finds you with that "worn-out" and "let-down-feeling."

A deficient blood content is often responsible for many ills—frequently: loss of weight, sleeplessness, skin disorders, skin eruptions, sallow complexion, paleness, loss of appetite, nervousness or lack of clear skin.

You just can't be well, strong, and up and doing when you have "weak" blood —that is, blood with lowered red-cells and a deficient hemo-glo-bin content. Look to your blood if you suspect a tonic is needed.

For such cases try that time-tested tonic S.S.S.—not just a so-called tonic, but a tonic specially designed to restore body strength by its action on the blood —so vital to good health. You can take S.S.S. along with any other treatment without interference.

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Heroes Are Poor Lovers

(*Continued from page 49*)

appeal to the camera. No, I'm not kidding.

JUST put yourself in their place for a moment. Suppose you never picked up a magazine or newspaper without seeing your own face leering at you. Suppose you received millions of fan letters telling you that you're all that could be desired. Suppose in your work you were required to make love to a beautiful woman all day long and not only to make love to *her* but, through her, to thousands of women who will see your screen likeness.

It is so necessary for you to flash that big sex appeal personality to your public that you can never have respite from it. Every woman you meet says to herself, "Ah, there's So-and-So. He's the big sex appeal lad; he'd better give me a thrill." Why, man, you're on display every waking moment! If you've made your screen reputation by sex appeal you've got to keep proving it. Every woman who comes to interview you has to be made to realize that you have a magnetic personality so she'll write articles which praise you. And when you make a personal appearance! Well, heavens! The smiles you have to flash, the subtle glances you have to give. And you've got to do that whether you're suffering from indigestion, whether you're unhappy, or whether you've just had to mortgage your house.

You average men need to please but just one woman—either your wife or your sweetheart. But the poor screen lovers have to prove to thousands of women that they're great lovers. And imagine proving you're a great lover when your luncheon has disagreed with you.

CLARK GABLE is a grand gent. Once you've broken through that first sex appeal flash he invariably gives every new woman—and, mind you, it is for business reasons only—he will talk for hours about his real interests, guns and hunting and polo and good wines and books. But he rose to fame on the tide of sex appeal and he stands or falls by that. All day long he makes love to a beautiful woman. All day long he meets women who expect him to be the personification of sex. Is it any wonder that the poor lad chooses—for his constant companion—a woman older than he, a woman who understands that he's just a hard-working guy with a job to do, a woman who mothers him a little and with whom he can, at the end of the day, forget that he is a great screen lover?

Gilbert Roland was hailed—along with a lot of others—as "the new Valentino" and he was expected to prove his hot Latin blood on the slightest provocation. Is it any wonder that he, like Gable, chose as his most constant companion, Norma Talmadge, a woman several years his senior?

Before his marriage I once asked Joel McCrea, "How do you keep up the pace of not only being on-screen but off-screen lover? How can you be Hollywood's official beau as well as an actor of sex appeal roles?"

"I get a kick out of going to public places with glamorous women," he said. "But, believe me, public places are where you will always find us. I'll never give anyone's husband a chance to worry about me. Say, what do you think I am, anyhow? A super-man?"

And you'll notice that screen-lover Joel has now married a gentle, intelligent girl, Frances Dee. He has not picked one of your voluptuous, lush, glamorous Hollywood gals. Why? I've been telling you the reason for a dozen paragraphs.

Isn't it ridiculous to expect a man to work all day at a certain job and then continue doing the same job—fascinating women—when he comes home from work in the evening?

For remember that the men stars are just as much on parade as the women stars. It's true they don't have to spend their time in beauty shops as the women do—although I could tell you about some who have permanent waves and hair dyes—but if they have gained a reputation for great lovering they've got to prove it with every woman they meet.

And this fact—the fact that nine times out of ten the glamorous lads are glamorous only on the screen—is such an open secret in Hollywood that you'll find a lot of actresses choosing as their husbands men who are not actors.

There's little Arline Judge—as peppy a cutie as you'll find west of the Mississippi. Who's her husband? Wesley Ruggles, the director. And Dorothy Jordon is happily married to Merian Cooper, the producer. Norma Shearer chose Irving Thalberg, a producer, as her husband. And Garbo is quite obviously in love with Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Jean Harlow married the producer, Paul Bern, and is now married to a cameraman, and Sally Eilers—a hot-cha gal—married to Harry Joe Brown, a producer. I could go on and on with that list.

I know that you've wondered about this. Many fans have asked me, "But why did that beautiful, exciting girl marry *him* when she could have had a handsome, charming actor? And they would have made such a stunning couple!"

Sure, they would have made a stunning couple. But looks aren't everything, baby. The smart gals don't choose the sex appeal boys, for they have long since learned that those lads use up their fascination doing their stuff before the camera!

I'm not joking when I say that these boys lose their wives and sweethearts because they are required to give too much to the camera they serve and too much to their feminine public.

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Bad Men Are Good Lovers

(*Continued from page 48*)

for the most part, in music, books and sports, and they keep much to themselves, loath to let the gossips interfere with their private lives.

WALLY BEERY has been married to Rita Gilman for five years. They met when she had a small bit in one of his pictures, and she immediately gave up her career to marry him.

They have a lovely home in Beverly Hills and have adopted three children—Carol Ann Beery, three years old; George Priester Beery, five, and Billie Priester Beery, eleven.

Wally takes Carol Ann to lunch at the Brown Derby and to visit the studio; in fact, he has her with him all the time he isn't working. He buys every stitch of her clothing, from her little especially made shoes to her hand-embroidered dresses. And that's not all. He insists that Mrs. Beery take him with her on her shopping tours. While strolling along Hollywood Boulevard, Beery frequently sees a dress or a hat that he thinks would look well on Mrs. Beery and takes it home to her. She says that the surprising part of it is that his purchases are becoming.

Beery recently tore up the set on "The Bowery" in a manner quite in character with the role of the roughneck he was playing because he was held over for retakes. Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann were on their way to New York by train, and Beery had planned to fly there and arrive ahead of them, and he was worried about them being alone in the big city.

Eddie Robinson is another "meanie" of the screen who enjoys going shopping with his wife. He married Gladys Lloyd, an actress, nine years ago. Mrs. Robinson gave up the stage to devote all her time to Eddie. So fond is "Little Caesar" of his wife that he insists she spend most of her time on the set while he is working and, for good luck's sake, she has a "bit" in every one of his pictures.

Anyone not interested in babies would be tremendously bored by a visit to Robinson's home these days, for Eddie spends the best part of his time talking "goo-goo" to six-months-old "Little Caesar."

JIMMY CAGNEY met his wife fourteen years ago while both were working in a Broadway chorus. Mrs. Cagney gave up professional work when she married. They have just bought a new home in Beverly Hills, the first home Jimmy has ever owned. Their greatest pride at present is their new swimming pool.

George Bancroft is regarded by many as a pretty tough customer, both on and off the screen. He wants what he wants when he wants it, and, if he doesn't get it, there's pretty apt to be trouble.

But even George is a "softie" to his wife, to whom he has been married for twenty years. If Mrs. Bancroft asks him to be home early for a special occasion, such as an anniversary or the birthday of Georgette, their fourteen-year-old daughter, George will upset any studio schedule to get there.

Paul Muni is the most adoring of husbands. He has been married eight years to Bella Finkel, an actress before her marriage. Muni insists that his wife be with him constantly on the set, and wherever Paul is you'll be sure to find the missus.

Paul's chief hobby is farming. He lives on a large semi-ranch near Van Nuys and the surest way to interest him is to discuss the new methods of irrigation or planting. Both Muni and his wife are ardent horseback riders, and they have just built a new stable.

Charles Bickford has been married for sixteen years, and he has two children, a fourteen-year-old girl and an eight-year-old boy. Bickford spends most of his leisure time at home and greatly resents any publicity that intrudes upon his private life.

He takes pride in the spacious gardens on his Playa del Rey estate and grows prize dahlias and chrysanthemums.

WHILE Jimmy Durante cannot exactly be classed as a "meanie," he is certainly a two-fisted guy with no claim to pulchritude, but, to his wife, he's an angel.

Recently his wife had a birthday, and Jimmy, knowing that she had a particular fondness for luxurious lingerie, thought it was up to him to get some. He couldn't picture himself walking into a shop and actually asking for the latest bits of chiffon and lace, so he had one of the script girls call up and order dozens of the most costly and frothy teddies and nighties from an exclusive shop. And, when the boxes arrived, Jimmy made the selections himself. Even after fourteen years of married life, Jimmy calls his wife over long distance telephone every night while he is in New York and she is on the coast.

As the monster of "Frankenstein" and in other gruesome roles, Boris Karloff has struck terror into the hearts of many, but, as a husband, he's perfect, according to his wife.

He has been married to Dorothy Stine, a non-professional and a graduate of the University of California, for four years. They have a charming home at Toluca Lake and go out only occasionally. Karloff loves to putter around the garden and he is a cricket enthusiast. And even this monster of the screen goes shopping with his wife.

The happiest women in Hollywood are married to the "meanies," so you see that, strange as it may seem, bad men do make good husbands.

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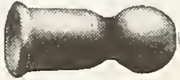

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Those Hollywood Feuds

(*Continued from page 43*)

Gilbert became less successful in pictures. Maybe Schenck never did a thing about it. He had the power, certainly. He could have. But if there wasn't really a feud between the men, screen lover and husband, people thought there was. Other producers thought there was. Maybe that's why they didn't give Gilbert work.

It doesn't seem fair to go back to Connie Bennett again, but the girl does seem to get her share of feuds. They told it all over town that Lil Tashman pulled one of Connie's photos off the wall at the old Embassy Club and ground the glass to bits under her heels. Why? "Connie's been casting eyes at Eddie." Hollywood promptly explained it. The point, as with Gilbert Roland and Norma, is *not* whether the story was true or not.

No one really knows for sure if Lil smashed the picture, and certainly there was no reason why Connie should be giving Eddie Lowe a come-on at that particular moment. The point is—another rumor started the rounds. A feud was on between Lil and Connie, people whispered. Think of the spot that put hostesses in, when they wanted to ask both women to parties. Think of the spot it put their friends in. They couldn't be loyal to both of them, and so they had to make one enemy no matter what choice they made. And enemies, as said before, are bad things to have in Hollywood. Careers hang by slim enough threads as it is.

Most feuds do run in the well-known triangles, of course, but they're not always just the triangles you'd expect. Nobody in Hollywood much doubts that the third point in the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez triangle was Gary's mother. Gary went away to Africa, you remember. Perhaps to shoot lions, as he said. Perhaps to forget. When he came back, by way of London, Lupe was in New York playing in a Broadway show. Gary could go nowhere in New York without running into her. There was Gary, colder and more dignified than ever in his new London clothes. And there was little Lupe, the life of every night club he dropped into. It was enough to make you pity them, to watch them pretending not to see each other.

THAT was a different kind of feud. And with a far-reaching effect, if you think it over. Have you ever heard of people marrying on the rebound? Hollywood has! What if Johnny Weissmuller and Sandra Shaw start believing, some day, that they were married by a Lupe and Gary trying only to forget one another? That little train of thought, in anybody's mind, can easily lead right into a divorce court.

Sometimes feuds end in death. I met Dolores Del Rio when she was making her first American picture. She was wide-eyed. Hollywood was a delightful shock to her. The sums of money she heard talked about dazzled her. People treated her like a queen. She simply couldn't believe it had happened to her. "Here's one that's going Hollywood with a bang," I said.

Dolores knew that her success depended upon the director who was interested in her, Edwin Carewe. Carewe, Hollywood said, was interested in her as a woman as much as he was as an actress. When Dolores' husband, Jaime, arrived from Mexico, a feud started between the two men. Jaime could hardly recognize his own wife. Instead of the quiet, home girl he had known, he was talking now to a star. It was her stardom that was his rival, not Carewe. Carewe was only its symbol. And that was a feud that was hopeless from the start. He couldn't win.

Dolores had to choose between her husband and the life she used to know, and stardom. She chose the latter. Jaime went to Paris and died shortly after. The doctors were mystified by his death. There seemed to be no reason for it. There was plenty of reason. A broken heart.

SOMETIMES, however, the ending of a feud can spell success rather than failure. People thought the engagement between Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers was the real thing, with marriage just around the corner. Mervyn, while not a great director, was knocking out hit after hit. Ginger was the unknown one of the pair. A pretty little kid from Texas who had won Charleston contests, drifted into vaudeville and musical comedy and ended up in Hollywood. People said she was cute.

Then Mervyn dropped Ginger over night and married the boss' daughter, Doris Warner. That ought to have finished Ginger. Married to a director, she would have had a chance. On her own—well, there were a lot of other cute kids in Hollywood. But it didn't work out that way. Ginger went up like a sky-rocket!

Hollywood takes care of its own. It's the non-professional husbands and wives, like Jaime Del Rio, who suffer. There are so many of them that a list would reach from here to Doomsday. Take a single instance. How do you suppose Herr Seiber, Marlene Dietrich's husband, feels toward Josef von Sternberg—or, as he was christened, Joe Stern? Marlene says she is still in love with Rudolph Seiber. The last time he visited America the three of them had their pictures taken together, all smiling and looking very friendly. Well—fine.

But, just the same, back in Germany Rudolph can never pick up a newspaper without seeing Sternberg's name coupled with his wife's. They are seen together everywhere, they work together on every picture Marlene makes. Rudolph, smiling photos or no smiling photos, would be a very strange man indeed if he could look on Von Sternberg with friendship and affection.

Does your memory go away back to the days when John Gilbert went on a rampage one night and ended up at the Beverly Hills calaboose demanding that they put him in jail? The publicity department said Jack was "out for a lark." Hollywood insiders had another idea. They said Jack was still crazy about Garbo—crazy wild, wanting to smash things, start fights and raise hell in general. (The feud he had with Stiller, the director who brought Greta from Europe, was something to write home to Sweden about.)

Gilbert has always been highly emotional, liable to plunge into things on the spur of the moment. He quieted down for a few years when talkies broke him. Then Garbo took him back for her leading man in "Queen Christina." Up flared the old Jack again, instantly. And—picked a fight with his studio, left his wife, returned to her again and—well, we'll see what he'll do next.

YOU might almost say that Joel McCrea's middle name is Feud. To make the figure of speech more exact, you could say it's a middle name nobody knows. Joel has done more dating of Hollywood wives, is his time, than any other man in town—and nary a peep of jealousy out of either husbands or wives. Of course he did stop before he got in too deep, and got married himself. But he had done plenty, just the same. Why weren't those hubbies out a-feuding against him like a pack of wolves! Joel grins and says, "Because I treated the husbands better than their own wives did." But that's just a wisecrack. It's closer to the truth to say that he dodged it by being square and above-board.

If Joel took your wife out you knew it and everybody else knew it. There was never any sneaking. And so husbands and wives alike trusted him. If there were a few more Joels in the old town there'd be a lot less feuds.

It's the women, on the whole, not the men, who go in for the under-cover romances that stir up trouble. I know one star who surprised everybody by marrying a plumber. He wasn't really a plumber, but if I come closer to it you'll guess who I mean. "What on earth did she marry him for!" gasped Hollywood. Well, kiddies, it's simple. She was going places—under cover—with another star's very nice husband. That little romance was not so innocent, and Star No. 2 got wise to it. A divorce-suit was brewing, with some nasty charges for the newspapers. So Star No. 1, being a smart gal, promptly married herself off to her plumber, the only man handy at the time for legal ties. Then let 'em sue! People would never believe an innocent little bride could be guilty of all those wicked charges, don't you see?

That's been done more than once, to duck one of these feuds, too.

A feud is different from a passing quarrel. If you pick up today's newspapers you'll read that So-and-So is mad at So-and-So for flirting with her new boy-friend at lunch. That isn't a real feud. It'll be over by tomorrow. The real feuds are the quarrels that settle down into steady grudges and run on year after year. Those are the poisonous ones. They cause trouble and plenty of it, although the papers never hear about it. But the little quarrels of today are the feuds of tomorrow.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 15*)

Let's Get Sentimental

JO ROBISON, of Huntington, W. Va., wants to weep:

Aren't Hollywood directors sentimental anymore? "Can" all of these hardboiled prize fighting and gangster films and give us a good cry. The crowd I pal around with is crazy about Otto Kruger, that new actor from Broadway. Give him more rôles—leading ones—and more pictures like "Ever In My Heart," a heart-touching film.

More Pictures Like "Little Women"

HELEN GREEN, of Paterson,, N. J., explains its success:

The reason we packed the theatres to see "Little Women" is this: It is different from other pictures. It isn't a modern romance and it isn't a musical comedy. It's just a sweet, sympathetic, interesting and old-fashioned story.

Take a Bow, Bing

A fan from Bronxville, N. Y., JANE BAILEY, is all for him:

One cheer for the young man who became "the answer to every maiden's prayer" over the air waves. Another cheer for the famous singer who was not afraid of risking his popularity by trying his luck in the movies, in spite of the fact that many had failed before him. And one more cheer for the lad who manages to be natural and sincere on the screen.

Three cheers for Bing Crosby!

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Baby LeRoy Contest Prize Winners

MODERN SCREEN, JUNIOR, which is the supplement published especially for kiddies by MODERN SCREEN, announces the names of the twenty-five girls and the twenty-five boys who were awarded the prizes offered by Baby LeRoy, Paramount baby starlet.

Walter Johnson, Norford, McLean, Va.; Tommy Vallario, 116 Temper St., Hartford, Conn.; James Edgar Parker, Jr., 2002-14th Street, Meridian, Miss.; Johnny Davis, 1024-5th Ave., Huntington, W. Va.; David DeLuca, 318 East 23rd St., Ashtabula, Ohio; Benny Swedowsky, 1645 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.; Jack Meyer, 305 Greylock Parkway, Belleville, N. J.; Thomas Corrigan, 323 N. Baum St., Saginaw, Michigan; David Garrison, 237 W. 29th St., Norfolk, Va.; Erle Rasch, 1831 Kipling, Houston, Texas; Max Klein, 1321 Union St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Richard Hansen, 1026 Albert St., Racine, Wisconsin; Henry Gavilocki, 8528 Muskegon Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Frank J. Bozentka, 269 Hamilton St., New Haven, Conn.; Ronald Koehm, 3009a N. 20th St., St. Louis, Mo.; Clyde Keene, 426 No. 20th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.; Richard Linehan, 67 Walnut St., Glens Falls, N. Y.; Dicky Morris, 258 Stevens Ave., Portland, Maine; Anthony Pucchi, 417 N. Gross St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Jack Henry, 370 7th Ave., New York City, N. Y.; Billy Leiknas, Main St., Hyannis, Mass.; John A. Vashon, 11 Carrean St., Waterville, Me.; Richard Blech, R. R. No. 2, Box 301, Michigan City, Ind.; Ralph Jr., 45 Hoven St., New Haven, Conn.; Robert Phillips, 708 Canden Ave., Salisbury, Md.; Hilda LaRosa, 406 Watchung Ave., Plainfield, N. J.; Lillian Moody, Box 113, North Anson, Maine; Catherine Crossfield, 923 Carolina Ave., Nashville, Tenn.; Rosemary Evers, 2500-15th St., Troy, N. Y.; Eleanor Thomas, 3619 Wilshire Terrace, San Diego, Cal.; Theresa Blevins, 806 Kentucky St., Amarillo, Texas; Mary Jane Lawrence, 651 Orpington Rd., Baltimore, Md.; Hilda Marie Wolnie, 6638 Field Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Mae Garvey, 102 Ward St., New Haven, Conn.; Jeannette E. White, 69 Carver St., Pawtucket, R. I.; Shirley Ann Donachie, 12 Shepard St., Lynn, Mass.; Florence Leon, 525 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Naomi Ross, 208 Second St., Manning, Iowa; Jacqueline Kelley, 1404 Linval St., Lansing, Mich.; Carol Jane Young, 290 Sumner Place, Buffalo, N. Y.; Sylvia Klein, 1321 Union St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Mary Pistola, 113 Washington St., Worcester, Mass.; Helen Elaine McDaniel, 409a Bird St., Hannibal, Mo.; Gertrude Neuser, 2340 Vermont Ave., Toledo, Ohio; Loretta Brown, 2735 Bonfield St., Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy P. Theodoredis, 119 So. 9th St., Easton, Pa.; Helen Adkins, Mineral St., Platteville, Wis.; Shirley Sanford, 108 Jackson St., Lockport, N. Y.; Barbara Ewing, 305 Greylock Parkway, Belleville, N. J.; Emma Noe, 32 W. 97th St., New York, N. Y.

Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 8*)

important thing and what was the unimportant thing. But what would you do yourselves?

THIS sort of thing has come to my attention several times recently. If a girl slips on the ice, or stumbles over a rug, or bumps the old bean against the shelf over the kitchen sink, the man, instead of being properly solicitous and asking her if she has hurt herself, is very apt to howl, "For the love of mud, you're always banging yourself or falling over something. Can't you pick up your feet?" And the girl, smarting from the accident, can't be blamed too much if she pitches a book-end at him or comes back with a snappy retort.

I suppose, once again, the old idealization business enters into it. In the man's mental picture, his girl never stumbles or cuts herself. She glides gracefully through life, like the glamorous ladies on the screen. What to do about it? Well, grin and bear it, I guess, and summon your sense of humor, if you can, to kid him out of the disagreeable habit.

It seems that I'm cracking down on the men too much. Someone will be asking, "Haven't the girls any faults?" Sure they have—and one of the worst of them is a little disease I'll call interruptionitis. I used to notice this at home with mother and father. Dad would no sooner get himself launched into a dissertation on the political situation or something, than Mother would start thinking up interruptions. "Excuse me, dear. Would you mind handing me the scissors. They're right on the table beside you." Or, suddenly she came forth with a startled exclamation—"Oh, dear!" And he would say, somewhat disgruntled for being cut off in the midst of his best sentence, "Whatsamatter? Got a pain?" And *she'd* say, "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to interrupt. But I just remembered that I promised to call Mrs. Whoosis today and I forgot all about it." Then, very brightly, "Go on with what you were saying." And Dad would stand this just as long as possible and then he'd shout about it and quit talking and sulk for hours.

THERE is a certain important talent or virtue or whatever you want to call it, which in dancing is termed "the ability to follow well" and in accompanying a singer is called "anticipation" and in plain ordinary life is called "a woman's intuition." It's really a gift for knowing what the other person is going to do before he does it—and, furthermore, a gift for knowing what he'd *like you to do* without his saying a word about it. Girls, you know, if they're the least bit clever, can wheedle and coax the right response from a man with all the pretty feminine tricks they know so well. A man can't do anything like that. He's supposed to be strong and silent and would scorn asking for a compliment or praise of any sort. It's up to us to figure out what he would like us to do or say. I know a chap who, for some silly reason, loves to read aloud. He read a story to me once and I said what a nice story it was. That wasn't enough. He kept saying, "You didn't like it. You didn't like it." I kept saying that I did and finally I added, "It was a swell story—and you read it beautifully, too." He beamed. No, it wasn't a boy friend—it was a plain, ordinary cousin who was bitten by the stage bug and yearned to be an actor. But he was the same as any other male. He wanted to be praised. And whereas a girl could say, looking cute, "Nice story, yes. But you didn't say anything about the way I read it," a man, of course, would consider any such hint as quite beyond the pale.

Make a point of telling him that he looks nice—they're just as vain as we are. Praise his tennis, or the way he writes a letter, or his manner of introducing people, or his choice of neckties—or any confounded thing—just so long as you, occasionally and without being gushy about it, give back to him a little of the pleasant old applesauce which you enjoy yourself. He may be gruff and say, "Oh, nertz!" But don't tell me he won't love it!

Have you some personal problem of love and romance on your mind which you would like to talk over with someone who would give you honest, helpful advice? If so, write about it—fully, to Alice Van Doran. She will regard it as absolutely confidential and will send you a personal reply. Address your letter to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

We dropped into Lilyan's dressing-room and there was the movies' "best dressed" curled up on a *chaise longue* having a studio box lunch. It consisted, as she put it, of "one good sandwich, one not-so-good, a hard-boiled egg and a thermos bottle of what laughingly passes for coffee." (Well, we've tasted coffee, so that makes one of us wrong—us or the studio cafeteria).

Miss Tashman, who had recently suffered from arthritis, looked extremely well as per usual. She has just about the ten best figures in Hollywood, plenty of good grooming, a throaty voice and a divine sense of humor. Much too much for one gal. She had seen a performance at a Group playhouse the evening before—one of those little theater community effects—and reported it to be the "Grope" theater, and when we discussed a maturing actress who takes herself much too seriously, Lil said, "Well, personally, I like her. The only thing that's wrong is that when we all want to have some fun, she has to go dedicate a Date Farm or something."

* * *

NOW, about Mr. Clark Gable! We visited M-G-M's contribution to sex appeal with (shame on us, tch, tch) not too open a mind; with a slightly "well, bring on this big he-man, cave-man, ladies' man, and let us have a look."

And, girls and boys, we beg to humbly report that Mr. Gable is suh-well! Even more attractive than on the screen, with a grand sense of fun and a trigger-like mind when it comes to snappy repartee.

He hadn't been to New York since he became rich and famous—although he insists he isn't rich now—and took all the hurrahs and fanfare in stride. Yes, Clark's Stetson still fits and it sorta looks as if it always will.

Clark made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York and about a million fans and the Police Reserve came out. Everybody seemed to be there to protect each other from being mobbed. The poor Famous One, of necessity, was forced to leave by the front of the house.

So, if anyone should say that Mr. Gable is slipping, tell 'em that he must have spurs on the soles of his shoes.

* * *

LAURA LA PLANTE, a platinum before platinums became the rage, breezed into New York en route to Europe. The little lady looked positively radiant, for she had a stunning mink coat and a new Warner contract to make some pictures in the land of fog and royalty. Laura saved her pennies for the coat and is as proud of it as a child with an "A" on his report card. As for the contract; well, that comes in the nature of a good big break, after two years' absence from the screen.

Of course, the rumors preceded Miss La Plante's arrival by about two days. You know, the ones about her anticipated divorce from Bill Seiter, the di-

"Here is the SECRET"

says Mary Brian

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rector. Well, fans, it's a big, bad lie. Bill and Laura have no more idea of parting than has ham from eggs or pork from beans. They just don't go in for the Hollywood marital Virginia Reel. You know—time to change partners—I draw my leading man and you get the brunette ingenue.

* * *

He lives at the Waldorf-Astoria because it's big and impressive and he can afford to now. So says the lovable Walter Huston, appearing on Broadway in "Dodsworth." The talkies made it all possible and to the little village in the golden west he gives the credit.

Mr. Huston is constantly amazed at the personal fame he has lately acquired. Why people recognize him wherever he goes! Can yuh 'magine? Well, he's just about as naïve as a small boy about it. Of course, this fame business has its drawbacks, too. For, if you want to go into a chop suey joint to do a little business with some chicken and noodles, your public is apt to see you and be disappointed. You sort of owe it to them to ride in taxis and put on the ritz.

This star likes to do a stage play once in a while to keep in tune histrionically. It is so easy to go lax in the movies where there is no need for sustained emotion. Mr. Huston would like to see a couple of fellow players with real talent (he named 'em, too) trail east and do something for the theatre, instead of sinking into the gold fields of the camera coast. The Broadway stage may be less lucrative, but it is plenty stimulating.

* * *

Spring and the personal appearance season is on in New York.

No sooner had Clark Gable packed his make-up kit at the Capitol Theatre than Ramon Novarro moved into his vacated dressing-room. Ramon about rated four ovations a day—or as many rousing cheers as there were performances. He sang and the fans adored it.

Ramon's first love, you know, is the concert stage and here he had another chance to do his stuff. Remember his successful European tour?

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 46)

the rôle of the wife to a nice turn, and you can understand her reaction to the "flirt." Ralph Bellamy is handed a better role than is his usual lot and he is right good. Kay Johnson will spout so much grand dialogue in an hour that you will wonder where she's been all along. The gals should eat this one up.

B: MEN IN WHITE
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Elizabeth Allen

YOU'LL talk about this. Because it's human, true-to-life and thrilling. And it isn't so much the story that is told, but the way the actors tell it, that makes this such an excellent picture. Clark Gable, as the doctor, does almost the best work of his career. Jean Hersholt makes you really understand him in a fine rôle, but the orchids go to Elizabeth Allen, who takes a small part and makes it stand out like a beacon light. The story is laid in a hospital background and the best scene is where Gable has to watch a nurse with whom he has had a liaison, die as the result of an illegal operation.

B: HEAT LIGHTNING
(Warners)

Aline McMahon, Ann Dvorak, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins

GOOD show in new atmosphere. An auto camp in the desert, to be exact, run by Aline McMahon. The rôle was perfect for her. Into the dull and monotonous surroundings, come two bank robbers (Lyle Talbot and Preston Foster) and Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly, two rich and silly divorcees whose car has done a nip-up. Through the whole deal (tragic at times and very funny at others) moves Ann Dvorak, daughter of owner McMahon, who would like nothing better than to light out for the Big City and Romance. Good stuff. Go!

C: COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO
(Universal)

Fay Wray, Paul Lukas, Patsy Kelly, Reginald Owen

NOT so good. In other words, this picture isn't clean-cut. The cast is a bit bewildered by the whole thing and the story is out of focus a great portion of the time. Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly are a couple of movie "extras" who decide to leave the lot in the middle of a scene. Of course, they are mistaken for the characters they are portraying, but the entry of two crooks (Paul Lukas and Reginald Owen) complicates matters a trifle. Patsy Kelly is the whole thing. Fay Wray is miscast. Paul Lukas was the only one in the cast who understood the continental touch the director was trying to put over. It doesn't sound very promising, does it?

C: NO GREATER GLORY
(Columbia)

George Breakstone, Frankie Darro, Frank Morgan, Lois Wilson

SAND-LOT version of "All Quiet" or "Skippy in the Trenches." This picture is from the story "The Paul Street Boys" and is about rival gangs of boys who are continually in a state of warfare. Young George Breakston practically carries the show and we bet that last fight the gangs have will linger in your memory. Frank Morgan and Lois Wilson are barely in the picture, for the boys dominate the screen. If you're fed up on drawing-room sex drammers, try this.

C: SHE MADE HER BED
(Paramount)

Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong, Richard Arlen, Jr.

LET her sleep in it, sez I. This is rather unpleasant, as pictures go, but it has a gusto and some good acting that might make you like it. Tough guy Bob Armstrong runs an auto camp and cheats on wife, Sally Eilers. Along comes Arlen, Sr. selling snake oil and Grace Bradley selling banana oil (at least to Armstrong). To his collection of bob-cats, which he whips hourly to show the ladies that he's a big shot, Armstrong adds a ferocious tiger. As a result of a fire, Baby Arlen winds up in the icebox, the tiger behind the eight ball and Armstrong takes a nose-dive. If you like fast-moving, lusty entertainment, take it.

C: I BELIEVED IN YOU
(Fox)

Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory, John Boles, Gertrude Michael

NOT so hot. In other words, skip it. This story about a gal (newcomer, Rosemary Ames) from the small town who is suddenly thrown into a bunch of no-accounts in Greenwich Village, is rather inanely directed and badly written. The dialogue leaves everyone standing around and the cast (besides Miss Ames, Mr. Jory and Mr. Boles) don't even do the best they know how. "What's the use?" you can hear them say. You might keep an eye on Rosemary Ames, though. She seems to be headed places. This last advice is just for those who go anyway.

C: REGISTERED NURSE
(Warners)

Bebe Daniels, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, Minna Gombell

THE doctors will laugh. But the technical faults in the picture won't be so apparent to the average audience and you might say it was better-than-usual entertainment. All about a wife whose husband goes insane, so she returns to her old job of nursing. Bebe Daniels does this right well and Gordon Westcott plays the daffy husband to the last drop. Of course, the reason Bebe doesn't marry Lyle Talbot (whom she should) is a bit far-fetched and the method finally used to get the husband out of the picture forever is unforgivable from a real-life standpoint, but the general idea is one you'll enjoy.

C: GAMBLING LADY
(Warners)

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Pat O'Brien, Claire Dodd

FAIR to middlin'. And it's too bad, too, because it is a Barbara Stanwyck picture. She is good, as usual, but the story is just straight formula. One coincidence after another is unreeled before the unsuspecting audience until one almost wonders if, by some strange coincidence, the picture will really reach a logical ending. The title gives the whole thing away. Barbara is a gambling lady and there is love, murder and suspects. Oh, yes, there are several triangles and a happy ending. Miss Stanwyck, McCrea and O'Brien try, but we can't promise much.

A: HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD
(20th Century)

George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young, Boris Karloff

WORTHY of special praise. George Arliss has not only given us the picture of the month but, I'm sure, the picture of the year. Such a beautifully-done story, gorgeous settings, Arliss at his best and a cast of ninety-five speaking parts! True, it is another of the present line of "costume pictures," but so far ahead of the best that there is no contest. It's all about the history of the banking firm of Rothschild, how they influenced the map of Europe during the time of Napoleon. The story has strength and purpose that will remain in your memory for a long time. George Arliss dominates the picture, but there are some marvelous characterizations such as Boris Karloff as Ledrantz of Prussia, C. Aubrey Smith as Wellington, Reginald Owen as Herries and Helen Westley as the elder Mrs. Rothschild. The love interest, carried by Loretta and Bob Young, is incidental. See this one.

C: THE SHOWOFF
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Spencer Tracy, Madge Evans, Lois Wilson

THEY got the wrong Tracy! Try as he would, Spencer Tracy couldn't make the conceited mugg "come to life" and Madge Evans didn't get a hair out of place during the entire seven reels. All about a guy who is always putting his foot in it and forever on the wrong side of the ledger. Some of the incidents are sure to hit the bell with any audience, but the net result is not so good.

B: GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
(Fox)

Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye, Jimmy Durante, Cliff Edwards

FUNNY musical misses fire. In spite of the lavish sets—and the presence of George White, himself—and a rather

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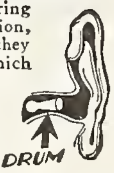

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good cast, this expensive picture doesn't quite "jell." The music, though, is just grand. In fact, there are some real hits for you to croon. "Every Time You Hold My Hand" and "So Nice" are the best. Of course, the idea of the picture is to show you what the New Yorkers see every year in the George White "Scandals," but the back-stage story that is attempted falls rather flat. To us, it seemed that Cliff Edwards was the best, with newcomer Alice Faye doing surprisingly well.

D: LAZY RIVER
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Jean Parker, Robert Young, Ted Healy

SHOULD have stayed on the shelf. Rumor has it that this little ditty was shelved several times and finally brought out for the world to see. Too bad! The story is so antiquated that the preview audience almost laughed itself sick. Mortgage due, villain on way to take house, in steps hero lost at sea after being shanghaied. Well, is that enough to discourage you? Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton, as a couple of dumb crooks, are the standouts as far as performances go, with Bob Young and Jean Parker trying hard.

D: SUCCESS STORY
(RKO)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Colleen Moore

NOT so successful as entertainment. Doug Jr. sees his brother (a gangster) shot and buried in a casket costing ten Gs and immediately wants money and power. He gets both, but the number of necks he has to step on to get to the top are a bit too numerous and the power a little too quickly gained for credence. I thought Fairbanks rose above his material, but the critic at my right thought he was terrible. The remainder of the cast was adequate, with Miss Tobin leading the crowd. We can't recommend it.

THE REPORT CARD

With this simple picture rating, you will be able to choose wisely the pictures you want to see: A means excellent; B means good; C means fair; D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
You must have seen it by this time. It's the picturization of Sinclair Lewis' next-to-most-recent novel with Irene Dunne giving a very nice performance.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Highly imaginative story. Would be "hard to take" if it were not for the sensitive performance of Leslie Howard and the good work of the supporting cast.

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
Amusing Winchelliana. with Paul Kelly.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
Delightful music, with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro to interpret it for you.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
What "the boys" do when they go conventioning.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
A top-notch plot, ably put over by John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels and a large cast.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Strange story—but well done by Fredric March.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
You must know all about this one. But do see it, if you've missed it.

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
You must know all about this one, too. Catch it at a neighborhood theatre, if you were unable to see it before.

DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
Good modern marriage stuff, with Ann Harding and Bill Powell.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Pictorially beautiful.

FASHIONS OF 1934 (Warners).
Not quite up to "42nd Street" and "Golddiggers" but very scrumptious, jussasame.

HI, NELLIE (Warners).
Paul Muni in a comedy role. We like him better in stark realism, but the chap's a swell actor, whatever he does.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
Verra sophisticated.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Gable and Colbert together. And mighty thrilling.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
A really good Western.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
Guess we don't need to say anything about this one.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A wee mite melodramatic, but it will certainly hold your interest.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
Baby LeRoy's adorable tricks make you forget the gruesome aspects of this picture.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
One of the best looking pieces of work we have ever seen. Connie Bennett sings and dances beautifully.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
You'll like the newcomer, Anna Sten, and forget the triteness of the story in the beauty of the production.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan's debut picture.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
A real laugh-riot.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
Super-characterization by Spencer Tracy.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
Charles Laughton in a gorgeously and highly interesting production.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Well—you must have heard of this one. Don't miss it.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Cantor is a riot. the girls are lovely and the gags are swell.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
The versatile Alice Brady gives an excellent characterization.

THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
The younger generation comes through.

VOLTAIRE (Warners).
Mr. George Arliss.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
A super-super-super.

THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).
Paul Muni in the saga of a self-made man.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Lee Tracy at his second best. Which is pretty good, at that.

AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland in one of those spy pictures, of which we're getting a little tired.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
This should have been better than it is. But it has a great many good points, just the same.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Hopkins and March. Helen Mack (who scores beautifully) and George Raft.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Unpretentious, but nice.

BELOVED (Universal).
John Boles and Gloria Stuart grow old together. Beautiful music. Rather weepy.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Harlow and Lee Tracy take the camouflage off Hollywood.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
George Bancroft back again.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Ladies will be interested in the 1814 clothes which are most intriguing and almost up-to-date.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Alice Brady, Frank Morgan and Jackie Cooper.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
One of those light Viennese farce things. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
Young Fairbanks went to England to make this Alexander Korda production. You may like a petite lady named Elizabeth Bergner, who is interesting, if not beautiful.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Ed Wynn.

THE COHENS AND THE KELLEYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
Cute and young.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
Slow, but beautiful.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Joan and Franchot and Mr. Gable.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Marx Brothers.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
A very good Joe E. Brown comedy.

EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
More hospital stuff.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Just foof and feathers—but lots of fun to look at.

FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
The first (we believe) of the cross-country-bus cycle. Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
A grand woman's picture. Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Otto Kruger and Tullio Carminati. Not to mention Master Dickie Moore.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell do their stuff in the famous resort.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon is good.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
A Zasu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler teamed.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Kay Francis is lovely.

I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a beef-baron.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount)
A gal named West is in it.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (Warners).
Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Pat O'Brien.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
Claire Trevor has something. Watch this girl.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
Good mystery.

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
And a good Western.

LADY KILLER (Warners).
Cagney socks 'em again.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
Beautiful Bali.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A newcomer named Ann Sothern seems to be very lovely and talented.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
John Barrymore isn't quite suited to the role.

MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (Paramount).
Too bad Francis Lederer's first picture had to present him as an Eskimo.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
Good action story.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
Nothing exciting, but well done.

MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
Jack Pearl—in other words, Baron Munschausen.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
The medical business, frankly held up for discussion. Gable is in it.

MR. SKITCH (Fox).
Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Robert Montgomery is better than he has been for several pictures.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Rowdy—but plenty fun.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
It takes place in a hospital. What, again?

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
Lionel Barrymore in a familiar characterization.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
Gaynor being very Gaynor.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
Cute story with Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding as a woman doctor.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Paramount's beauty contest winners are in this one.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Alice Brady is a riot.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
Zasu Pitts and Pert Kelton. Very funny.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Charles Ruggles. Mary Boland. Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields.

SMOKY (Fox).
Grand horse picture.

SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
Herbert Marshall in an unassuming film, well done.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Pictorially beautiful, but a little boring.

SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
Good Western.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
Lionel Barrymore in a picture which is a trifle too sentimental.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
Well, what do you think it is? A Western? Right. And another good one to add to the list.

TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
Bing Crosby.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).
A bitter comment on what poverty does to children.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DAVID HARUM (Fox). Will Rogers.
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
F. P. I (Fox-Gaumont).
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
NO GREATER GLORY (RKO).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
FOG (Columbia).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
MANDALAY (Warners).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
SUCCESS STORY (RKO).
TWO ALONE (RKO).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).

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FREEZONE

THE INFORMATION DESK

"Facts, facts! Give us the facts!" cry these fans. Well, here are the facts—and if you are thirsting for information, too, just drop a note to this department

THE music accompanying "Little Women" haunts me and I have been unable to find out the name of the theme song—that quaint melody which recurs throughout the picture.—Pearl M. Irwin, New York City.

At last you can breathe again. The theme song of "Little Women" is entitled "Josephine," a song written on the West Coast but not as yet published. If, by any chance, though, you were being haunted by the song Paul Lukas played and sang, it was "None But The Lonely Heart" by Tschaikowsky.

WILL you please be so kind as to give me information about Director Mamoulian—his ancestry, etc.—Mrs. Herbert Wilhelm, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mr. Mamoulian is of Russian-Armenian descent and one of the few Armenians who didn't come to America to sell rugs. There will be an interesting feature on Mamoulian in our next issue.

HAS Raul Roulien ever made any other picture besides "Flying Down To Rio"?—Joan Hayls, Savannah, Ga.

Raul Roulien has been on the stage since the early age of five and has achieved great success in South America and in Europe. Since he has been in the movies, he has played in the following pictures for Fox: "Delicious," "Careless Lady," "The Painted Woman" and "It's Great To Be Alive." Watch this young man, he's got somepin'.

WILL you be kind enough to advise me as to the songs sung by Eddie Cantor in the two productions, "Whoopee" and "The Kid From Spain"?—Mrs. C. C. Blakeney, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Ah, Mrs. Blakeney, so you've fallen for those beeg brown eyes, too! Or is it that soft crooning voice? Well, anyway, here are your songs. From "Whoopee": "Makin' Whoopee," "My Baby Just Cares For Me" and "I'll Still Belong To You." From "The Kid From Spain": "Look What You've Done" and "What a Perfect Combination."

In writing to this department, avoid questions which are controversial and which are not dictated by good taste. We cannot give you home addresses of the stars and we dislike printing answers which take up a great deal of space. Otherwise, we're ready to oblige. All questions will be answered in this magazine, so save your stamps.

Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WILL you please give me the following data on Mary Carlisle's age, height, weight, education, likes and dislikes, etc.—Elwood Henry, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Mary Carlisle was born in Boston, Mass., in 1912. She was educated both in the East and on the Coast in private schools. A blue-eyed blonde, she weighs an even one hundred pounds and is five feet one inch in height. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis and her favorite pets, dogs. She plays the piano and loves to read biographies. For more about her, read "Plucky Little Girl" in this issue.

IS it true that Mala, the Eskimo, in the picture of the same name has never acted before? I am a bit doubtful in spite of the fact that the announcement said that the only actors in the picture were the Canadian Mounted Police.—Charlotte Wills, Kansas City, Mo.

The little detective has again peered furtively from behind the green baize curtains. It is reported from Hollywood that Mala is a former assistant cameraman named Ray Wise. He really was born in Alaska but came to America because he wanted to write stories about the frozen North. He started out by being a studio hanger-on, was made assistant cameraman, then promoted from that office to actor in W. S. Van Dyke's "Igloo." Then when Mr. VanDyke went North to make "Eskimo," Wise went along as Mala. Now, are you satisfied or merely disillusioned?

I WONDER if you could tell me where to send my baby's pictures. My little daughter is very talented and I would like to know how to get in touch with some studio which would be interested in her.—Mrs. B. H. Chester, New York, N. Y.

Discouraging as it may seem, Mrs. Chester, about one child in 1500 who go to Hollywood ever gets a chance in the movies. Children called to the studios must be on the Central Casting list. There are only 1400 children between the ages of six months and eighteen years on the lists, and no registrations are being accepted by the Bureau at the present time. However, if you want to take a chance, send your daughter's picture to the Central Casting Office, Hollywood. Then hold your thumbs.

WHAT can you tell me about Mitzi Green? I used to like her so much and then she disappeared from the screen altogether.—Johnny Tate, Minneapolis, Minn.

That is a big order, Mr. Tate, but here goes. Mitzi comes naturally by her acting, seeing as how both her mother and father were on the stage. She was born in the Bronx, New York City, on October 22, not so very long ago. She was educated in the public schools of New York and Hollywood and in the New York Professional Children's School. At the age of six she made her stage debut and at eight made her debut on the screen in Paramount's "The Marriage Playground." Some of her other pictures were "Honey," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Sante Fé Trail" and "Tom Sawyer." Recently RKO called Mitzi back to the screen to appear in the forthcoming "Finishing School," but after she had gone all the way to Hollywood, she found that the part selected for her was far from being important, so she rejected it.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

World's wealthiest
HEIRESS
yet she could not have the man she loved

NO man had more money than Nathan Rothschild, yet his daughter was denied the one thing she wanted most in life! Why? What surprising quirk in the amazing brain of her father, history's greatest financial wizard, made him hurt that which he held most dear?

But the sinister thing which kept lovely Julie Rothschild from the arms of dashing Colonel Fitzroy, served a double purpose, for it became the driving power which made the house of Rothschild the richest family on earth!

You'll be thrilled by the powerful story of THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, the novelization of George Arliss's latest picture, featuring Loretta Young and Robert Young. So you'd better get the May SCREEN ROMANCES today and read it—along with eleven other splendid new screen stories:

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Fredric March), GAMBLING LADY (Barbara Stanwyck), HEAT LIGHTNING (Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak), DAVID HARUM (Will Rogers), COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Fay Wray), MIDNIGHT (Sidney Fox, Henry Hull), STRICTLY DYNAMITE (Jimmie Durante), THREE ON A HONEYMOON (Sally Eilers), ONE IS GUILTY (Ralph Bellamy), and THE CROSBY CASE (Wynne Gibson).

TODAY ASK AT ANY NEWSSTAND FOR MAY

SCREEN ROMANCES
THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

– as we go along
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CHESTERFIELD

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LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

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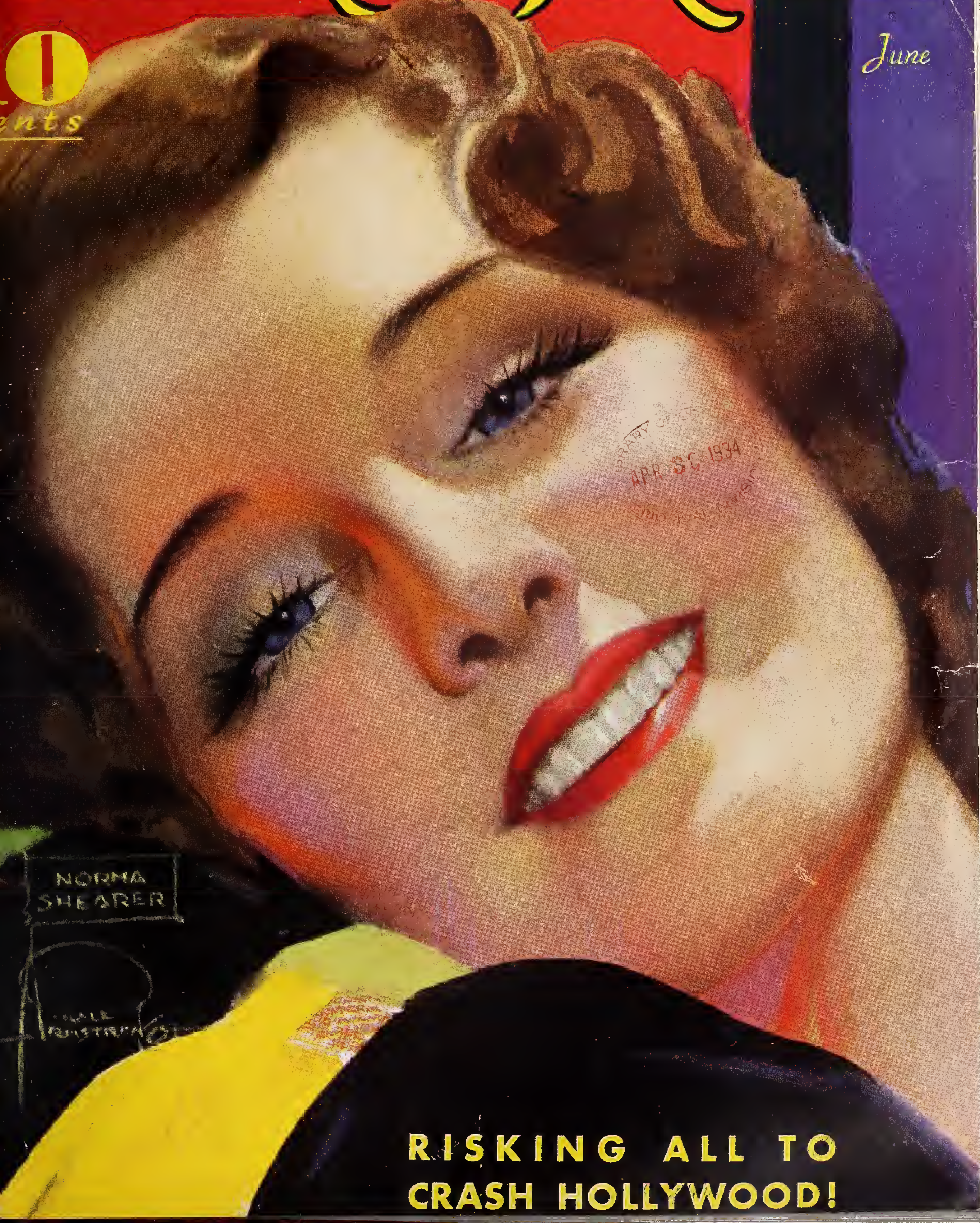
ents

June



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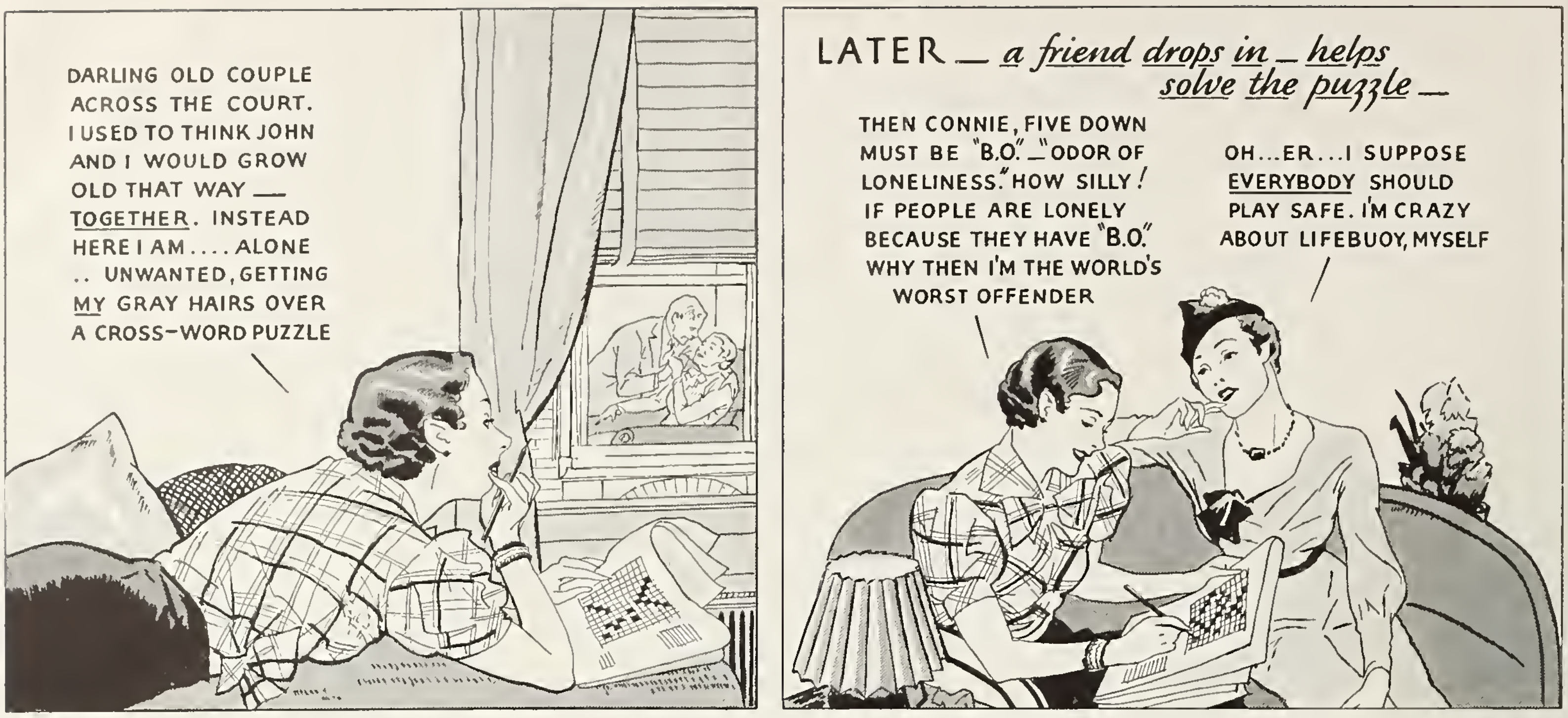
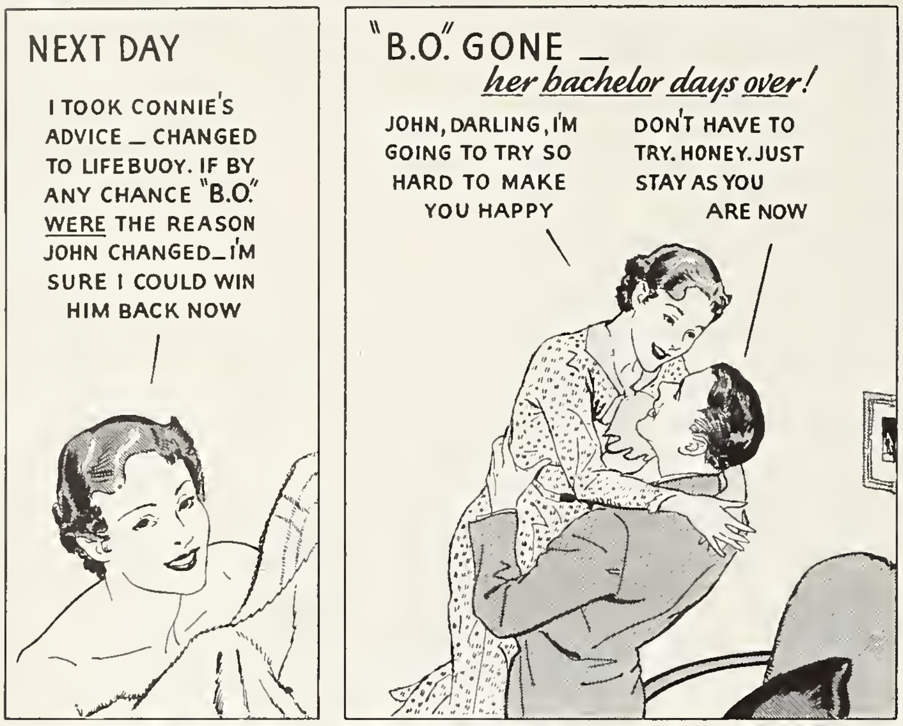
RISKING ALL TO CRASH HOLLYWOOD!


DARLING OLD COUPLE ACROSS THE COURT. I USED TO THINK JOHN AND I WOULD GROW OLD THAT WAY — TOGETHER. INSTEAD HERE I AM.... ALONE .. UNWANTED, GETTING MY GRAY HAIRS OVER A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
LATER — a friend drops in — helps solve the puzzle —
THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN MUST BE "B.O."—"ODOR OF LONELINESS." HOW SILLY! IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O." WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S WORST OFFENDER
OH...ER...I SUPPOSE EVERYBODY SHOULD PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY ABOUT LIFEBUOY, MYSELF

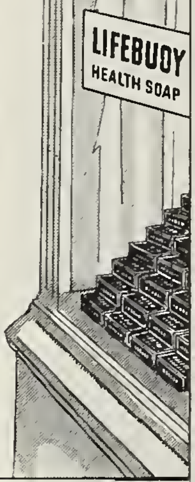

NEXT DAY
I TOOK CONNIE'S ADVICE — CHANGED TO LIFEBUOY. IF BY ANY CHANCE "B.O." WERE THE REASON JOHN CHANGED — I'M SURE I COULD WIN HIM BACK NOW
"B.O." GONE — her bachelor days over!
JOHN, DARLING, I'M GOING TO TRY SO HARD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY
DON'T HAVE TO TRY. HONEY. JUST STAY AS YOU ARE NOW

YOU WONDER HOW I KEEP MY COMPLEXION SO LOVELY — THERE'S THE ANSWER!

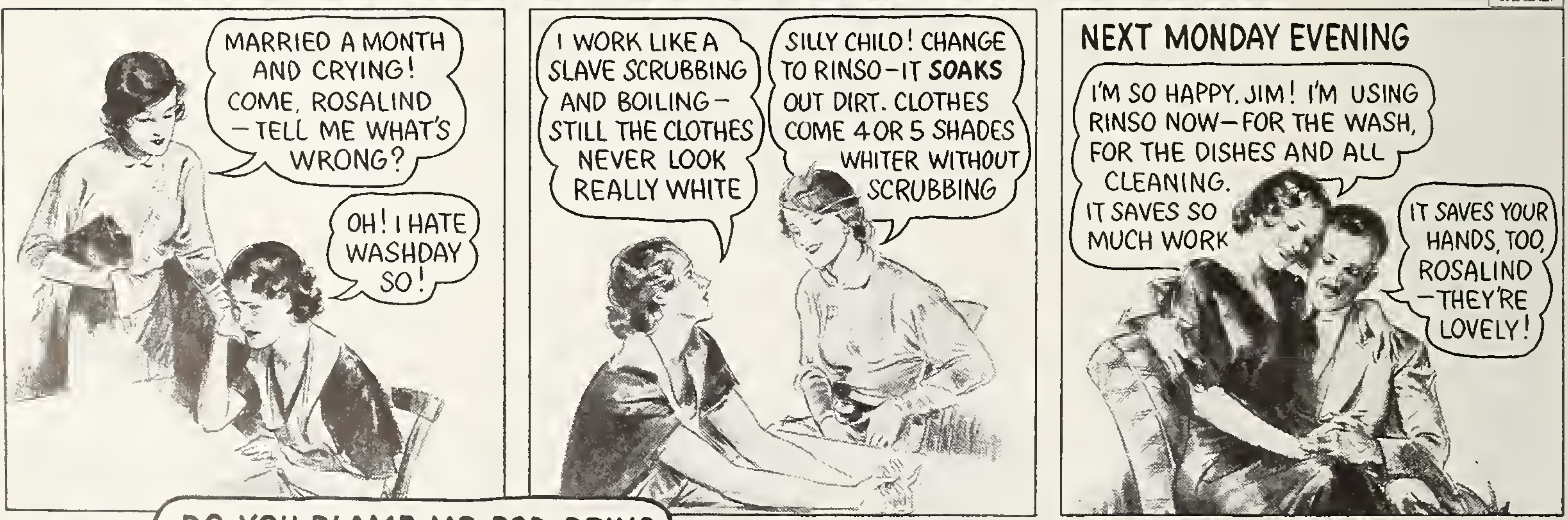
SO SAY thousands upon thousands of women. Lifebuoy keeps their complexions clear and fresh—let it do the same for *yours*. Its gentle, searching lather penetrates pores—coaxes out clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy lather whether the water is hard or soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*).


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL ....


MARRIED A MONTH AND CRYING! COME, ROSALIND — TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?
OH! I HATE WASHDAY SO!
I WORK LIKE A SLAVE SCRUBBING AND BOILING — STILL THE CLOTHES NEVER LOOK REALLY WHITE
SILLY CHILD! CHANGE TO RINSO — IT SOAKS OUT DIRT. CLOTHES COME 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING
NEXT MONDAY EVENING
I'M SO HAPPY, JIM! I'M USING RINSO NOW—FOR THE WASH, FOR THE DISHES AND ALL CLEANING. IT SAVES SO MUCH WORK
IT SAVES YOUR HANDS, TOO, ROSALIND — THEY'RE LOVELY!

DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING PROUD OF MY WIFE?

NO WONDER he's proud of her! She doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she *soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter* in Rinso suds. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.

The girl nobody wants to be

Who is she?

She is the girl about whom men say to themselves: "She certainly doesn't live up to her stunning looks! Why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself?"

She is the girl whom other girls discuss in cruel little huddles: "Wouldn't you think she'd notice it herself? There's no excuse for it these days!"

. . . . .

Nothing so quickly sidetracks a girl socially as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

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Just a quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm when you dress, and *you're safe for all day or evening.*

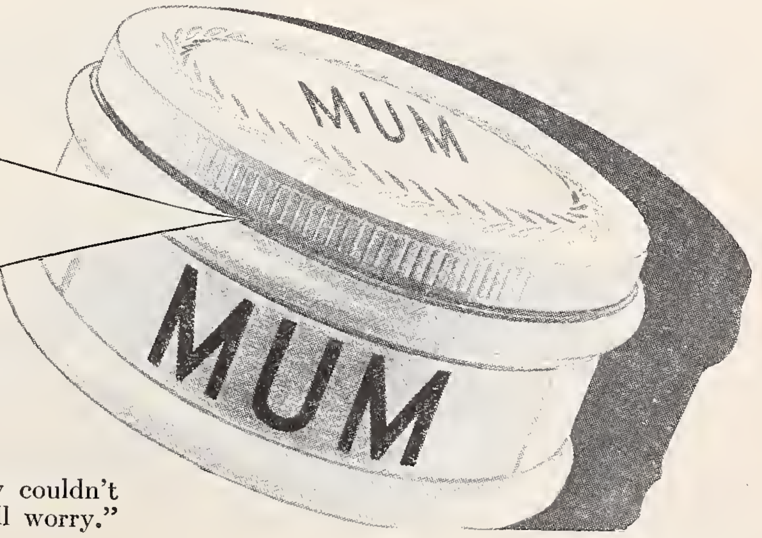
And think of this—if you forget to use Mum when dressing, use it *afterwards.* It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does away with unpleasant body odor *without* preventing perspiration itself.

The girl or woman who is careless about underarm odor always pays for it in lost popularity. Use Mum and be sure of yourself. All toilet counters have it. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it to use on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry."

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Modern Screen

FOR JUNE

Special Stories

"STOP GOSSIPING ABOUT ME!" .... Dorothy Manners 26
Jean Harlow's much-rumored loves and feuds are making the Platinum One rebel

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On the slimmest chance at fame, movie-struck humans will gamble honor and life

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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor
REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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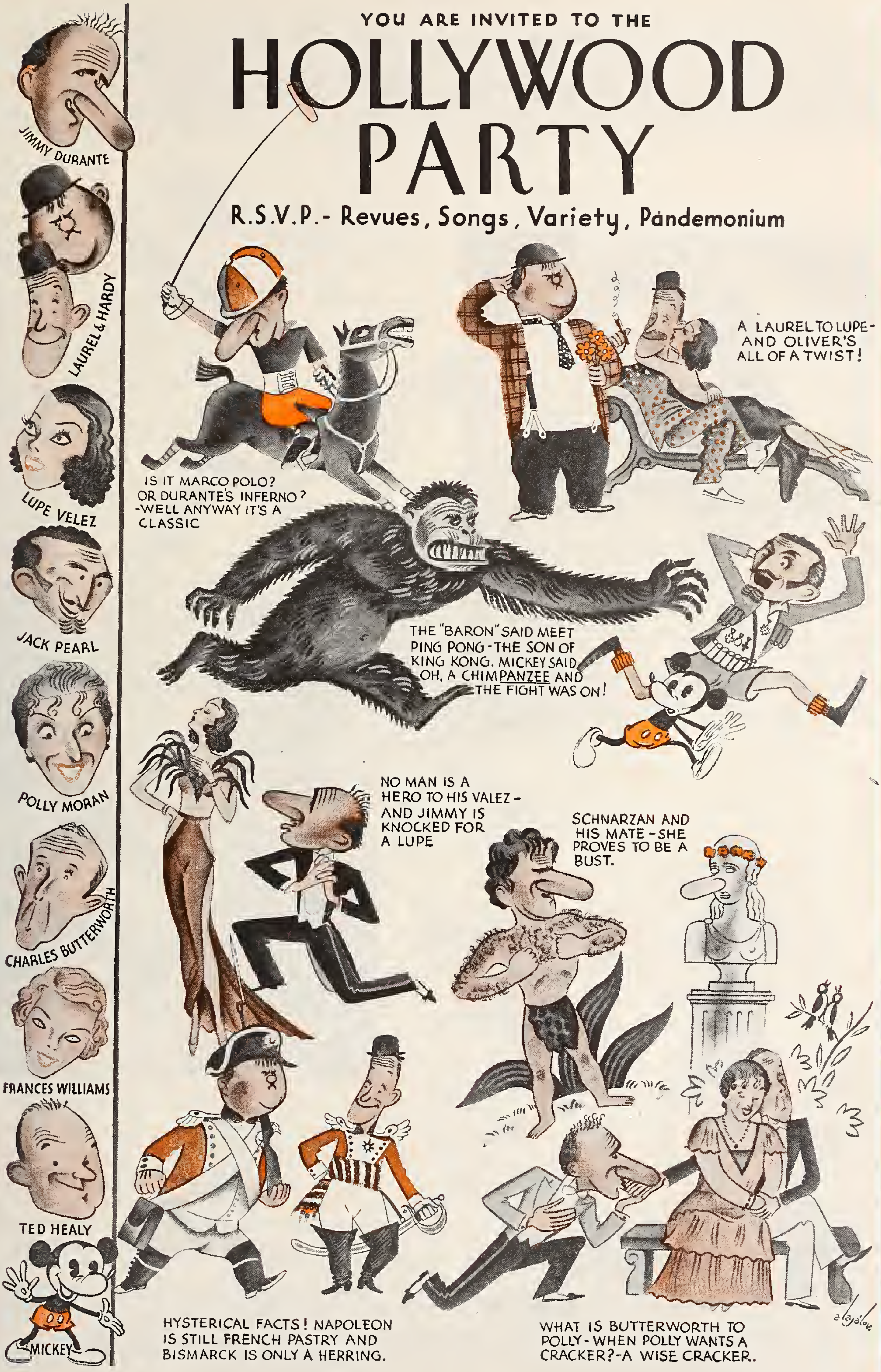
YOU ARE INVITED TO THE

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

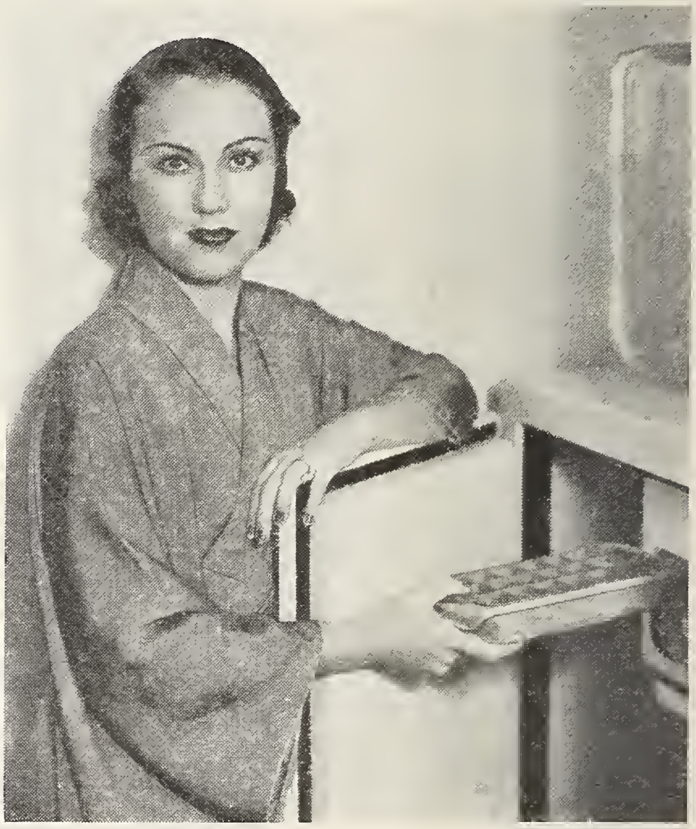
R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium


JIMMY DURANTE
LAUREL & HARDY
LUPE VELEZ
JACK PEARL
POLLY MORAN
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
FRANCES WILLIAMS
TED HEALY
MICKEY
IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO? -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC
A LAUREL TO LUPE - AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!
THE "BARON" SAID MEET PING PONG - THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!
NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE
SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.
HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.
WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Beauty Advice

Your beauty problems will be answered by Mary Biddle, promptly and in a personal letter, if you will write to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. The address is Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Fay Wray is a girl who works very hard and plays very hard, too. She never looks anything but lovely. That takes care—and pains. One of her never-neglected beauty tasks is to give her skin a brisk, invigorating ice rub at least once every day.

BY MARY BIDDLE

THAT large picture of Fay Wray presents for your admiration a glamorous, dazzling lady—a sort of princess, awfully well-groomed, and frightfully well-coiffed. A dream girl for men to worship and buy orchids for and dance with on moonlit terraces. A slim, cool creature who, in the sticky weather we are about to endure, would never do anything so unalluring as to perspire, or go unpowdered and unwaved.

The smaller picture of Fay Wray presents a young lady in her wrapper—one who has just pattered from her dressing-room, in her mules, to the kitchen to get a cube of ice from the refrigerator. She is going to take this ice cube back to her dressing-room—or to the bathroom—wrap it in a soft cloth, and, with it, polish her clean, makeupless face. It will act as an astringent, a pepper-upper, a dirt-cheap tonic and beautifier. (*Continued on page 124*)

Use TINTEX—for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations

John Held Jr

Use TINTEX for

Underthings...Negligees
Dresses... Sweaters
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Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

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Tintex
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK
THIS GRAY BOX TINTS AND DYES ALL MATERIALS

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints and Dyes

The MODERN hostess

Plantation Marble and Silvermoon are just a few of the enticing cakes Joan Blondell dotes on.

PROBABLY if I should stop you on the street tomorrow and ask you to name your favorite cake you'd answer "chocolate layer" or "devil's food." Somehow almost everybody does. But, if I'd repeat this little experiment a month from now, I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts you'd answer "Silvermoon," or "Plantation Marble," or "Maple Cream," because I hope that by then you will have made and eaten Joan Blondell's delicious cakes.

It was funny how I happened to find out about these cakes. If Bette Davis hadn't been going to have a birthday, I might not have.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for June, 1934.

Name........................... (Print in pencil)

Address........................ (Street and Number)

.... (City) (State)

You see, it was this way. Joan Blondell thought it would be fun to have a surprise party for Bette, and she asked me if I knew of anything different to have to eat. Well, I suggested a few little party treats and Joan was so enthusiastic about them that I set to work and planned a whole menu for her. Everything went along nicely until I mentioned Bombe Glacée and Petits Fours for dessert.

"Don't be silly!" said Joan. "This is a birthday party and, of course, Bette must have a birthday cake—a big one, with candles."

"And all dolled up with pastry-tube roses, Happy Birthday scrawled across the top in pink icing, and under the icing, that mysterious mixture of sawdust and almond meal that so many caterers dignify with the name of cake," I replied sarcastically.

"No such thing," exclaimed Joan. Then, with a flash of her lovely smile, "Bette's going to have a real, old-fashioned birthday cake and I'm going to make it for her myself."

"Hooray!" I cheered. "And what particular cake do you pride yourself on being able to make?"

"I can make any kind of cake," answered Joan earnestly, "but I have several favorites and I shall choose one of them for Bette's birthday cake."

"Tell me what they are," I urged, spotting a chance to get some pointers from Joan in exchange for the ideas I had given her.

"Well, probably my very favorite cake is one we call Silvermoon, with Seafoam Icing on it."

"Sounds like a poem," I hazarded.

"It is a poem," agreed Joan, laughing. "It's better than a poem, this delicate white cake. It has nuts in it and on top is a frosting, which is made of brown sugar, egg whites and coffee."

"The sort of cake which makes a man forget there was hash for supper," I suggested.

"Hash for supper, indeed! That cake is not one to consort with hash. It is of the aristocracy, I would have you know. Though I suppose if you did want to cover up the fact that the rest of a meal consisted of hash and little else, this cake could do it better than almost anything else I know."

"Then there is Plantation Marble Cake with Fudge Frosting," went on Joan.

"And why *(Continued on page 110)*

Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... it's the best show in town!

ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR

I HAVE just received a letter from a girl—one of our readers. From such telltale things as choice of words and presentation of ideas, one can see that the writer is a person of more than average intelligence. The letter is signed only with the initials. You will understand why in a moment. I cannot print the letter—it is much too bitter. It has made me ponder seriously over certain moving pictures and stories which I have always taken more or less for granted.

We have had, recently, several pictures which presented the theme of motherhood without benefit of clergy. I have seen three such pictures in the last few months. They were all beautifully done. They brought tears to the eyes and a lump to the throat. Two of these three ended — oh, so happily. In the third the mother died, but the child and the father (a very wealthy father, of course) came together at the finish. In all three pictures, there was an aura of beauty, a tragical loveliness, an abundance of romance, an idealizing of the bare facts which made the heroine's plight seem an enviable dramatic experience.

"Stop these pictures!" cries the girl who has written me the above-mentioned letter. "Stop them! Believing the screen to be the greatest medium of modern social education, it seems like a good idea to try to cut down on these baby pictures for the same reason, comparatively, that an attempt was made to reduce the number of gangster films. The gangster was rapidly becoming the idol of young, male America."

There—that is all of the letter I can print. For, you see, this girl went through the same experience as the heroines of the pictures I have been talking about. She sneers at the romantic poppycock which glossed over these films. The happy—or nearly happy—endings. The charming reunion of mama, papa and child. The way in which the unmarried mothers' gallantry was played up. This girl does not complain about her lot and she appears much too intelligent to think that her life is "ruined." But it is certainly not a "romantic" nor particularly gallant experience she has been through. It has taken something sweet and wonderful away from her which she can never recapture.

She says, in effect: "Don't go on giving impressionable young girls in this country the notion that there is anything romantic, gallant, courageous or dramatic in such an experience."

This girl will never see her baby again. She hopes and prays that she will never see the father. She looks forward to no happy ending. She looks forward to—forgetting.

Do you blame her?

A romantic setting will, we know, bring glamor to many a sordid fact. I am not suggesting, of course, that a good story should be left unwritten because its basis-in-fact may be the unhappy experience of some human being. I am wondering—that's all—if the mirror should not be held up a little closer to nature. The reflections therein may provide swell stories for the screen.

Let Warner Bros.' musical stars bring you the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!

★ 4 MILLS BROS.

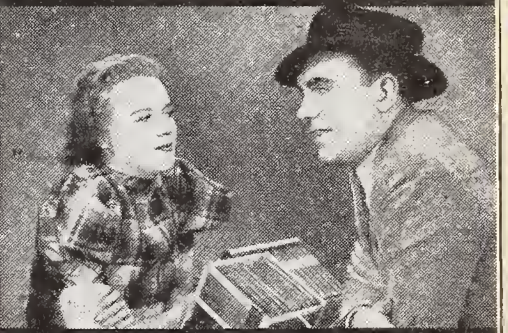
★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . . .

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell.

A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright

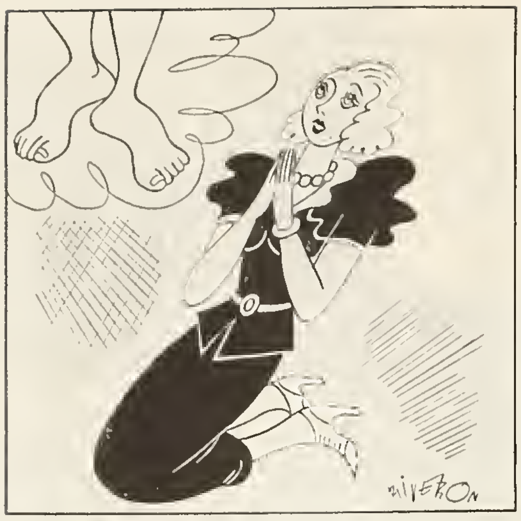


★ PAT O'BRIEN

★ ALLEN JENKINS

Between you and me.

. . . Letters galore on this and that movie subject have been pouring in. Naturally, because our space is limited, we print only the best ones. If yours isn't in this issue—try, try again.



"Lord, give me big feet."

Wanted: Big Feet

J. JESSEL, of Pullman, Washington, vindicates Garbo's Garboisms:

No, I'm not Greta Garbo's press agent, but what if Greta Garbo does have big feet? What if Greta Garbo does "Vant to be alone"? What if Greta Garbo does "Tank ay go home now"? Hasn't she a perfect right to have big feet? Doesn't she have a perfect right to want to be alone or to go home? Ever so often one hears an impersonation of Miss Garbo over the radio until one begins to think that there must be something to this little girl. If she is so bad as all the taker-offers try to make you believe she is, why is she the idol of both men and women on and off the screen?

If it takes big feet and a desire to be at home and alone, we all salute you, Greta Garbo. May we see more and more of your wonderful productions.

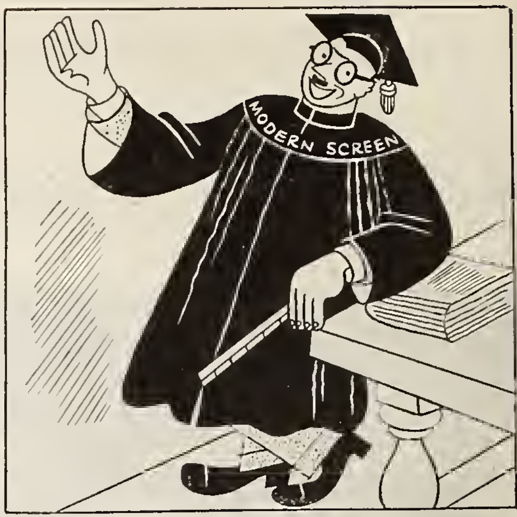
Teachers, Professors, Scientists, Please Note

A. A. KIDDER of Stockton, Cal., may be kidding us, but anyway:

I am greatly interested in Modern Screen as one of the great educational forces of our time. Indeed, I doubt if there be a greater agency; my only doubt is whether its power is used for the upbuilding of character among our youth.

Judging by the lusty bill boards and the newspaper advertisements, one might easily conclude that as innocent entertainment the movies had lost out since the heroes and heroines are largely gangsters or criminals. Now, such characters, it seems to me, are not to be emulated.

For several years I have studied the screen, attending once or twice a week, and I have seen for myself those pictures which were considered the very best, as well as those of a lower standard. I must confess that I do not always agree with what the masses consider the "best" and what they consider the "worst." My hope is that the standard will rise and be kept high for the betterment of our country and the whole world.



"A great educational force."

"Picture I'd Like to See" Conference

(In "All Things Considered" for April, the Editor invited the fans to tell her about books they'd like to see picturized. Here are the most interesting replies.)

J. I., of Lake Villa, Ill.:

I think that "Joan of Arc," plus our Katie (Hepburn, of course), would be second only to "Little Women," which, in my opinion is the best movie ever made. I can just see Hepburn riding gallantly to battle—and the vision is swell!

GEO. JENKINS, of Newport News, Va.:

A fine college film could be produced from John Erskine's new book, "Bachelor of Arts." And among your suggestions of good films to be made, I'd like to include "The Student Prince," to be made again in a sincere technicolor version, music and all.

M. GEORGE, of Callav, Mo.:

William Allen White's "In the Heart of a Fool" would make a marvelous photoplay. It is perhaps a bit heavy in spots but that, of course, could be eliminated in the picture. It's just full of strong characters, both tragic and comic.

Irene Dunne could play the beautiful and courageous wife; David Manners, the printer's son; Warner Baxter, Irene Dunne's husband, and Kay Francis, the husband-snatcher.

NELLIE COFFIN, of Pleasant Ridge, Mich.:

I'd like to see Irene Dunne in "Little Dorrit," by Charles Dickens. Dorrit's father could be played by Richard Dix. Oh, it would be a wonderful picture, fraught with humor, history, satire, domestic felicity and family tragedy. I think it would transcend "David Copperfield," which they are now working on. It would have an all-around appeal to any audience.

JANE PRESCOTT, of New Rochelle, N. Y.:

If those in authority could refrain from changing the ending, I would like to see Anthony Pryde's "The Secret Room" (not a mystery) made into a picture. The part of "Nevil" might have been written expressly for Leslie Howard; Elissa Landi fills all require-

(Continued on page 17)

★ ★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ in ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★ ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Let's talk about LOVE

Love makes the world go 'round, but romance keeps love going

By ALICE VAN DORAN

Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess."

ROMANCE is something most of us associate with lace Valentines, crinolines and Janet Gaynor. It's something we imagine to be as impractical as it is intangible—and that, of course, is where we are wrong. For, just as love is what makes the world go 'round, romance is what keeps love going.

A certain young girl I know, who was recently so heartbroken that she declared she could never, never fall in love again, is all set to embark on a new sentimental adventure. True, she is a little uneasy as to what the outcome will be and has lost a bit of her self-confidence and is just a mite pessimistic and on the defensive, but nevertheless she is ready to try again.

"Of course," she told me, a little defiantly, "it can't last. Love never does. But while it's 'on,' I'm going to have a good time and make the most of it."

Well, first of all, it *can* last. And at least half of its lasting power is up to the little lady herself. If she sits down and takes stock of what went wrong with her last love, it is pretty safe to say that romance in the affair was pretty conspicuous by its absence.

Perhaps she was at fault; perhaps the young man concerned was in the wrong or, maybe the blame should be equally shared. At any rate, it is safe to say that they came to know each other so well that they treated each other as "one of the family." Now, one of the family is all right if you're a sister or a brother or an aunt, but if you are somebody's sweetheart or somebody's beau, it is just about the most fatal-to-love treatment that can possibly be doled out.

When you become too familiar with a person, the tendency seems to lie in the general direction of offhandedness and indifference. You aren't intentionally inconsiderate, but you get to feel, "Oh, well, Jim knows me so well! He'll understand if I don't tell him I had an enjoyable evening," or "Even if I don't phone Mary, as I said I would, she knows me well enough to understand that I was too busy."

An awful lot of the love crimes are committed in the name of understanding and, believe it or not, there is a limit to one's comprehension even when that one is in love!

A promise—no matter how lightly made—is a promise, whether the person to whom it is given is one's "one and only" or one's most casual acquaintance. The funny part of it is, you wouldn't think of breaking one where the latter was concerned. Just as you wouldn't dream of being anything but polite to him. Why? Well, besides its being a mark of good breeding and careful upbringing, it makes an impression. A good one. And, somehow or other, we are never late in wanting to create a favorable impression on a new friend. Why we shouldn't want to keep it with a loved one that already has it, is perhaps one of the perversities of human nature.

Another thing, I'll bet all the tea in China that if you are dining with the one you love, and you're "in a mood," you just don't attempt to snap out of it. You will sit through the entire meal without opening your mouth—except, of course, to eat the (*Continued on page 130*)

Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde
But Too Bad on the Brunette

MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage, coarse re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. MARCHAND CO. MM6-34
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State..........

PICTURE NEWS!

Photos by Scotty

Whoops, Aggie! The Missus McHugh, Butterworth and Crosby are doing it for charity, so it's all right. This act—a take-off on the Boswell Sisters—was part of Hollywood's Temple Israel Benefit.

Will Rogers and his old pal, Fred Stone, volunteered their services for the Temple Israel Benefit, too.

Grace Moore's operatic soprano and little Ruby Keeler's dancing feet were special attractions.

Edna Best was in tears when she left Herbert Marshall at the Pasadena depot—some say for a divorce.

Bob Armstrong's five scottie pups are entered in a race by Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Johnny Mack Brown and Ralph Bellamy. Bob's giving them the "go" signal.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

ments for the part of "Fan"; "Julian"—a most difficult role—would provide the dramatic part that Ramon Novarro needs, if he is to escape "typing."

The story contains some "meaty" dramatic material for all three principal players, opportunity for elaborate settings, some dialogue already too good to be changed, interesting minor characters who bring touches of comedy and lightness into the gripping suspense of the plot. In short, it is great screen material, worthy of fine treatment.

JOHN CARDIN, of Brooklyn, New York:

Don't you think a talkie version of "The Flesh and the Devil" would be something to rave about? With Jean Harlow in the Garbo role, Clark Gable in the role made famous by John Gilbert, and Robert Montgomery in the part played by the late Lars Hanson. I think this would be one of the greatest events in the history of talkies. (*Fans, your response to the editorial in the April issue on "Pictures I'd Like to See" was indeed gratifying. It proved once more that producers would be wise to choose for their story material some of the old stand-bys that we all read in school.*)

Tone Without Joan?

G. ROHRER, of Waverly, Ill., goes on about a very popular young man:

Let's have an article about Franchot Tone in MODERN SCREEN soon. It would greatly please us if a picture, a really good one (without La Crawford draped about him), would find its way into the picture section, too. He's my favorite actor and I think it's a shame that we hear so very little of him. I hope he isn't doing a Garbo, or is he? He's a fine actor and he doesn't need any "dame" to help him rise to stardom, no matter how grand she may be. (*It'll be a life story on the Tone boy and it'll appear in an early issue of* MODERN SCREEN. *And didja see the pitcher of him on page 52? Truth compels us to add that Crawford's is on page 53, but anyway, Tone has a whole page to himself.*)

(*Continued on page 125*)

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white!*

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "*trick*" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real* soap—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the *golden* bar with *lots of dirt-loosening naptha in it!*

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stubborn dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—*safely!*

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woolens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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"More good news! . . .
Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the
lowest price in almost twenty years!"

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen

Janet
GAYNOR

Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with

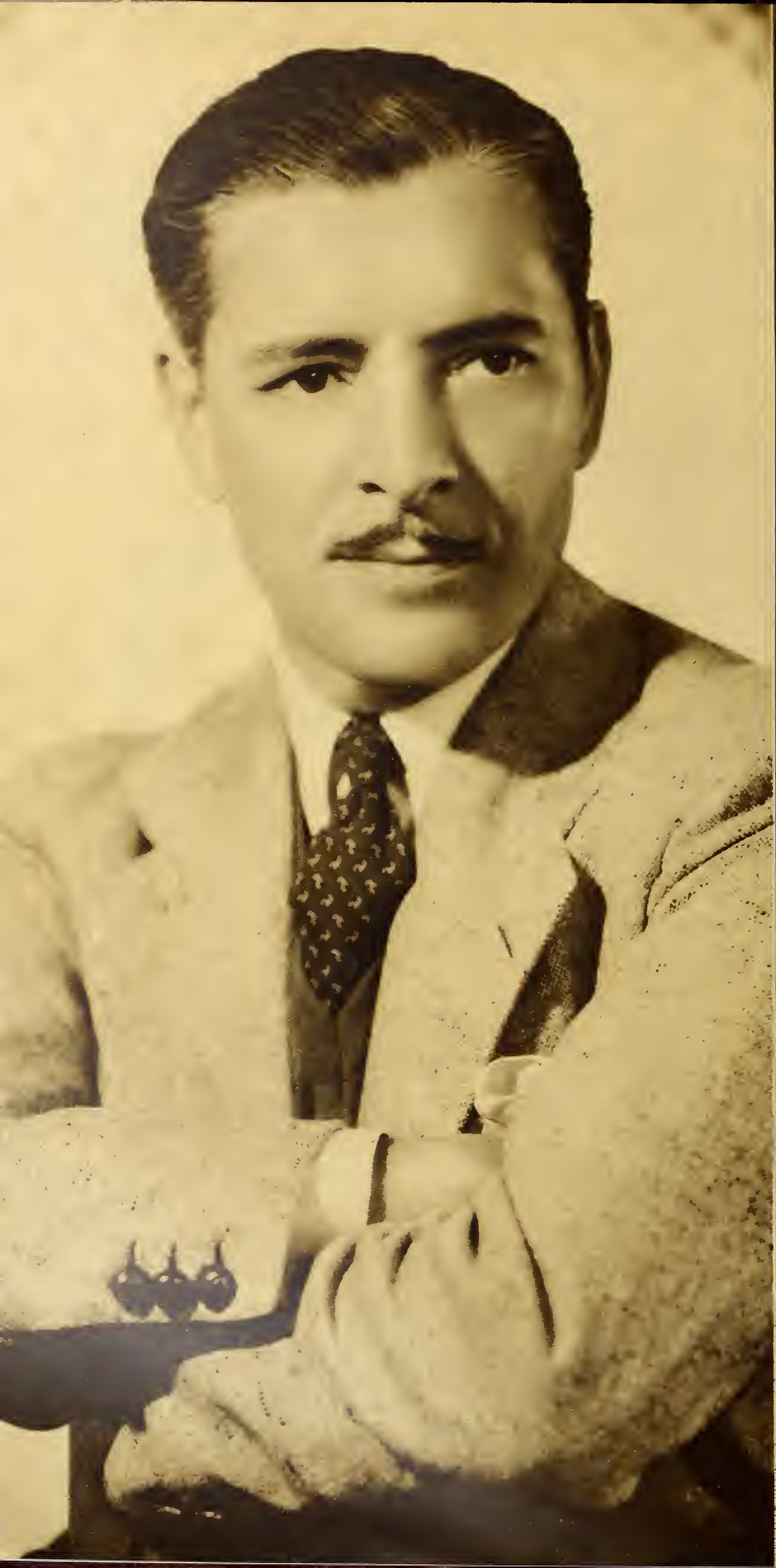
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris

FOX

Margaret Sullavan

Margaret Sullavan is so docile and tractable lately that she has Universal wondering. Why, she's even taken a great interest in her fan mail and, as for her erstwhile frequent disappearing acts, well, they've been conspicuous by their absence. She has been busy making "Little Man, What Now?" Miss Sullavan, as you've doubtless guessed, is destined to go far. She definitely comes under the head of White Hopes.



Ronald Colman

He's an independent soul and, having stacked up plenty of the coin of the realm, Ronald Colman can afford to be. You'll see him soon in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," his first for Twentieth Century. Ronnie has spent the past year traveling, you know, and when he finishes this picture he'll be off again to parts unknown. He's an outdoor lad and takes his sports rather seriously.

Norma Shearer

She's back again after two long years away from the celluloid. And, just to make up for lost time, or give us good measure or sumpin', Norma employs two leading men in "Riptide." Yes, she goes from Robert Montgomery to Herbert Marshall in three reels! You'll see her next in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for Miss Shearer has drawn the season's most delectable picture plum.

Pat Patterson

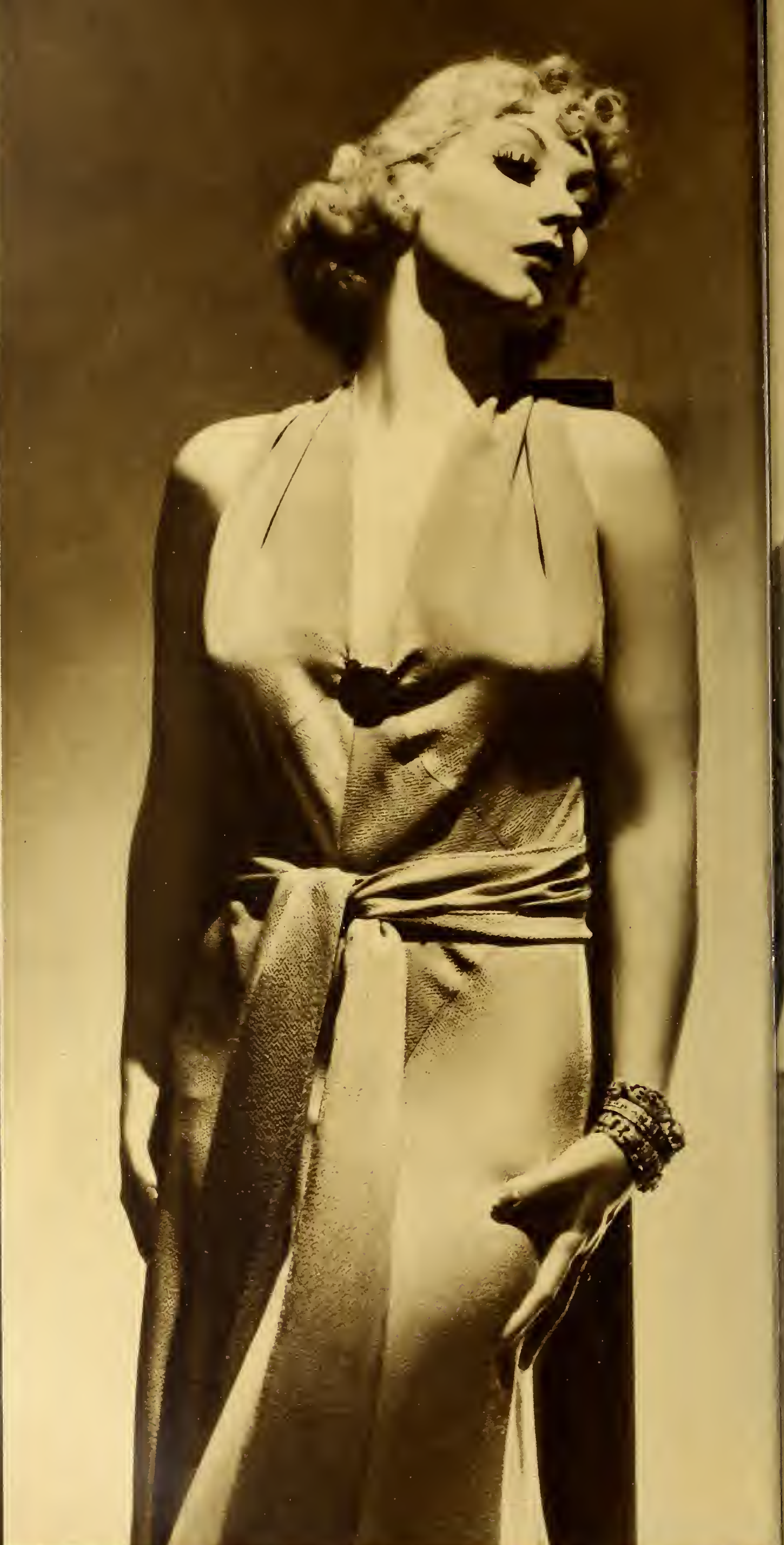
Besides being a clever little actress (what a hit she made in Fox's "Bottoms Up") this little lady might be termed impulsive and impetuous, for Pat Patterson is the gal who sent for her beau to come over from England and married Charles Boyer before the unfortunate lad arrived. However, the Boyers are pleased as punch and it looks as if they are going to co-star in "By Royal Command." Meanwhile, they've been honeymooning in the desert.

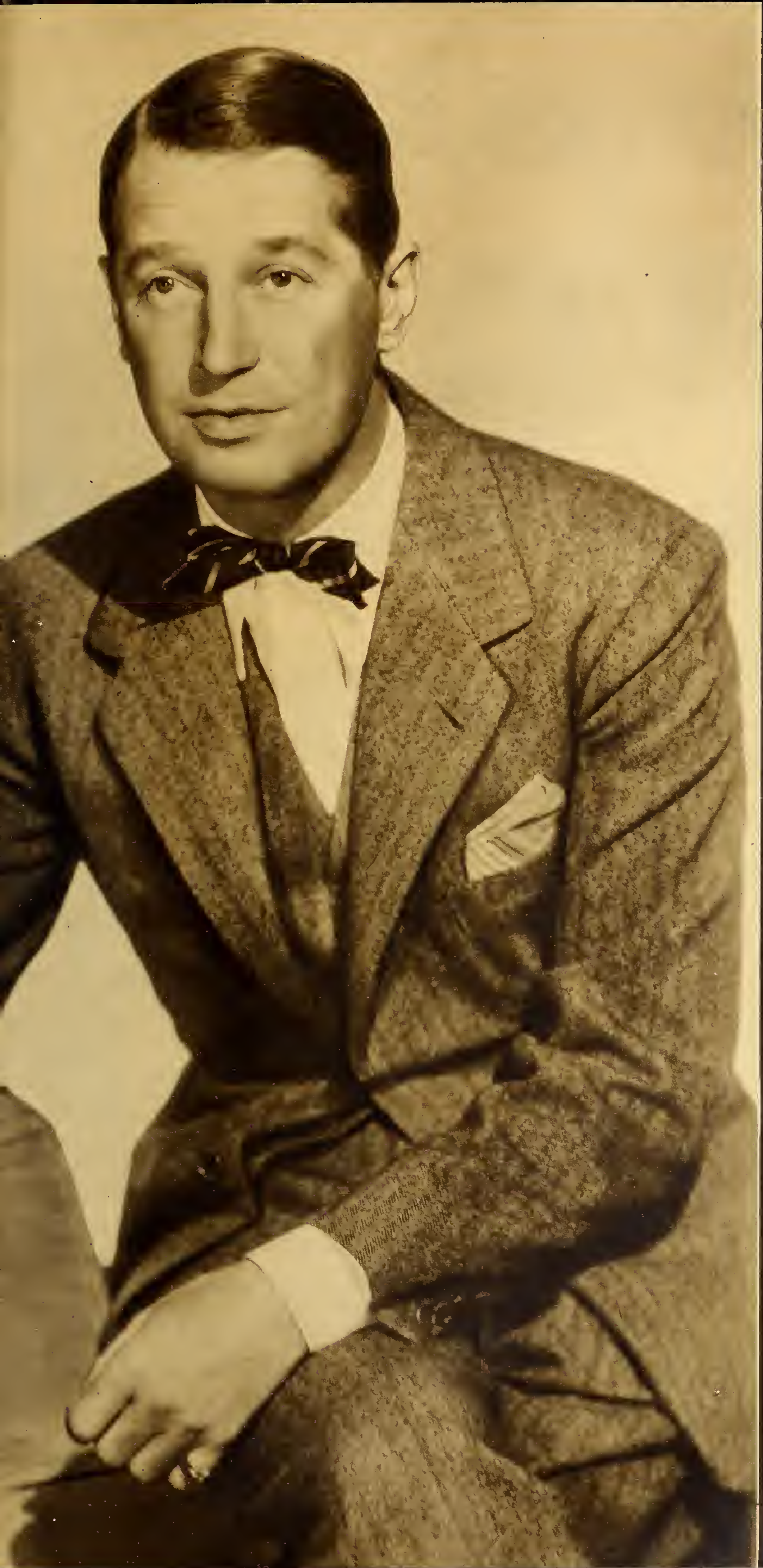
Bob Montgomery

Believe it or not, Robert Montgomery's hobby is skeet shooting. Next to that, he enjoys collecting antiques and furniture for his new home in Westchester, New York. Bob has finished "Riptide" with Norma Shearer and is going to do "Biography" after his journey east for a rest cure to be punctuated with theatre-going and shopping. He is one of Metro's most consistently popular players, for he knows light comedy as few lads do.

Ann Sothern

When she gets a swimming pool, Ann Sothern will feel as if she's a real Hollywood citizen. Up to now, she's acquired a new home and two Scotty pups, which isn't bad when you consider the gal has only been on the Coast a few months. Ann was known as Harriet Lake to the Broadway stage, where she tripped the light fantastic with considerable success. Columbia's "The Party's Over" is her latest cinema venture.





Maurice Chevalier

There's no straw hat and the famous grin is gone, but you can't fool us—it's Chevalier! You'll see him as the hero of "The Merry Widow" and, though rumors were flying fast and furious to the contrary, with mention of the talented Peggy Wood for the much coveted part, Jeanette MacDonald will play the title role and Ernst Lubitsch is to direct. And, as to the one about his fearing competition, why Maurice says he actually welcomes it.

"Stop gossiping

"Divorce Hal Rosson? Why, how silly!"

"Quarrel with Louis B. Mayer? Perfectly ridiculous!"

"Interested in Max Baer? Well, that's funny!"

JEAN said, "I'm through taking it! I have sat back and shrugged off Hollywood gossip about me for the last time. For awhile I had the idea that as long as I portrayed seductive, worldly girls on the screen, I had to expect a certain amount of gossip about that screen Jean Harlow. I considered it the price to pay for the screen character I portrayed. But that is over. From now on, I am declaring war on malicious, fantastic stories which are circulated about me. I shall explain the truth at every opportunity. I am tired of being lied about!"

The lady of these fighting words brought her cream-colored coupe to a vehement brake-dragging stop for two reasons. First, her anger had given added force to the foot she thrust down on the brake; and the second and best reason was a red signal against us at the intersection.

We were Holmby Hills bound from a session at the studio, where Jean had been posing for new photographs and I had been milling around waiting for her. The "sitting" had apparently gone all right at first. There had been poses of Jean looking sirenic, seductive, alluring; smiling over her shoulder, tossing her incredible hair forward, backward, windward and every other way it could be tossed against a black background.

It might have turned out to be one of those days when nothing ever happens if a certain lady reporter hadn't dropped in on Jean and told her something. That, strictly, was the end of that "sitting." Five minutes later there was the banging of a door in the publicity department, a rustle, not of silk, but of brown flannel slacks, and a determined stride, as my friend and neighbor and favorite screen dynamite gathered me up because, it seemed, we were going home. There was a certain glint in her eye.

She had just heard the gossip story about Jean Harlow and Max Baer!

Heard it? Of course I had heard it. The story had been whispered behind every hand in Hollywood of how Jean was supposed to have been Max's Big Moment while he was making "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" on the M-G-M lot, and of how his estranged wife had supposedly planned to name Jean in a divorce suit. And this was supposed (for the third time) to be the reason Jean had eloped in an airplane and married Hal Rosson in such a hurry.

"I don't know what

(*Cont'd on page 93*)

about me . . . !"

"Dislike Joan Crawford? How could I?"

Have you heard the latest about Jean Harlow and Max Baer? And the one about the Platinum's feud with Joan Crawford? And the quarrels she has with her family? Well, Jean's heard these whispers and talks about them right out loud!

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

Dixie Lee Crosby, the adored and adoring little woman, isn't so hot about this retiring idea for various strictly feminine reasons. But if Bing should really do it—okay.

Bing MEANS TO QUIT

What do you think of that? He's serious and sane and determined about the idea. Are you going to let the attractive, popular Bing get away with retirement?

Maybe, in a very few years, young Gary Evans Crosby will have become a famous crooner, too. Then he can support his old man in the style to which Bing has become resigned.

The blue of the night is bright rose color compared to the blue of the days when Bing must give up a choice golf meet for duty's sake. "It will be different, later," says Bing.

By S. R. MOOK

THE other evening Bing, his wife and I were sitting in the den of their home. The trout season had just opened and I had suggested we go on a few days' fishing expedition.

"Can't handle it," said Bing sulkily. "I'm on this picture and as soon as I finish 'We're Not Dressing,' I've got to start on another one. When that's done, I've got three weeks of personal appearances to do in New York. Damn it!"

Then he brightened visibly. "A year and a half more and I'll be able to go anywhere I want, any time I want. We can wait."

"What are you carrying on about now?" I wondered.

Bing laughed. "I'm not just talking big. My contract with Paramount expires the latter part of 1935. When that golden day rolls around, I'm through, washed up, *fini.*"

"You're crazy," I retorted. "What are you going to live on? Have you got enough laid by to keep this place going?"

"Not yet," Bing admitted, "but I will have by then. Here's how it is: the best years of a man's life are between twenty-eight and forty. I'll be thirty-two in 1935. Two of those best years already have gone, never to return, alas. I'm not going to waste the other ten. I'm going to have some fun out of life. I'm going to retire."

"Yeah," I taunted. "I've heard that talk before. Name me one big star who has retired at the height of his or her career—and stayed retired. Jolson, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge—all of them have retired. But have any of them stayed retired?"

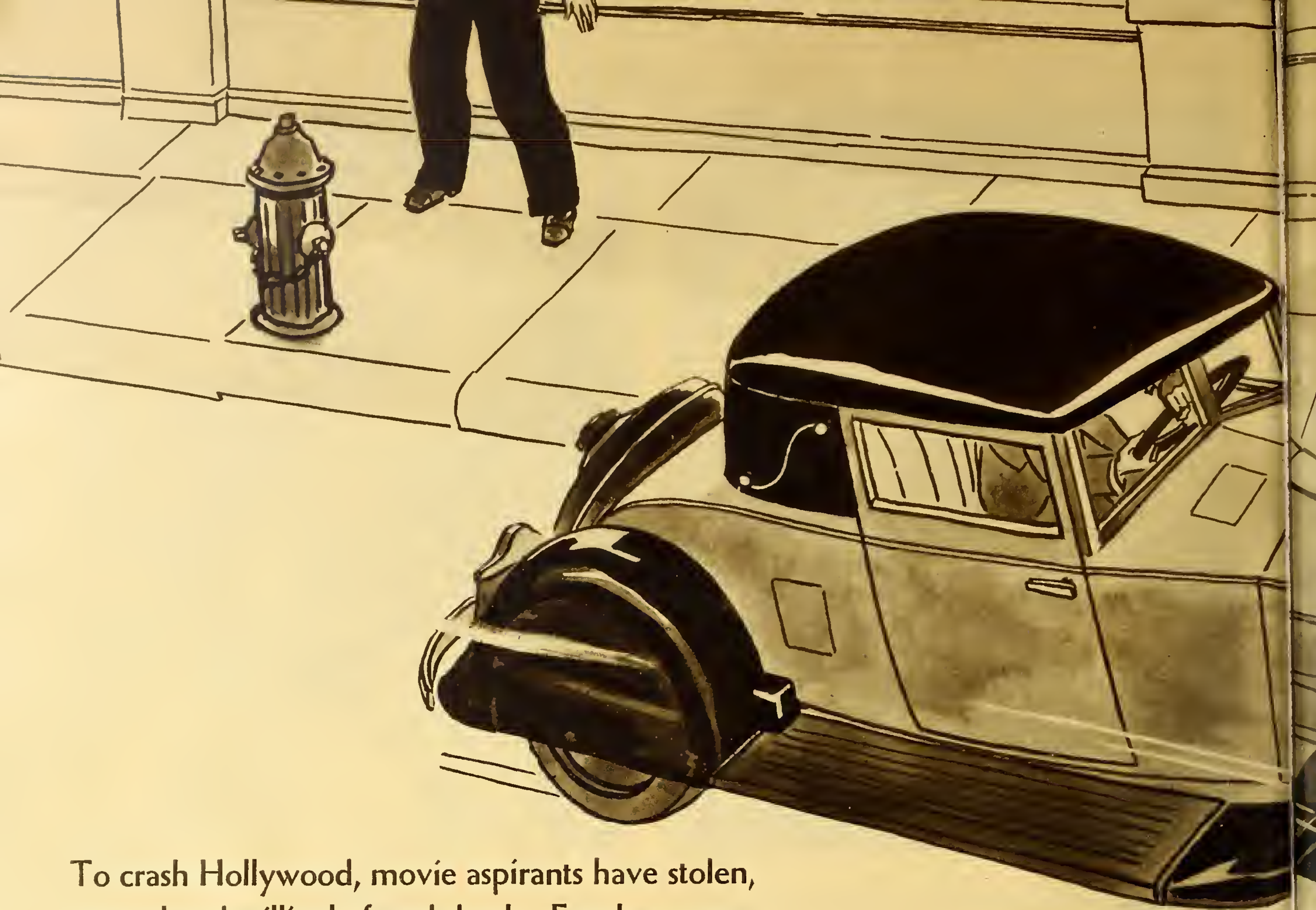
"THAT'S all right, too," Bing returned. "Maybe they like the spotlight. I don't. All this adulation is very flattering, of course, and I appreciate it, but it bothers me. If I sit down at a table in the Paramount restaurant, immediately four or five guys are pointing cameras at me and snapping flashlights in my face while I chew. So I have to sit on a stool at the lunch counter to have a little privacy. If I got to a picture show, a cameraman jumps out and says, 'Just a minute, Bing.' "

"Tchk, tchk, tchk," I murmered sympathetically. "It's tough to be famous."

"You said it," said Bing imperturbably. "Money isn't everything. By the time my Paramount contract is up I'll have about a hundred and fifty G's salted away. Maybe a little more. Then——"

"You mean," I ejaculated, "with all this money you've made, you haven't even got a paltry hundred and fifty thousand skins laid by?"

"That's it. Seems incredible, doesn't it? Well, look: my manager gets five per cent of (*Continued on page 103*)



To crash Hollywood, movie aspirants have stolen, starved and willingly faced death. For the screen-struck consider no sacrifice too much to make, no price too great to pay, for the break that seldom, if ever, comes

RISKING

"ONE in ten thousand achieves stardom," authority says. But what of the other nine thousand and ninety-nine? Do they trail meekly home, dragging their hopes behind them? Do they, resignedly, accept jobs as waitresses, gas station boys, saleswomen and manicurists? They do not. Death is more welcome than such substitutes as these.

I know, because I have talked with Producer Jesse Lasky. I have talked with Casting Director Ben Piazza of the M-G-M lot, with Casting Director Phil Friedman of Fox and Casting Director Fred Datig of Paramount. I have talked to established stars and to a few of the nine thousand and ninety-nine themselves and I have found—heartbreak.

They *do* break their hearts, these desperate and determined nine thousand odd. They resort to extremities so fantastic, reckless, suicidal, dangerous as to pass credulity. They have themselves buried alive. They traverse the country in coffins. Nice girls deliberately involve themselves in scandals in the forlorn hope that the resultant tabloid notoriety may also be productive of a contract. They do themselves actual bodily harm, they starve and die of starvation, they employ blackmail and bribery, fainting fits and stolen identities, spiritualistic means and lies that would send even Baron Munchausen tottering home to mama. They walk across the country, they spend their last dollar, they hurl themselves in front of producers' cars, counting death better than—No Casting. They create actual and physical inquisitions for themselves, willing to walk through the gates of any kind of pain if by so doing they may seize the gelatin Grail in their hands.

Producer Jesse Lasky recently gave out a statement which read: "The quickest way to make an auspicious entry into Hollywood is to stay away and forget the movies until a name has been developed in some other field of entertainment. If you sing, get on the air and become so important producers will send special trains after you. If your talent runs to acting, go on the stage. Unusual success in either field is the shortest cut to the screen, proving that what Hollywood wants is tested merit.

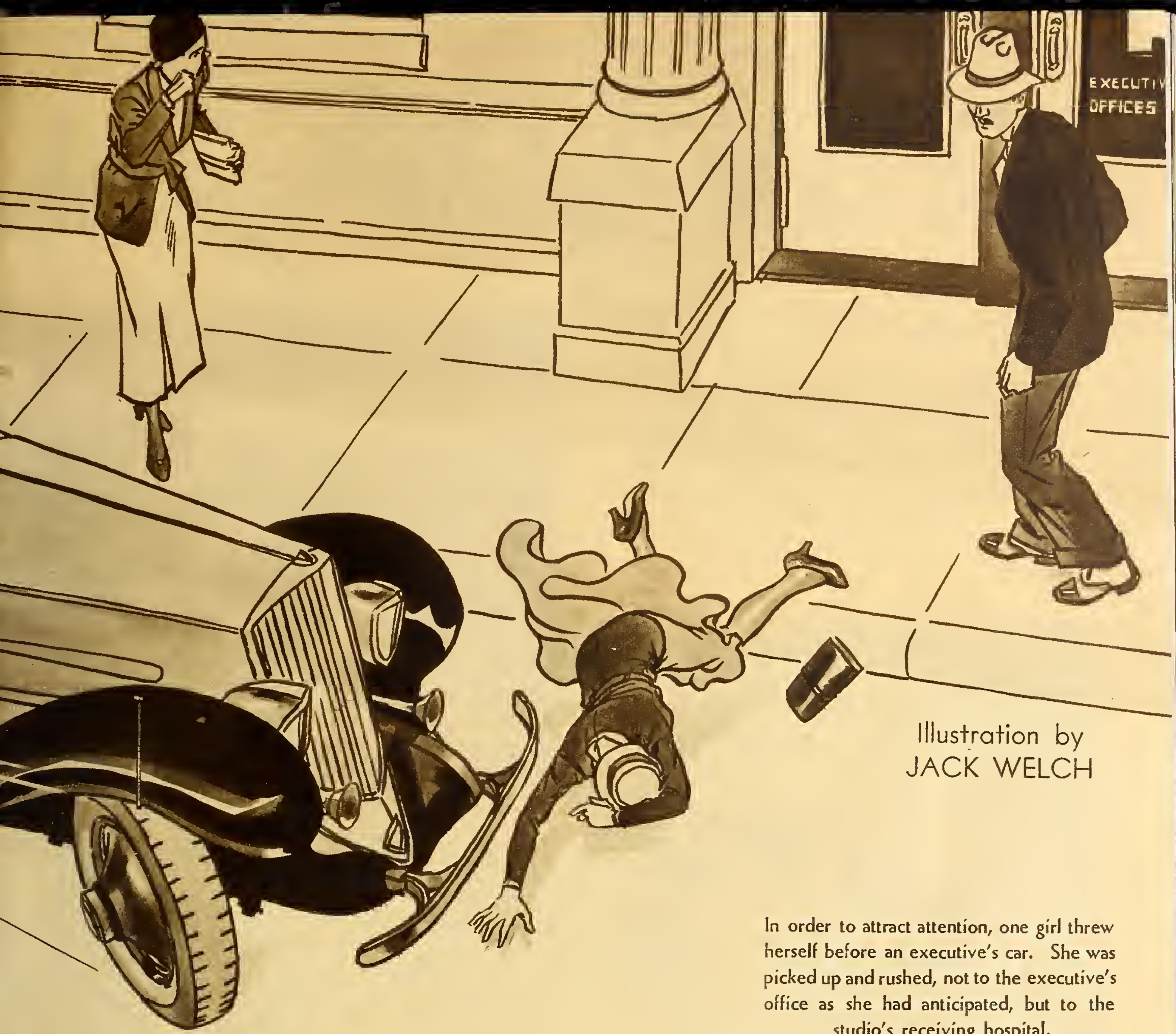


Illustration by
JACK WELCH

In order to attract attention, one girl threw herself before an executive's car. She was picked up and rushed, not to the executive's office as she had anticipated, but to the studio's receiving hospital.

ALL! ◆ ◆

By GLADYS HALL

"The romantic tradition that stars rise out of the extra ranks or are picked by directors from mobs at railroad stations is sheer fable. Success in Hollywood comes as the result of previous experience—and a tremendous capacity for hard work."

I THOUGHT, "This is so. It is sound, sane, practical common sense. But—" And then I was told of the girl, Lucile, who had worked a great deal on the Paramount lot. A girl with a consuming ambition and—very beautiful legs. So beautiful that whenever a close-up of beautiful legs was demanded, hers were the legs in demand.

One day terrible screams came from the room where this girl was dressing. She had poured acid over her legs, burning them so terribly that they were grooved and seared to the very bone. She was rushed to the receiving hospital and there told reporters that she had disfigured her legs in the hope that directors might hear of her and give her a chance to show her face and her abilities on the screen. Her legs were ruining her career. She said, "I was brought up on the biblical saying that if an eye offend you, pluck it out." The girl's limbs were permanently disfigured, but the pain did not bear film fruit.

I had a long talk with Mr. Lasky the other day. We spoke of this case. I said, "I should imagine that such ferocious eagerness, such frantic desire might mean something—an emotional quality, a terrific desire. There are so many of these boys and girls who are willing, who do take the very hearts out of their bodies and hurl them against the studio walls until the blood spatters. What of them? Does it avail them nothing?"

"Occasionally," Mr. Lasky admitted, "this kind of an attempt to enter pictures does work. Sometimes, rarely, the authentic flame is there. More often it is fanaticism, too erratic to be usable. I have a case, somewhat similar, on my hands right now. Ever since it was announced that I was to make 'Red Heads on Parade,' I have been getting letters from a young lady, each letter containing a strand of bright red hair. *(Continued on page 89)*

"Thank you,

When Lee and the Mexican police agreed to disagree and that celebrated tussle ensued, his first thought was of his mother. How would she take it? Could she possibly understand? Well, Mrs. Tracy's first letter brought the answer her unhappy son longed to hear.

WHAT goes through the heart and mind of a man, acclaimed for his talents and achievements, secure in a high place in his profession, who overnight finds himself on the brink of oblivion because of a fluke of fate?

What bitterness rankles his heart, or what philosophy sustains him through the long days and months while the public sits in judgment on his case—whether he is to be, or not to be?

In other words, what have been the feelings of Lee Tracy in the ten weeks following his abrupt dismissal from M-G-M by Louis B. Mayer, for "disgraceful conduct in Mexico City," to the signing for his comeback screen chance in "I'll Tell the World" at Universal?

The jury of public opinion has acquitted Lee. He knows that now. Universal is not starring him in one of their most important pictures of the year out of philanthropic purposes or because they think Lee is a nice boy. As though this were not enough, he has received 2500 letters in two months from the great paying public who have said in effect, "Keep a stiff upper lip, kid. We're for you!"

The case is off the record. Lee Tracy is on his way again. But in the beginning, in the darkest days, he did not know this would be the outcome.

"I know now that the most terrible thing that can happen is uncertainty. That awful waiting, hoping and despair of not knowing our fate. I think it is in all of us

MY FRIENDS!"

By WALTER RAMSEY

"I'm back again, fans, because of your letters and encouragement and loyalty! And because of you, Isabel Jewell, who stood by in those months of torture"

(Below, left) The gossips have had Isabel Jewell engaged to Lee for some time and it looks as if they've hit the truth at last. (Right) The star and Gloria Stuart in "I'll Tell the World," his first picture since the famous fracas.

to adjust ourselves and bear our burdens after the ax falls. But not knowing whether or not it is going to fall, that is hell!"

The supposedly "new" Lee Tracy sat across from me in the Indian Room of the Universal studio café. For hours we had been skirting the subject of this Mexican affair, for it is written in Lee's contract he is to be spared the embarrassment of any reference to the "Viva Villa" engagement in Mexico City. Yet I think he knew as well as I that we could not really evade the subject if he was to truthfully answer my question: "Have you changed, as they say you have?"

I didn't want to embarrass him. I like him too well. And besides I had my orders from the publicity department. So we talked of cabbages and kings and movies and politics before Lee, himself, threw down the gauntlet and honestly tackled the subject.

He said, "Every vital, dangerous climax of our lives changes us to a certain degree. Only moles are immune to experience. But I have not changed in the sense the gossip columnists are insisting. I am not brow-beaten or cowed or hitting the sawdust trail on the old reform ticket. I have not taken the oath that I will never again stay in the same room with a bottle of liquor. Those stories have burned me up plenty.

"Just because I am living quietly, because I walk into a café and do not order a drink when I do not feel like drinking, because I do not *(Continued on page 95)*

"I want to be BAD!"

And Helen Mack, who knew herself as a "good" girl, knows whereof she speaks

By CARTER BRUCE

THREE years ago, when Helen Mack was given her first screen test in New York, she portrayed a married woman with a lover!

Poor little Helen, who was then only seventeen and had never been married and most certainly had never had a lover, told the director, "I'm just a girl. I don't think I can play a married woman with a lover, so sophisticated and all. Why can't I be just a girl?"

"Because you'd be lousy as 'just a girl,' " snapped the director who had taken an interest in her first trial before the camera. "You're not beautiful—in fact, you're not even pretty—so you'd better get plenty of real character into your roles if you want to get anywhere."

Later, when the test resulted in a contract with Fox, Helen was given the ingenue role in her first picture. Then she realized what the director had meant. She was dreadful as "just a girl," and that's why she exclaimed, as she sat across the desk from me, "I want to play bad girls! I don't mean prostitutes or anything like that, but I have to call them bad girls to make Hollywood understand what I mean—the down-to-earth type of girl with lots of character, with nerve enough to be real, natural and even unconventional if need be. Like the girl I played in 'All of Me.' She was real and honest. Not what you would call 'a good girl' in the ordinary sense of the word, but a girl who knew the meaning of the word love and was willing to sacrifice almost anything for it. And she was natural and fine, even though she was what you might call a bad girl. I loved her."

And the whole country seems to know what she means. Already, thousands of fans have written Helen to tell her how wonderful they thought she was in "All of Me," thousands more have written Paramount begging that they see more of this little girl who has thrilled them with her naturalness and charm. And Paramount has

(*Cont'd on page 116*)

Here's Helen with George Raft in a scene from "All of Me," the picture in which she clicked and which won her a new contract. This little lady admits she's a poor ingenue, but a good actress, and Paramount agrees.

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

By REGINA CANNON

...The stars come to town to work, shop and make merry

George Raft arrives in Gotham.

Lanny Ross, rarin' to go places.

The Paul Whitemans and Jolson.

THERE'S a little place in New York's East Fifties, which might be known as Volstead's Last Stand or a Final Tribute to Prohibition, that is, if it wasn't called Leon and Eddie's.

Leon and Eddie's has atmosphere—lots of it. Wall decorations that resemble a college boy's dream of a wicked night in Paris, singing waiters, and an oval bar; well, you know, the spirit of "What the heck, let's be gay!"

What makes Leon and Eddie's news to this department is that Al Jolson chose the colorful spot as the locale for his "Wonder Bar" party, and when Al gives a party, it comes under the head of what the naïve Daisy Ashford called "gaierty."

Everybody, and everybody who heard about it were "among those present," so if success is counted in attendance, this particular soirée established a record.

Paul Whiteman and his exotic wife—Margaret Livingston to us movie fans—George Raft, Helen Vinson, Micky Neilan, Colleen Moore and Estelle Brody were some few of the guests. The jazz orchestra played, the newspaper men sipped and Mr. Jolson sang. Yes, several request numbers followed "I Want to Go to Heaven on a Mule."

Before Al "obliged," he asked a few rhetorical questions. We're sure they were rhetorical because they came so fast that nobody had a chance to give the answers and most of 'em were along the line of "Why don't people like me? Ask the cast of 'Wonder Bar' why they didn't speak to me?"

Well, of course it may have all been in the nature of good, clean fun, but we suspect that, for all his success, Mr. Jolson has an inferiority complex. It couldn't be a "disposition," could it? No, we thought not.

Anna-hoo, the party was grand and the guests wove out around seven o'clock, feeling that the world was indeed a more stimulating sphere than they had suspected and that there should be lots and lots of "Wonder Bars" with Al Jolson presiding over them in his genial, hospitable manner.

* * *

WE all received a terrific shock in Lilyan Tashman's death. When she arrived in New York a few weeks ago, she seemed in excellent health and marvelous spirits. She was here, you know, to play in "Frankie and Johnnie."

In spite of the fact that Lilyan was known to the world as a star and "Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman," we are quite sure that there are many other attributes that her beloved colony will remember her for much longer: Her strong friendships, charitable nature and brilliant wit.

Since Lilyan was young and beautiful when she died, a great deal of interest was shown in her funeral in New York. Lil had requested that she be buried in a certain blue satin gown and Eddie Lowe carried out her last wish. On her breast was glimpsed Eddie's last gift to her, an emerald brooch.

(*Continued on page 129*)

Good

IN spite of denials, all is far from well between Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. This marriage has been straining at the leash for some time and "Mike's" prolonged stay in Europe hasn't helped matters any.

LEE'S IN BAD AGAIN!

Maybe you think Universal isn't hopping mad at Lee Tracy!

Just when they thought they had done so much for the young actor by giving him a come-back chance after almost every studio in town had turned him down (it was that Mexican trouble, remember) they find out that Lee has up and got himself a Paramount contract right over their heads.

Universal feels it is a dirty trick, after they took a chance in starring Lee in "I'll Tell the World," that he should permit another studio to reap the benefits.

Let it never be said that Dick Cromwell is not a gallant gentleman. Here he is lighting a cigarette for a lady in the lobby of the Tingel-Tangel Theatre and, when our Scotty asked the names of both his companions, Dick said, "Darned if I know." (Right) Claudette Colbert attended the opening of "Allez-Oop," with Mr. and Mrs. Lukas.

ALLEZ-OOP
VOYAGE OF LIF

And again at the Tingel-Tangel. Maurice Chevalier is "snapped" with Lilian Harvey. They're very good friends, you know. Our Maurice seems to be sort of playing the feminine field these days, with Kay Francis still way in the lead. Wonder how he feels about that little heartbreaker, Toby Wing, these days?

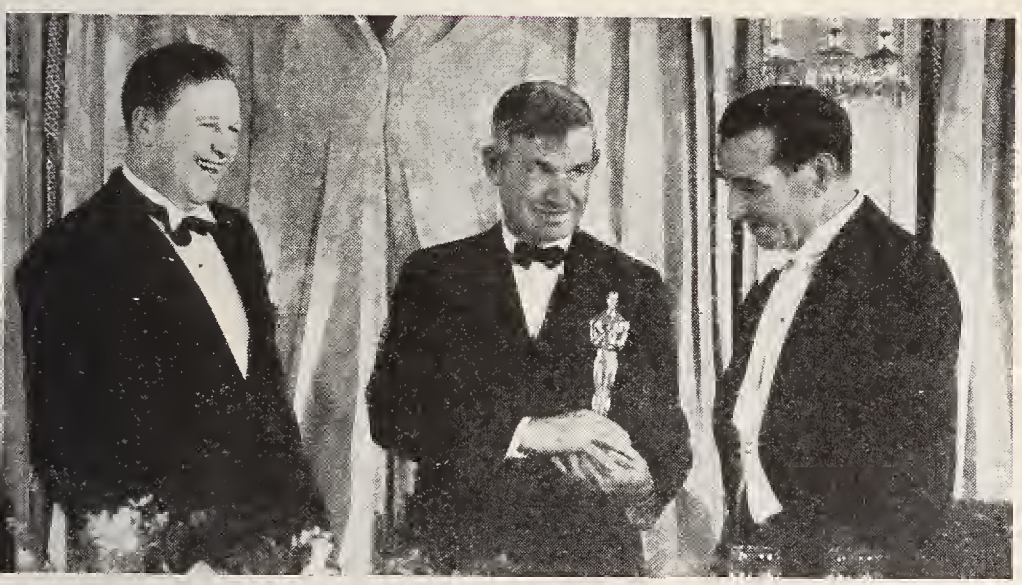
EDNA BEST has sailed away to England and, they say, 'tis with the intention of gaining her freedom from Herbert Marshall. You'll remember Edna as the gal who ran out on M-G-M because she got so lonesome for husband Marshall in New York. Now, it seems, she is running away for another purpose.

Don't forget what we predicted last month: the Edna Best-Herbert Marshall divorce will be followed by another headline slip-up—and two of the four will then marry.

We might add that Hollywood is very much against the Best-Marshall split because they know the inside story about the famous and much-married femme star who has caused the whole thing. Seems she slipped into the breach while the otherwise-happily-married couple were having a slight misunderstanding and took advantage of her position to break the marriage up for good. You will soon know of whom we are talking—unless you've been doing a little peeking of your own.

News

Here is one of the tables at the Academy Awards Dinner. Jeanette MacDonald, the sweet and charming Edna Best, Herbert Marshall's wife—the gentleman himself and Norma Shearer. (Below) Of course, the highlight of the occasion was Will Rogers. Will did his stuff, which means entertainment par excellence for all lucky enough to be present. Franklyn Hansen and Frank Lloyd are with him.



At this writing there is a slight chance that the Producers Association may settle this argument in favor of Universal. Poor Lee. He's always getting in bad.

WHY did Marlene Dietrich hide her face and refuse to be photographed with hubby, Rudy Seiber, when our cameraman, Scotty, caught them on Hollywood Boulevard?

Marlene has never been so elusive before. In fact, she has been gracious about posing with Josef von Sternberg. A mere husband shouldn't have caused such a temperamental display to make her put her hands before her face and attempt to hide behind Seiber's newspaper. Anyway, Scotty got a picture of Marlene trying not to get her picture took, and you'll see it on page 39. We must say, it was all very amusing.

CHARLIE FARRELL is fighting mad that divorce rumors concerning himself and Virginia Valli Farrell have cropped up just as Charlie goes back to work with Janet Gaynor again.

"I thought all such silly talk was over forever," Charlie stated, indignantly denying any thought of separation from Virginia. "If we were going to be separated, it's news to me."

RUSS COLUMBO'S car stands out in front of Carole Lombard's house so often it's actually made a rut in the road.

MARY ASTOR'S TROUBLES

The glaring headlines, "Parents Sue Mary Astor for Support," were shocking to read, but since the facts in the case have come out, Hollywood is pretty well convinced that this is definitely a story with two sides.

On March 20th, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke (Mary's parents. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke) made complaint against their daughter claiming that they were without money and almost without food. Langhanke charged that Mary had given them only $35 in cash since last August and five $30 grocery coupons. Now, it seemed, they were in danger of losing their home. We visualized a shocking picture of two elderly people being forced out of their little family nest. However, the papers came out the next day with Mary's side of the story.

The "little home" turned out to be an elaborate Moorish

GOOD

A famous foursome attending one of the Cocoanut Grove supper dances included Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Virginia Gilbert and Paul Warburg.

mansion with a fifteen thousand dollar swimming pool. According to Mary, she gave her parents this estate six years ago, free and clear of debt. Then, she charges, they promptly clamped a $15,000 mortgage on the property for the purpose of putting in the swimming pool.

"Over a period of fourteen years," says Mary, "my parents have received $500,000 of my earnings. In addition to the property, I gave them, at the time, $1,000 a month for the next twelve months and in 1931 I loaned them $2,500 to pay their income taxes. I have repeatedly offered to give them $100 per month to live on, if they would give up that 'white elephant' of a mansion they insist upon living in. I always have been, and I always will be, ready and willing to keep them comfortably, but I cannot maintain them in open-handed extravagance."

AN enterprising Swede arrived in Hollywood today with a racket all his own. He has spent quite some time in Sweden gathering those pictures that Garbo made before she started in the movies. They were made for an advertising house and showed the glamorous Swedish star in some unflattering gowns. The lad who brought the pictures here wants to sell them to Garbo (or the studio) on the basis that if they don't buy them, he'll sell them elsewhere. It's our bet that M-G-M will pay.

NEW YORK and London are all excited about the possibility of reconciliation between Mary and Doug. The most reliable sources of information are supposed to have vouched for the tip that Fairbanks and Mary are going to forget and start all over again. But out in Hollywood they still can't quite believe it. Somehow or other it just doesn't seem possible.

All the illusion and glamour have gone from that romance now. Doug has been named in a divorce suit. Mary has too often sobbed out the injustices heaped upon her golden head during eleven years of marriage. It is too late for the great dream romance to bloom again in its original perfection, or even in illusion.

JACK GILBERT advertised in the Hollywood Reporter as follows: "Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer will neither offer me work nor release me from my contract. Jack Gilbert."

Poor Jack! Will his troubles, both real and fancied, never come to an end?

SYLVIA'S ON THE SPOT

Sylvia, the former Hollywood taker-offer-of-fat from the moom picture stars (and now on the radio in Noo Yawk), is getting herself in a jam with the colony. One gal was about to sue her for saying that she had lost ten pounds via Sylvia's method. The gal in question had actually lost thirty by her own methods. And she didn't like the idea of letting Sylvia get the credit for it. We can't blame her either.

Now, there's a suit for 100 G's filed against the same Sylvia by Ginger Rogers. She alleges that Sylvia had a voice on her program t'other night that was supposed to be Ginger Rogers' and then another voice (supposedly a director's) said some mean things about Ginger and told her to stick to comedy and that she would never make it in drama. It will be fun!

(Below) Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond have been goin' places.

Edna Best, before her departure, with Leslie Howard at polo matches.

NEWS

The confident pair face the "mike" smilingly. Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer wafted a scene from "Riptide" over the air waves.

(Below) Dick Powell, Alice Faye and Joe E. Brown do a little kiddin'.

Dietrich with hubby Seiber pulling the Garbo-Hepburn stunt.

NO wonder those big, husky guys have been following Spencer Tracy around for over a month. It just came to light: A note was delivered to Spencer about five weeks ago demanding $8,000 in cash, "or we shall kidnap either you, your two children, or Loretta Young." Spenc tried the "dummy package" on the appointed hour but no one came to collect the "money." For over a month, now, he has been wondering when, how or where. It must be a terrible feeling.

THE joke is slightly on Dick Arlen, but he's a swell scout and can take it.

For years Dick has been going around with hurt feelings because he had an idea Paramount didn't appreciate him. Like a lot of other actors in Hollywood, Dick had the idea a studio was just a great big soul-less machine whose only interest was in the box office. For ten years he'd had that idea.

Came the morning of his tenth anniversary with Paramount. Came a call from the studio inviting Dick to drop over for luncheon that day. And what he walked in on was a testimonial banquet of 200 Paramount executives, directors and leaders, all rallied around to the cause of telling him how much they thought of him and valued his services. The big lug almost broke down and bawled, he was so touched.

But words of appreciation were not all that Dick received. Before the luncheon was over he had been presented with a new contract, a vacation trip to Europe, on salary, and four beautiful traveling bags, two for him and two for Jobyna.

Now who is going to say the mean old studios are nothing but box office machines?

CONNIE BENNETT was so nervous during a recent radio broadcast she actually shook in her boots. They say nervousness is contagious. It must have been in this case, because even mike-hardened Russ Columbo seemed to develop the jitters along with Connie.

TCH, TCH, ARLINE!

Listen, Arline Judge! This paragraph is special and private to you. We wouldn't mention this if it weren't for the combined facts that you are about the prettiest and freshest little personality to come down the Hollywood pike in a long time. You were plenty cute in "Looking for Trouble" and you're due to click in a big way pretty soon.

And that's why you should stop right now using the slightly hard-boiled language you've been flaunting lately. It isn't natural, and you know it.

Your pal, Carole Lombard, can get away with it, but you're a whole lot nicer when you are just you, and let the "fasties" fall from other lips.

IMAGINE the embarrassment of the Hollywood hostess who tried to get Ann Harding on the telephone to invite her to a party.

It seems that Ann has a phone that takes only out-going calls. It is impossible to ring-in on her. So the friend called the studio and they would not give her Ann's street address.

At last she obtained it from her lawyer and dispatched three different messengers to her home before the invitation (*Continued on page 131*)

SPIES INFEST

IDEAS, STORIES AND ACTORS ARE

By DENA REED . . . ILLUSTRATED BY JIM KELLY

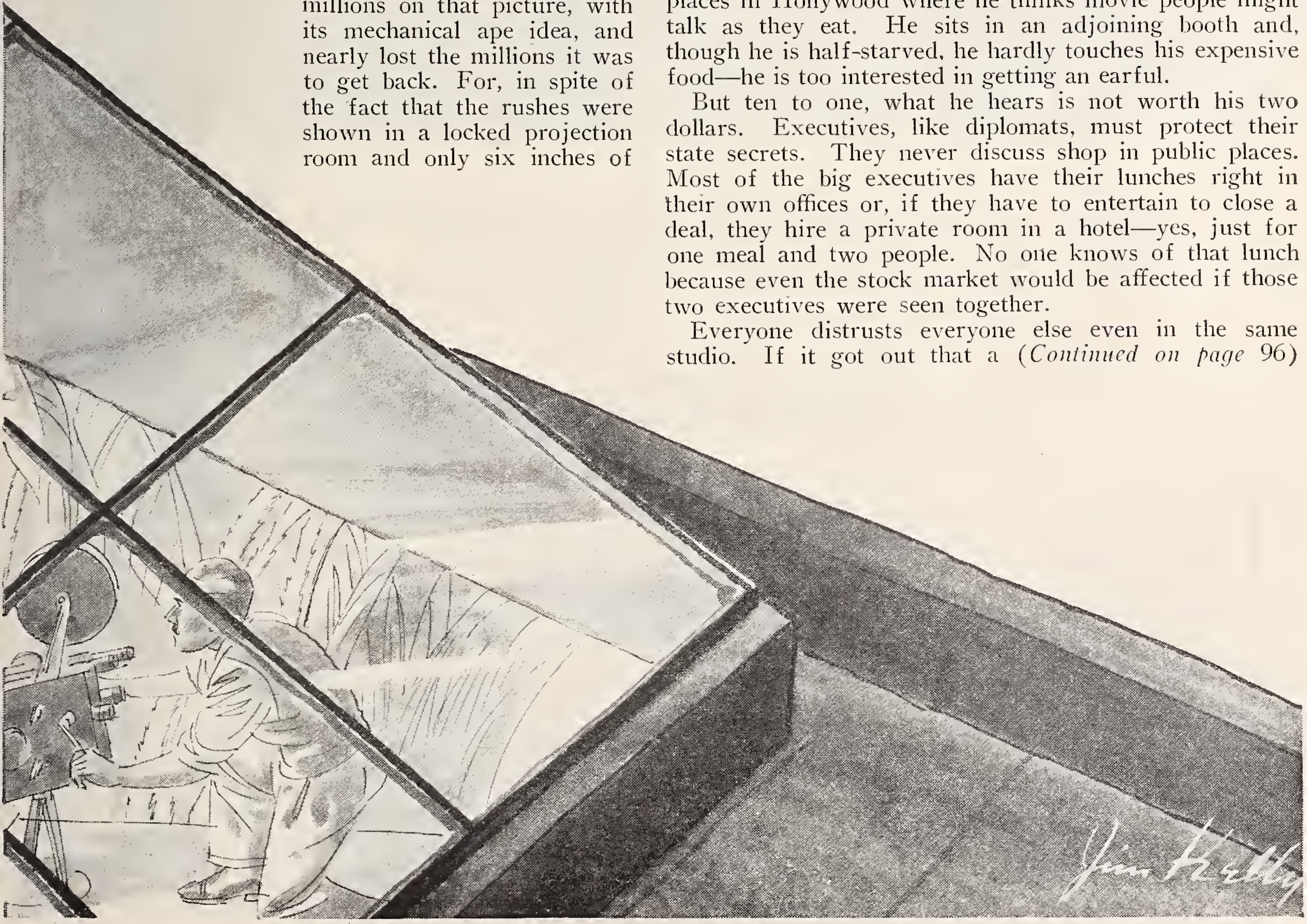
HOLLYWOOD!

PREY FOR STUDIOS' HIRED THIEVES

YOU have read about Hollywood as the glamorous country where dreams come true, but do you know that besides having the glamor of a mythical kingdom, it has a far greater hot-bed of intrigue? Its spy system alone is an amazing thing to consider. Of course, like in all countries, there are the paid spies, but everyone connected with a studio from the doorman up becomes part of the great secret system, whether he wills it or not, and that is why even the prop boys go around with an air of importance and mystery.

The things that take place to protect studios' secrets would be almost unbelievable were it not for the fact that such large sums of money are involved in production and so must be protected. Ideas and plans for players and stories are guarded as if the mythical kingdom of Hollywood were at war. It is, really, like a civil war between the studios. Every studio tries to get a new idea or a new star on the market before its competitors. If it succeeds, it stands to make millions of dollars; if it fails in trying, as many millions are lost.

Take the idea of the picture, "King Kong." RKO spent millions on that picture, with its mechanical ape idea, and nearly lost the millions it was to get back. For, in spite of the fact that the rushes were shown in a locked projection room and only six inches of film would be run off at a time showing the movements of the ape, and even though the studio was heavily guarded against intruders while the picture was in production, a man was caught creeping under the barbed wire to the studio lot and promptly brought to the front office.



The big executive recognized him as a professional spy from an independent company, called up the company's head man and said in effect, "I'm wise to your game. If you try to put a cheap imitation of our idea out ahead of us, we'll sue you until you've not got a penny to make another picture." And he meant just what he said. The spy was thrown off the lot and the independent company abandoned all plans to put an imitation "Kong" into production and race Radio to the box office.

WHO are the professional spies? Well, most of them are people who came to Hollywood to get a job and didn't get it. Billy Brown is down to his last two dollars and desperate. He knows that if he can tell a studio what is going on in another studio's front office, it is worth money and so he becomes a snooper. Perhaps he spends his last two dollars for lunch at the Brown Derby or other places in Hollywood where he thinks movie people might talk as they eat. He sits in an adjoining booth and, though he is half-starved, he hardly touches his expensive food—he is too interested in getting an earful.

But ten to one, what he hears is not worth his two dollars. Executives, like diplomats, must protect their state secrets. They never discuss shop in public places. Most of the big executives have their lunches right in their own offices or, if they have to entertain to close a deal, they hire a private room in a hotel—yes, just for one meal and two people. No one knows of that lunch because even the stock market would be affected if those two executives were seen together.

Everyone distrusts everyone else even in the same studio. If it got out that a (*Continued on page* 96)

KAY HAS FOOLED US ALL!

Did she tire of McKenna first, and is she serious about Chevalier? Do you know the answers? Well, here's why you don't . . .

by Dorothy Manners

THERE is a star in Hollywood who has achieved what many have tried for, and missed—an (almost) private life!

Garbo? The lonely Swede would like to live as a recluse, but as much as she tries to protect herself, she has no more real privacy than Irvin Cobb's famous gold fish. Her motor jaunts with Mamoulian, her household secrets, even her telephone number and street address have been publicized.

Dietrich? Hollywood's "other mystery woman" pretends a desire for seclusion she doesn't always practice, what with her late trouser sensationalism, her elaborate jewels and the luxurious mode of her life.

Katharine Hepburn hasn't talked seriously about her private life, but she gagged it so thoroughly that an irritated press has dug it all up for one and all to read.

But without resorting to such tricks as refusing to grant interviews, changing her telephone number daily, or proclaiming in violent indignation that "My private life is my own," Kay Francis has practically achieved the impossible and made her's so.

Have you ever stopped to think how little you really know about Kay Francis? Of course she's tall and dark and charming and so well groomed always, they've frequently tried to pin the title of "best dressed woman" on her, and she won't wear it. And let's see, she comes from somewhere in the middle west, doesn't she, and she made a fairish success in some stage play that quite slips your mind and she's been married three, or is it four times, to gentlemen who might as well be nameless they've been so completely unremembered. There was her first husband, who really is the forgotten man, and her second, William Gaston (now married to or being divorced by Rosamond Pinchot) and of course the (*Continued on page 120*)

WITH A SONG IN HIS *heart*

... Otto Kruger has gone through the years with an image of a girl who sang the melody that changed his career

by Gladys Hall

THE studio biography of Otto Kruger contains this paragraph: "He used to repair lines for the telephone company and intended to be a great engineer, but instead Otto Kruger became one of the outstanding actors of the American stage and, more recently, a luminary of the films."

Behind that paragraph there is a story, the story of a young man whose mind has, for years, carried the unblurred image of a girl and whose heart has held a song—her song. The song changed his career, for he is an actor today only because that song was sung.

Young Otto Kruger was born in Toledo, Ohio, the son of Bernard Alban Krueger and Elizabeth Winers Krueger. The family is an old Dutch one and Oom Paul Krueger of Boer War fame appears maritally on the family tree. Young Otto's mother died when he was very young and his father, a typical German master of the family, and Grossmutter Krueger, who baked strudels and read the German Bible and used the rod when and where it was needed, raised Otto and his two sisters.

He was a stolid, commonsensical young man, this Otto, a fitting descendent of a long line of burgomasters and tradesmen and accountants who had worked honestly and saved thriftily and had music in their souls.

Life was a simple and substantial equation for Bernard Krueger and his only son. He went to the public schools in Toledo. He entered the University of Michigan and studied engineering. He worked as a forest ranger and as a telephone lineman. He planned for the day when he would marry some rosy-cheeked Fräulein and settle down in a freshly painted house of his own with a piano and all his bills paid. There would be *Kaffeeklatsches* and music of Hoffman and Bach—what else?

He had never been in love, this young Otto. He had certainly never thought of the stage. Grease-paint people belonged on one side of the footlights and folk like the Kruegers on the other side and the footlights themselves were a Great Divide. (*Continued on page 121*)

Reviews

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers and Pat O'Brien in "Twenty Million Sweethearts," a wow picture that's got everything—swell music and a good plot.

(Above) Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in "Riptide." (Below) Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer."

You're bound to lose out, if you choose your movie menu haphazardly. So make it a habit to read these reviews, and then decide what pictures you will see

By WALTER RAMSEY

The new pictures are bringing us some knockout tunes. Here are a few to listen for:

- Bottoms Up
  - Bottoms Up
  - Waiting at the Gate for Katie
- Melody in Spring
  - Ending With a Kiss
  - It's Psychological
  - The Milking Song
  - The Open Road
- Twenty Million Sweethearts
  - I'll String Along With You
  - Out for No Good
- Stand Up and Cheer
  - Baby Take a Bow
  - I'm Laughing
  - She's Way Up Thar, I'm Way Down Yar

A: BOTTOMS UP
(Fox)

Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Patterson, Herbert Mundin

YOU can bank on this one. It's swell! If you've been waiting for a picture that has a balance of music with acting, here you have it. Everyone in the cast is in a perfect spot to show his talents to the best advantage! Spencer Tracy as the fast-talker; John Boles with a chance to sing *and* act; newcomer Pat Patterson going over with a bang; and the rest of them all doing well. A jobless actor, plus a song writer, plus a forger, all band together to try to put over Pat Patterson (also jobless and hungry) on fat-headed Hollywood as a "foreign lady of titled birth." They do it and make her a star. During all this, John Boles sings a grand tune: "Waiting at the Gate for Katie" and Pat Patterson (remember this gal) sings the title song, "Bottoms Up," which is a honey.

Put this picture on your must see list. You'll rave.

A: RIPTIDE
(M-G-M)

Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery, Lil Tashman

BRILLIANT sophistication! "To the ladies" is the best way to characterize Norma Shearer's latest. The gals should get a tear or two out of this modern marriage yarn. But we have a purely masculine hunch that they will give Norma's fashions (so closely kept secret up till the release of the picture) a cold shoulder. They are bad, we think. But, as we said, that's a mere man's reaction. Herbert Marshall almost steals the picture in his rôle of the jealous husband who can't forget his wife's past. Bob Montgomery is as flip as usual in his easy rôle of the gent-about-town. It presents a modern marriage-and-divorce story in grand fashion.

A: TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS
(Warners)

Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Allen Jenkins, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio Rito Band

STARRING "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Yes, you will hear your favorite humming material in this one and if all the hummers in the world go to see the picture, it should clean up. Also, those of you who are dead tired of chorus-girls-in-various-formations which have been the usual thing in these musical efforts will have relief—not a formation in a carload! Dick Powell, a singing waiter in a dive, is promoted by a fast-talking manager (Pat O'Brien) into a swell radio contract. Everything works fine until romance enters—and almost exits—in the form of Ginger Rogers. Instead of dancing girls, we find the picture well-studded with music by Ted Fio Rito and his band and some singing by the Four Mills Brothers. Hit tunes: "I'll String Along with You" and "Out for No Good"—aided by that man on the trapeze. Comedy: excellent! With Allen Jenkins and Joseph Cawthorn leading the parade. See it. (*Continued on page 126*)

An excellent story, fine direction and a superb cast make "The Crime Doctor" a "must" picture. Nils Asther and Karen Morley are more than adequate.

"Melody in Spring" marks the movie début of radio's favorite son, Lanny Ross. And he does a pretty good job. Ann Sothern is in line for praise, too.

Alice Brady and Dorothea Wieck just managed to get a bit of notice in "Miss Fane's Baby."

Wherein Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story" and Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer" became "also rans."

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE

THINGS I HATE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

by Baby LeRoy

My reputation. They bill me as Baby when I'm the greatest living Don Juan. Why, I've been in more stars' boudoirs than any man in Hollywood.

Walt Disney. He's all through with the Three Little Pigs, but he won't give them to me.

Motion Pictures. I'm always hearing about them, but I never get to see any.

Marlene Dietrich's pants. I can't tell whether it is a man or a woman coming. How can I tell whether to turn on my male or female coo?

A YEAR ago Paramount innocently advertised for a baby. They got Baby LeRoy. Seemingly, he was just a little, tender bud of humanity. Out of the numerous very acceptable babies who filled the requirements the casting directors were fated to choose such a bombshell of charm and personality that the greatest stars are afraid to compete with him in a picture. Which may be why he has only appeared in four films and has no immediate assignments.

Not only did Paramount unleash the menace of this particular infant upon an unsuspecting industry, but they never seriously considered any other applicant. Baby LeRoy was the first to be brought to them. He came in state with nurses from the Salvation Army Home where he was born. They had read the studio's requirements, and fetched little LeRoy from his grandparents' home, where he was only disrupting one household. He became Hollywood's child and found a wider field for his trouble-making habit of stealing hearts.

Stardom has never been so ruthlessly assaulted as by this young LeRoy. He is the most merciless rival that can threaten a star's peace of mind, for no one is able to fight back at a person so tiny. (*Continued on page 105*)

Have you wondered why there hasn't been a Baby LeRoy picture lately? He muscled in on the film racket and put the stars on the spot—and out of the spotlight. So now they just won't play

By GERTRUDE HILL

He can go up to see Mae West—any time. Marlene Dietrich lets him play with bottles of expensive perfume. Freddie March, Jack Oakie and George Raft become positive ninnies in his presence. But—er—if Paramount doesn't mind, they'd rather not have him in the cast.

NO Mothers TO GUIDE THEM

By RAMON ROMERO

IN the days of Hollywood's infancy, stage mothers flourished abundantly—an overflow from the Broadway tide. The most famous of the old-timers were the late Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary; the late Peg Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie; and Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, who basked gloriously, but unwisely, in the reflected limelight of Mary Miles Minter's sensational career.

This triumvirate's power amounted practically to dictatorship in Hollywood film affairs, for their daughters were at that time the outstanding box-office attractions of the industry. These three mothers were practical, shrewd business women who could drive a hard bargain. Instead of hampering their daughters, they became the powers behind the throne, sending them ever upward towards million dollar a year salaries. When Charlotte Pickford died, Mary's star began to set, and when Peg Talmadge went into a lingering illness that ended in her death, by the same slow process it brought death to Norma's career, too.

But all mothers of those early film days were not so clever. In that era in which intelligence played such a small part in front of the camera, or in the shaping of a screen career, most of the work was done from behind the front-line trenches. It is a period marked by much misguidance and many mistakes. Instead of leading their talented offspring up the ladder to the pot at the end of the rainbow, meddling mothers led them instead, through the backdoor of a studio lot to the barren pastures of forgotten star-dust.

There was a time in Hollywood when every mother was a potential manager, trying to emulate Mrs. Pickford and Mrs. Talmadge, without having the qualities of one or the virtues of the other. In the day before the reign of the high-powered agents, contracts that did not carry the mother's signature were as rare as pink elephants.

In the archives of Hollywood's past may be found the maternal ambitions of many a mother who sold her daughter on the auction block of fame. Beneath the rust of long forgotten years lie the carefully planned careers of white hopes,

Bronson—mother-ruled.

Philbin—too much parent.

Minter—Mama-managed

Page—family-bossed.

Hepburn—her own boss.

West—manages herself.

Bennett—gives the orders.

Garbo—employs male agent.

...Gone are the days when Mama signed the contracts and directed the director! Now, her famous daughter is supervised by a male manager—or jolly well handles her own affairs

never executed by the architects. But to bring them to light is like digging into the ruins of sinister intrigues, best left to decay in their worthless graves.

TOO much parental influence cut short the careers of Betty Bronson, Mary Philbin and Anita Page, to mention only a few. Guarded day and night, forbidden the facts of life, allowed no freedom in the development of their personalities, protected and sheltered to the point of stagnation, they escaped the hurts of experience—but the scars of their unfulfilled desires remain eternal taunts of childish cowardice. The fable of the stork stamped all their performances with the trademark of their innocent ignorance.

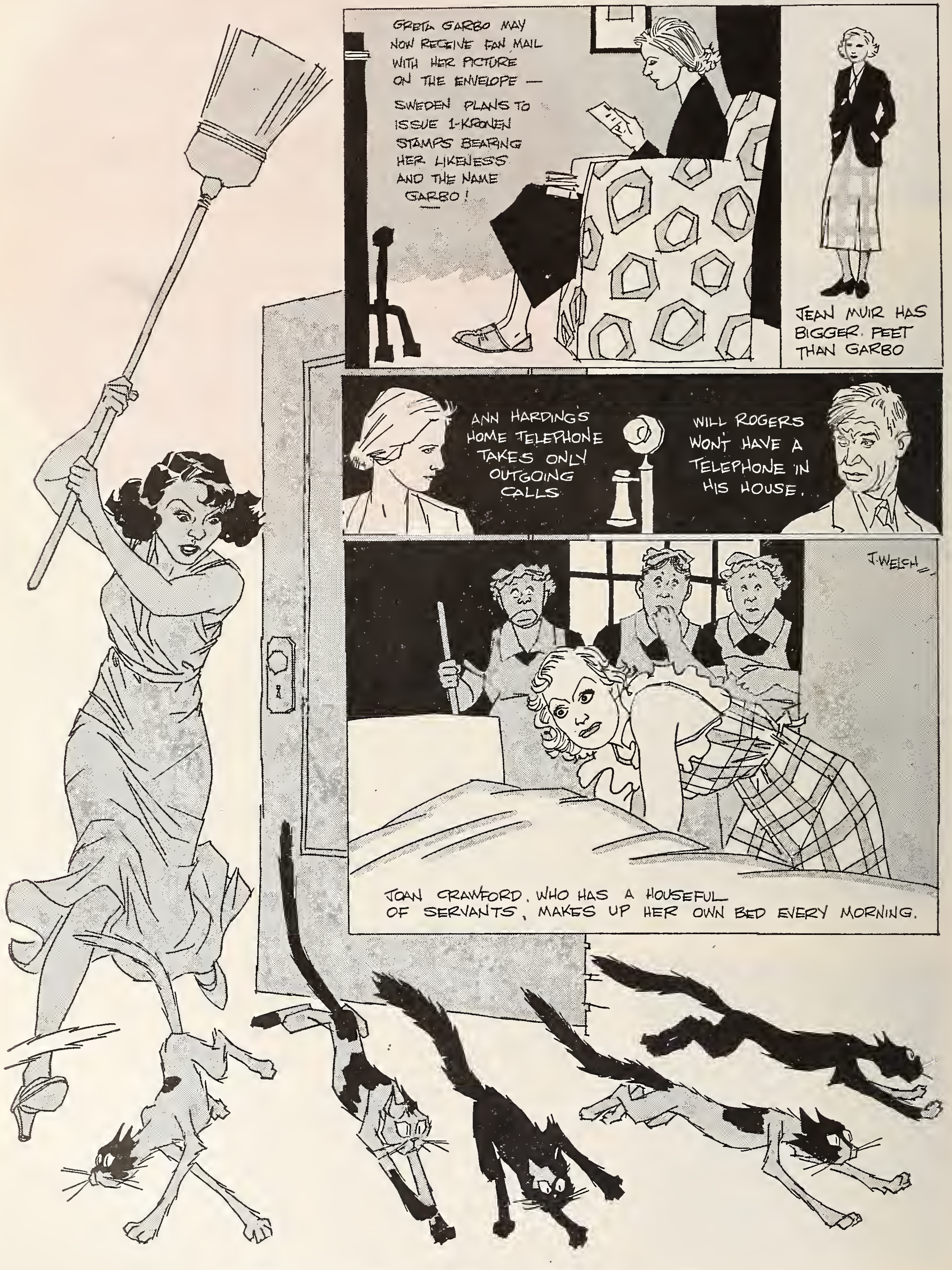
In this sophisticated age of Mae Wests, languid Garbos and glamorous Hepburns, one hardly visualizes the necessity of motherly advice. These new stars may have no mothers to guide them, but between instinct and male managers, they seem to be doing pretty well. They know that heaven will protect the working gal—and if heaven won't, the Will Hays office will!

Garbo's mother has never known her in grease paint, and will probably never in all her life see her daughter under the kleigs. In some faraway theatre in distant Sweden, she goes to see Greta's pictures and there her connection with Garbo's career ends.

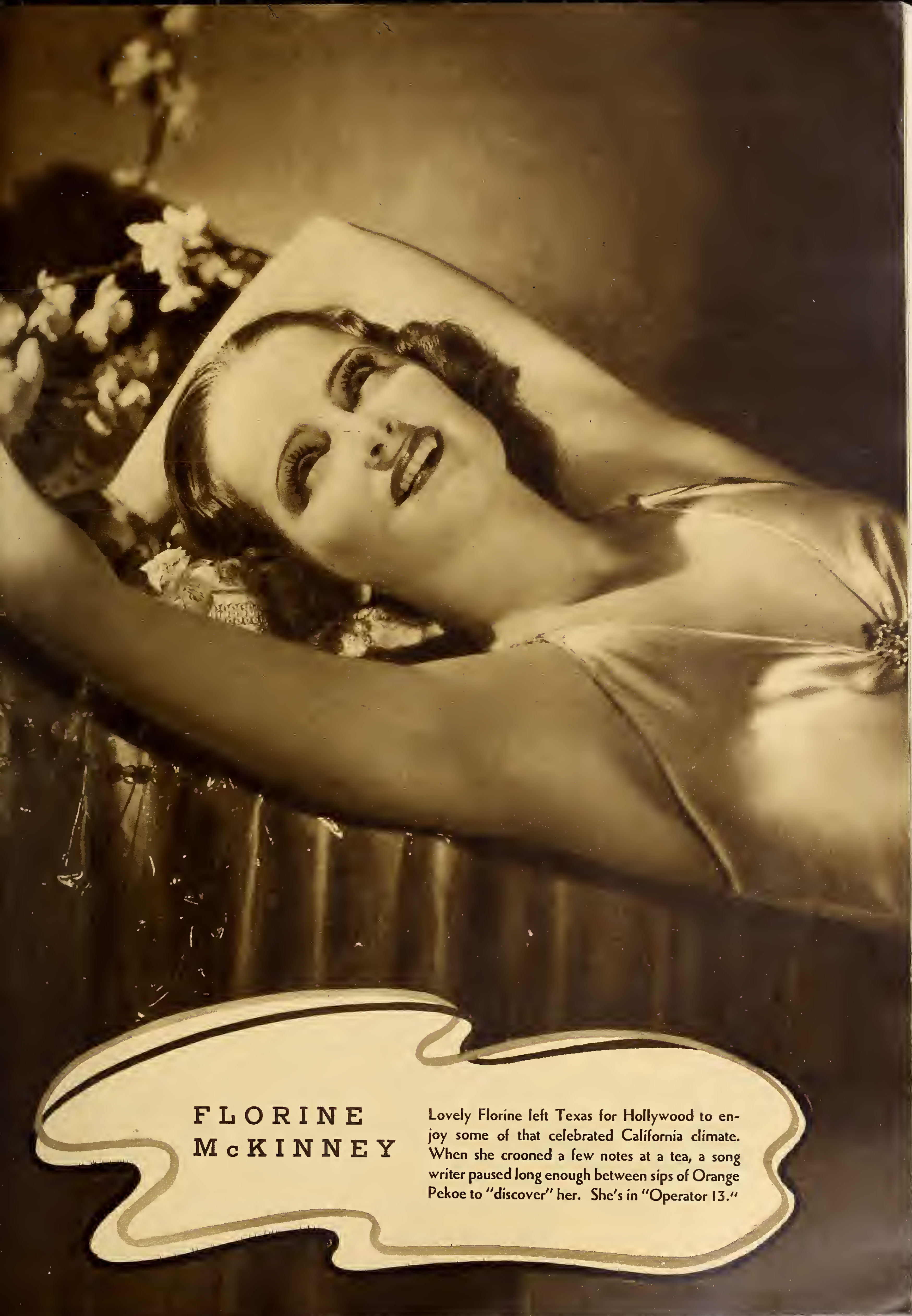
In Hollywood Garbo's guiding hand is Harry Eddington, who for many years has been her personal manager and advisor. It is he who listens to her troubles and fights her battles. To him is accredited the "silence policy," which has given the silent Swede a sphinx-like distinction that has placed her among the living immortals. Mothers used to tell their little girls that children should be seen but not heard. Mr. Eddington certainly had the motherly instinct when he chose to guide Greta.

It's been a long, long time since Mae West last asked for mother's approval. Mother would hardly have okayed Mae's exploiting "Sex" from one end of Manhattan to the other, or spending the week-end on Welfare Island in custody of the police, for having produced what the New York censors considered an indecent show. But if Mother had had her say, then the screen would probably have lost one of its greatest and most outstanding personalities. There would have been no "She Done Him Wrong" to delight a depressed world, and (*Continued on page 111*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH


GRETA GARBO MAY NOW RECEIVE FAN MAIL WITH HER PICTURE ON THE ENVELOPE — SWEDEN PLANS TO ISSUE 1-KRONEN STAMPS BEARING HER LIKENESS AND THE NAME GARBO!
JEAN MUIR HAS BIGGER FEET THAN GARBO
ANN HARDING'S HOME TELEPHONE TAKES ONLY OUTGOING CALLS.
WILL ROGERS WON'T HAVE A TELEPHONE IN HIS HOUSE.
J. WELCH
JOAN CRAWFORD, WHO HAS A HOUSEFUL OF SERVANTS, MAKES UP HER OWN BED EVERY MORNING.

LUPE VELEZ HAS MORE THAN 75 CANARIES IN HER HOME.



FLORINE McKINNEY

Lovely Florine left Texas for Hollywood to enjoy some of that celebrated California climate. When she crooned a few notes at a tea, a song writer paused long enough between sips of Orange Pekoe to "discover" her. She's in "Operator 13."

FRANCHOT TONE

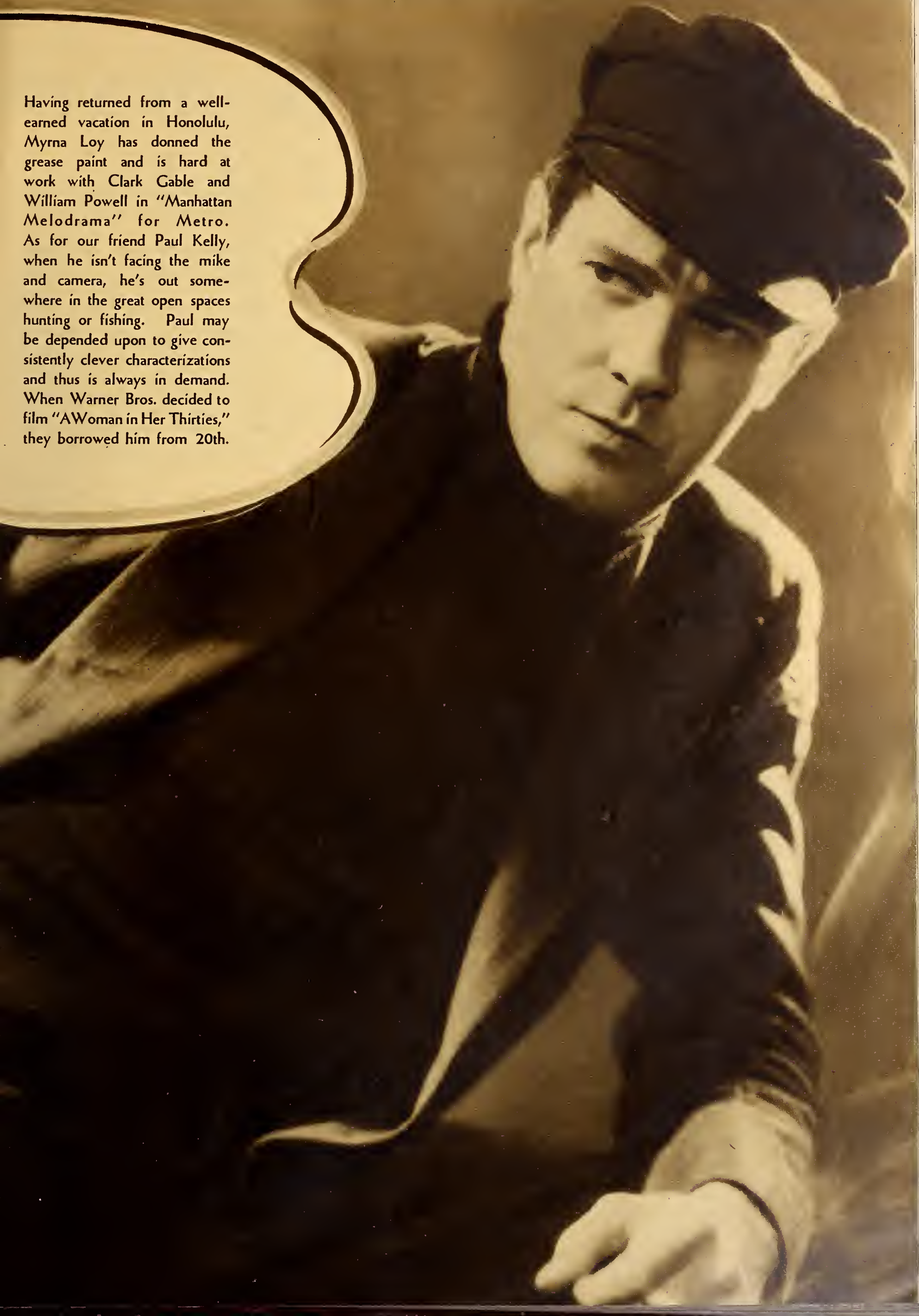
When you see Franchot in "Sadie McKee," he'll win Joan in the last reel, just as he has in real life, for this time he's the hero. The young man, by the way, has developed into a picture-stealer, coming off with the cinematic honors in most of his productions. Fox has borrowed him for a drama, "The World Moves On."

JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is by way of being an architectural magician these days. She is turning her Spanish house into Early American, which is indeed a man size job and requires all her away-from-the-studio hours. Miss Crawford is the heroine in "Sadie McKee."

MYRNA LOY and PAUL KELLY

Having returned from a well-earned vacation in Honolulu, Myrna Loy has donned the grease paint and is hard at work with Clark Gable and William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama" for Metro. As for our friend Paul Kelly, when he isn't facing the mike and camera, he's out somewhere in the great open spaces hunting or fishing. Paul may be depended upon to give consistently clever characterizations and thus is always in demand. When Warner Bros. decided to film "A Woman in Her Thirties," they borrowed him from 20th.



THE MAN

This is not another story about the first lady of the cinema! It's an intimate yarn on Mamoulian—the man with whom the screen's greatest siren is enamoured. It's about his career and his home life—and the women who have loved him

By Cyril Vandour

Not so long ago, Mamoulian escorted Marlene Dietrich to Hollywood's most important social functions.

Mamoulian, you may remember, directed Freddie March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That's March in make-up.

Garbo LOVES

Ever since their famous fox-and-goose chase across the Great American Desert, the fervid romance between Garbo and Mamoulian has been the chief topic of cocktail gossip from Hollywood to New York.

For the past weeks Rouben has been fighting off swarms of journalistic sleuths hot on his trail, spying on his every move, anxious to know whether or not the glamorous Garbo has really become his wife.

In order to understand the mysterious Garbo, you must know more about this romantic Russian-Armenian from the far-off Caucasus—land of silver-mounted daggers, fiery wine and passionate women. This dark, silent young man with the owlish specs is the power behind her throne.

Rouben is grand when it comes to talking about Ideals and Art. But try to make him talk about his life, accomplishments or love affairs!

The truth is, that in all this world there are only three persons who know the fairy tale that has been the story of this young man's exciting career. Two of these persons are his parents, who won't tell you anything about him. It's orders, you understand. The third is the guy who is pounding out this article for MODERN SCREEN.

Rouben is devoted to his parents and lives with them in a beautiful Spanish house on one of the palmiest drives in Beverly Hills. When, a few months ago, he threw a party in the Ambassador Hotel, his parents were the reigning, beaming couple there. Of late, news hawks and Garbo-mad snoopers, unable to corner and buttonhole Rouben, have been quoting his parents in their journalistic scoops and Boulevard gossip. Now, this does a grave injustice to them. They are defenseless against such quotes. One of these bright boys has authored what he aptly calls a bombshell in a recent issue of a fan magazine. He quotes Rouben's papa as declaring to a group of friends that his son is going to marry Garbo.

"Why, I have never seen this fellow," Papa protested, when I dined with the Mamoulians recently. "Isn't there a press law in this country? What audacity to put into my mouth words I have never said to anyone!"

"Oh, never mind," I said. "This is America. Laugh it off."

THIS quiet Armenian, who is today one of the biggest directorial guns in Hollywood, was born on Oct. 8, 1899, in Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, and rightly called the Russian Paris before the Revolution. He is over six feet tall. Broad shouldered, brown eyed, with soft, wavy dark hair.

His enormous shell-rim specs hide his features. He is better looking than his newspaper photos show him, I assure you. He is a chap with a thoughtful, dreamy air and a sparkling child-like smile. He wears snap hats, loose, London-made suits, Chesterfield coats. At the studio he frequently sports a beret, (*Continued on page 100*)

He's better looking in real life than in his photo. Don't you like him without his spectacles?

His parents often visit the studio to watch Rouben at work. And the exclusive Garbo emotes for them, too.

Good fellows got together when Alpha Phi Omega, Rippon College chapter, met in 1922. Spencer is fifth from the left, center.

Spencer Tracy's youth included a forbidden friendship with "Mousie" and "Rattie," stage ambitions, and a meeting with Pat O'Brien. Later, came marriage to his leading lady

WHEN Spencer Tracy was three years old he picked up a little red fire engine and whacked his brother, Carroll, over the head with it. It was the first, but not the last, indication to his horrified family that "little Spencer" had a terrible temper. Carroll, aged seven, rolled back and forth on the floor in a near-epileptic fit of surprise and bashed brains and a pretty aunt stood by wringing her hands, while Mrs. Tracy and the family maid ministered first aid. Only little Spenc remained undisturbed. Like a fat buddha, he sat in his high chair, calmly surveying the excitement. In a little while he began to chant, "Poor Ca'l, poor Ca'l." Even at that tender age, Spenc's tantrums were short lived.

Of course Mrs. Tracy told Mr. Tracy about Spencer's temper. She conveyed the news in the same shocked voice with which she would have relayed the discovery of black measles or the seven-year itch. For, until the advent of Spencer and his temper, the Tracy home had been a monument of peace, well-being and orderly conduct.

The Tracys of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, were "well fixed," as they used to say in the early years of the twentieth century. When John Tracy of Irish descent married Carrie Brown, the pretty and proud "down easterner" whose great grandfather had founded Brown University, he rated as a "promising young man of a mechanical turn of mind." Before their first child, Carroll, was born, John Tracy was vitally interested in this new fangled thing they were trying to put on the market—"the horseless carriage." With the advent of Spencer, their second and last child, on the fifth day of April, 1900, Mr. Tracy was devoting himself to the study of the "fool things."

By the time Spencer was old enough to take in the situation, his father was General Sales Manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and the two boys, the large comfortable, rambling house in the nicest part of Milwaukee frequently sheltered Mrs. Tracy's pretty sister, Mrs. Emma Brown of Freeport, Illinois.

MANY of Spenc's earliest impressions were of his aunt, whom he called "Moom." There was a subtle but very definite feud between them. For one things, she teased him unmercifully—and he couldn't take it. She predicted her brother and sister were going to have their hands full with "that one."

"He's a throw back," she would say

THE LIFE STORY OF A REAL *Guy*

Spencer Tracy and, left, with the lovely Pat Patterson in "Bottoms Up," his latest picture for Fox.

By WALTER RAMSEY

very impersonally, but with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "I dare say he is part Indian."

"I am not an Indian," the enraged Spencer would yell. "I'm all Irish."

As soon as he was old enough to realize, he was terribly proud of his father's nationality. The Irish were colorful and exciting people. Even the priests had to admit that "God loves the Irish," which meant to young Spenc that they were somehow singled out for particular favors even in heaven. On top of that, the Irish were fighters and physically strong, and they never took a dare. No sirree, nobody ever got tough with an Irishman if he didn't want his block knocked off. The seven-year-old Spencer was very pleased to be one of their number.

Spenc used to get even with "Moom" for calling him an Indian by leaving her out of his prayers, which he said orally every night to his

(*Continued on page 82*)

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT

Marlene Dietrich

John, Marlene and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "The Scarlet Empress." No, we don't like John's wig either, but it's authentic to the last hair.

DON'T take it to heart so. Mr. Von Sternberg always uses more takes than any other director. He does the same thing with me, you know."

I looked into Marlene Dietrich's smiling, understanding eyes, heard the warm sympathy in her voice and thought that I might be a motion picture actor after all. It was my first day on the set of "The Scarlet Empress." That day, when I said one line over and over again from morning to night, making innumerable takes had about swept my self-assurance away. And I had had a lot of it. After all, I had been a practicing lawyer in New York City and a New York lawyer doesn't get rattled at anything. I had played small roles in "The Woman Accused" and "Murders in the Zoo" and a larger one in "Little Women," but here was my big chance.

To work opposite Miss Dietrich under Mr. Von Sternberg's direction had seemed the thing that would definitely set me as an actor. But that afternoon, I felt myself slowly going to pieces, definitely doubting my ability. I thought to myself, "If you have to take a day to say one line, you must be a pretty bad actor."

It was then that Miss Dietrich came over and gave me the reassurance I needed, at the moment I needed it most. That doesn't sound like the "high hat Marlene," does it? But then I found that there is no high hat Marlene.

SHE is herself always and that self is a warm-hearted, understanding woman. I don't care what she's worn in the past, or what she wears in the future, she comes through as "mature femininity." That was my first

Her new leading man gives you a human, different slant on the glamorous Marlene

By JOHN LODGE

As told to DENA REED

He is enormously grateful for the tact and understanding of Marlene Dietrich.

impression of her and I think a man senses these things instinctively. When I say she is a mature woman, I mean she could never be a cutie. You could not confuse her with the numberless blondes with shapely bodies who overrun Hollywood. She's a wife, a mother, an artist. She has lived deeply and she gives out, to those who contact her, the richness of her living. She gives it out in a wise and quiet way that is typically her own.

As time went on, I not only got used to Mr. Von Sternberg's methods, I grew enthusiastic about them. I think they are the only ones by which a great picture can be made. He lives (*Continued on page 102*)

Social Stuff

All photos by Scott

HOLLYWOOD, ever ready for an excuse to don its best bib and tucker and go places and see things has had plenty of reason to step out lately. Here's Wally Beery, parked at the mike, asking us to bear with the President and Army on the airmail difficulties. To which plea, some smartie remarked, "I'm sending my rush mail East by hitch-hikers." 2. When Mrs. Frank Borzage transformed her tennis courts into a double Badminton square, she threw a dedication party and, among the celebraters were Virginia Valli, the John Mack Browns, the Borzages and Charlie Farrell. 3. Buster Keaton, of the "dead pan" and with the new wife, at the El Nido Benefit. 4. Ric Cortez and his attractive bride. 5. And the Cabots and the Weissmullers showed up, too. The "little women," as you know, are Adrienne Ames and Lupe Velez respectively. 6. And here are the "goingest together" couple in Hollywood these days. Yep, Dorothy Mackaill, but recently divorced, and Charles Lederer, Jr., a scenario writer and Marion Davies' nephew. Two pretty good breaks for one young man. 7. Gaze on the the happy pair—Lyle Talbot and Jayne Shattuck—and behold a civilized situation! They're pictured in the throes of a farewell date, for Jayne is soon to wed Jack Kirkland, introduced to her by Lyle, and Lyle who was formerly head man, is taking it like a little brave-ee. 8. Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson, now Mister and Missus, are enjoying a table d'hote at the Russian Eagle. 9. And now we're at the El Nido Benefit again. This time with Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Bill Goetz is with 'em, for Connie wouldn't have her picture took without a third party. Three makes it a crowd or legal or sumpin'. 10. The Robert Youngs won the lucky number and a doll at the Cocoanut Grove. 11. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are still very much "that way." Here they are at the Brown Derby where, evidently, a telephone is served with your lunch. 12. Sally Eilers and hubby, Harry Joe Brown, at the Vendome, where they whispered to everybody the news that they expect the stork this summer.

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WILL Gloria COME BACK AGAIN?

She had her second chance—and failed. Now, this third time, she will soar to glory or sink to oblivion. To be "fairly good" would be fatal! Will she succeed?

By Maude Lathem

EVER since M-G-M announced that it had signed Gloria Swanson on a long-term contract, people have been asking, "Will she be able to come back?" This same studio signed Colleen Moore on a year's contract and nothing sensational resulted. Will Gloria be defeated in the same manner? Should she even try again?

I have taken much time to question every type of person I could contact—elevator men, automobile mechanics, waitresses, bookkeepers, writers, actors, and dozens of others covering various scales of intelligence—and, without exception, they said, in substance, "Nothing can stop Gloria Swanson, if she is given good stories and proper direction."

The confidence the masses have in her, their assurance that she, personally, has never failed, their complete belief that she has now and always had just what the public wants, was an amazing thing to me. I tried to analyze it and could arrive at only one conclusion.

Gloria Swanson remains the most unusual woman who has ever appeared in pictures.

This is a wide-sweeping statement, but I make it without fear of contradiction. Here are some of the reasons, before we go further.

She is the only out-and-out American girl who, over a long period of years, has retained her glamor, her undisputed seductiveness. Barbara La Marr had an irresistible fascination for men and with it almost incomparable beauty. Gloria has it without beauty. Just as Garbo has it without beauty. Constance Bennett has glamor spasmodically. Jean Harlow has the type that Clara Bow had, but she has not yet proven the enduring quality of it.

Gloria is the only person, man or woman, who has fought her way alone and been both producer and star. Charlie Chaplin had his brother, Sidney; Mary Pickford had her capable mother; Douglas Fairbanks had his brother. Norma and Constance Talmadge had both Joe Schenck and their mother, Peg Talmadge. Harold Lloyd had his father and his uncle. Lillian Gish had D. W. Griffith. Of all the star-producers, only Gloria always fought alone.

The third reason is a result of the other two. Gloria is the only individual who combines, to so large a degree, both the masculine and the feminine characteristics. These give her a profound intuitive sense and at the same time a driving force that is absolutely irresistible. Her children would never miss a father's training, for she would impart to them every masculine quality worth retaining. And we have had no greater charmer than Gloria. Men have always been tremendously attracted by her feminine appeal and held by that and her fine mind.

IN the face of her years of struggle and heartbreaks, disappointments and losses, it is astounding to hear her say, "I have no regrets for anything I suffered or lost."

She has been too much before the public for any need of repetition of her losses. Her financial difficulties have been most prominently aired, as she has lost homes, cars and furniture. She has had her heart bruised many times and broken once. She has endured defeat, disappointment and humiliation. Even trusted friends have proven unworthy. Yet, there is no wish that she might have been spared any of it.

"That is easily explained," she went on. "First, because what is finest in life cannot be lost. Secondly, because suffering is a part of life and I want to live life to the fullest. I would not shirk one bit of it. I love this beautiful sunshine of California, but I could not endure it if I had it every minute of my life. A plant may grow beautifully under the nourishing rays of the sun, but that plant would wither and die

(*Continued on page 114*)

Will Rogers

FATHER AND HUSBAND

By KATHERINE ALBERT

The jolly Rogers spend one of their famous quiet evenings on their equally famous ranch. Will, Jr., Jim and Mary with Mother and Dad and a friend.

IT occurred to me the other day that I didn't know a darn thing about Will Rogers. Or at any rate I, like Will, know only what I read in the papers and that's sketchy enough.

No sir, I can tell you as long as you'll listen, about why Jean Harlow married Hal Rosson and how Norma Shearer feels about being an executive's wife and what sort of home life Mae West has. But I didn't know anything about Will Rogers.

And it seemed to me that this was a great oversight on my part, since I had just laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks when I heard him singing to that balky horse in "David Harum."

Oh, sure, I know some things about Will—that he is part Cherokee Indian, that he was born in Oklahoma, that his activities include not only motion picture making, but radio work, writing and lecturing as well, that he loves polo and lives on a huge ranch out of Hollywood. But the important things that make a man what he is—what sort of wife he has, what his relationship with his children is, how he makes his day expansive enough to accommodate all he does—these were as mysterious as Garbo.

... He allows his family to "lead their own lives." That's why they do things his way. For Will's as much an old smoothie at home as he is before the public

(Right) Pretty Mary with Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness," during part of her short-lived movie career. (Below) Here's young Jim trying out the intricacies of the rope while Will looks on, amused.

However, I've rectified that now. I know a lot about Will Rogers and Will's family, and I want you to hear all about it, too, because he's kinda swell and deserves being better known than he is.

Will won't tell you about himself. You have to go to people who know him to find out about his home life. And that's just what I did.

One of the things that interested me a lot was how he felt about his daughter's ambition to become an actress. There are three children—Will, Jr., nineteen; Jimmy, eighteen; and Mary, seventeen. Two or three years ago, when Mary was in short dresses, she persuaded her father to permit her to play an extra—a peasant girl in a café scene—in his picture, "Business and Pleasure." No one knew she was on the set. Will never told it. Neither did she and, therefore, everybody thought it was an entirely new idea to her when she appeared at a casting office, saying her name was Mary Howard and actually got a job in a Fox picture. She worked for three days before it was discovered that she was Will's daughter.

RIGHT now she is back at school in New York, but she has definitely set her heart on a picture career and she has enough determination, inherited from her father, to stick it out.

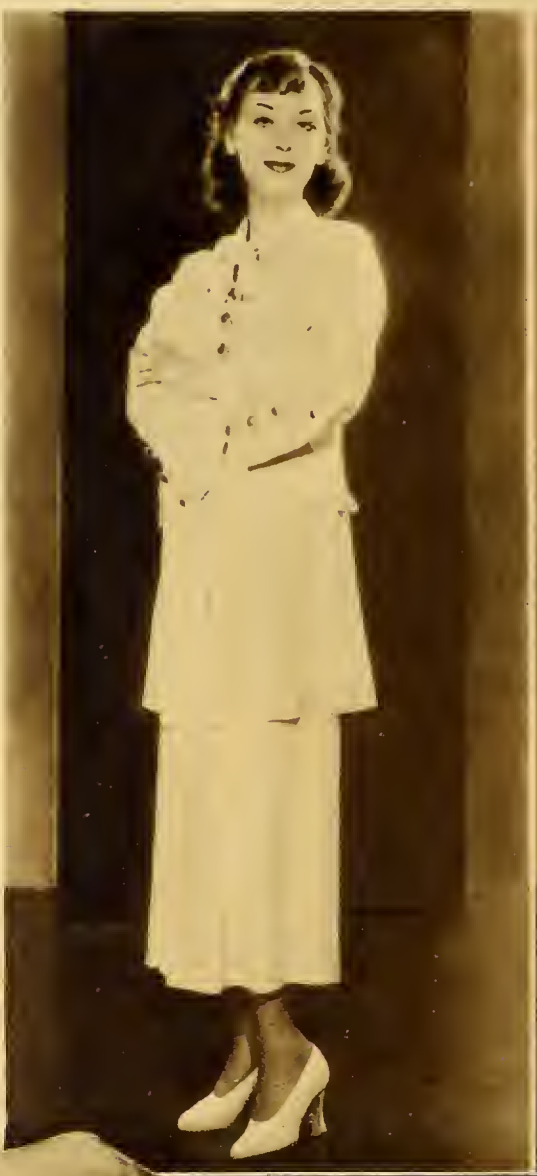
But while the papers were recounting the story of Will's daughter's anonymous break into the films, nobody knew how Will was feeling about it. Would he be the sort of stern parent who would put his foot down on her career? Would he want to help push her up the ladder? The answer to these questions will reveal Rogers pretty well.

He thinks that children should be allowed to choose their own professions and that (*Continued on page 98*)

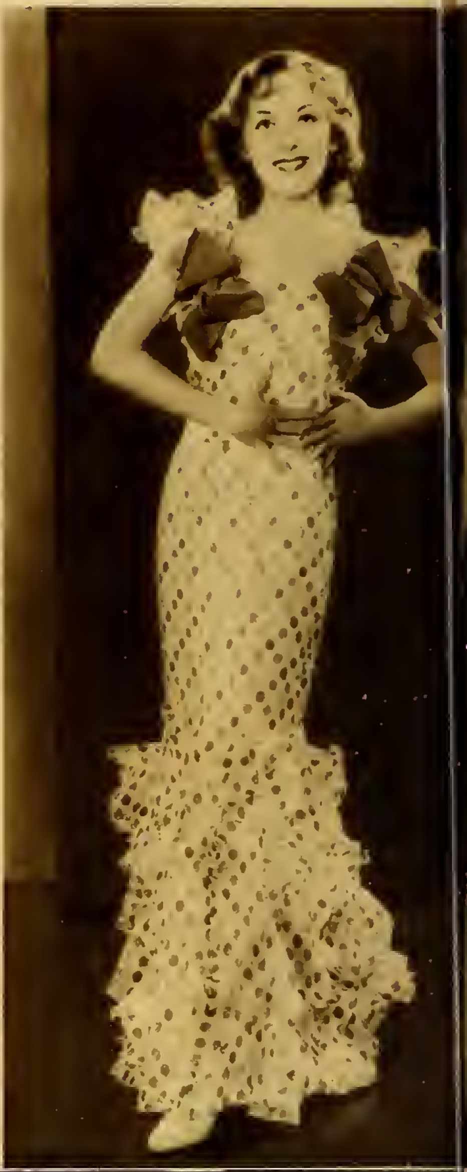
What Clothes for

. . . Ann Dvorak and other stars, too, place the stamp of approval on pastels, with cotton as the favored fabric

by
Margery Wells

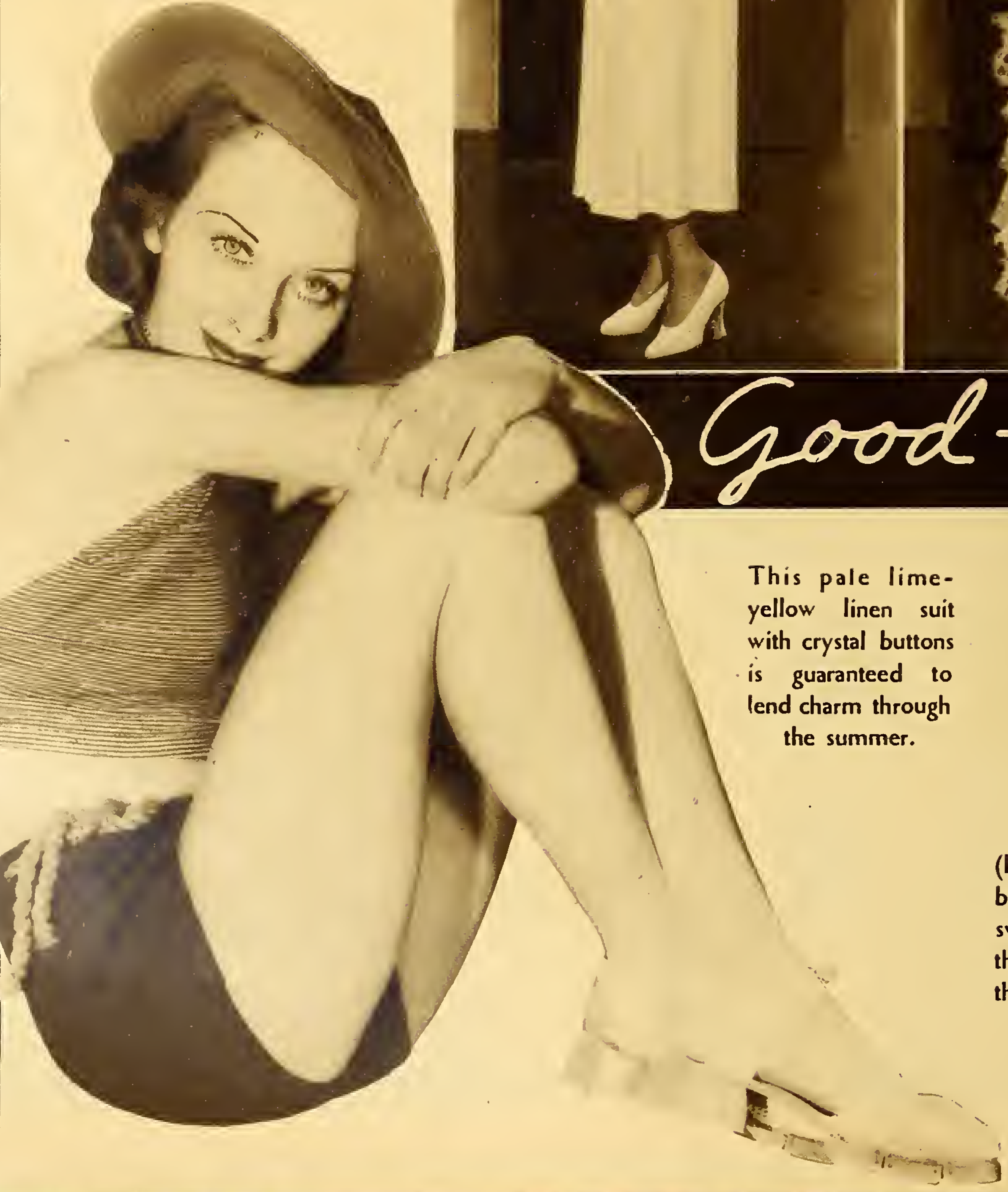


This pale lime-yellow linen suit with crystal buttons is guaranteed to lend charm through the summer.



Rainbow-colored coin dots all over a seersucker organdy dance frock, with bright velvet bows on a square neckline.

Good-bye,



(Left) Ann Dvorak in the briefest of royal blue swimming shorts, with a thick white cord around the waist, and a striped brassiere top.

Vacation Time?

ilk! Hello, cotton!

Pencil-striped organdy, made after the shirtwaist style, which has all the quaintness of an old-time air.

For that summer suit, have something like Ann's with short jacket, wide tucked shoulders, graceful sleeves, and a belt that ties.

Ann Dvorak checks in for an afternoon at the beach in black and white linen. Plaid for the sun-backed bodice and the facing of the coat.

THIS is the big season for thin, washable, traditional warm weather clothes and we've reason to thank the fashion goddess for the trek back to cotton. It's inexpensive, for one thing. It's clean to the point of utter freshness and will grant youth to those who need it and charm to those of you who already possess girlishness.

Instead of the inevitable printed silks this spring and summer, get yourself a couple of cottons—printed, plaid or striped, and a flannel or a cotton tweed coat to go with them in some color that harmonizes. See how much smarter you will look than your silk-bedecked sisters who are not cotton-wise.

The stunts they have done to cottons are truly amazing. Think of this: they don't muss or wrinkle any more. They are put through some sort of setting-up exercise so that they keep their pristine freshness through hot days and over warm bodies. No more of that drawn-through-a-wringer appearance for cotton frocks. And they wash and wash, keeping that same crisp look all through their long lives. Sounds too good to be

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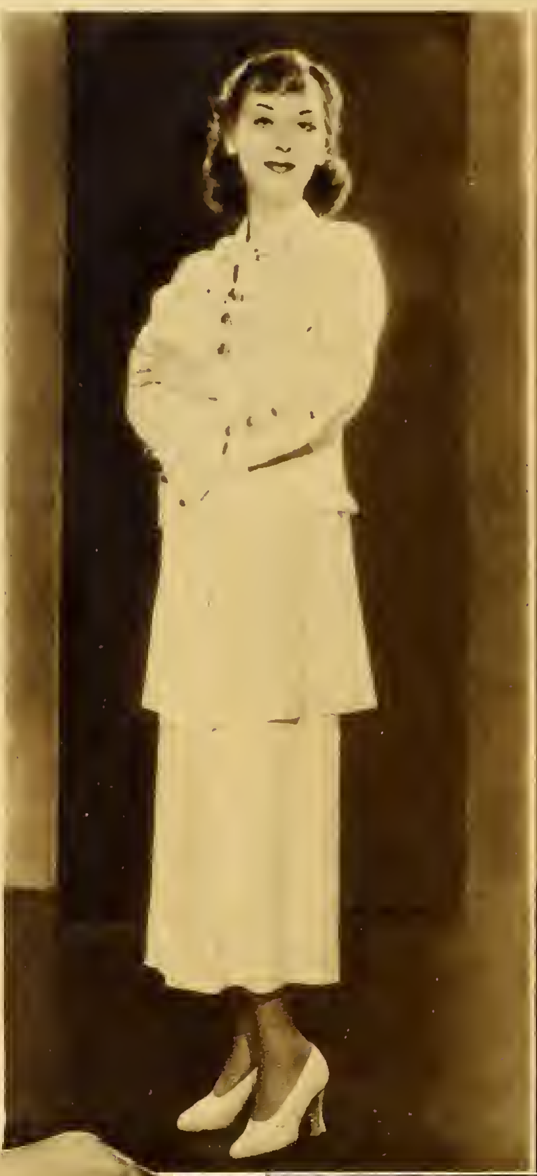

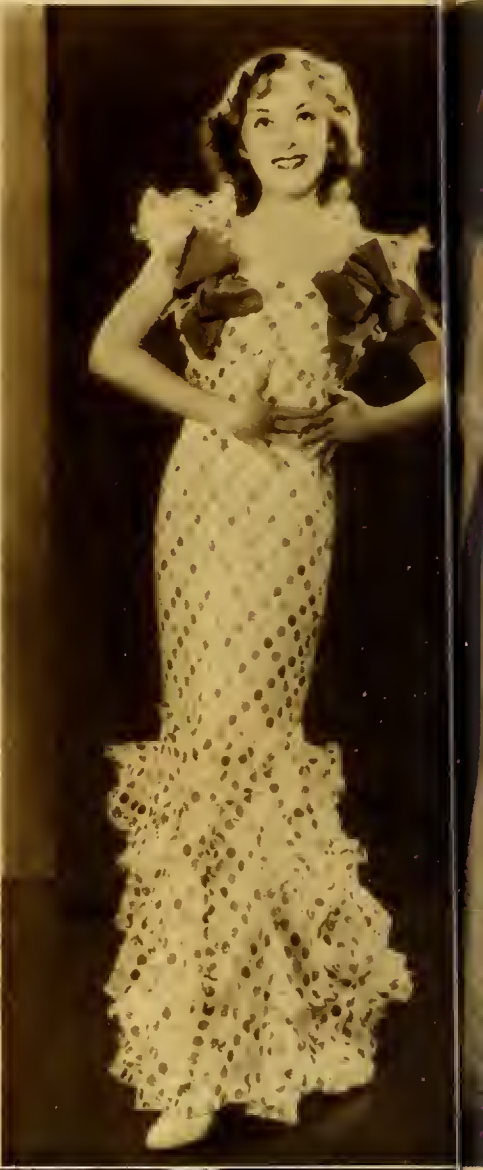

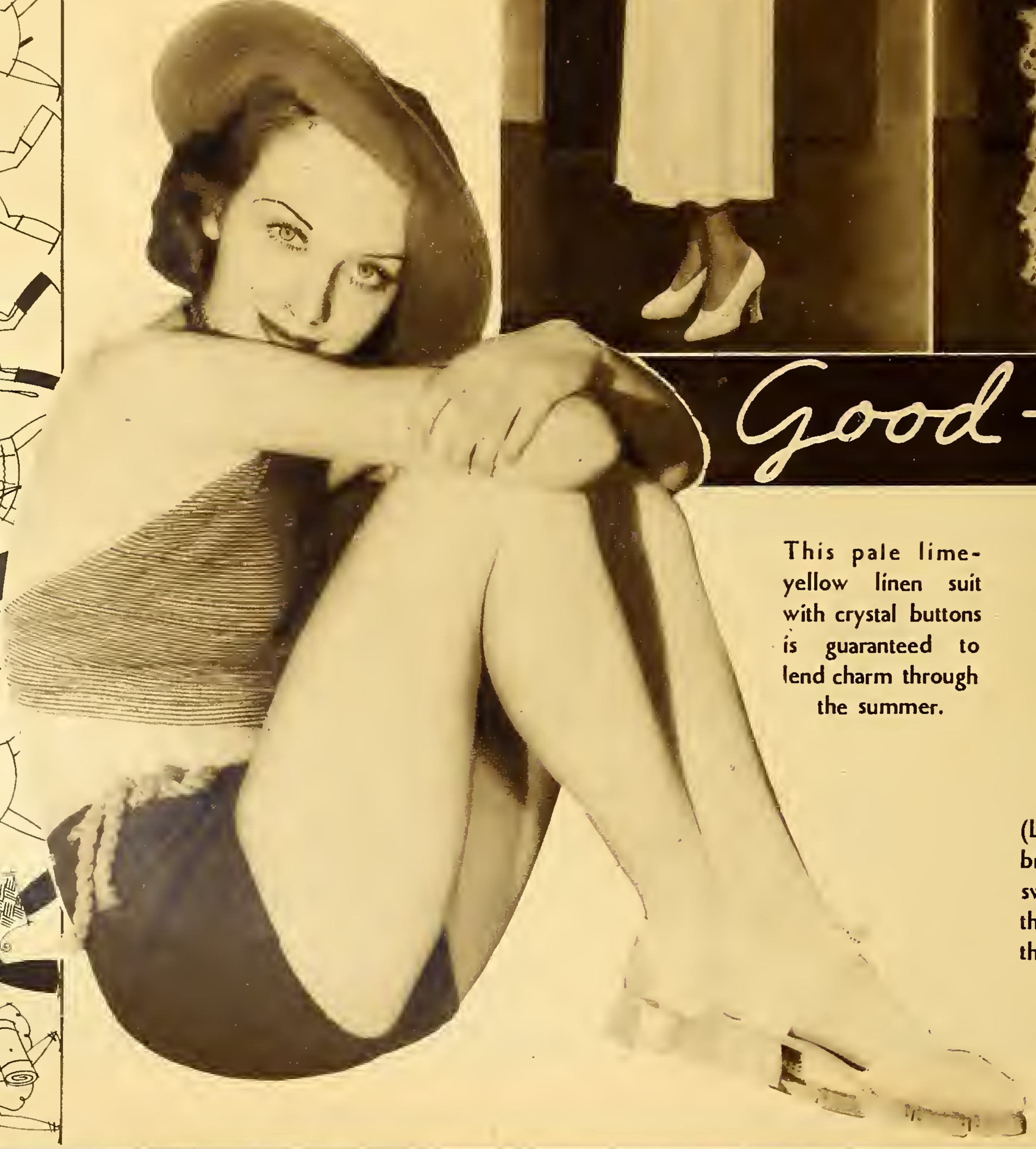

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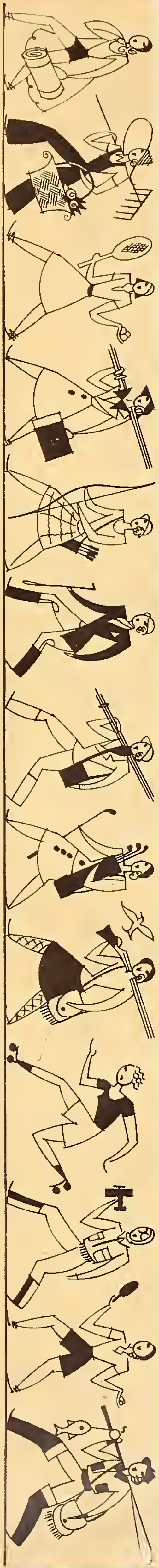
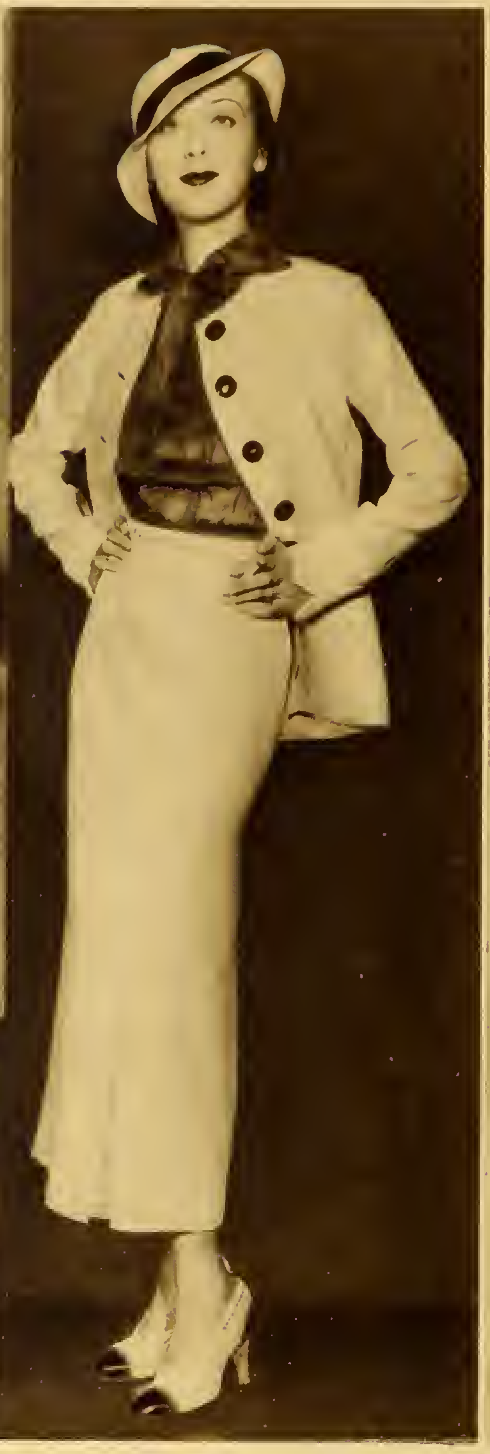
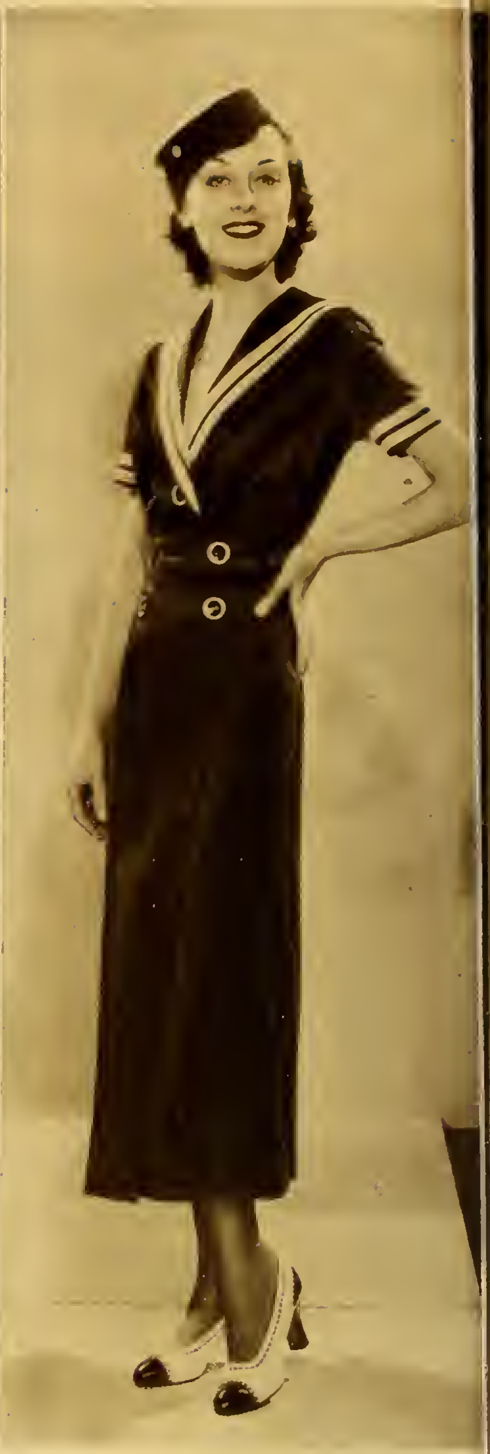
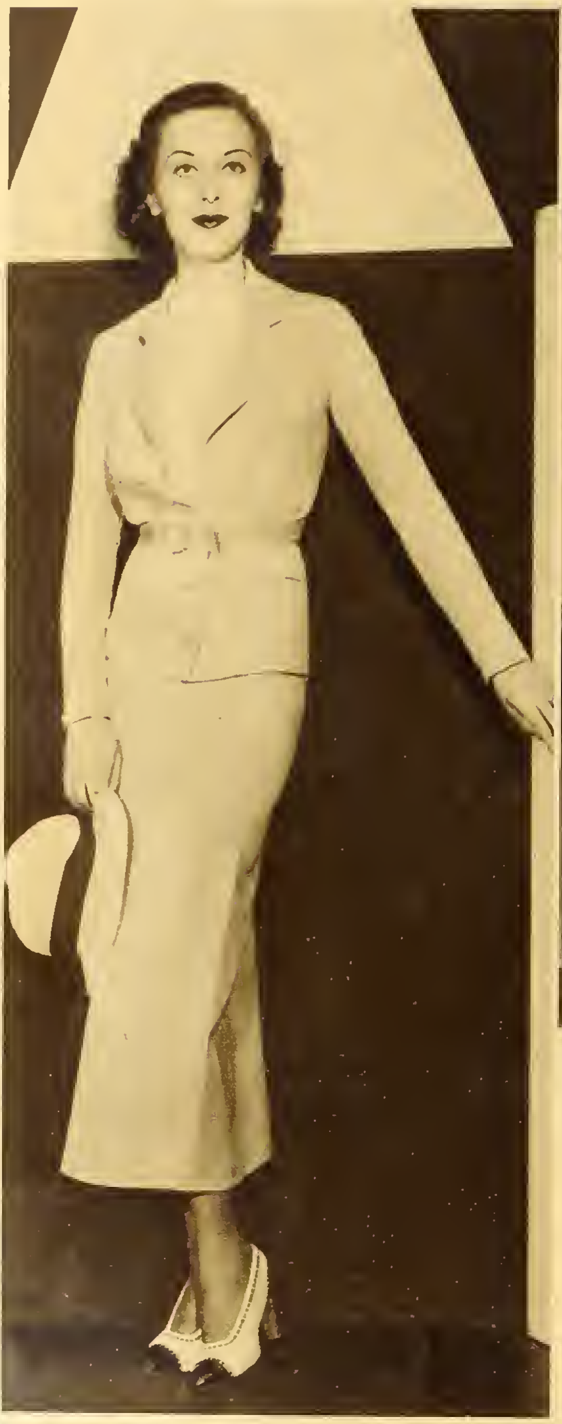


Pastels are in!





(Above, left) String and cinnamon—does that mean anything? Well, it's smart when the suit is loosely woven, string-colored linen and the blouse is a deep tone of cinnamon handkerchief linen. The hat is in those same two shades. (Right) "Sailors beware" when a girl takes her cue from their uniforms for her clothes. It's a navy piqué with white braid trimmings. The navy and white hat is patterned after a sea-going vessel.

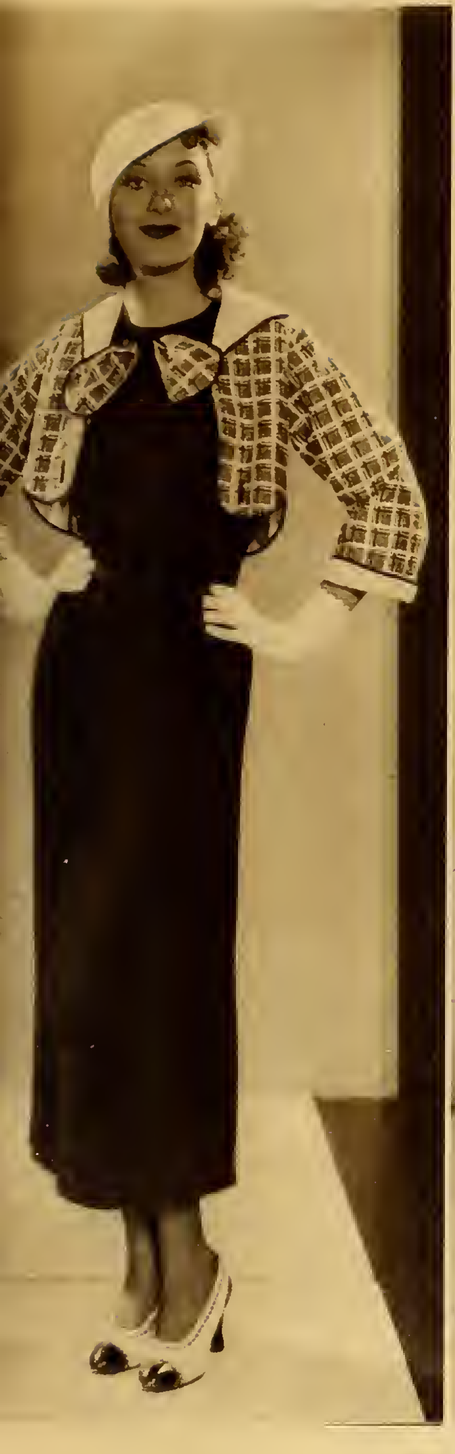


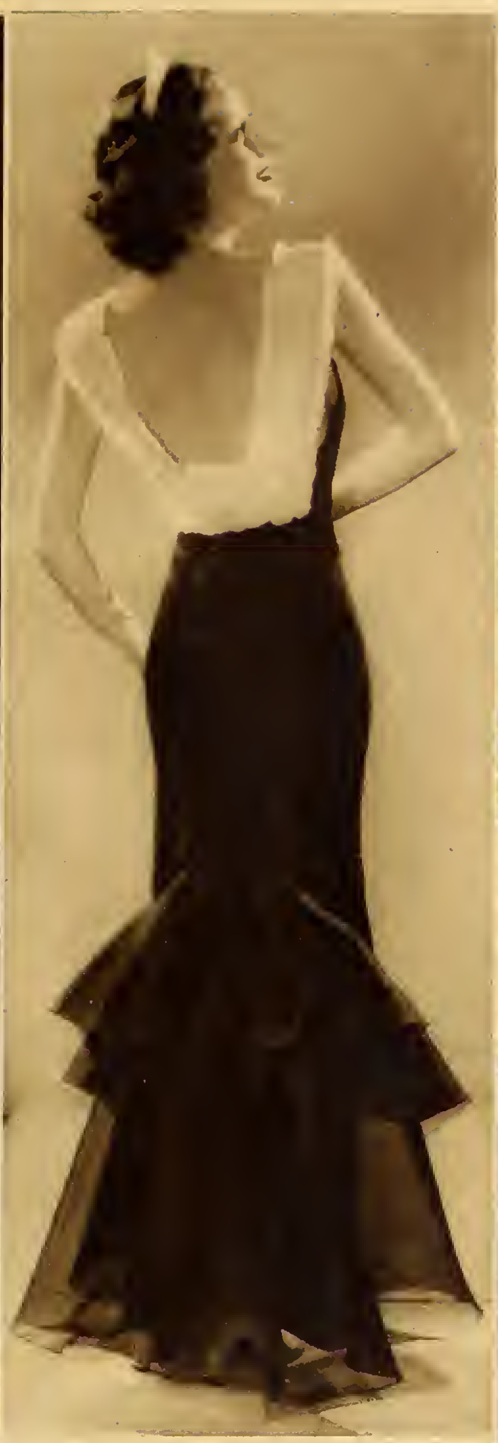
If you want an outfit that will be wrinkleless, then stick to the knitwear variety. Wear it for shopping, for sports, for workaday hours and you'll come home at night just as you left in the morning—with nary a crease. Lovely Ann Dvorak has selected a delicate turquoise blue with a white lacey knit blouse.

true, I know, but it's a fact. Watch them resist the fading process, too. Red stays red. They don't become a sad pink under sun and water treatment, and all the other colors have the same steadfastness of performance.

This being the case, there's a cotton fever through the fashion world. Yes, evening dresses, too. They are made of ginghams and percales in beautifully simple lines and are done in those sweet, appealing organdies that permit ruffles and flounces and flutings, surrounding a gal with an aura of fluff, which can never cease to be dear to her heart no matter how matter-of-fact she may be. Nothing can beat cottons for youthfulness.

Stripes and Plaids too!



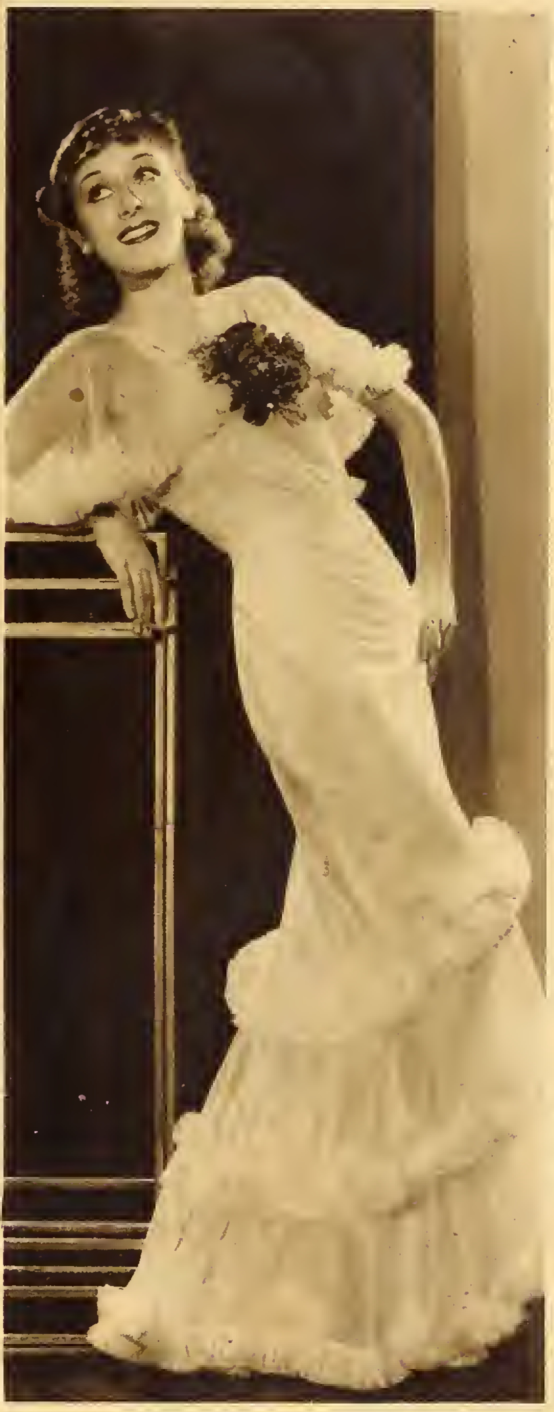


(Above, left) Over the simplest of blue crepe frocks, Ann is daring enough to wear a tricky little Eton jacket of barred and stitched red pique. With or without the jacket you're okay. (Above, right) Black organdy graduates from a windblown silhouette to a veritable typhoon which is the latest way to arrange the flounces for an evening frock. Flattering white lace forms the shoulder straps and bodice of this unusual gown.

Now, I want to tell you about some of the outstanding style features of the season, so that you can follow them to the letter. As a rule, they are not difficult to make or to wear, if you are fortunate enough to be able to indulge in the ready-to-wear variety of apparel.

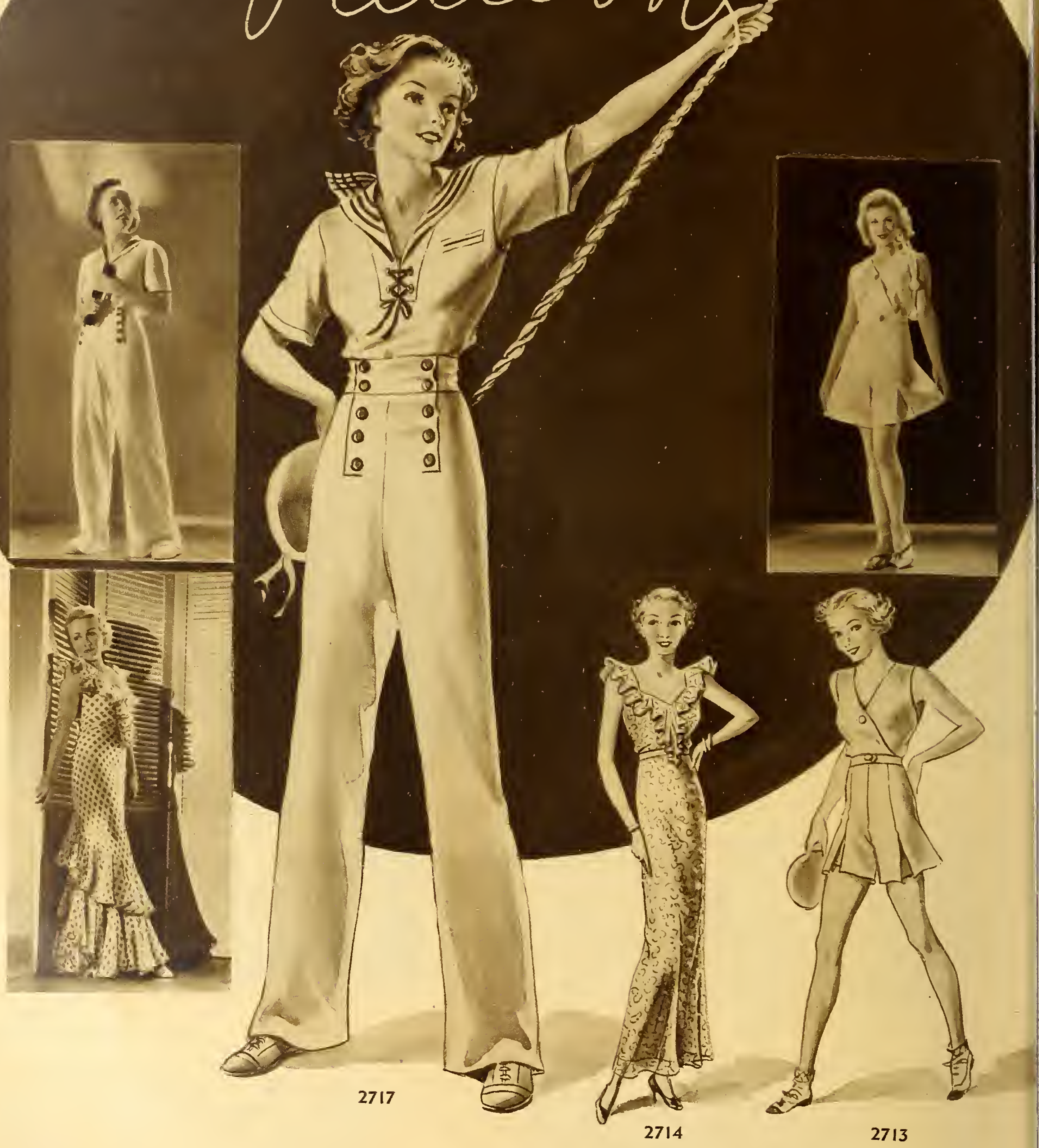
Don't blame me, if I seem to be too much of a rooter for clothes made at home, for with fabrics playing such an important role, those frocks you make with your own fair hands can carry the distinction which is often missing in the common or garden variety of store clothes.

Let's begin at the neckline. (*Continued on page 118*)



More rustles and frills. The rustle of taffeta is part of this season's frou-frou. A taffeta foundation suggests the swish of an old-fashioned petticoat and over its elegance is posed white net in billows, with pleated ruffles set in tiers on the flounces of the skirt. The butterfly fichu cape is banded with pleated frills.

MODERN SCREEN Patterns



2717—We know that you'll be happy as a sandboy in these white linen crash slacks and regulation middy-blouse which Adalyn Doyle wears. Navy blue buttons lend contrast to the slacks. The blouse, too, has navy blue trimming. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38, 40 inch bust.

2714—Wynne Gibson wears this delightful gay red and white georgette dance frock. The neckline of ruffles is very flattering and youthful. And the graduated flounces from knee to hem-line are just the thing for gals who are a bit too thin. In sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38, 40 inch bust.

2713—For tennis, the beach, knockabout and hiking, Ginger Rogers wears this neat rig of shirt-and-shorts. It's made of striped seersucker. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

Instructions for ordering patterns on page 88.

ARE YOU A
HANDKERCHIEF
WRINGER?
JANGLED
NERVES

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

TEST YOUR NERVES..

FREE!

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail order-blank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.

KNOW YOUR NERVES
20 NEW NERVE TESTS—FASCINATING! EDUCATIONAL! See if you can do them
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 119-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name________________________
(Print Name)
Street________________________
City______________ State__________
Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

STRANGE COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN—

REVOLUTIONIZE FACE POWDERS

Miss Charlotte Young says, "Pond's Rose Cream is wonderful for blondes or fair-skinned brunettes."

NEW DEVICE FINDS

Bright Blue **IN BLONDE SKIN**

Startling Green **IN BRUNETTE**

ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES *NEW* POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT COMPLEXION FAULTS

POND'S
Face Powder
POND'S
FACE POWDER

Actually a $3.00 Powder

ONLY 55¢

10¢

Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette—uses Pond's Rose Brunette. "No other powder has ever seemed so grand for my skin."

BLONDES and Brunettes need no longer *guess* about the face powder they should use.

A new era in powder blending has come about.

Here's the amazing truth . . . In every human skin, there are colors you cannot distinguish with the human eye.

Now, a delicate optical machine has finally been found to detect those colors. By means of this machine, Pond's actually recorded to the smallest degree the bright blue in blonde skin—the startling green in brunette.

Many skins analyzed

Many blonde and brunette skins were analyzed to find exactly *what amount* of blue makes the most beautiful blonde skin, what *green* goes into the loveliest brunette skin.

Then Pond's used these actual records to blend their new powder shades.

Now any girl can be sure that these scientifically analyzed powders will bring back to her just the colors missing in her own skin.

Pond's powder is finer in texture than expensive French powders. And Pond's has the same fragrance as a certain very costly imported powder. A lovely glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as most $1.00 boxes. And, in the five-and-ten and variety stores—ten and twenty-five cent sizes. Six colors! Natural, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

★ *Two Special Boxes for 5¢. Send Coupon.* Send for two special boxes of Pond's powder—two new light shades or two new dark shades—as you prefer. Try them! See what life—beauty—these new colors bring to your skin.

Pond's Extract Company
Dept. F, 94 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for TWO Special Boxes of Pond's New Powder as checked.
I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

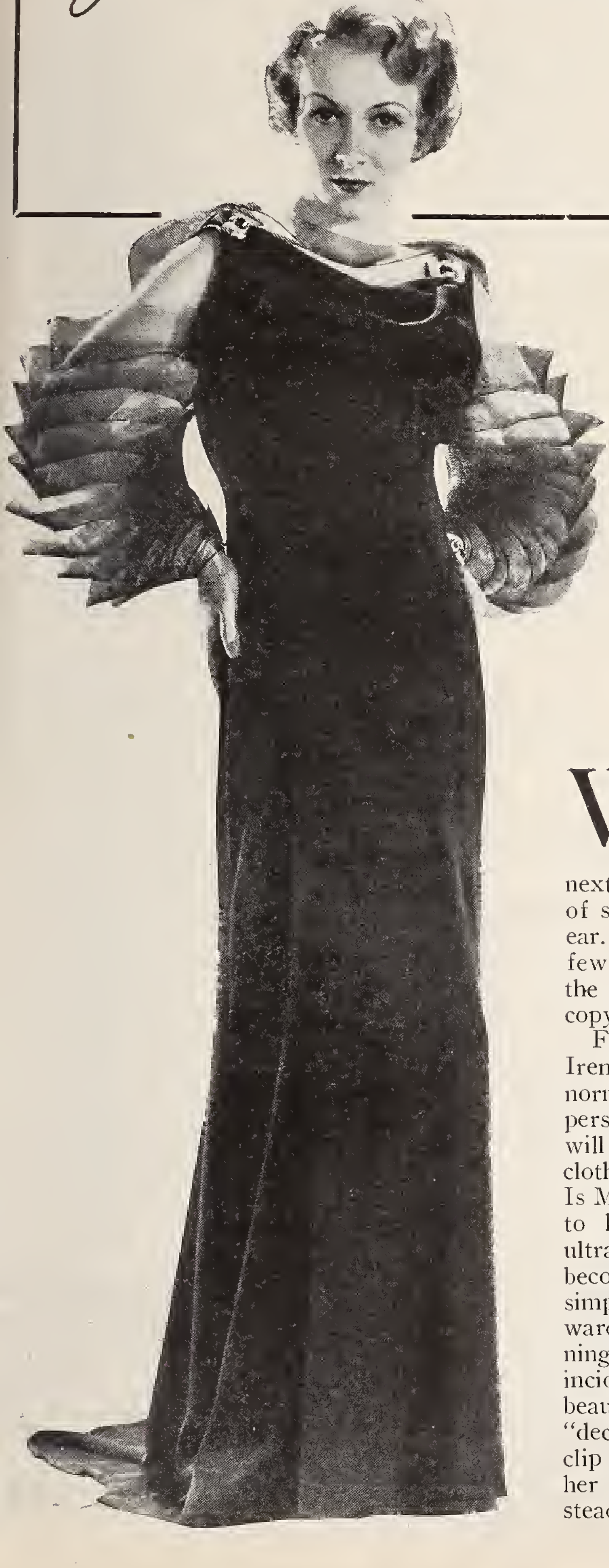
Name________________________

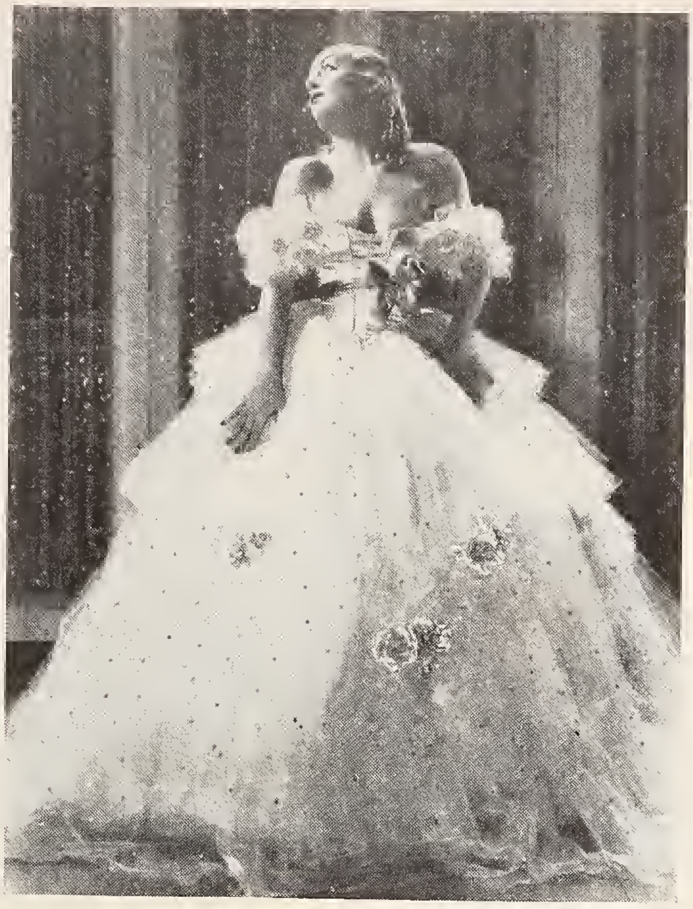
Street________________________

City______________State________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

ON *Dress* PARADE





Charming contrast—1860 vs. 1934. Carole Lombard wears this delectable pink tulle costume in "Twentieth Century" and Karen Morley dons a velvet hostess gown in "Crime Doctor."

by Margery Wells

WELL, after spending days looking at new pictures—I mean the ones you'll be seeing next month—I've got just loads of style hints to whisper in your ear. With the exception of a few costume pictures, most of the gowns are practical and copyable.

For instance, if you're an Irene Dunne type—that is, a normal and more or less modest personality—many a good idea will be gleaned by studying the clothes she wears in "This Man Is Mine." Irene is clever enough to know that fluffy ruffles or ultra-sophisticated gowns do not become her. For that reason, simplicity is the keynote of her wardrobe. On that white evening gown, for example (which, incidentally, hugs her figure so beautifully), only one touch of "decoration" is used: a jewelled clip on the left shoulder. Even her negligee is minus frills. Instead, it depends upon its alluring lines and intricately shirred sleeves for its interest.

Then, consider Vivian Tobin, who also is in the picture. Quite another type! Ruffles and flounces and all sorts of do-dads become her. Notice what a contrast her evening frock, with flounces and hundreds of fluted cartwheels and all that, is to Irene's. But when the Tobin gal goes golfing, what a picture! No doubt you'll want an outfit trimmed with baby gazelle, too, with matching fingerless gloves. And be sure to notice the braided belt of the same skin. That would look good on any outfit.

Constance Cummings goes blithely through the picture, vamping husbands and upsetting households, garbed in ravishing gowns of shimmering velvets and sassy polka dots and flattering wide-brimmed straw hats—not to mention suits with huge ermine sleeves and swanky net blouses with tantalizing bows.

(*Continued on page 86*)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES – CORK-TIPPED

FOR THE
HIGHEST DEGREE OF
THROAT COMFORT

Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually *is* cooler—your throat never gets dry. And **KOOLS** are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor. Last—not least—you get a **FREE** coupon per pack. Save them for gilt-edged initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other nationally-advertised premiums, too. (Offer good in U. S. A. only).

Send for illustrated premium list

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

THE INFORMATION DESK

If you want to know the age, hair coloring, picture plans or anything else about the stars, this department will tell you

In writing to this department, avoid questions which are controversial and which are not dictated by good taste. We cannot give you home addresses of the stars and we dislike printing answers which take up a great deal of space. Otherwise, we're ready to oblige. All questions will be answered in this magazine, so save your stamps.

Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LOTTIE KOTLARZ, Syracuse, N. Y.—Franchot Tone's birthday is February 27. Cary Grant's is January 18, and he married Virginia Cherrill so recently that they may still be classified as newlyweds.

E. W. GAYLORD, MRS. E. J. MARSHAL, GEO. N. ULLOM, Pittsburgh, Pa., and ELIZA HEINT, Smithfield, Pa.—George Brent played the lead in Warner Brothers' 1933 production of "From Headquarters," and Monte Blue in their 1929 version of the same picture, in case you're interested.

F. B. B., Wallingford, Conn.—Yes, Ida Lupino is new in movies in this country, but she made her debut in England at the age of 15. She is English, born in London, has blonde hair, large violet eyes, an oval face and a short, slightly retroussé nose. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs all of 110 pounds. "Come On Marines" with Richard Arlen will be her next picture, followed by "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby. You can write her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. T. G., Detroit, Mich.—Lew Ayres was born December 8, 1908, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Tom Brown, born January 6, 1913, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

SOL NASO, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mae West is 5 feet 2 inches tall in her stocking feet. Will that meet your requirements?

ADA JOHNSON and VIRGINIA CARTER, Lexington, Mass.—Now, really! Does Mae West have false teeth? I do hope the dear lady will be lenient should she read this. No, my doubting damsels, those ivories are Mae's very own, and I don't mean she bought them.

K. O. T., Washington, D. C.—Lucille Browne played the part of the younger sister in "Double Harness." Helen Hayes is due back in Hollywood the first part of June to make "What Every Woman Knows."

VIVIAN ROBECK, Annapolis, Md.—No, you can't get Ralph Bellamy's home address or any other star's, for that matter, in this column. G. P. Huntley, Jr., was Donald Darbyshire in "As Husbands Go" and a neat performance he gave too. What? There may be some few stars who, in weak moments, like to autograph books and things, but the number is very few and their weak moments even rarer.

ANTHONY SANTINELLI, Newark, N. J.—Richard Talmadge has appeared in the following pictures as leading man: 1927—"Prince of Pep," "Broadway Gallant," "Night Patrol," "Blue Streak" and "Better Man"; 1928—"Cavalier"; 1931—"Scareheads" and in 1932 "Get That Girl" and "Speed Madness."

H. L., Babylon, N. Y.—Where have you been, H. L.? Marion Nixon has far from disappeared. She appeared in five pictures in 1933 and is scheduled to appear in "Strictly Dynamite" with Jimmy Durante, "The Line Up" with William Gargan and "The Humbug" with Nils Asther. I guess that ought to keep you busy.

N. W. TORRANCE, Anyox, B. C., Canada—Yes. Fay Wray herself was the beauty in the hands of the beast, King Kong, when he had her on the cliff, and she admits she is scared to death of a poor little measly mouse.

KATHRYN HARTNETT, Toledo, Ohio—Yes, Miss Hartnett, "Show Boat" was released May 5, 1929, by Universal. The leading parts were taken by Laura La Plante, Otis Harlan and Joseph Schildkraut.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Pat Ellis of the blue eyes and blonde hair was born May 20, 1916—a mere babe! And so is Mary Kornman, the blonde who "Yoo-hooed" so quaintly at Bing Crosby in "Just An Echo." By the way, she will be Mrs. Leo Tover by the time you read this, and here's hoping she "I do-ed" better than she "Yoo-hoo-ed."

JEANIE CLARK, Coalgate, Okla.—Yes, Jeanie, I think Richard Cromwell is even better looking off the screen than he is on, if that's possible. But I suppose you'd rather see for yourself.

DOROTHY MILLER, Berwick, Pa.—The lad who was in love with Ruth Hall in Eddie Cantor's "Kid from Spain" was none other than that up-and-coming-fast Robert Young. 'Member now?

POLLY, A Novarro Fan—Our hero, Ramon "Troubadour" Novarro, having finished his personal appearances in Chicago, will hie himself back to Hollywood for retakes on his latest, "Laughing Boy." Thence to South America, possibly via New York, to make a three months' concert tour. He's writing a play in between times. Call it a vacation if you want.

HAROLD W. JAMES, Hazleton, Pa.—Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant's bride, played the part of the blind girl in Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights." "City Streets" was released the same year with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in the leads.

MISS M. E. SCHMADINGHOFF, Kansas City, Mo.—No, Clara Bow and Rex Bell are neither divorced nor separated. They recently spent a few days in Palm Springs together.

FLORENCE SEELIG, New York City—Clark Gable was born February 1, 1901; James Cagney, July 17, 1904; Franchot Tone February 27 and Randolph Scott January 23. The two latter fail to give the year. Katharine Hepburn is 26 years old and her next picture after "Spitfire" will be "Tudor Wench." Clark Gable is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He is an expert golfer and swimmer. Franchot Tone is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes, you will see more of Barbara Stanwyck. Her next picture is "Gambling Lady.'

MRS. J. D. ALLEN, Trinity, Tex.—No, Mrs. Allen, Helen Vinson was not the girl in the advertisement you mention, although the resemblance is striking.

A. F., Pa.—Gene Raymond is twenty-five.

CHARLES A. BAKER, Jr., Bound Brook, N. J.—Miriam Hopkins has never been known by any other name that I know of. She was loaned to M-G-M by Paramount to make "Stranger's Return." She has been on the screen since 1930, when she did "Fast and Loose" for Paramount. Her first important vehicle was "Smiling Lieutenant," in 1931, with Maurice Chevalier.

A DAVID MANNERS FAN from Lakewood, Ohio—David Manners has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is scheduled to appear in "The Black Cat" with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.

JANICE MORGAN, Sioux City, Iowa—Cute little Armida has been making personal appearances in New York. It is doubtful whether or not she will come back to the movies. Jean Parker is French, Polish and English. No wonder she is such a versatile young one.

ELLA LOWELL, Rockville, Conn.—Gloria Foy was Franchot Tone's companion in the first scenes of "Dancing Lady." Most of the stars have secretaries to take care of their fan mail, but a great many of the younger and newer players take pleasure in reading and answering their letters personally.

MARIE HAMILTON, Mansfield, Ohio—Gloria Swanson recently signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and she can be reached at their studios in Culver City, Calif.

ANNE E. RIEDERER, New Rochelle, N. Y.—Joe Sawyers took the part of Tex in "College Humor." Alas, Randolph Scott is not going to be in "Thirty Day Princess." Cary Grant and Sylvia Sidney will have the leads. Randy, however, will be in "Often a Bridegroom." Claudette Colbert's next picture will be "Cleopatra," with Warren William, Henry Wilcoxson and Ian Keith. Frances Dee will have the lead in "Finishing School."

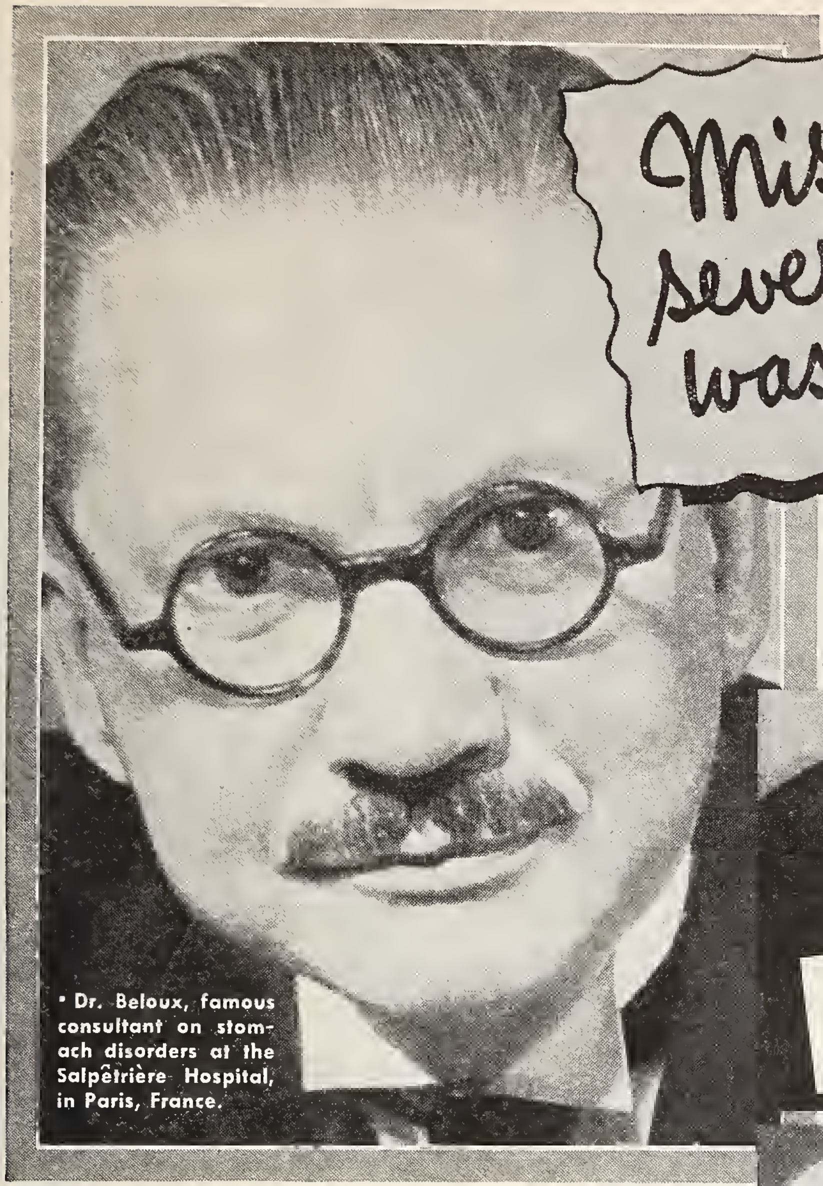
MARGARET, Athens, Ga.—Yes, Margaret, William Janney played in "King of the Wild Horses" along with Rex.

A. L. S., Grafton, W. Va.—Edwin Maxwell played the part of the maniac in "The Night of Terror." Dwight Frye is not scheduled to make any more pictures for the moment.

C. J. G., Toledo, Ohio.—Ann Sothern is all of 21 years old, is unmarried, and can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. The only drawback seems to be the several hundred miles between Toledo and Hollywood. Too bad!

ELEANOR R., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Here is some good news for you. Brian Aherne is starring in an English picture, "The Constant Nymph," with Victoria Hopper. Report has it that this is a picture well worth seeing and that Mr. Aherne has done himself proud, and is ever so much better than he was in "Song of Songs."

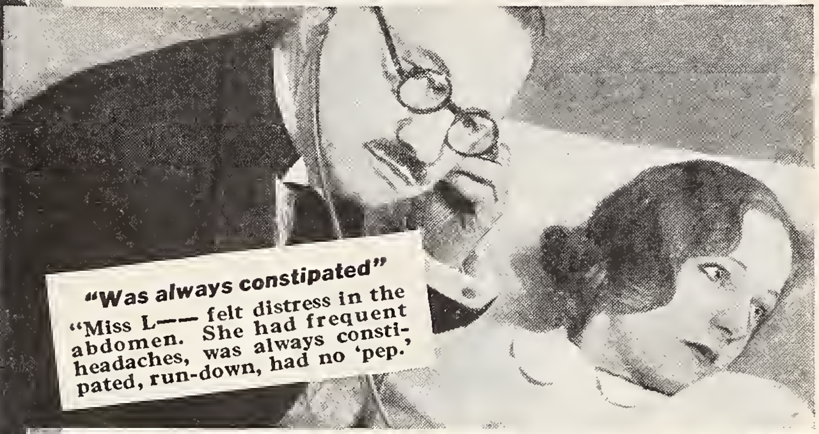
Miss L— had severe indigestion— was run-down



• Dr. Beloux, famous consultant on stomach disorders at the Salpêtrière Hospital, in Paris, France.

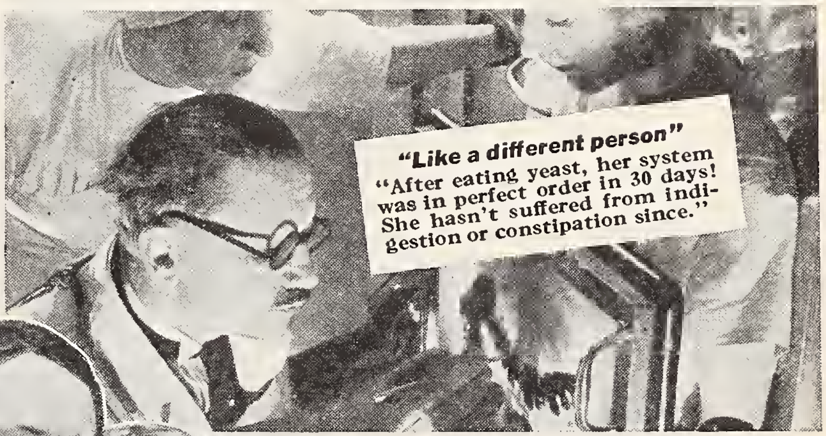
DR. JULES BELOUX,

of Paris, reports this "Case History"



"Was always constipated"
"Miss L—— felt distress in the abdomen. She had frequent headaches, was always constipated, run-down, had no 'pep.'

"Condition called for yeast"
"A sample of the stomach content revealed trouble. The stomach was toneless, the intestines clogged. I recommended yeast...



"Like a different person"
"After eating yeast, her system was in perfect order in 30 days! She hasn't suffered from indigestion or constipation since."

If your stomach troubles you . . . if you get tired out easily . . . are constipated, have broken-out skin, Dr. Beloux's comments on this case are important to you!

CONSIDER THE CASE which the famous Dr. Beloux describes. Then consider your own case. Haven't *you* many of the troubles Miss L—— had?

Perhaps your digestion is far from what it should be . . . easily upset . . . your stomach feels "heavy" . . . you feel actually distressed at times.

Maybe you're run-down . . . have "jumpy" nerves . . . get all fagged out easily . . . are constipated . . . have headaches . . . don't look clear-skinned, healthy, *attractive!*

Then yeast should help *you*, too. For, as Dr. Beloux says:

"Yeast promotes the flow of gastric juice . . . purifies the blood . . . softens the hard waste matter and promotes regular evacuation. It is gentle—not habit-forming."

Wouldn't it be good common sense to try Fleischmann's Yeast? Of course it would! Then eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days. Besides its corrective powers, each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system. Then see how your digestion stops being so "finicky" . . . see how much better you work, and play, and sleep!

Don't delay another day. Fleischmann's Yeast is so easy to buy. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains!

EAT YEAST
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

"My Appetite Picked Up Amazingly"

"Nothing I ate agreed with me," *writes* Mrs. Wm. A. Rhodes, *of Seattle, Wash.* (at left). "After meals I wanted to sleep off my dull, logy feeling.

"I had read where great doctors recommended yeast for cases like mine. I decided to try it. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast for a few weeks, I could eat without worrying about the after-effects. It cleared out my system. I felt so much better. My appetite picked up amazingly."

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

ZiP
PERFUMED
DEPILATORY
CREAM

Just spread on ZiP Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT EPILATOR The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for *face,* as well as arms, legs and body. Special *ZIP* Kit now $1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (46th ST.)

ZiP *Cream Deodorant*

At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container . . . 10c

THE REPORT CARD

Our rating of current pictures will aid you in choosing your film entertainment: A means excellent; B means good; C means fair; D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
Excellent picturization of the Sinclair Lewis novel with Irene Dunne and Walter Huston.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Fascinating plot. Superbly enacted by Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Good music and good acting in a tale about movie-crashing in Hollywood. Spencer Tracy, John Boles and Pat Patterson.

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
Winchell's behind-the-Broadway-columns yarn with Paul Kelly, Russ Columbo, Constance Cummings.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor as a Southern belle.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro have an opportunity to sing.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
With Atlantic City as America's typical "Convention City," this is a real laugh riot. Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Guy Kibbee are in it.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
Topnotch entertainment with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels and Doris Kenyon.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
If you're looking for something different, see this one. With Fredric March and Evelyn Venable.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in Noel Coward's stage success.

DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
Ann Harding and William Powell.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Marvelous photography.

FASHION FROLICS OF 1934 (Warners).
Beautiful girls and beautiful clothes. We've never seen anything like those "feather sets."

HI, NELLIE (Warners).
One of the better "lovelorn column" yarns. Muni is excellent as usual.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
An outstanding production that will live in your memory. George Arliss and a splendid cast.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
Excellently done drawing-room stuff. With Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Warner Baxter.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
The very best of the "transcontinental bus" pictures. Gable and Colbert are perfect.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
Randy Scott in a swell Western.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
Don't miss it.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A couple of telephone repair men in the persons of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie will give you a good time. Connie Cummings and Arline Judge here, too.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
All about the depression. Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young do some fine work.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
The kidnapping racket brought to the screen. With Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Connie Bennett at her best.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
You must see Anna Sten.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan in her first picture.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Let Jimmy Durante shoo those blues away. You'll die laughing.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
Excellent characterization by Spencer Tracy. And it marks Colleen Moore's comeback.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
Charles Laughton is superb.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Garbo.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Verra sophisticated. Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor's latest.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
Alice Brady.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
Picturing America on the road to Prosperity. An all-star cast and some good singing by John Boles.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers behind-the-scenes-of-radioland. Swell.

VOLTAIRE (Warners).
George Arliss and a splendid cast.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Al Jolson and an all-star cast in the grandest musical yet.

THE WORLD CHANGES (First National).
Splendid entertainment. Paul Muni and a fine cast.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Lee Tracy is fine in a not-so-good yarn.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Fair enough.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack and George Raft.

ARIANE (Pathé-Cinema).
From Claude Anet's famous book. Elizabeth Bergner stands out in a badly directed picture.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Fine work by Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELOVED (Universal).
Nice music. The story's a bit sad.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Actress, Jean Harlow, and her efficient manager, Lee Tracy, in a fast-moving yarn.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's movie début.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Carole Lombard and George Raft introduce a new dance.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper, Frank Morgan and Tad Alexander.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Very clever. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
We have a hunch you'll like Elizabeth Bergner. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., over-acts.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Good comedy. See it if you are an Ed Wynn fan.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
If you're not tired of this pair.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
About the girls and boys in their 'teens. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
A trifle slow-moving. Dorothea Wieck and Evelyn Venable are excellent.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
Otto Kruger and Karen Morley in a mystery that is different. See it.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone and Gable.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Four Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Don't miss Fred Astaire's dancing. Not to mention the "Carioca."

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding gets a good story for a change. Otto Kruger, Clive Brook, Tullio Carminati.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Lavish sets and grand music. With Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante.

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings as a chorus girl who doesn't run true to type.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Those two comediennes, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, give us swell entertainment.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
A desert locale. With Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak and Lyle Talbot.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
Another ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
With Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Once more, the gambling theme. With Kay Francis, this time.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Good drama. Eddie Robinson, the ruthless meat-baron, Genevieve Tobin, his wife, and Kay Francis, his opera-singing mistress.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
If you're West-minded.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Good gags, swift action and fine performances by Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
With Claire Trevor playing opposite Jimmy Dunn.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney turns in his usual snappy performance. Aided by Bette Davis and Alice White.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
Bill Powell goes "mystery" again.

(Continued on page 123)

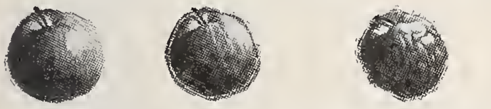
To avoid Wrinkles . . . to Fight Dryness

CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In UNDER SKIN (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In OUTER SKIN (in center) stop mortifying dryness . . . roughness, with moistening cream.

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

Few women know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker—and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands, that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES . . . Long before you're aware of them, insidious wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After "20" these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS . . . Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . . . all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the arrestingly beautiful Mrs. John Davis Lodge describes her Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.

1. *"My nighttime cleansing* . . . Pond's Cold Cream patted in well . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's soft Tissues.

Mrs. John Davis Lodge

(née Francesca Braggiotti) keeps both her Under and Outer skins young . . . fresh . . . with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs."

2. *"Finally,* Pond's Vanishing Cream, which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin beautifully.

3. *"Mornings,* and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder and rouge go on so evenly."

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples! In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin will be.

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Liquefying Cream
FOR CLEANSING
POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR
Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
Finishing

● For your *Under Skin*—Pond's Cold Cream. Oily. Or Pond's Liquefying Cream. Melts instantly.

● For your *Outer Skin*—use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless!

. . . SEND FOR SAMPLES

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2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
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5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

The Life Story of a Real Guy

(*Continued from page 59*)

parents before retiring. For a small boy, they were very long and ardent prayers. The Tracys were pleased that he was so devout at heart, even if he did have a perfect gift for raising Old Ned most of the day. They would have been considerably less pleased to know that his long prayers were inspired more by a desire to delay going to bed than from heartfelt contriteness for his daily misdeeds. After all, you couldn't jerk a guy off his knees when he was saying his prayers and put him to bed. So the longer a fellow prayed, the longer he got to stay up.

"God bless mother and father and Miss Wiggs, the first grade teacher, and Mrs. Smoot down at the candy store and Tad the blind newsboy and Mr. and Mrs. Parker, our next-door neighbors and—" On and on it would go. Every name Spenc could think of, he brought up for Divine consideration. Only "Moom" was left out. Very cuttingly left out. He never told anybody about it for he didn't want to appear weak and un-Irish, but after he had finally been tucked in and the light in his room turned out, he would whisper under his breath, "and 'Moom,' too!"

BY the time he was seven and old enough to be entered in public school, he was a sturdy, sandy-haired, freckled-faced little kid who walked with a strut and liked to act tough. His charming mother used to throw up her hands and declare she didn't know where he got those ways. But Spenc did. He had very carefully cultivated them after two boisterous young models on the South Side of town. Their names were "Mousie" and "Rattie," aged nine and eleven respectively, and they were the sons of the fightingest saloonkeeper in town.

"Mousie" and "Rattie" were young Tracy's boon companions and secret idols. Life was not worth living until he learned to spit out of the corner of his mouth with the same artistry as "Mousie" and "Rattie." He could hardly wait to be as old as they. He even fibbed to them about his age and managed to get away with several years because he was big. If "Mousie" and "Rattie" had known he was only seven, they wouldn't have wasted their time with such a "baby." They were in the first grade along with the younger children because there was some talk about having to burn down the school house to get them out of it. They were incorrigible truants and Spencer was not long in joining them in avoiding the schoolroom.

He hated school and he hated a cop named Officer Fischer, whom he dubbed "the baby catcher," because he was forever chasing the truants, throwing his club at them and booting them back to school.

Next to "Mousie" and "Rattie," Spenc's greatest weakness was the then-flickering movies. When he could wheedle the price of admission from anyone, he would enter the local Nickelodeon at the first show and not come out until the last. Once, when visiting "Moom" in Freeport, Ill., he was refused money to go to see a Jesse James picture.

"You've got enough wild ideas without going to see those things," she told him. Spenc thought hard a minute.

"There's a picture of the 'Life of Christ' right across the street," he casually remarked. "You wouldn't want to keep me from seeing that, would you?" "Moom" parted with the nickel, though she had little doubt where it was going to be spent.

Spenc was an indifferent student and how he learned to read and write by the time he was ready for the fourth grade was a mystery to everyone, including his school teachers. They would have fainted had they known that his desire to master reading came from curiosity to know what the writing meant on the subtitles of movies. In other subjects, such as arithmetic, he was so unpardonably bad that his father and mother eventually came to the conclusion the public school system was at fault and entered him in a parochial school, St. John's Cathedral. This, strictly, was the end of his constant palship with "Mousie" and "Rattie" and the other pleasant young roughnecks of his younger days, though he was far from a reformed character. His temper made him so unmanageable at times that the good Fathers frequently complained to Mrs. Tracy.

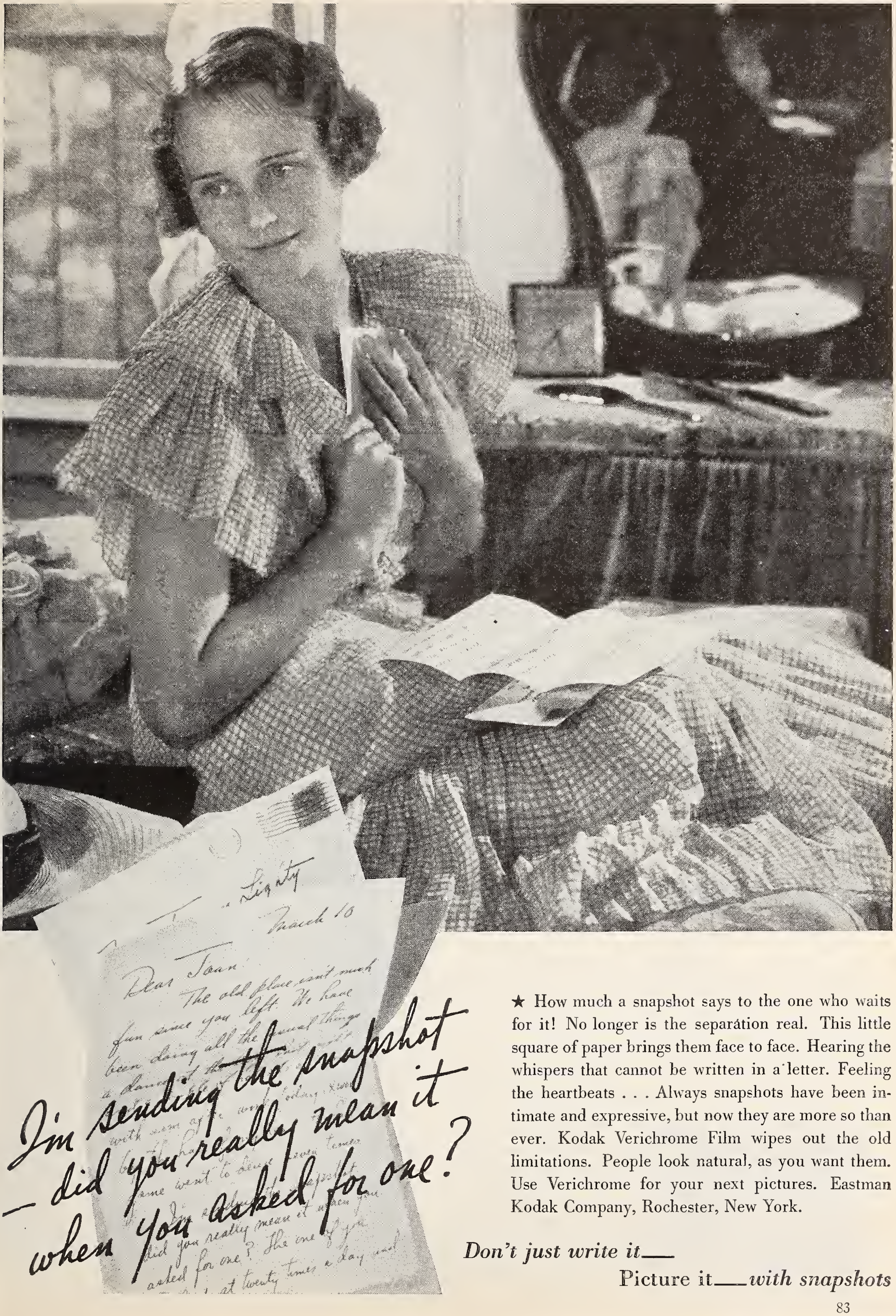
I OUGHT to run away from this house," Spenc would threaten. "I ought to run away for good."

He frequently did in the daytime, only to return when dark and hunger overtook him. Once, in company with the son of Mr. Shultz, the postmaster, he ran away as far as the city limits. The vagabonds had armed themselves with fifteen cents in "money," a bottle of beer, a pound of cheese and a box of crackers. By noon they had consumed all the food. By dinner time they were tossing the coins as to whether or not they should "go on" or "turn back." Every time they flipped the coin it meant "go on." They were a half hour getting the coin to "go back," which was exactly what the exhausted adventurers wanted to do.

When Spencer was ten, his robust "Irish constitution" failed him and from his tenth to his thirteenth year he was far from being a well youngster. He was subject to severe colds, which greatly weakened him, and he had no appetite for anything except sweets. He began to lose weight at an alarming rate. For the first time in his wild young life he did not feel like raising thunder. Thus his movie-colored mind turned to play acting.

He was continually staging, directing

(*Continued on page 84*)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when you asked for one?

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it——

Picture it——*with snapshots*

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THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

(*Continued from page 82*)

and acting in "murder mysteries" in his own backyard. The thrill of his first audience ran through him one day when a neighbor, leaning over the back fence, exclaimed, "Well, I declare, Spencer Tracy, you're a real good little actor. You really scared me!" He knew his parents wanted him to enter medical college. But from that moment, Spenc Tracy made up his mind he would be an actor.

From parochial school, he entered West Side High School. Though far from a brilliant student, he managed to get by. His health had improved considerably after three summers spent on his uncle's wheat farm in South Dakota and, with the coming of high school athletics, such as football, basketball and baseball, he was soon again "the fighting Irishman" he fancied himself. During a brief time, when his family moved temporarily to Kansas City, Mo., he attended St. Mary's and later Rockhurst. But the Tracys did not remain long in their new location and most of Spenc's high school memories center around West Side and Marquette High Schools in Milwaukee.

THE life-long friendship of Spenc and Pat O'Brien (now in Hollywood, as you know), started at Marquette. Every morning the "two Irishmen" would meet at the corner drugstore where their pal, the soda jerker, would set them up to a couple of chocolates. Result: always late for classes. They didn't particularly care. After all, they were working men with afternoon jobs in a lumber company. They worked together until the boss caught them sitting around telling stories. Then Spenc was delegated to delivering kindling, while Pat remained on at the "yard." The lumber company furnished him with an old horse and an even older wagon for delivery purposes, and for this pleasant job he found himself richer by $2.50 every seven hours he worked. In the evenings Pat and Spenc would pool their earnings and go stepping.

He had reached the point, sixteen, when he thought it well to assume an interest in girls, even if he did not feel it. Privately he considered them a sex of nuisances and silly romantic ninnies. But if his pal, Pat, had an "eye out for the ladies," then Spenc could do no less. As he did not care for any of them, it was not difficult for him to stir up the reputation of a guy with a different girl every two weeks. It had a nice, reckless, devilish sound. He used to talk big to Pat, and frequently to his mother, of being "engaged," but no one took it less seriously than the young Lothario himself.

There was one girl, though, named Helen. He almost squandered some real emotion on her. She was beautiful and quite cagey. She told Spenc she would marry him if he could supply a home and $5,000 in cash. That evening he asked his mother if she would give them the home they were living in. When she said, "No," he didn't try to rake up the $5,000. Helen was lost to him forever. It was as close to heartbreak as he had ever come, which wasn't too close at that.

When he was eighteen years old he enlisted in the Navy. Why, or what for, no one has yet discovered—and that includes Spenc. "I remember I came home white-faced and scared to death and told my mother I had done it," he relates. "To this day I don't know why. I suppose I must have been attracted by the posters of 'Join the Navy and See the World.' I joined all right, but I didn't see any part of the world. I didn't even see the ocean. They sent me down to Norfolk, Va., where I was 'in service' for a year and later on I trained at Great Neck.

"Just about the time I was getting used to the tight pants, they called off the war and I was returned to finish my education in Milwaukee on a $30 pension offered to service men who cared to continue their studies. I think joining the Navy was the wildest move of my wild career and it had a sobering effect on me for years after."

HE did not have enough credits to enter college following his fling in the Navy, so there was nothing to do but enroll in Northwestern Military Academy. He loathed it just as he had loathed any form of routine and compulsion all his life. It was not until he left Northwestern Military and went to Rippon that he began to take any interest at all in scholastic achievements.

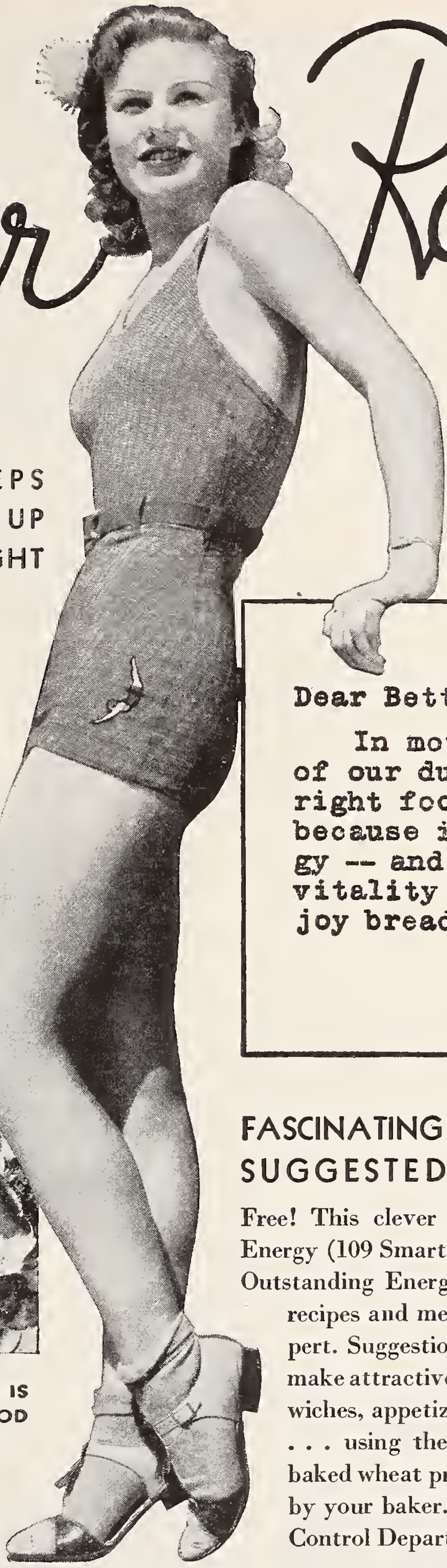
The studies at Rippon awakened his long slumbering ambition to become an actor. Besides, he had received several letters from Pat O'Brien, who was studying at the American Academy of Dramatics in New York. Spenc begged his father to let him go on and join his friend immediately, but the elder Tracy was furious at the idea of his son becoming an actor and refused any financial help.

Spenc did the next best thing. He settled down to really apply himself to the dramatic classes and the debating teams at Rippon. The kid was so sincere that he gradually enlisted his mother's aid to his cause. At the end of two years, she loaned her headstrong young son the money to get to New York, but after that he was "on his own." All he had was the thirty dollars he got monthly from the government, and as Pat O'Brien was down to his last nickle by the time his cronie reached New York, it was all they both had to live on.

Those were grand and terrifying days. The excitement of being so close to the stage, of actually being able to walk down Broadway under the shadows of the marquees of fame, was a tremendous thrill to the stage-struck boys. But they never had enough to eat. Rice pudding was the most popular dish because it was most filling. There was never any money for plays or even picture shows after they had deducted money for rent, laundry and clothes repair. For they had to look "nice." Only very successful actors could afford to slouch around. One evening on a park bench, when they were particu-

(*Continued on page 86*)

SPARKLING *Ginger Rogers* TELLS HOW SHE KEEPS HER VITALITY UP AND HER WEIGHT DOWN!



Slim, buoyant, and carefree . . . with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes *bread*, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Ginger Rogers

With her fresh vivid beauty and lively talents, Ginger Rogers is singing, dancing, and romping her way to new fame in the recently released RKO Radio Picture "Finishing School."

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the new free book on bread, "*Vitality* Demands Energy."

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Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "*Vitality* Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

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Agfa Test for Hollywood

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See Advertisement on Opposite Page

1. Contest begins May 1 and ends September 15, 1934. Mail all snapshots to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, on time for their receipt not later than midnight September 15, 1934.
2. Enter as many snapshots as you wish of the same person. Suggested poses: full-face; three-quarter view; profile; full-length.
3. On back of each snapshot, print full name and address of person photographed (the entrant); also name and address of dealer from whom films are purchased.
4. Include with each entry: Two Agfa roll film cartons or one Agfa 16mm. carton or approximate hand-drawn facsimiles. An entry consists of one or more snapshots of the same person sent in at the same time.
5. No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives.
6. Semi-final selection of twenty-five entrants for regional screen tests will be made by Agfa Casting Director, who will notify each by telegram.
7. Committee of Hollywood Directors and Stars will select five from the regional winners. These five will be given a free round-trip to Hollywood for final sound and screen tests.
8. From these five the Judges will select the winner who will receive guaranteed movie contract.
9. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras will be awarded for snapshots of outstanding photographic excellence—all subjects.
10. Decisions of Judges are final.
11. Winners agree to give Agfa Ansco Corporation permission for the use of their pictures for publication purposes, if so requested.
12. Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Agfa Ansco Corporation, or members of their families.

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FOOLING THE CENSORS!

The scenes you never see; the lines you never hear; the censored parts of movies—we're going to let you read about 'em.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

(Continued from page 84)

larly hungry, Spenc made up his mind he had "studied" dramatic art long enough.

"I'm going out and get a job," he announced, which was easier to remark than to accomplish.

IT was exactly two months later that he rated his first "professional engagement" in *R U R* at the Theatre Guild with Kathleen McDonald. Spenc was one of the robots. His salary was $15 weekly.

A real, honest-to-god actor, who was paid for it, at last!

When *R U R* finally went on the road, Spenc was promoted to a two-line speaking part and his salary increased to $40 weekly. It was the first time his name had ever been mentioned on a program and he spent hours underlining the proof of his success, and mailing copies to all his friends back home.

But even a successful show cannot run forever and Spenc once more knew those long days of walking from theatrical office to theatrical office looking for a job. Finally an agent told him that if he wanted to investigate, there was a little stock company up at White Plains, New York, that could use an "all around" actor; that is, one who can play the juvenile one week and the grandfather the next. Though there was nothing at all sure about the job (he didn't even know whether they would take him), he set out for White Plains. It was night when he arrived and almost curtain time when he located the theatre. He was so hungry and so tired he decided to bluff his way.

"I'm Spencer Tracy," he said importantly. "Sent up from the K—— Agency. When do I start?"

Either the bluff worked, or the manager wasn't any too particular. "Salary's fifty a week," he said. Spenc pretended to be considering it. Just then a beautiful girl in an evening gown came out of a nearby dressing-room and stood in the wings waiting for her cue of "curtain." For a moment her eyes met those of the "new man." She smiled at him, and his heart did a flip flop. He thought she was the prettiest, most attractive woman he had ever seen. "That's Louise Treadwell, our leading lady," the manager explained.

Spenc knew then that he was in love with her. What he did not know was that together they were going to share years of joy and tragedy, heartbreak and laughs, and the glittering success of Hollywood movie fame, before their long love story would eventually end in separation.

The conclusion of this interesting life story will appear in the July issue.

On Dress Parade

(Continued from page 77)

No wonder men fell and households floundered!

Much more conservative are the clothes worn in "Finishing School." They reflect chic and good taste—even down to the trig little school uniforms with their nobby Eton jackets and white piqué collars and cuffs. Frances Dee, playing the lead, looks particularly trim in her street frock with the plaid trimming. Notice the huge pointed revers and deep cuffs. Smart! Billie Burke, as the frivolous society mother, has a chance to wear frills and furs, and looks quite enchanting in her mousseline evening gown that ripples so gayly into generous fullness at the bottom.

After looking at some of the feminine and utterly charming costumes worn by Marion Davies in "Operator 13," it's a cinch that there'll soon be a demand for these lovely Civil War clothes—in a more modern version, of course. The lacey jabots—the soft full lingerie cuffs—the dashing hats. What gal wouldn't look pretty in 'em!

LOOK at Carole Lombard, for instance, in her 1860 costume in "Twentieth Century" which, so we hear tell, set Columbia Studios back exactly $750.00! Of all her gorgeous clothes (and she does wear some swell ones) this is the most flattering. Pink tulle sprinkled with tiny paillettes . . . cartwheels and satin gardenias . . . tight satin bodice with extreme décollette, all make Carole emerge as "a dream walking," no less.

And that grey crepe dinner gown, which she wears to rehearsal when the director tells her she must pretend she is a poor little girl dressed in rags, is a bit too luxurious, considering the state of her finances. The cape, so lavishly banded in grey fox, is the outstanding feature of the ensemble. The absurd little hat, with a veil so sheer as to be almost an illusion, was an eye-catcher.

And her negligees—literally a parade of 'em! There's a black velvet one with massed gold embroidery and another lined with glaring white crepe. Still another in dark tones with a swathed effect around the throat. Perfectly stunning!

Genevieve Tobin walks off with all the fashion honors in "Success At Any Price." The most youthful model perhaps is the afternoon frock of dark mousseline (a very popular material this season) trimmed with pleatings of snowy white organdy at the shoulders and waist. In the evening, she goes daringly chic in a clinging gown that swoops to the floor in graceful lines, with an interesting neck-piece of beads. Notice those carefully.

Colleen Moore, the leading lady of the film, doesn't have an opportunity

(Continued on page 88)

Your chance for
You?

HOLLYWOOD

Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

Guaranteed Job in Movies

6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. A GUARANTEED contract in the movies.
2. Five Hollywood tours; all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.
3. Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.
4. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras for photo excellence—all subjects.
5. Your snapshot made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.
6. Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.

Winner of "Agfa Test for Hollywood" will receive *guaranteed* movie contract in feature picture with famous stars in Monogram Pictures. Win publicity, fame and a chance for Stardom. Other amazing awards: Hollywood Tours—Regional Screen Tests—Movie Cameras—Personal Casting Reports!

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6A

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(Continued from page 86)

to wear quite such an array of gowns. However, her coat suit with the full sleeves of galyak and her small diadem hat, that perches on the back of her head, is just right and the kind any of us would be tickled to have hanging in our wardrobe.

STUDYING the clothes in "The Crime Doctor," it seems to me that Karen Morley has more than a little to say as far as dressing is concerned. Her first appearance in lovely cloth-of-gold attire gives many hints for the use of other materials—cottons, handkerchief linens, printed silks. The tiny ruffles over the shoulders are new and the down-in-the-back line does wonders for a dress that is otherwise so simple it looks like a daytime frock.

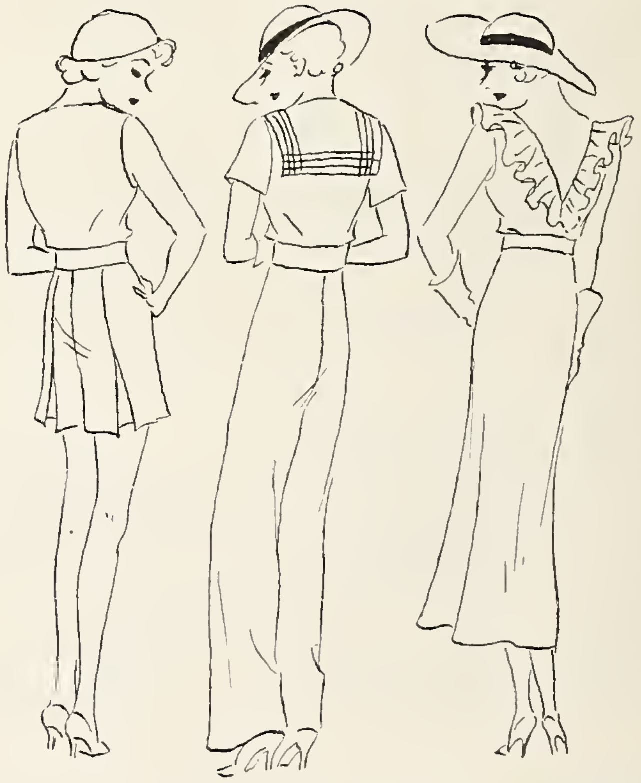
Everybody is going mad over the new hostess gowns—those gracious flowing robes which make you look as though you just love to entertain. Well, Karen Morley's hostess effect in black velvet with ruffled and full horsehair sleeves is the acme of all that should and can be done in this particular type of gown. The shoulders are bare and the arms show through—all too alluring for words.

For a really smart sport outfit—one you're sure to want to copy—study the suspender frock Claire Trevor wears in a scene with John Boles in "Wild Gold." Developed in black and white, with suspenders of the same plaid as the accompanying coat, topped by a smart white balibuntal hat—Claire looks such a perfect picture of tantalizing youth that it's small wonder Mr. Boles saw fit to do a little love-making!

Bathing suit notes: Pert Kelton wears one in "Sing and Like It" that reminds one of the saying, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Tight short trunks with cut-outs over each hip and a brassiere suspended precariously from a chromium neckband composes the sum and substance of this little beach costume.

Almost as obscure is the one worn by one of the students in "Finishing School," except that, besides the abbreviated trunks and backless top, it boasts a belt, a bow, a pocket and a pair of cuffs.

But for something really smart in beach-wear . . . tricky little hats . . . odd but extremely clever neck-pieces . . . evening gowns that will take your breath away . . . and all sorts of gadgets of interest, you must read next month's MODERN SCREEN, when we will tell you all about Norma Shearer's wardrobe in "Riptide." And you know Norma Shearer when it comes to wearing clothes!



2713—Ginger Rogers' seersucker shorts, striped in stick-candy colors.

2717—Adalyn Doyle's white slacks with regulation middy-blouse.

2714—Wynne Gibson's frilly red and white georgette frock.

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

WINX
Waterproof
WINX

WINX

For Lovely Eyes

Cake or Liquid

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N.Y. City
M-6

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Risking All

(*Continued from page 31*)

"I paid very little attention to these until, the other day, a bulky missive arrived and, upon opening it, I found a perfect mane of gorgeous red hair. The girl in question had sacrificed her entire head of hair, her crowning beauty, perhaps her only beauty, in order to attract my attention. She has succeeded. She wants a part in 'Red Heads on Parade.' I have sent for her and will give her a test.

"Another instance I recall is that of a girl who wrote me a personal letter addressed to my home every day for over a year." Mr. Lasky laughed, as husbands, slightly embarrassed, laugh, and said, "I couldn't have those letters arriving at my home indefinitely. I was, besides, amused at such persistence. I finally sent for the girl, gave her a test and was able to use her in bit parts for a time.

ONE clever attention-getter goes on all the time. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Goldwyn and I all have houses at the beach. Any passerby can tell which one of us is at home by the bevy of girls who congregate on the beach in front of one or the other of our houses. If I am at home, instantly, like birds gathering, the girls will appear on the beach in front of my house. If Mr. Goldwyn is the one at home, Mr. Mayer's beach front and mine are deserted and Mr. Goldwyn's is gay with girls. They do all sorts of stunts, splits, dance routines, acrobatics and, occasionally, we have noticed a really beautiful girl and have cast her for a bit in a musical picture of some sort.

"There was the small boy, not more than twelve, who wrote me daily that he was hitch-hiking out here from some small town in Vermont. From each city he passed through he would mail me a letter. I had the boy apprehended, found out that he was a minor badly in want of food and shoes and care, and we sent him enough money to get back home—and *got* him back home.

"Every social occasion is a chance for showing off on the parts of movie aspirants. When I go to a dinner or to a dance with my wife, I am a perpetual audience for the exhibitionism of some would-be star.

"The great pity of these extremes is that they are unnecessary. Never before in the history of pictures has there been such a demand for new talent, new faces as there is today. We have scouts in every city in this country and abroad. Scouts who do nothing but fine-comb theatres, stock companies, amateur theatricals, high school and college plays, beauty contests, every conceivable form of public entertainment. I should say that it is almost impossible for any individual who can give a good account of himself in any school play, contest or amateur production to escape the movies."

2 lovable frocks whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed 6 times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the 6th washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

Lord & Taylor the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with IVORY FLAKES"

99 44/100 % PURE

NOW COLOR YOUR LINGERIE THIS NEW WAY that LASTS and LASTS and LASTS! as ordinary "surface colors" never can!

IT'S simply marvelous the way color STAYS IN when you use Rit—so clear, so sparkling, so *professional*—it never looks "dyed," never stiffens the material.

And the new Rit is easier to use than ever before—very different from the Rit of a few years ago—different from *any* other product you have ever used. Just break off part of the tablet—watch it dissolve like lump sugar—notice that Rit doesn't dust out of the package like powder dyes—doesn't leave specks of undissolved dye around the bowl. That's why you never have streaks and spots. And notice how the fabric itself *soaks in* the color—because of one patented element in Rit that no other tint or dye possesses. Be *sure* you get Rit.

NEW RIT LASTS LONGER BECAUSE IT SOAKS IN DEEPER

33 Rit Colors—a complete color range to meet every need. Easy to use—lovely in every shade—and so LASTING—Rit will help you to dress attractively, brighten your home and economize *sensibly!*

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
Lingerie Bridge Sets Table Cloths Children's
Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH RIT

INSTANT
RIT
dissolves in 40 seconds
NRA

NEW! No longer a soap! Dissolves instantly.

IF they will only heed this wise and optimistic advice, the desperate nine thousand, if they would, if they *will*, such tales of terror and pity might never be told again. Such a tale as I heard only yesterday. A friend of mine owned a house in one of the outlying districts of Hollywood. He was anxious to sell the house, but didn't have the time to stay about and show it. One day two extra girls came along and made him a proposition. If he would allow them to sleep in the house they would show it to prospective buyers on the days—how many!—when they were not working. He agreed.

Some weeks went by and the other day he decided to run out to the house and see if there had been any developments. He entered and found it empty save for an old mattress on the floor, a rickety card table and a half empty box of very cheap crackers, also a pint bottle of milk, empty. He didn't like the feel of the thing and called on the nearest neighbor. He was told that, two hours before, an ambulance had arrived. One of the girls was taken to the morgue, the other to the nearest receiving hospital. She died that night. They had had jobs offered them, as mothers' helpers. They had refused. Starvation had tried to clasp hands with stardom and the morgue was the cutting-room floor.

In lighter vein is a case Warner Baxter told me about. A well-to-do girl from the Middle West arrived out here and tried all of the routine ways of breaking into pictures. And all had failed. She registered, finally, at an employment agency for domestic help. She got the job of cook for a well-known director. She remained there for five days, wrestling with pots and pans and beefsteaks and soufflés. At the end of the five days she lost her job because, of course, she could not cook. When she admitted all to the director she also lost her hoped-for job in the movies. He felt that she would have put on a better act with the frying pan if she had been a show-woman at heart.

"There have been half a dozen youths in the past six years," Phil Friedman told me, "who have come to me claiming to have had spirit messages from the late Valentino. These spirit messages purported to pass on the secret of the great Valentino appeal. All the applicants needed, they claimed, was a chance before the camera and another Valentino, a vessel upon which had been bestowed the Valentino charm, would appear before the world. Sounds funny, but the tragic fact is that so obsessed were these boys by this fanatic notion that two of the six are in pathological wards today and may never come out of them again.

"One day a gruesome article was borne into the lot here. A coffin. It was opened and there lay a young man, emaciated from want of food and only barely alive, thanks to the fact that the coffin lid was perforated. He had travelled in this macabre fashion from South Carolina to Hollywood. Dead or alive he didn't have the qualifications.

"There was the girl who fainted in the lobby of the Administration Building here at Fox Movietone City. She was not exaggerating when she told us that she had hitch-hiked from Alabama to Hollywood. She got work in one of Mr. Lasky's productions. And she was finally removed from the cast because of her efforts to—well, to sleep her way to stardom. She had been reading a book, or something. She had figured out that the way to make progress was the way of all flesh. Her advances to the leading players and to the directors were of such a nature that—well. . . .

"There was also the man who had himself buried for twenty-seven days. For nearly one month he lived with the dead and at the end of that time he was exhumed and on the same day his manager rushed about trying to exhume a picture contract for him. Unfortunately, twenty-seven days underground had not improved his appearance and most decidedly did not place him among the stars."

BEN PIAZZA, genial casting director at M-G-M, told me of many strange cases. He even told one on himself. Two and a half years ago when he was in New York on a scouting expedition, a tall, thin girl came to call on him, hoping. Her name was Katharine Hepburn and—he didn't even ask her to sit down. How could he know, then, that this same girl was to rise to amazing stardom and that with her rise the whole tide of movie "types" was to change.

"With the advent of Katharine Hepburn," Mr. Piazza said, "the old-time movie beauty is no more. Pictorial value is secondary. We are coming into the heritage of the theatre, where the great actresses were seldom, if ever, the luscious and golden and dimpled beauties."

It was Ben Piazza who told of the girl who had spent days hanging around the studio, figuring out the layout, making certain that the executive offices were at the front of the building and that any casualty in the street would be likely to be taken to those offices. She waited, one day, for traffic to slow up a bit and then deliberately flung herself in front of a passing car. She was picked up and, as she calculated, carried into the office of one of the producers. What she had not figured on was being carried right out again, with a broken arm and other minor injuries. She was sent to the studio hospital and given treatment.

"The treatment apparently set more right than the broken arm," Mr. Piazza said, "for we have never seen her again. But it goes to show to what ends these youngsters will go. Even death and mortal injuries can't stop them."

The extremity of this case made me think of the girl who came to Hollywood a few months ago, the winner of some sort of a fan magazine contest. One of the editors of this magazine was delegated to show the girl the sights. This done, the girl was escorted to the train for the East and goodbys were said. Just before the train reached Pasadena the young lady pulled the emergency cord, got off the train and *walked* from Pasadena to the home of Louis B. Mayer in Santa Monica. The next time she was escorted to the train, the conductor was given sealed orders.

Irving Thalberg rather recently was the recipient of a frantic letter from a distraught mother who told him that her little, movie-struck boy had run away from home and was walking to Hollywood. She had been pacing the floor for hours, she wrote. He had gone without money, without the proper clothes. She knew that he would try to see Mr. Thalberg since his was the only name he knew and they often talked about him. As Mr. Thalberg had a son of his own, perhaps he could enter into her feelings; perhaps he would be kind enough to keep an eye out for her boy and let her know. She was writing him as a last resort. Orders were given at the studio to watch for the arrival of the boy.

Shortly thereafter a second letter arrived from the distraught mother, in which she set forth a list of her son's qualifications for pictures. He had had elocution lessons, piano, French and ukulele. His dancing was such as to compare more than favorably with the dancing of Fred Astaire. Photographs of the youth accompanied this letter. So that was it! When the chap arrived, as he did in the course of time, he was greeted by a No Casting sign and sent firmly home again. Mothers, then, will exploit their maternal sentiments and advertise their spurious heartbreak in order to enable their children to crash the movies.

THERE was the Russian Countess who came to Hollywood a couple of years ago armed with seemingly unassailable credentials. She appeared to be the authentic thing. She took a suite at one of the best hotels. She had a maid and a secretary. She wore and did and said the correct things. She was taken up, socially and professionally. Tests were made of her, the studios vying with each other in order to make them. And then—she couldn't pay her bills.

The "Russian Countess" was a little typist from the Middle West who had saved up her small salary, pitifully, week after week and month after month, had gone without food or proper housing or any of the necessities in order to make this grand-stand play for the screen.

Sometimes worse things happen, worse than hunger for bread. A very pretty girl came to Hollywood a while ago. She began to be seen quite a bit in the company of a certain minor actor of little ability and a great deal of reputation of the wrong kind. Friends interested in the girl warned her that this association could mean no good to her. She appeared to be deaf to all advice. It worked out as her friends had predicted. The man was married. The wife became suspicious and had them followed. The result was an unpleasant mess that might have made the front pages of every tabloid in the country if the parties involved had been of sufficient importance and if it had

● *"Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"*

● *"We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"*

● *"Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoohoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"*

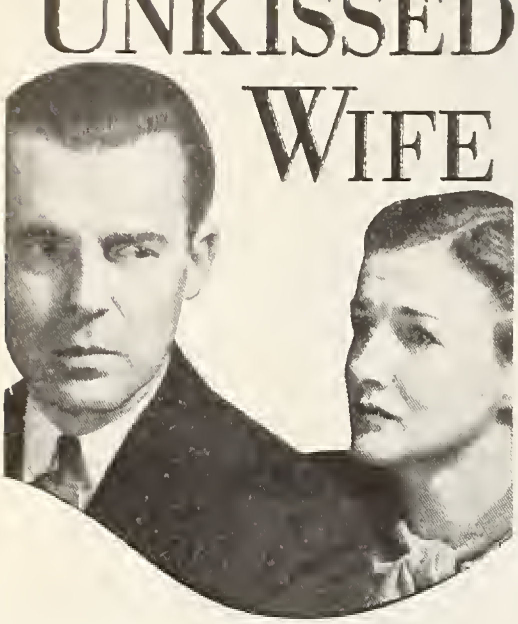
● *"Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"*

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. 133, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

The UNKISSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes *part* of your lips, not a coating.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM64
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

not been for the interposition of the girl's friends.

When she was told that she had been saved from horrid tabloid notoriety by the very skin of her teeth, she burst into tears and said, "But that was what I wanted, that was what I did it for, tabloid publicity! I didn't love him. I didn't even like him. I am in love with a boy back home. He was just a means to an end to me and that meant more to me than anything on earth, I thought. Now it is all spoiled."

That girl went home—to what? She had lost her good name and, I should think, her own self-respect. These things for a mess of pottage with not a picture bid in the whole sorry mess.

Ben Piazza also told me of the husky Joe Herrick, a boxer, who had tried for years to break into pictures. On one of these innumerable occasions, the director of the picture he was then trying for thought he would scare him off by telling him of the dare-devil, dangerous stunts he would be called upon to do. In order to prove his courage and immunity to any fear or pain, Joe took up a heavy glass bottle and crashed it against his skull, splitting his head to ribbons as the blood ran down his face. He was ready, he said, to break his body to ribbons if the ribbons would get him where he wanted to go.

BEN'S assistant told me of a girl who appeared at the door of the casting office every morning just as he arrived. On each of three successive mornings she fainted, literally, at his very feet. And for those three mornings he took the time and trouble to revive her and to buy her some breakfast. No sooner would the breakfast be consumed than she would begin to plug him with tales of her qualifications for picture work. He perceived, then, that the whole thing was a gag, a racket.

The fourth morning the same thing happened. This time he carried the girl into the Emergency Hospital on the lot, expecting her to come to immediately. She knew where she was going, so she didn't revive. To his amazement the doctors verified the fact that the girl had actually fainted. All the respiratory and circulatory symptoms were there. After further examining and questioning, it was decided that by some process of psychological self-hypnosis the girl was able to induce the state of coma in herself—at will—for the sake of her passionate purpose.

A mother and a tiny child of four appeared every night at a certain expensive café where Gus Edwards, when out here, always ate his dinners. The child pirouetted up and down the place, attracting the attention of Gus Edwards, speaking shyly to him, even sitting on his lap and talking baby talk. Gus discovered that the mother and the baby had less than fifty cents a day to live on. They went without food of any kind the whole day long in order to be able to buy two bowls of soup at the expensive eatery where they would see Gus.

Ben also told me of three men, adult men, who have sat outside the casting office on the M-G-M lot for three years, day in and day out. At times they have looked gaunt and thin to the point of absolute emaciation. Asked how they lived and why they didn't try for jobs in some other field of endeavor, they told him that, as he knew, there were occasional emergency calls for extras and when such calls came through they were liable to get a day's work now and then. On such rare occasions they were able to eat. But whether they got calls or not, whether they starved or whether they ate, whether they were hot or cold, whether they lived or whether they died, they would rather take the chance of getting into pictures than the certainty of any other kind of work no matter how stable and secure. They meant it. *They are still there.*

"There are any number of boys and girls who wait until nightfall, wait until some production is shooting night scenes on the lot and then, using these lights to guide them, will try to scale the studio walls and get in that way. This, despite the fact that they know the guards are apt to take pot shots at them if they are caught. Each one of the casting directors and several directors of productions tell me that this is a common and continual condition.

ONE lad and only one, to my knowledge, did actually make the picture grade via fence climbing. He is Frank Melton, now under contract to Fox. Frank flunked out of West Point after two years—made up his credits because his family insisted that he do so, and then refused to go back because to go to Hollywood was what he had flunked out for. He came to Hollywood. He became a fence expert. He climbed the fence, finding the points of vantage, of every lot in Hollywood save Paramount.

"I could never," he told me, "manage to conquer that one." He finally climbed the Fox fence and accosted Director Henry King and asked for the rôle of Janet Gaynor's farm sweetheart in "State Fair." It took three fence climbings and three waylayings of Director King before he got a test. It took more weeks and more waiting before he got the part. Henry says to tell the nine thousand odd that the secret is to know what pictures are being cast and what parts are open and then, perfected in fence scaling, to vault the fence and get the part that fits you. He did.

There is the stalwart gentleman, Adolph Dorr, red-bearded and wearing long red hair and a Tyrolian costume, who patrols up and down in front of the Paramount Studio every day from seven in the morning to seven at night. He's been patrolling, daily, for three years and in that three years' time has got three days extra work in Director Von Sternberg's film, "Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich. How he lives, or has lived, what or where or by what means he eats, is one of the mysteries.

These are a few of the nine thousand odd. Out of the rabid ranks there does rise, occasionally, the One. There was

Janet Gaynor. Her last twenty-five dollars was her bid for movie fame. She had earned exactly that amount working extra and wearing a bathing suit, virtually her only wardrobe at the time. She followed the advice of her stepfather and bought space in a trade journal. While she waited for that space to bear fruit, she managed to exist without the necessities. The ad included a one-column cut of Janet. The cut was seen by the director casting for "The Johnstown Flood." Janet was tested. Winfield Sheehan saw the test and the pathetic appeal of the little girl went over with him. We know what followed.

Miriam Jordan won a beauty contest in England and, hopeful of more profitable fame, permitted the display of herself in a glass vase at ten cents per admission. The admissions paid—Miriam.

These are the exceptions. The other nine thousand and ninety-nine ride into the valleys of death and despair and desperation—no road too perilous, no suffering too bitter if, perchance, it may lead them to the Milky (Movie) Way.

Stop Gossiping About Me

(*Continued from page 27*)

you are in such a stew about," I said. "It isn't the latest rumor about you at all. In fact, there have been a couple of good ones since then. I'd say it was slightly outdated by now, and for heaven's sake, go a little slower, will you? I haven't been around much and there are a couple of little things I want to do before I get killed in a traffic accident because of Max Baer."

SHE did slow down a little, but not for the purpose of protecting my life and limb. There was a suspicion of a traffic cop right square in the middle of the rear-view mirror. It was then she made that little speech about "I'm through taking it." It was the first time I had dared take my eyes from the road and look at her. The prospects for a safer journey were getting better. She was on the verge of recapturing her ever-present sense of humor at any minute, although not immediately, to be sure.

"You are behaving just like the wife who was the last to hear about her husband cheating, after everybody in town had heard it," I remarked.

She giggled. "I'm not kidding about it, though. It really makes me mad. It's so stupid!

"When Max Baer was in Hollywood I met him twice. Once, in the studio commissary when a press agent introduced us. Mr. Baer said, 'Hello,' and I said, 'How are you?' and passed on to my table. In a little while he came back and asked if I wouldn't drop over on his set later that afternoon. They were doing the prize fight scenes and

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamor to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

Maybelline EYE MAKE-UP beautifies EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on *genuine* Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.

Tested and Approved 4847 by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Maybelline
Black

Black or Brown

The Approved Mascara

ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES HAVE 10¢ SIZES OF ALL MAYBELLINE PRODUCTS

Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW
SMOOTH · PURE · HARMLESS
HIGHEST QUALITY

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Maybelline
EYEBROW BRUSH

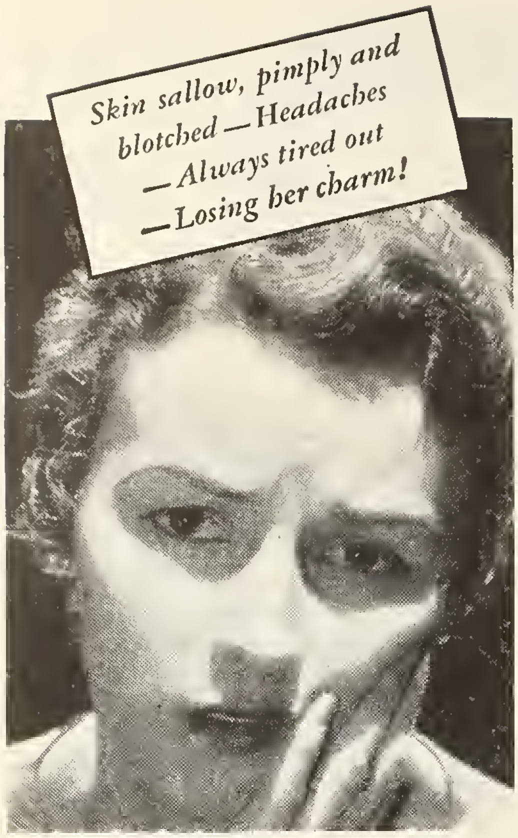
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline
Eyelash Grower
Nourishing and Stimulating

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.


Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—Headaches
—Always tired out
—Losing her charm!

New Health and Beauty

This Very Simple Way

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you?

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." Another enthusiastic user says: "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected."

Yeast Foam Tablets contain rich stores of the vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

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he thought I might enjoy watching.

"When I got over there, there must have been about a thousand people on the set—sports writers, magazine writers, photographers, all the old-guard fighters and hundreds of extras. Yet, in the papers the next day, a columnist wrote: 'Jean Harlow was a very interested spectator on Max Baer's set yesterday.' I thought, 'Jean Harlow and a thousand other people'—though he had very carefully forgotten to mention them.

"The second time I saw Mr. Baer was at a party given by Van Dyke, the director. There were about fifty guests. I stayed at the party an hour or so, when Hal called for me and we went to the Colony Club for dinner. Several nights later, Hal and I eloped to Yuma and were married. Now, I ask you! Twice in my life I have been in the same group with many other people with Max Baer, and how anything so casual could be the basis of that malicious story, I will never know.

"I think the whole trouble is that I have been too complacent about rumor stories, too shoulder-shrugging in giving intelligent people the benefit of not believing them.

FOR instance, that crazy story that I was demanding a salary of $10,000 from M-G-M, 'a sum greater than Garbo receives,' as the writer put it. To me, this was so absurd I couldn't see how anyone could believe it. I was really asking for barely a quarter of that amount. I would have to be the most conceited person in the world to imagine for one moment I was worth such an absurd salary. Yet, the story was printed, not as a rumor, but as a fact. I didn't bother to deny it because I gave everyone in his, or her, right mind, credit for not believing it, anyway. However, I have found out that there are people, even picture-wise people in Hollywood, who do believe it and who probably think me a perfect fool for ever making such a demand.

"This whispered feud between Joan Crawford and myself, in which we are made out rude and insulting to one another, is another thing. I can't speak for Miss Crawford, of course. But I can speak for myself.

"I do not dislike Joan Crawford because it would be impossible for me to, knowing her so slightly. I do not know her at all. Several years ago, when I was working on 'Hell's Angels' with Ben Lyon, I met her casually one Sunday afternoon at Bebe Daniels' beach house. We said, 'How do you do?' like two civilized people, and that was that. Certainly nothing unpleasant happened. From that time to this, we have had no other social encounters.

"Even at the studio we seldom run into one another. Miss Crawford lunches in her dressing-room. So do I. I park my car on the lot right under my dressing-room and when I am finished for the day, usually after dark, it is a short walk downstairs to my car. Frequently, I do not see anyone on the lot except the members of my own company for days and days. I can understand how people who have been close friends might quarrel and be unfriendly. But the rumor of a feud between two strangers is quite beyond me. I don't see how it can be taken very seriously, and I can assure you, I don't!

"These gossip stories, I have ignored and dismissed heretofore. But there has been one that has really hurt me, and that is the insinuation that I quarrel with my family from time to time and move away from my home during these arguments. You know how I feel about my family. I would be utterly lost without them. It makes me furious that they should be dragged into these needless, absurd rumors about me.

MY mother has never been the typical stage or movie mother. She has remained in the background of my career because she wanted to. Of course, with my stepfather, it is different. He is my business manager. But both of them have always left important decisions to me. They have never interfered with, nor even counselled me, unless I have asked their aid. I do not know anyone who lives more quietly in Hollywood than they do. I only wish Hollywood would return the compliment and let them alone. The only time I left my mother's home for a short time was when I was on my honeymoon. I have never moved out in anger because I was being 'bossed!'

"As for those incessant rumors of divorce between Hal and myself, I can only say what I have said several times before. I am not going to stand up and wave my hands and proclaim to high heaven that Hal and I will never be divorced. We are just like any other couple starting out on married life—we want to stay married, we hope to stay married. But what the future holds, neither of us knows.

"At present we are very happy.

"There isn't a bit of truth in the insinuations that Hal is living in bachelor quarters away from me. If he is, he must be twins, because someone who looks suspiciously like him is around every night. We even sleep in an old-fashioned double bed and Hal has a tendency to kick the covers off. So I know he's there!

"Of course I am seen now and then in public without him. We are only *married* to each other. We are not a couple of jailers. If I want to go out a little while in the evening, and Hal happens to be working, or if he doesn't want to go, I feel at liberty to go along with a party of friends. He wants me to. If Hollywood is determined to make the worst of this, they will have to keep it up, because Hal and I do not intend to change this grand sense of freedom of thought and action we have brought into our marriage. And *that,*" she philosophized, as we swung around the hill into view of her imposing Colonial home, "is *that!*" The car shot into a shrieking "second." We veered, we careened, we miraculously came to some sort of a chiropractic stop.

The next time Jean Harlow goes to war on Hollywood gossip, I hope I'm home, safely tucked in bed!

"Thank You, My Friends"

(*Continued from page 33*)

fast-talk as I do on the screen, seems to be terribly important right now, and thoroughly indicative of how I have changed. But anyone who knows me well realizes that this is just exactly the way I lived and acted before this ever happened. I have never been a hey-hey boy or a hoodlum off the screen. I do not think even my most hectic critics have ever accused me of being drunk *all* the time.

"It's true I got drunk in a night club in Mexico City in celebrating my completed role in 'Viva Villa.' It was the night before the day I was supposed to leave for home. But I can't believe I am the only man who ever got drunk in a night club. I'm not going over all those details of what happened on that famous balcony—which *wasn't!* I think my side of it has been explained pretty thoroughly. But believe me when I tell you I did nothing that would have called for anything worse than a police court fine of $10 for being rowdy, if the same thing had happened in Los Angeles or Chicago or even Podunk.

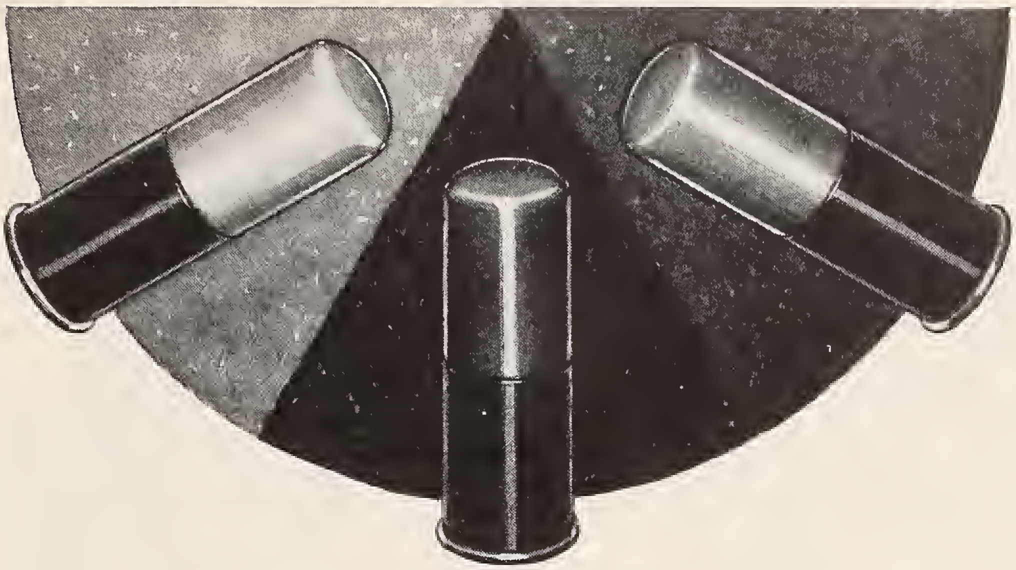
"I refuse to admit that what happened after that has cowed or beaten me. I do believe, however, it has given me a different viewpoint on many things.

"It's during a time like that when you come to know who your true friends are. All the back-slappers who have been fawning on your success disappear as if by magic. They're scared lest they, too, fall under the displeasure of important Hollywood men who have taken a stand against you. But those others, those guys to whom a friend is a friend and t'hell with anything else—the knowledge of them is worth almost everything else you go through. It's surprising just who they turn out to be, too. Some you had counted on, you lose. Others you hadn't suspected of such loyalty almost tear your heart out with their sincerity and devotion.

"Take those letters written to me by perfect strangers, some of them mothers of kids who liked me in the movies. Well, like a lot of actors, I'd always taken fan mail with a shrug. It was just one of those things that cost money to keep up. But I'm telling you, not a day went by I didn't wait for those letters, and read them and love every one of them for holding out their hope and understanding when things were so black for me. Until my dying day I'm going to keep them. They'll be an inspiration to me always.

"I haven't any words to explain just what Isabel Jewell meant to me during that time. I'm not going to try to explain. It's too personal, too close. I think it has embarrassed Isabel a great deal that her devotion has been interpreted as an engagement between us. No one would be prouder than I if this were true. But at the present we do not know our plans.

"I have accepted three pictures to



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be made in Hollywood before the year is out, at RKO, Paramount and Columbia, but there is no set date for them. I have agreed to make at least one picture in England. I may leave for there shortly, while Isabel remains in Hollywood to complete her M-G-M contract. That isn't our idea of starting out on married life. But if I do not go to England or do a Broadway show, then, who knows? If Isabel still wants me, I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"I have come to realize what a treacherous thing fate can be. Such little, trivial, unimportant things strung together at the wrong time can tear down what you have carefully built up over a period of years. I've thought of this often during the past few months, such little things as this: If it had not been a holiday, if there had not been a parade (and there had not been one in months), if all the important police officials had not been out of town with only their trying-to-be-important subordinates left in charge, this big thing could not have happened.

"My first reaction was of suffering a great injustice. I could not believe my contract had been cancelled and my entire career threatened before I had a chance to at least explain my side of the story. It is the same feeling a man would have if he were tried, convicted and sentenced without ever having the opportunity to testify in his own defense. I felt I must do something to straighten out this fantastic *accident*. And yet who was there to appeal to?

"Public opinion is a funny thing. You never know which course it will take. I wanted to shout my story from the housetops, and yet I realized it wouldn't do any good if the trick had already been turned against me. Right here is where I want to thank the boys and girls of the movie magazines for the swell, square break they gave me. They took the trouble to investigate the facts and print them as they found them. The fan magazines were my attorneys at court.

"My second reaction was one of stubbornness. I was going to stay right here in Hollywood and fight this thing out on the original battleground. I was offered $60,000 for an eight weeks tour in vaudeville. That's big money. But I refused to accept the offer because it might be interpreted as running away. I figured if I went out on 'the stump' it would look like I was guilty and pleading for forgiveness and another chance. Never did I have a sense of feeling I should be forgiven. I did not want sympathy or favors. What I did was foolhardy and undignified, but it was not maliciously immoral.

"I had hurt no one but myself, unless it was my mother who has never permitted the word alcohol to be mentioned in her house. If there had been any way in the world to have spared her my own admission that I was drunk, I would have done it. But I felt I owed it to the people who have liked me and gone to see my pictures on the screen, to tell the truth and to stand or fall by their judgment. I tell you I hardly breathed until I received a letter from my mother telling me she had received my telegrams and letters and that she had understood."

Lee has been severely criticized for signing a contract with Paramount, despite the fact that Universal was the first to open out their arms to him after the fracas. Carl Laemmle is plenty mad. However, Lee thinks that his decision was justified.

Well, here's hoping Fate works it out for his happiness and success.

Spies Infest Hollywood

(*Continued from page 41*)

studio was considering a certain player or a certain story, the agent for that player or story would boost prices or begin strong bidding from different companies. Many a deal has fallen through because a "leak" has happened somewhere and the player's regular salary has suddenly boomed.

As for a story idea—if there is a leak about it a studio will drop it like a hot-cake rather than have a rival come out with something similar. The paradox of this is, of course, the "trends" in gangster stories, prize-fight stories, racket stories and bus stories. In these cases, every studio is trying to get to the box office first with a better story and put a crimp in the rival's film. But Hollywood is trying to get away from trends. It's the new ideas that make the money and the new ideas that are guarded like crown jewels.

Just to show you what precautions are taken against leaks, here is what happens in the studios. If one executive writes an inter-office memo to another, it is put in a sealed envelope by his private secretary and has to be signed for when received by the second executive's private secretary. Every executive has a private secretary who has one or two girls working under her, but all the private business must pass through her hands and she is responsible. Naturally, the secretaries are girls whom the executives have known and trusted for years. They are afraid to trust the under secretaries and so the private secretary must work far into the night and Sundays—any time the executive wants to work, for no one can take the private secretary's place.

WHEN a "leak" occurs all secretaries are grilled by almost third degree methods. There is no rough house, but there are questions about the last person to get the memo, who opened it, whether the executive read it immediately or let it lie on his desk, et cetera. The files are always locked and only the secretary and her boss know that these locks are changed every two or three months. There are private telephone wires connecting the studios with the New York office and the calls come into a booth in which the executive talks. It is no ordinary booth. It is lined with beaver board and hung with heavy velvet drapes and is usually in a spot of the executive office that no one can come near.

The night wires from the east to the west are now sent by teletype or if not they are signed for in the "wire book." Although the studios have private lines, if a leak occurs by wire the telephone company and Western Union people are brought in and grilled just as the secretaries are. Every so often all the wires are tested for tapping.

One copy of the bulletin that covers the stories and plays that come from the east is filed under lock and key and, after a certain length of time, the rest of the copies are usually burned. Executives of a certain studio used to be allowed to take a story bulletin home, but since one was found in a community barber shop they no longer can be taken from the studio.

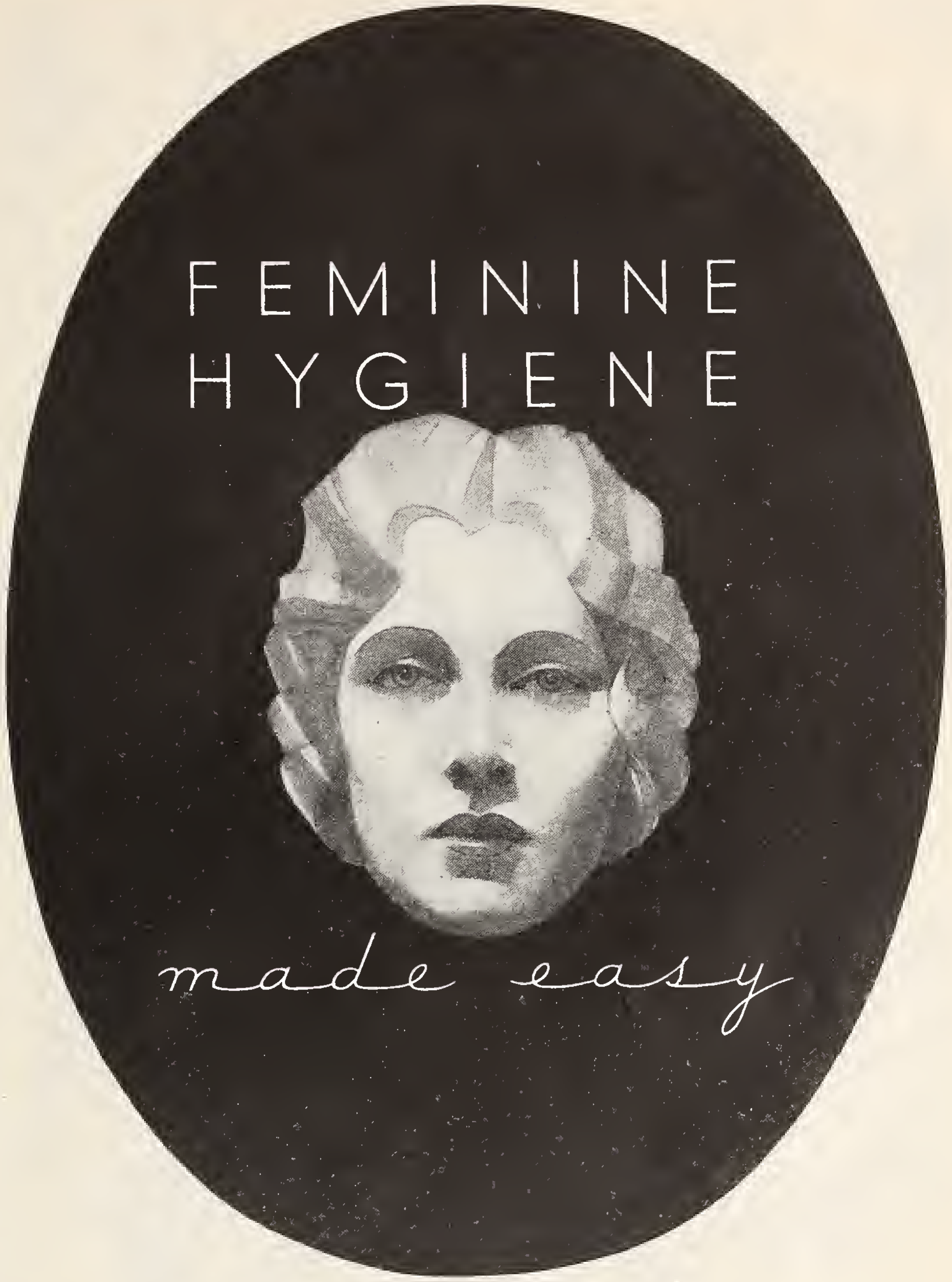
You can see what this does to the people in the studio and the people outside of it. Every newspaper tries to have some spy in a studio to get hot news. The private secretaries don't dare accept even a box of candy from a friend connected with the movies for fear it is meant to be a bribe. The under secretaries are offered money and luxurious gifts at Christmas time, and even a simple date to go dancing must be looked upon with suspicion and may cost a girl her job. Secretaries at studios earn their large salaries, for they have to give up all social life and usually end flat on their backs with nervous breakdowns.

EXECUTIVES who leave the studios for any length of time, as for a honeymoon or a trip to New York, usually when they return, go around their offices on hands and knees personally examining their telephone wires to see if there has been any tapping done or any changes made in their absence.

The spy system extends far beyond the executive offices. The stars' dressing-rooms are usually attended by a day and night matron, a maid of all work and a make-up woman. The men's dressing-rooms have someone in charge, too, and it is a well known fact that very often one of these people will be a spy who reports to the executives.

What sort of things are reported? Well, if it is known that a certain star, for instance, is prone to take a drink too many upon occasion, the executive realizes that it may cost him money in waiting time if that star is drunk at the studio. Therefore, a careful check is made to see that not too much liquor is served between scenes in the dressing-rooms. That's the job of the spy. Evidence of too much drink is reported and very often a star is amazed when called to task for this by the executive who couldn't know of what goes on in the dressing-room unless he had his spy.

It has been known that dressing-



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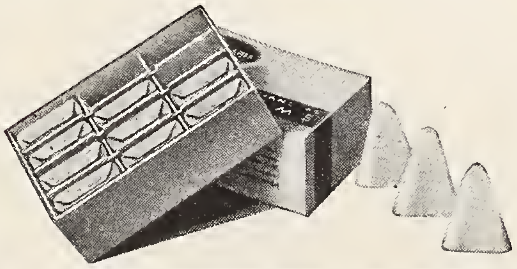

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rooms have been searched when the star was not present by one of the spies. Often these men and women protect themselves by having their own locks put on their doors, but even so, wax impressions can be taken from which keys can be made.

The stars are in honor bound not to take secrets out of the studio. It is pretty hard on married people, for lovers naturally want to tell each other what they are doing. But if the loved one is employed at a rival studio, he does not dare. To whom must a star be loyal—to his studio or to his wife? A nice little problem!

Mythical kingdoms aren't always the glamorous places we read about in books or see in the movies. How much more so does this hold true of Hollywood, where the gross reality of intrigue rears its head even in the face of so important a thing as love and marriage. Dreams of ambition are fulfilled, it is true—but at what a price!

Don't envy the stars. Don't envy the big executive or the big executive's secretary. Don't even envy the prop boy or the doorman who can see the stars every day. He dare not call his life his own.

There isn't a person in the City of the Cinema who remains free and untouched by the spy system. The mythical kingdom of Hollywood is indeed surrounded by walls of secrecy and those who scale them do so at the risk of their personal happiness.

Will Rogers—Father and Husband

(Continued from page 67)

applies to his boys as well as to his daughter. He does insist upon one thing—that they wait until they are old enough to know what they want to do and that they be fitted to do it, whatever it is. When he found that Mary was determined to be an actress and that the directors had been impressed by what little work she had done, he begged her to go to dramatic school and make further preparations. And that's just what she is doing.

"Young folks today are traveling a little faster than they did in my time," he told a friend. "But they're also a little smarter than children were twenty-five years ago. Of course, it's all right if Mary wants to be an actress. I just hope she is a good one. But I'm kinda old-fashioned and I'd been hearin' a lot about this 'back to the home' movement of business women and I'd sorta hoped she'd get in that procession. It would have pleased me mightily if she'd been just like her mother."

But in spite of all that, he is perfectly willing to trust the children to find themselves. And it seems likely that even the boys will turn actor, too, when it is time for them to choose.

When he said it would delight him if Mary had been just like her mother, he was speaking from the heart. His marriage to Betty Blake at Rogers, Arkansas, in 1908, has been one of those perfect unions. She is the perfect wife for Will and, although his family have never known him to be cross at any time in his life, he can be trying.

If Betty didn't snatch up his shirt when he takes it off at night and hurry it into the laundry bag, he'd wear it until it dropped off his back. He never buys a suit until she has reminded him ten or twelve times that he needs one badly, and then he suggests that she order him one, which she does. It is she who takes care of his important papers, for he is always forgetting where he puts them. He doesn't know how to pack a grip and would never be on time to catch a train—or rather an airplane, since he always travels by air—unless she saw to it that he left the ranch in time. Nervous, fidgety, absent-minded Will. I'm sure he would not be the success he is today had it not been for Betty's ever-calm, but ever-watchful care of him. And yet she never interferes with his studio activities.

THEY never attend large social functions, though they often go to the theatre. And she rarely comes to the studio, although she frequently accompanies him on location trips. If she didn't, how would he ever find his glasses? Fourteen films he has made for Fox and Betty Rogers has been actually on the set to watch him work, but once. That was when they had guests who wanted to see Will doing his stuff. She had to go along.

And yet he tries out all his gags, both those he writes and those he uses in pictures, on her. "You see," she modestly explains, "I'm just the average audience. If I get the jokes and think they're funny, then they're sure to appeal to a large group of average people like me."

Theirs is a curious sort of home life. You might expect such a homespun fellow as Rogers to live simply, yet the ranch is a place of luxury and, although Mary Pickford and Marion Davies get the credit for having had more coroneted luggage parked in their guest rooms than anybody, Rogers has actually entertained more celebrities than any host or hostess in Hollywood. However, he doesn't allow anything said about it.

When he first built his ranch, anybody could visit it. But eventually, not only his friends, but all the tourists in California drove through and he was forced to fence it and put up a gate. His real friends are always welcome, and Sunday—his official "at home" day—often dozens of guests may arrive. Betty Rogers never knows how many are coming, but she is not disturbed by any number.

He's so crazy about his friends that he actually builds special apartments for them. Fred Stone and his family have two rooms and bath built over the garage. This is always there for them whenever they're in California. Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia, are constant visitors at the ranch, for Ziegfeld was one of Will's best friends and his house boasts a beautiful window which the famous glorifier put in it.

EACH member of the family has a room and bath and no two rooms are decorated alike. Will's is typically masculine and, somehow, typical of him. It is full of gifts, sent to him by notables as well as by humbler friends, but his most prized possession is a huge map upon which Post and Gatty marked, with a broad black line, the route which they took on their flight around the world.

And now what of his days? What of his activities?

He wins all medals for being Hollywood's earliest riser. Four people have given me their oath that he actually gets up at five o'clock in the morning, for he takes regular morning exercise of either roping calves, riding horses, inspecting his fences, his mules and his polo ponies. He rides after working hours, too. In fact, he frequently wears out a couple of horses in the late afternoon before he calls it a day. When friends are visiting him, they ride with him—to chat; that is, if they can stay on a horse as long as he does.

Insisting upon seven hours sleep as he does, he has to get to bed early to be up at five. Occasionally, if he is forced to stay up late, he will remain in bed until the shockingly late hour of six a.m.! But he keeps fit with exercise, has never had a massage or rubdown, and only once in his life has ever had need of a doctor.

Besides working in films he must, as you know, write his newspaper paragraphs and prepare his radio speeches. Just to give you an idea at what high tension he works, I'll tell you about that newspaper copy. The stuff has to be "filed" with the telegraph service at half past one. It is actually true that he never even begins to write it until one o'clock. He taps it out on a decrepit typewriter with two fingers. It is single spaced, which is against all the rules of newspaper writing.

He has two secretaries—a man and a woman—who take care of his correspondence and all of the business attendent upon his activities outside of pictures. They never come near the studio and pay no attention to what he does in films. At the studio, the publicity department handles his affairs.

Wealthy as he is, huge as is his estate, varied as are his interests, he still manages to be the same sort of fellow that he has always been. Not long ago I met a retired railroad engineer from Rogers' home town. He told me that, as a young man, Will came daily to the depot to "swap jokes" with the train crews and he always had a new joke to tell them every trip. Even then he could take one of their jokes and have four new stories made out of it by the time they made their return trip.

You see, he hasn't changed.

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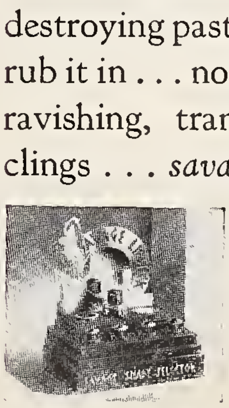

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20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED

SATURDAY
GOOD NIGHT . . . SEE YOU NEXT WEEK –
PECK!
–THOUGHT– HE KISSES ME LIKE I WAS A POST . . . AREN'T MY LIPS ATTRACTIVE?
SUNDAY
JEAN SARGENT, THE BROADWAY STAR, SPEAKING – "FOR ALLURING LIPS THE MOVIE STARS AND THE GIRLS IN THE BROADWAY SHOWS USE A SPECIAL LIPSTICK . . . CALLED KISSPROOF . . . THEY COULD PAY ANY PRICE . . . YET YOU CAN GET KISSPROOF LIPSTICK IN THE 10¢ STORE JUST TRY IT!"
SHE DECIDES TO TRY KISSPROOF
NEXT SATURDAY
OH, I COULD EAT YOU UP . . . YOUR LIPS ARE IRRESISTIBLE TODAY . . .
WELL, DEAR, THEY'RE THE KISSPROOF KIND . . .

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

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Kissproof *Indelible* **LIPSTICK**

The Man Garbo Loves

(*Continued from page 57*)

and on cold days and nights dons a turtle neck sweater à la Hollywood. He speaks with a London accent and smokes his inseparable pipe like a bored Englishman.

His hobbies are swimming, riding horse back, and for the past few months bumming around incognito in secluded, moonlit spots with Garbo. His study is lined with solid tomes in English, French and Russian. It's a poet's den, with enough ash trays for Garbo's cigarettes. In front of his heavily-carved desk, which Garbo helped him buy in a downtown department store, there is a somber bust of Dante. He, Mamoulian, is a poet, you know. He has filled two yellowed volumes of Russian lyrics, written during his student days.

What is the secret of his fatal charm for women? Garbo isn't the first who has fallen under his spell.

I have seen both the intellectual Elissa Landi and that shapely lady in pantaloons whom he directed in the "Song of Songs," Marlene Dietrich, consort with him in frank, honeyed admiration. He was the talented Elissa's cavalier before the imperious Garbo popped up from her seclusion and grabbed him.

You should have seen the motherly and "baby-me" looks Marlene gave him when he was directing her in the "Song of Songs." I was on the set, whirling around with a beauteous fräulein in my arms, and can bear testimony to the fact that she used to hold his hands and swing back like a playful schoolgirl. I have eaten the delicious German cakes she used to bake and take to his parents. She gave him a gold watch when he completed the "Song of Songs" and then, upon her return from a trip to Europe, presented him with a jewelled cigarette case.

Rouben is no Valentino or John Barrymore in looks and dash, I grant you, but he has the aforementioned smile with the child-like sparkling eyes. It does the work, along with sundry attributes women appreciate. He has poise, for instance, and looks as if he were always surveying the world from above. He has moved in smart society since his childhood and known poverty, too—hence, has a well-balanced character. He is chivalrous and keeps secrets. And, of course, he knows love! Watch his love scenes in the pictures he directs. They are intensely tender, poetic.

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance began in a cheap café not far from the Paramount studio.

Shortly after her return to Hollywood after a year-long absence, the phantom Swedish star called Rouben over the telephone and told him with much embarrassment what a wonderful director he was and asked if he would be kind enough to show her the "Song of Songs" he had just finished.

Rouben arranged a private showing for her at the studio. At the appointed hour Garbo's car plunged into the Paramount yard. News of her arrival had somehow leaked out and crowds strained to catch a glimpse of the elusive hermit.

Garbo was taken through guarded passages to Rouben's office. You can imagine her timidity at meeting a man she had never seen before. Rouben showed her the "Song of Songs." She watched intensely every gesture, every feminine trick of the German lady who had risen to rival her supremacy on the silver screen. And she decided right then and there that Rouben was her director—and her man.

It was noon. They were hungry. Dining at the studio commissary was out of the question. The people would have mobbed her. And she could not have avoided detection if he had taken her to any of the restaurants he frequented. So they drove to a modest eating place, and here, while talking things over, they became pals. It was love at first sight.

Garbo forced her earnest wish to have Rouben direct her in "Queen Christina" over the Metro moguls. They had a whole corps of directors of their own and it was only after they had gone through several huddles that they made up their minds to kowtow before the director of a rival company. His terms were too severe for them. He pursued a policy of hands off! They had to capitulate, for Garbo looked very menacing and threatened them with an "I tank I go home" that meant business.

Who was to be Garbo's leading man? Who was to take the part of the dashing Spanish ambassador for whose passionate love the Queen of Sweden renounced her throne?

The mantle of this romantic envoy finally fell upon the shoulders of John Gilbert. It is said that he wept with joy when he was informed of the appointment that promised such a glorious comeback for him to the screen.

The high-strung, impetuous Jack was so excited that for the first few days Rouben could do nothing with him. Gradually, however, he quieted down and worked with an earnestness and humility that was touching.

HOLLYWOOD buzzed with rumors of the Garbo-Mamoulian romance and learned that she visited him at his home, that they went shopping and to the theatres together. Although I dined at the Mamoulian home once a week, I never saw her there. The Mamoulians managed to keep their friends out on the nights she came.

Published reports that night after night Garbo sat beside Rouben at his home and watched the rehearsals of a play—Ostrovsky's "Sinless Sinners," which his mother, a noted actress (former president of the Armenian Theatre in Tiflis and a founder of the People's Theatre in the same city), was to give for local charity, are not true. I was in the cast and ought to know. Rouben was working very hard at that time. He came home dead tired, greeted us with a hello and retired to his room. We expected Garbo to be present when we gave the play at the Figueroa Playhouse, but she dared not face the ordeal of being gazed at by a thousand people. Rouben came with a group of Russian actors.

I saw Garbo first on the "Queen Christina" set when I reported for work as a Spanish officer in John Gilbert's suite. I was wigged, beplumed, and caparisoned in all the regal and martial glory of seventeenth century Spain. Headed by Jack, we were practicing bowing low and flourishing our plumed hats before Garbo's double, when the real Garbo, accompanied by her colored maid, came to occupy her throne. She bowed, smiling, and mumbled inaudibly a "Good morning" to us.

"So this is Garbo in the flesh," I said to myself. She was not the cynical, gaunt Garbo I had imagined. Here was an unspoiled, utterly feminine, natural lass, a farmer's or laborer's daughter. Her flaming, spiritual beauty is such stuff as dark poet's dreams are made of—and remember, Rouben is a poet. The long, side glances she gave him! They spoke the cryptic language of love. I felt awfully sorry for Jack.

Garbo, as you know, has been quite a trial to her former directors. But with Rouben she was as humble and obedient as only a loving woman can be. She always knew her lines perfectly—which Jack didn't—and spoke them in her low, throaty voice with her wonderful eyes fixed on Rouben, like a school girl reciting a lesson before her teacher.

The Garbo-Mamoulian-Gilbert triangle was very interesting to watch. Jack fared badly in it.

I must end this article by answering the questions that are uppermost in your mind.

Are Garbo and Mamoulian really married?

No! To quote Rouben, "Why should I hide it if I were married? I see no reason."

Will they ever marry?

It is probable that they will and I know whereof I speak. So don't be surprised if news of the Garbo-Mamoulian wedding is trumpeted across the continent one of these days very soon.

On the other hand, don't be surprised if they never take out a marriage license. It isn't necessary. They love each other and that's what counts with them. They have mutual interests and a fine European background in common.

It is my personal opinion that their love better remain out of wedlock. They are too romantic and sensitive to bear the trials and tribulations that must come up inevitably in every marriage. As things are now, they are like two children taken up with each other.

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THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT

Let Me Tell You About Marlene Dietrich

(*Continued from page 61*)

and breathes the production he is making. He thinks in terms of spectacles, but concentrates on his human beings. He oversees every detail, no matter how small.

An instance of this is the wig I wore. The hair was five inches long and he insisted that it must follow my own hair-line. In spite of wig-makers and costumers, he himself looked at the wig to see that his instructions were carried out. To prove how right he was, everyone kept asking me whether I had let my hair grow. It would have taken two years for it to grow to that length, but people didn't think of that—they only knew that it seemed like my own hair.

Contrary to public belief, Mr. Von Sternberg does not make puppets of his players. He chooses his people for an inner quality they possess that will make them express the characters he has to work with. So what he really did with us was to make us express our own selves more clearly through the characters we played. Miss Dietrich, used to working with him and having an enormous power of concentration, did this excellently in "The Scarlet Empress," I believe. In fact, she gave so much of herself to her role that when the picture was finished she was absolutely lost for a few days. She played the violin for relaxation. I understand she always does this after a picture.

HER child, Maria, is a born actress, and so it seemed most fitting for her to portray her mother in childhood. And even this little girl got the intensity and concentration of acting that is Miss Dietrich's, because her mother coached the child in every movement.

But don't imagine from this that Marlene Dietrich is an intense automaton with no thought but work. You should see her romping with Maria. That child has been pitied because she has bars on her window and a bodyguard hovering about her, but she also has a mother who adores her and Marlene still had the greatest fun cooking for Maria on the days when she did not have to work at the studio.

You should have seen her playing with my little girl, too. Lily is four years old now and, although Maria is about twice her age, Miss Dietrich knew exactly what to do to keep them both happy.

On Mr. Von Sternberg's sets, behind locked doors, the actors say each line many times. Each time a particular word is emphasized until the right "take" is found. So, you see, if Marlene Dietrich is a Trilby to Von Sternberg's Svengali, as is generally thought, all I can say is, we are all Trilbys, for Mr. Von Sternberg works the same with everyone while doing dialogue. He is striving for perfection and he gets it.

Strange as it may sound, in view of the deep dramatic roles she has been playing, I believe Miss Dietrich is really a fine comedienne and that comedy is her forte. Her humor is quiet. It consists mostly of pantomime. Her eyes, her mouth, even her eyebrows, express everything. She didn't ever have to say, "I don't like this," for one to know she didn't. A fleeting tilt of her head, the merest fraction of an upturned nose, a curve of her lips would suffice. Mr. Von Sternberg, in comparison, is voluble, yet his terseness always wanted to make me roar. Once when he was having trouble up on the sound boom, he looked down at me and said seriously, "I hope all my enemies become directors!" At the time, it seemed the most delightful curse in the world.

I have spoken of Miss Dietrich's womanly sympathy and I think I ought to tell you how she meets an emergency. I had an accident on the set, which everyone outside seemed to think was a publicity yarn, for the press department gave out that I had fallen off a horse. I resented this because I am a fairly skillful horseman. This is what happened.

During the picture, I rode three Arabian five-gait horses, two stallions and one mare. It was with the last that I had my accident. I was supposed to ride through three huge gates to the castle, with about eighty horsemen behind me. Because I had my back to the camera in this shot, and because five-gait horses, like the mare, are not used to picture work where they have to break suddenly into a gallop, Mr. Von Sternberg wanted me to use a double.

However, I had gotten his own idea about the perfection of detail and so I wouldn't hear of it. I knew the cowpuncher who would have doubled for me may have ridden better than I, but he would ride loosely and not erectly as a soldier would ride. In other words, I wanted to maintain my character all through the picture. Well, in making this scene, I started the mare through the gates, but because she wasn't used to going into a gallop immediately, her hind legs got twisted and she went down, bringing me with her and pinning me beneath her so I couldn't get free. Behind me dashed the other horses and I tell you that it is a miracle I am here. Some of the horses jumped over my horse and me, and others were reined off to the side before they could be stopped. Only my leg was injured.

MARLENE DIETRICH did nothing to cause any excitement. She didn't grow hysterical or rush about as many another woman would have done. When she made her way slowly to my side, I noticed how white she looked. She was biting her lip, too, but otherwise she seemed perfectly collected as she inquired about me. Her solicitude showed only in her voice and her pallor. When I thought I had convinced Mr. Von Sternberg that no bones were broken, he nevertheless insisted that I have my leg X-rayed. Although I was merely bruised, he wouldn't let me ride again when it wasn't necessary.

Upon seeing the rushes with the cow-puncher in my place, I insisted he wasn't riding "in character" and Miss Dietrich, with her little smile and her expressive eyebrows, used to tease me about this. "You don't take your work seriously, do you?" she'd say.

The experience of working with Marlene Dietrich has not only given me a new insight into picture-making, but an insight into a woman about whom so much is conjured. I can't think of two women as different as Dietrich and Garbo, or Dietrich and Hepburn. Greta Garbo seems to lack the warm human quality and to have the almost sexless appeal of a beautiful statue, while Miss Hepburn's personality seems a cold electric one, no matter how dynamic it may be.

I may be wrong about Miss Garbo and Miss Hepburn, but after "The Scarlet Empress," I feel I do know Marlene Dietrich and I believe she is the most natural woman on the screen today. There was never any awe between us. She never tried to make me feel I was playing opposite a goddess, but on the contrary, opposite a very real, fun-loving, flesh-and-blood woman who was quite content to be just that.

Bing Means to Quit

(Continued from page 29)

all I make. My attorney gets approximately another five per cent. That makes ten of the gross gone before I get a nickel. I have another manager who handles only radio and personal appearances in theatres. Out of whatever I make from those two sources, he gets five per cent. The government steps in and takes between fifty and sixty per cent in income tax. That leaves me somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent for myself. I have to keep two secretaries—one here and one in New York. Their salaries run between two fifty and three hundred a month. My fan mail costs me, conservatively, five hundred a month more. Between my radio work in New York and my picture work out here, I'm getting around five hundred letters a day. Everyone of them is answered. Everyone who writes in and asks for one, gets a picture. It's expensive, but I figure it's worth it and the fans are entitled to that much. Then, there's office rent to pay for those secretaries.

"Figure in my insurance, the running expenses of the house, take out of what I've saved, the cost of building the house and you'll soon see there isn't so much left."

"But," I protested, "even say you'll have a hundred and fifty laid away by

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—IT'S A TRICK STUDIO MAKE UP EXPERTS USE—CALLED DELICA-BROW I'LL FIX YOURS NOW . . .

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THOUGHT
YES—SPELLED D-E-L-I-C-A B-R-O-W

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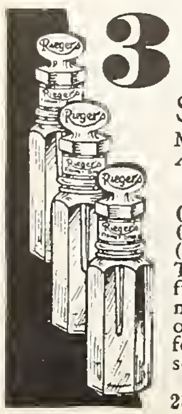

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the end of next year, can you keep this place going on the interest?"

"Yes," Bing answered.

"NO!" Dixie screamed in vague alarm. "All my life I've wanted to be rich enough to be able to sweep into a store and say, 'I'll take this and this and this' and sweep out without ever having to bother about asking the price. I can't do that on the income from a hundred and fifty thousand."

Bing grinned. "There, there, my little chickadee," he said soothingly, "don't get so upset. In the first place, you could never 'sweep,' as you call it. You're not the type."

"You dog," Dixie laughed.

Bing turned to me once more. "I don't say I'm never going to sing another note—never going to make another movie."

"Ah," I scoffed. "I knew there'd be a catch in it."

"No catch at all," Bing affirmed.

"The deuce there isn't," Dixie put in. "I'm the catch. When you proposed to me, all you asked was the privilege of working for me. Well, you bought yourself something. You'll work—and like it."

"I'm afraid," Bing remarked with a pained expression, "I'm neither understood nor appreciated around my home. Instead of rejoicing that I'll be able to retire and enjoy the fruits of my labor and be with the little woman so much more of the time, she resents it. Drop around to the studio for lunch tomorrow and we'll go into this further."

The next noon found me licking my chops in Bing's dressing-room and devoutly praying he hadn't forgotten. Presently he showed up in blue dungarees, navy blue sweater, pea jacket and the white yachting cap he wears in "We're Not Dressing."

"Come on," he said briefly.

Perched on a stool at the lunch counter, as he had foretold, he ordered and then continued his discussion of the previous evening.

"OF course, when I retire we'll have to scale down our mode of living. We won't be able to throw money away, hand over fist—but it'll be worth it. I figure I can probably get a picture a year to do—or maybe six weeks' radio work." (Mm-hmm, I thought.) "But I'll never sign a contract again, either for pictures or for a longer period of radio work than that. If I have the income from my hundred and fifty thousand and supplement it with what I make that way, we'll be able to live very comfortably.

"The trouble with most of these big shots is that the more they make, the more they scale themselves to a grandiose manner of living. It takes so much to keep their establishments going, they're never able to lay much by. They can't scale their living down because they've become so accustomed to luxury, they can't do without it and so they have to keep their noses to the grindstone long after they would liked to have—and should have—retired."

"But you're different," I mocked.

"You're jolly well right. We live comparatively simply to begin with. We don't go in for society on a large scale, we don't have a yacht, we don't go bouncing off to Europe every time we have a few days off, or anything of that sort. If I'm retired, my fan mail will drop off. I'll be able to cut out the secretaries, save the office rent, the cost of those pictures and my managers' salaries. Most of the money I spend foolishly now is done from boredom and I don't get any real pleasure from it. I don't care anything about clothes. I don't need many. Instead of having two large cars, we'll probably have one large one and a Ford.

"The things I get pleasure from are fishing, golfing, sporting events. If I'm not tied down with a contract, I can attend golf meets all over the country. If there's a championship fight in New York, or even Philadelphia, or Florida, that I want to see, I'll be able to do it then.

"I've always wanted to go to Mexico and South America. I'll be able to do that, too. If I can get a good buy on a small boat that doesn't cost too much to keep up, I'll manage that, too, somehow."

"Bing," I said earnestly, "fun's fun, but you're not really serious, are you?"

"My boy," he retorted, "you'll never know how serious I am. Did you never hear that very appropriate little verse:

" 'It is worth
All a man can scrape and squander,
Just to idle—just to wander
Forth from trade—away from duty,
Reveling in all the beauty
And the glamor of the May.' "

"What about the little woman?" I demanded.

"OH, she was mostly kidding last night. She *was* a little upset, but the more she thinks about it the better she likes the idea. "Hey!" to the waitress, "how'z about a little dessert?"

"Whatcha want, hon?" asked the blonde.

"Piece of chocolate cake."

"A la mode?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeah," said Bing. "We might as well travel first class."

"Couple of a la modes," dearie screamed at the soda clerk over in the corner.

"No," Bing went on to me, "I don't care if I never see the inside of another night club or cabaret. If I know I haven't a lot of dough to pitch out, I can get just as much fun out of playing golf for two bits a hole or even a round, as I can from losing five or six hundred on a tournament. Hey!" to the waitress, "how'z about that ice cream?"

"Well, I can't go over there and get it myself, can I?" she demanded indignantly.

Bing turned in the direction of the soda fountain. "Hey! Spook! How about those a la modes?"

Everyone in the place turned to grin at Bing. Bing wasn't bothered. He's the most unselfconscious fellow I've ever met. The ice cream in front of him, he grinned at me with vanilla all over his lips:

"Hasten, Time, thy onward drive,
Welcome, Nineteen Thirty-five!

"The end of '35, I mean," he amended. "And when nineteen thirty-six dawns, just you watch little Bingsie's smoke. *That's* when I'll start living!"

You probably will, Bing, and I think all your fans will wish you happiness, but you're sure going to leave an awfully empty place in radio and the flickers. But that's life—here today, retired tomorrow!

Public Enemy No. 1

(Continued from page 47)

Baby, as he is known, presents one of the greatest paradoxes in a paradoxical profession. Loved as he is by everyone, nobody wants to play with him, unless it can be done privately, confidentially, and in the seclusion of a dressing-room or nursery.

MAE WEST is reputed to be the only star who can regard the thought of Baby with calmness and that secure feeling which comes from writing your own contract. But in spite of her proven intimacy with him, and her obvious liking and admiration for him as a baby and an actor, there seems to be no room in any of the doughty Mae's pictures for her little friend and playmate. Mae is a smart woman. Even she has to repeat the historic "Come up and see me some time" to get results. LeRoy merely smiles and the audience is his for the rest of the evening. If the two were pitted together in a film, who would steal the honors, the girl who always gets her man, or the tiny tot who gets the entire population? Mae is taking no chances.

However, Baby paid her a very nice compliment the other day. He heard that Dick Arlen's little son was lunching in Gary Cooper's dressing-room, seated on that gentleman's knee. According to rumor—and there is always someone Winchelling through keyholes, even when they are Master LeRoy's keyholes—Baby developed a temperament. Cries reëchoed in the head office that he would quit right now if he couldn't have lunch on a star's lap the same as that upstart Arlen did. The lap had to belong to Mae West, or Paramount could consider their old contract torn up.

There is no doubt about it. LeRoy is a ladies' child. George Raft, Bill Powell, Freddie March—all men like him and make utter fools of themselves trying to gurgle his infant language. The fair-haired laddie affectionately gurgles right back at them, occasionally blowing bubbles to show he is a good sport, but let a pretty girl pass by, and everyone else pales into insignificance, especially if the lady is red-headed.

"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"

"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue, Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children—it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child—and often do more harm than good. Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it—all children do. Yes, that's the kind—it has the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton."

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• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

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That a twenty-months-old youngster can discriminate in beauty like a seasoned connoisseur is odd, but true.

He is not, however, particularly considerate of even the prettiest. Who else would keep Dorothea Wieck restlessly pacing up and down a set or disconsolately sitting in her dressing-room hour, after hour, just waiting for him to wake up?

THAT isn't the worst the little pirate did to Dorothea. He completely and joyously stole "Miss Fane's Baby." When the picture was reviewed, Fraülein Wieck received consistent credit from the critics. They all acknowledged her presence in the film with a line at the end of the review, saying that, while she gave a good performance, she was, at best, miscast. The paragraphs preceding this acknowledgment were gems of praise for Baby. Will Dorothea want to play with our little friend again? Well, what do you think?

They can't miscast LeRoy. He is more than an actor; he is a symbol. He *is* Babyhood. Truthfully speaking, he doesn't act a part. He plays it in the sense that the whole thing is a game, and all these adoring stars and delightful directors are grown-up playmates making the day interesting for him.

It is not so much fun for the stars and directors, however. Baby works only four hours a day, which is all the California law and Miss Rachel Smith, the welfare worker assigned to him by the Board of Education, will allow him. He leaves his five-acre poultry ranch and comes to work at about ten in the morning. He has a lovely time play-acting until twelve, when he eats. That is the only thing the Blue Eyed Wonder is firm about. He eats at twelve, or else. After lunch comes a nap in the studio nursery, which he occupies in lonely splendor. Then he is bathed and dressed. By now it is three and Racketeer LeRoy is ready to resume his career of picture stealing. He does this conscientiously until five, when he is through for the day.

This program is just grand for Hollywood's own public enemy, but for the rest of the cast it is not so good. Baby cannot be bothered with rehearsals, so these must take place either early in the morning before he arrives, or late in the evening. A lot of time is lost by the company while the tiny tyrant is dreaming of cotton rabbits and playing with his toes in the sun. This time must be regained, so everyone else works far into the night to keep the production up to schedule.

All that would not be so bad, but what is the inevitable result? Baby LeRoy gets all the credit, all the fan mail, which he cannot even read, and all the public's "Oh's" and "Ah's." The other players, stars in their own right, get honorable mention from the critics and a headache. Can you blame them for being wary of Baby?

Look what happened to Chevalier. Not a rival in his own field. A certain box-office attraction from almost any angle. He set out to make a picture, an appealing epic in which he would befriend a homeless little waif. Everyone would love that picture, and love Chevalier for his tenderness. Did they? He had every right to expect it, but—did they? They did not. They were with Maurice until the advent of the pirate, disguised as an angelic mite, and then they wholeheartedly devoted the rest of the evening to watching and cheering for Baby. "A Bedtime Story" starred Chevalier, with Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Ruggles, and is remembered only because it was the début of the world's youngest hold-up man. Do you think that any one of those four stars honestly looks forward to playing with that friendless little lad again?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT came through "Torch Singer" with Baby like a regular trouper. She realized what she was up against, but she valiantly struggled ahead. There was the added handicap of having to carry LeRoy about a great deal. It cannot be marked down on the black list of Baby's offenses against stardom, but he is husky and heavy, and Claudette found his weight very tiring. It is the height of indignity to have to tote your rival from his bath, to your lap, to his bed. But Claudette did it gallantly. Never once did she avail herself of the opportunity to drop him, thus ridding Hollywood of the dearest menace it has ever known.

With due respect for her performance in "Torch Singer," Claudette made out much better opposite Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night." At least Clark was a gentleman about the whole thing, and didn't coo the picture away from her.

Hollywood's wonder child has been an unknowing enemy to every player with whom he has appeared. Yet he is the only star who has no enemies. They may hate to see him on the same set with them, but the grown-up stars are just as anxious to play with that prize baby as you or I would be. He is the most pampered little mortal that ever had his name in lights. Still, he is so adorably babyish that even those whom he has deeply wronged find their hearts becoming curiously tender at a glance from his gentian blue eyes or a touch of his warm little hand.

Chevalier succumbed head over heels to the baby thief who was robbing him of every scene. He gave LeRoy a luxurious carriage and a fine radio. The youngster is peculiarly sensitive to music. He listens with lips parted. His eyes become fixed in that dreamy stare with which babies look at nothing on earth. His baby mind wanders in far away wonderlands where everything is bright with half-remembered visions of the place from which the souls of babies come. If music could keep alive those memories of a Never-Never Land, thought Maurice, then this baby shall have music. Hence the radio.

AS a punishment for running away with "Torch Singer," Baby received a chic white polo coat from Claudette Colbert. Just to emphasize what Hollywood thinks of picture snatchers, Fredric March presented the picture snatcher par excellence with a fluffy teddy bear, and Jack Oakie registered the same thought with a highly desirable woolly dog. Baby was delighted with the gifts.

Marlene Dietrich breaks down the Von Sternberg influence for LeRoy alone. Under her director's tutelage she developed a Garboesque exclusiveness which admitted only Von Sternberg to her dressing-room. But that tradition was smashed to bits by Iconoclast LeRoy. Marlene even goes so far as to let him play with her perfume bottles and other glittering doodads. But there is one step her affection has not driven her to take. She has not sought to immortalize their love for each other by appearing in a picture with Baby. According to all indications, she won't. Dietrich by herself is Dietrich triumphant, but Dietrich with LeRoy might be quite another story. You see, there isn't a star who feels safe with this little racketeer.

W. C. Fields has very neatly summed up Hollywood's attitude toward the world's luckiest and most dangerous infant. Fields had ample time to study LeRoy's methods in the picture they made together a short time ago, "Tillie and Gus."

Hiding the sentimentality with which he regards Baby as a friend and fellow countryman, Fields the business man, Fields the hard-working comedian trying to get along, Fields the practical, speaks thus: "We regular actors work hard. We spend years trying to get ahead. We worry about things. And what happens? They put us in a picture with a baby. Everybody goes nuts over the baby, and nobody even knows we are in the film. Just atmosphere, that's all we are. What does the baby do to deserve all the breaks? Nothing. He just acts natural. It's unfair competition, that's what it is, and I want to know why the tyke doesn't pick on someone his own size?"

Poor Baby LeRoy! Nobody wants him.

Scott

Norma Shearer and husband, Irving Thalberg, do a little magazine shopping in the Ambassador drugstore. Norma's next picture is "The Barretts of Winpole Street," with Fredric March.

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What's the Matter with Mary?

(*Continued from page 69*)

she was going to invite her own escort. Then she could arrive when she liked and leave when she wanted to, without having to wait for a stranger to see her home if he got around to it. She'd ask a different lad each time. And that was how the yarns of her overwhelming popularity and numerous engagements began. Of course, she soon became very much sought after, but as to the latter, as we said, there were only two.

"They were both non-professionals," says Mary, "so there is no use of embarrassing anyone by identifying them. Their names are unfamiliar to movie fans anyway. In both instances—they were far between—marriage would have proved impracticable. I can see that now. There was always something—a difference in religion or temperament or lack of mutual tastes, or all these reasons combined, to prevent it. And, goodness knows, marriage is hard enough in Hollywood—or anywhere else for that matter—when things start off smoothly. I suppose it was very fortunate that both times I discovered, or rather 'we' discovered, in time, that things wouldn't work out.

"Perhaps I wasn't through with love first. That doesn't matter in the final analysis, you know. It just makes it harder at the beginning. A girl in love is a very unhappy person. She keeps making the same mistakes over and over again. She unwittingly becomes demanding and possessive and is undoubtedly jealous and, no matter how she schools herself against there being a possibility of an argument, there's bound to be one pop up. Maybe the very fact that she works so hard to avoid it, brings on the dispute."

MISS BRIAN, 'twould seem, knows as much about love as Mae West, in theory and experience, of a sort, too. Not, to be sure, the "come up 'n see me sometime" variety. She continued:

"I like to be in love.. Certainly one is never happy. But it *is* exciting. You try out new make-up and listen for the telephone to ring—of course, it seldom does, or if it does, it's the studio calling to tell you to come the next day for retakes. But it's thrilling to think the other person might reciprocate with a little show of interest.

"Of course, a girl in love is at her worst. She's self-conscious or stupid or, worse still, shows her feelings too clearly, and then a man, unless he's truly interested, shies off, and she is left to enjoy a quiet evening with her books and pictures and broken heart."

It seemed about time to call the roll or take the house count or sumpin', so we asked Mary about Gene Raymond, young Mr. Powell, *et al.*

"Well, howz about Jack Oakie?" retorted the gal gleefully. "He's been my pal far longer than either of them. Now don't leave poor Jack out. He might feel neglected. Seriously, though," she added, "these boys are just friends. I know that line is so old it went to school

Scott

Here's Mary, the girl of a thousand-and-one boy friends, with one whom she's singled out as her favorite—Dick Powell. Dick was her escort four times in one week! Alice Faye and Guy Kibbee are with them.

with us, and I'll bet reporters are pretty tired of having actresses deny engagements one day and turn up married the next. But nevertheless, in my case, it's true.

"I played in Vaudeville with Ken Murray and had the time of my life, too. But we never knew we were supposed to care for each other until we read it in the paper. Even then, we couldn't seem to get into the spirit of the thing and, goodness knows, we aim to please!

"As for Dick Powell. I think Dick likes the ladies—all of 'em. He is young and popular and entertaining and so he, too, is a victim of the 'reported engaged' mania. Personally, I don't think Dick has a notion of getting serious with anyone just now, and most certainly not with me."

BUDDY ROGERS, too, is a friend of Mary Brian's, a very dear friend—closer than the rest. She thinks, however, that Buddy's association with Mary Pickford is right for him, for he needs a more dominating type of woman in his life. Miss Pickford knows what she wants and, although she doesn't always get it, nevertheless, she is fully able to recognize her ambitions and desires, whether for a story choice or an escort.

"You know," Mary continued, "I'm afraid I'm beginning to be a figure of suspicion in Hollywood. The other day I was passing Bing Crosby's house and little Gary, Bing's ten months old son, put his arms out to me. He isn't a child that's ready to go to everyone either. So Bing put a protecting arm around his son and said, 'Mary, please don't start on *this* generation. Remember, you're an old-timer. Be a good sport! You've had so many beaux you can afford to be. So please let my chee-ild alone.'"

Which, gentle reader, proves that Mary Brian possesses a swell sense of humor and an amazing frankness and honesty.

Mary began her picture career nearly ten years ago, when she played Wendy in "Peter Pan." Betty Bronson enacted the film's title rôle. What has become of her? What, indeed, has happened to many others who started with little Miss Brian, the ingenue who rated no special publicity and very little attention.

It was through agreeableness and hard work that Mary hung on by the skin of her teeth in this precarious industry. She had no one interested in her; indeed, nobody cared whether she stayed or went. There was no one to advise her; so, in consequence, when action should have been taken, she did nothing. Doing nothing may have retarded her career, but she got there ultimately. And when she arrived, she had carved herself a unique niche in the celluloid field. Yes, Mary has a record of good performances to her credit.

You'll see her next in "Private Scandal," with Phillips Holmes playing the male lead. So, what'll you bet, that Mary's "engagement" to him will be announced before the picture's final scene is shot? Yes, you're right for, as Bert Lahr would say, "It's in da bag, it's in da bag!"

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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

do you call it that?" I asked.

"Because the dark part has molasses and spices in it instead of the familiar chocolate," explained Joan. "But I do use a chocolate frosting on it—one that is creamy and smooth and thick."

You'll notice particularly the masculine fondness for frosting when you serve Joan's Plantation Cake, too. Though the cake itself is magnificent, it is the frosting which lingers longest in your memory. This Fudge Frosting of Joan Blondell's is far and away the best I've ever tasted. Perhaps it's the corn syrup which makes it so creamy. Or it may be the marshmallow cream. But whatever it is, it's superb.

"Have you any other pet frostings, Joan?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes. Maple Butter Frosting. The cake I serve it with is called New England Maple Cream Cake and it's unbelievably swell."

"You mentioned chocolate a while back, also," I reminded her, "but only in connection with frosting. Haven't you, like 'most everyone else I know, a favorite chocolate cake recipe?"

"Well, I like chocolate cake," replied Joan, "but I like what I call Washington Chocolate Cream Pie better than any chocolate cake I've ever eaten. It's one layer, split in two, filled with French Chocolate Cream and frosted with a chocolate frosting or just dusted with powdered sugar. You must try my recipe some time."

I DID try it and found it so good that I'm going to give you that recipe at the end of this article. The other recipes for Joan Blondell's cakes and frostings are in this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder. But before I tell you how to get these recipes to keep for your very own use, I want to review with you a few cardinal points of sucessful cake-making. For, you know, even with accurate, tested recipes like the ones I shall give you, you have to perform the various operations correctly, if you want to get the finest possible results. So here goes.

First, before work is started on the cake, cake pans should be greased, lined with paper and greased again. If you use butter to grease your pans, melt the butter over hot water and use only the oil that rises to the top. Do not use the salt which sinks to the bottom, as it has a tendency to make the cake stick. You'll find a pastry brush a great convenience for greasing the pans.

Second, measure everything carefully. There are disastrous penalties for using too much or too little of any ingredient, so take time to measure.

Incidentally, flour is one of the most frequently mismeasured items. There is only one correct way to measure flour and that is to sift it first. Then, pile this sifted flour into a measuring cup, using a tablespoon. When the cup is full, level it off with the straight edge of a knife or spatula. Never scoop flour up in a cup, or pat it down with a spoon, or tap the cup on the table. All these things cause the flour to pack down and may well spoil your cake. In measuring baking powder be sure to use your measuring spoons. Fill the spoon and level it off with a knife.

Third, use good ingredients. You can't get first-grade results with second-grade materials.

Fourth, mix carefully.

Fifth, bake properly, in an oven set for the correct temperature. If your oven has no thermostat, and you have no oven thermometer either, set a pan sprinkled with flour in the oven and if the flour becomes a medium golden brown in five minutes, the oven is what we call moderately hot and suited to most cakes. This same test can be made with white unglazed paper, if you prefer. But with oven thermometers as inexpensive as they are, I urge you to get one to insure good results.

When the cake is done it should shrink slightly away from the side of the pan and when pressed lightly by the finger, no imprint should remain. A straw inserted in the center of the cake should come out clean and dry.

After taking cake from the oven, let it stand in the pan for a few minutes, then remove cake from pan and place it on a wire rack to cool. If cake refuses to slip out of pan readily, loosen it from the sides with a broad bladed knife. And finally, always let the cake get completely cold before frosting it. Now, I guess you're ready for Joan Blondell's recipes.

AS I said, I'm giving you the Washington Cream Pie recipe here. Recipes for the others, which include the Silvermoon Cake with Seafoam Icing, the Plantation Marble Cake with Chocolate Fudge Frosting, and the New England Maple Cream Cake with both the Maple Butter Frosting and the Maple Cream Sauce, are included in this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder. These recipes are printed on convenient cards, handy to prop up on your work table, handy to file away for future reference. You can get your set, free, by filling in the coupon on page 8 and mailing it to me. I wish you'd send in your coupon right away, because these recipes are well worth having.

WASHINGTON CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

1/3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1¾ cup sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cream of tartar baking powder
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar. Cream together thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs and beat well. Sift flour, measure and sift with salt and baking powder twice. Add flour to egg mixture alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Beat thoroughly and pour into a deep, well-greased cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 to 35 minutes. When cool, split carefully, fill with Chocolate Cream and cover with Confectioner's Icing.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

1/3 cup sugar
2½ tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
¾ cup scalded milk
½ square cooking chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons thin cream

Combine sugar, flour and salt, and add to slightly beaten yolk. Add scalded milk slowly. Pour into top of double boiler and cook 10 minutes over boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened, and then occasionally. Remove from heat, add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Cool. Add vanilla and cream and beat together vigorously.

CONFECTIONER'S ICING

¾ cup confectioner's sugar
½ square cooking chocolate
3 tablespoons boiling water
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water. Add boiling water and stir until smooth and blended. Add vanilla. Sift sugar and add it gradually to chocolate mixture, stirring vigorously. A little more sugar or a little more water may be added in order to have frosting of right consistency to spread.

No Mothers to Guide Them

(*Continued from page 49*)

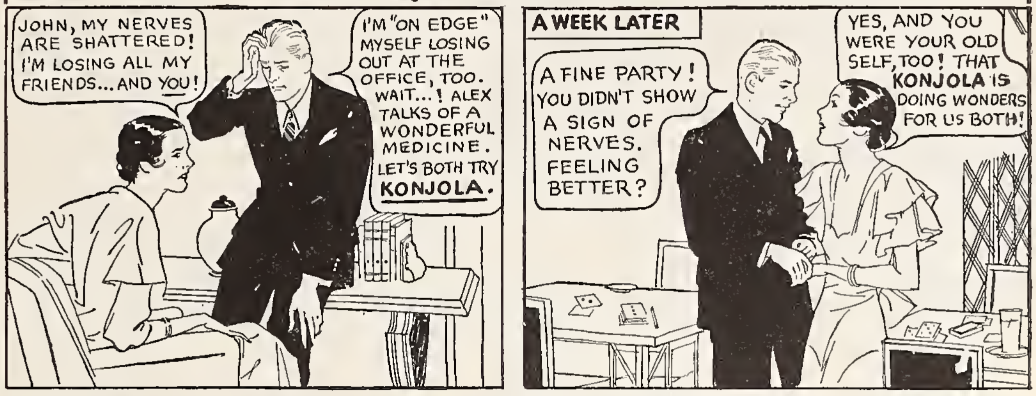
that priceless line, "Come up 'n' see me some time," would have remained a meaningless, sexless phrase.

Whenever Mae West has an important decision to make or a problem to solve, she turns to Jim Timony, who has for years been her guiding hand in the theatre. A blurred version of Charles Laughton, and often mistaken for him, Timony looks also like a Tammany boss. A picturesque pair these two.

MARLENE DIETRICH has no stage mother, either. Josef Von Sternberg, her friend and director, acts in that capacity. During her entire career in Hollywood she has depended entirely upon his sound judgment for stories, publicity and business deals. Often he has been referred to as her Svengali.

If you saw Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory," you already know the history of her struggle towards star-

"NERVES CONQUERED" JITTERY JANE & JOHN FIND HAPPINESS AGAIN!


JOHN, MY NERVES ARE SHATTERED! I'M LOSING ALL MY FRIENDS... AND YOU!
I'M "ON EDGE" MYSELF LOSING OUT AT THE OFFICE, TOO. WAIT...! ALEX TALKS OF A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. LET'S BOTH TRY KONJOLA.
A WEEK LATER
A FINE PARTY! YOU DIDN'T SHOW A SIGN OF NERVES. FEELING BETTER?
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In cases of "nervousness", as well as stomach troubles, rheumatism and allied ailments, many thousands of users claim virtual miracles for Konjola. If you suffer from a "nervous" on-edge condition, you owe it to yourself at least to TRY this wonder medicine.

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LATER
DARLING, WE'RE PROSPERING AND OUR LIFE IS A PERFECT HONEYMOON NOW THAT WE'RE NOT "NERVOUS WRECKS."
KONJOLA HAS QUICKLY MADE TWO HEALTHY HUMAN BEINGS OF US!

KIDNAPPED?

SOMETHING was happening down in the big vaulted living-room that was to make Joan's adventure sound like a daring and fantastic lie Everyone was grouped around the radio listening to words that they thought affected the little tramp that had descended on them. The music had suddenly stopped and a voice began to talk.

"I want to interrupt the program, folks, to tell you all to watch out for an unusually pretty blond girl of nineteen. She's Brenda Vanderhough, the daughter of the millionaire sportsman George T. Vanderhough. She disappeared from her father's house in Southbury, Connecticut, this afternoon at about five o'clock."

How Joan, the little bank stenographer unintentionally posed as a wealthy heiress and how she finally won the man she adored is a beautiful romance. This love story "The Old Thrill" is a feature novelette appearing complete in the June issue of SWEETHEART STORIES. Get a copy today at your nearest newsstand

Sweetheart Stories 10¢

dom. Here is an actress who has gone her way alone, climbing from rung to rung, up the ladder of fame to a triumphant goal, feeling her way in the dark with her own hands, looking ahead with her own eyes, reaching stardom by power of her own guidance. The daughter of a well-to-do Connecticut doctor, she left the security of her home for the uncertainties of a career in New York's stormy Forties. Against the wishes of her family she sought footlight recognition and the acclaim that like the line in her picture, "fades like a morning glory." Now that she has made good, her parents have reconciled themselves to her success, but Katie continues to travel the lone road, her own guide.

Clara Bow, Ann Harding and Constance Bennett are other stars who have never had stage mothers. Clara's mother did not even live to see her rise to the heights of renown. B. P. Schulberg, who discovered her and led her to the Elysian fields of world acclaim, assumed guardianship over her destiny. An innocent child in love with life, Clara misadventured many times into sensational newspaper headlines. But for Schulberg's belief in her, Clara might have run away from Hollywood in despair, never to return. Not only did he replenish Clara's courage, but insured her against future poverty as well. During the fruitful years of Paramount stardom, he put away a part of her salary each week into a trust fund, that has made her an independent woman for life. No mother could have done more for the madcap of the cinema. What Mr. Schulberg once did for Clara's career he is now doing for Sylvia Sydney's.

Ann Harding, like Garbo, entrusts her affairs of state to the business sagacity of Harry Eddington. Before her divorce, Harry Bannister gave advice and counsel, but now Miss Harding pays ten per cent of her salary for this service.

Constance Bennett comes of a famous theatrical family. All her life she has lived in the atmosphere of grease paint. Her only language is the language of the theatre. Her father is Richard Bennett, and her mother, Adrienne Morrison, a well-known Broadway star of another day. With two such people to advise her, it is no wonder Constance Bennett became a star, you will say—but Connie Bennett has never been one to borrow counsel. A rebel from the beginning, she, like Hepburn, had mapped out her own road to ambition's Utopia, and like Katharine, she has reached it by her own sense of direction. Constance Bennett with a stage mother would be as incongruous as Wally Beery with a French poodle. Any girl who can haul in fifteen thousand a week, all on her own, doesn't need a mamma to lead the way.

DON'T get the idea that the Hollywood mother is entirely extinct, for nothing is further from the truth. In the new set-up she is merely background, a publicity prop, a conventional note, a homemaker. The town is full of such mothers, as witness the case of Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Patricia Ellis, Ann Dvorak, Elissa Landi, Anita Louise, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young, Genevieve Tobin and others.

Janet's mother is rarely seen at the studio, but in real life she is the little Gaynor's constant companion. Myrna Loy, until a year ago, was a mother's girl. Noted for exotic and wicked vamp characterizations on the screen, her private life was virtually dictated by her mother. However, Mrs. Williams never interfered in studio matters. A good sport and a swell scout, she often let Main Street instincts lead her into silly suspicions, but recently she has been touring Europe and has probably returned with a more broadened viewpoint.

Jean Harlow's mother is one of the most distinguished women I have ever met. Tall and stately, with charming

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut and Elissa Landi attend "Allez-Oop" together. In case you didn't know, the charming Elissa and Mr. Schildkraut have just finished their co-starring picture, "Sisters Under the Skin," for Columbia.

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manners and perfect diction, she makes an ideal screen star's mother. She and Jean can tell the swellest naughty stories in Hollywood with more dignity than a queen. However, the guide in her family is her stepfather, Marino Bello, through whose influence it is said Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer raised Jean's salary a mere thousand a week.

Elissa Landi's mother is another who lends distinction to her daughter's career. The Countess Landi, known to all of Elissa's friends as simply "Caroline," is probably the most popular movie mother Hollywood has known since the reign of Peg Talmadge.

Ann Dvorak's mother was once a motion picture star herself, so she understands the rules of the game, even though they have changed considerably since she was William S. Hart's leading lady back in the old silent days. Later she starred for Triangle under the name of Anna Lehr, but gave up her career in favor of domesticity. When her daughter married Leslie Fenton and ran off on an adventure trip, leaving a promising career to hang in the balance, Mrs. Lehr came back into the limelight, protesting her daughter's reason. But now Ann is back in Hollywood at double her old salary and even her mother must admit that Leslie is as devoted and loving a husband as any girl could wish for. In Ann's case she had a mother to guide her, but preferred to find her own way, even if blindfolded.

GINGER ROGERS and Anita Louise are two of Hollywood's old-fashioned girls. They still cling to the apron strings. In Ginger's case the arrangement has been beneficial, for her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, is looked upon as one of the smartest women that ever hit Hollywood. Not only does she keep sending Ginger's stock up by being discreetly clever, but in addition, runs a little theatre, on her own, discovering new talent in actors and playwrights. Next season she plans to produce a show on Broadway.

Not long ago Anita Louise stood on the verge of stardom. Frank Borzage wanted her for the lead in "A Man's Castle." She stood in the very spot where Gaynor had stood before "Seventh Heaven." Then Loretta Young got the part—and no one knew why. But later, Lou, Borzage's brother and assistant, told me. The mother had made such unfair demands for Anita's services that the studio dropped all negotiations. Thus a mother's sincere, but overzealous, ambitions may have cost this promising little actress a stardom she may never win again.

The stage mother has probably seen her best days. She used to be a loud speaker on every set, but too much static caused her downfall. She was once the power behind the throne, but now she's only the kibitzer behind the scenery. She made every day Mother's Day in Hollywood, but now it comes only once a year. Mamma has been exiled to a seat in the audience, and if the producers have their way, she'll stay there forever and ever. Amen.

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To be beautiful and alluring is every girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty means popularity, romance, love! Sighing and longing never made a girl beautiful, but the use of Blue Waltz Beauty Aids often has. Attain the charm men cannot resist through the daily use of these supremely fine Blue Waltz Beauty Aids!

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Ask for Ambrosia products at any drug or department store. 75¢. Or in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Ambrosia preparations were tested by famous New York skin specialists on women of all skin-types. Write for free report of doctor's examinations and full directions for use. Address Hinze Ambrosia, Dept. M, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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Bathe Eyes with LAVOPTIK

Will Gloria Come Back Again?

(*Continued from page 64*)

if it did not have rain also.

"Why is it people continually talk of happiness—the ultimate hoped-for achievement—and at the same time refuse to meet life grandly, taking all it offers to develop one into that broader understanding and tolerance, where happiness is possible? The sorrows, the sacrifices and the losses are all a part of life. You cannot grow into great strength if you are forever shielded and protected."

I was beginning to see why this brave woman has never chosen the easy way for herself. In the seven months she has been back in Hollywood, she has been offered innumerable opportunities to return to the screen (when you perhaps were thinking of her as a woman broken, weak and defeated, ready to take anything) but she was waiting for the right offer. It was not that she scoffed at the $25,000 a picture opportunity and held out for $50,000. It was that she hoped, if possible, to avoid another mistake. She had a chance to work again with Mr. De Mille in "Four Frightened People," when it seemed Claudette Colbert would not be able to go, but she prefers to work with Mr. De Mille on costume pictures or spectacular pictures, when she thinks he is at his best.

"I have been in fearful financial straits," she adds. "I have lost practically everything I ever earned. I almost had no roof over my head when I returned to Los Angeles, but the loss of everything material is not the worst thing that could happen to me. I am still not sorry that I waited until Mr. Thalberg and I worked out an arrangement for me to return to Metro. Much as I needed the money I could have earned in the meantime, I know I am happier in this affiliation than I could have been in any other.

"I AM through with being producer and actress. I learned much from it, but from now on I want only to act. I am so glad to drop all the worry and annoyance of stories, publicity and production right into the lap of Mr. Thalberg."

Maybe I should refresh your mind a bit on Gloria's history. M-G-M tried a long time to secure her services. Around 1930, they offered her $1,600,000 for two years' work. She was persuaded by United Artists to remain with them for only $1,000,000 for two years. That's one time she listened with the wrong ear, I am certain for, according to my memory, she made two pictures for them—rather unimportant ones, too—and then when it was announced that her baby was on the way, it looked to us on the outside as if she were eased out of the contract.

"I am making no predictions about the future. How can I tell what it holds? That remains with the public. But this I do know. If Irving Thalberg, with his knowledge of the business, doesn't know how to handle me sucessfully, I would have no idea to whom I could turn. Can you imagine what a psychologist he is? He said to me, 'Gloria, you can make one of two pictures. You can make the finest picture you have ever made in your life—which is what you should do—or you can make a picture that is a complete failure—absolutely hopeless. But the thing you cannot do is to make a picture that is fairly good. That will be certain doom.'"

GLORIA has made plenty of mistakes. Even mistakes in the treatment of her husbands and other men who have loved her. The maternal instinct is very strong in her. She meant all she said just after her marriage to the Marquis, when she stated she hoped she would have a large family. She can no more help "mothering" the men she marries than you and I can help eating. Unquestionably she takes something away from them. Her independent, capable spirit makes her go right ahead doing things for herself, saying to them, "Don't you worry. I'll look after that." Likely, she sometimes gets tired of the load when she is halfway up the grade and would like to put it on some one else's shoulders, but it can't be done then. When muscles are weakened from lack of use, they can't be called into action for an emergency.

When I reminded her of the phenomenal manner in which she had been able to raise money, she spoke frankly.

"I think that is because of my attitude of mind. I know I can always get money. I have been able to secure hundreds of thousands of dollars overnight, when I have had to do so. I have never had a doubt that I could earn money. That has not been my trouble, no matter how many financial mix-ups I have been in. If I could just give as much thought to the keeping of money, could be just as certain in my own mind that I would always have it, I would undoubtedly be as constantly supplied as I am provided with it in the first place. I don't seem to be able to give this part of it much thought. Money to me just means the joy it brings, so to the world I seem fearfully improvident. I never have a thought of limitation about getting money, so I spend it freely for the things that make for beauty and joy in life."

I thought there might be some religion or some philosophy back of her indomitable spirit, but it is a subconscious one which she cannot explain. "I only know this," she adds. "Under great stress of need, there is an infinite source of supply that we manage to contact by the very urgency of our want and the strength of our belief that we will get it. Call it Universal Mind, Infinite Intelligence, or what you will, if our need is great and our belief in ourselves is strong enough, we seem for a moment to step beyond finite limitations. I don't pretend to explain it. I only know that it is so. In the same way that I know some people who have passed on are closer to you after death than when they were here. It has been so with my father. I feel his nearness much more now than during his life."

And now what about all of these rumors we have been hearing about an impending divorce between Gloria and Mr. Farmer? You may be more anxious about this than anything else. But it is really not the important thing with Gloria. I can believe that a first and maybe even a second marriage may be terribly important, but I cannot think a fourth is.

GLORIA refuses to make any direct statement on the subject. She does admit that she herself has no idea how it will work out. How can anyone tell? How can you ever harness a race horse and a jumper together and hope they will pull without friction? That is what you have when an actor and an actress are married. It is what you have when a business man and an actress are married. It's what you have when a society man and an actress are married. A woman should not have to choose between a home and a career, but she does. In a sense, an actresses' career must take precedence over even love and marriage. It is one of the inevitable things that no one can do anything about. No matter how much two people love each other, there can be no fairness in a union of this sort.

"In my case, I must work for my children," she says. "Michael has interests in Europe which he must look after. When he went back some months ago, he made no definite plans to return to Hollywood. And on account of my work here, I could make no plans to join him—a condition which neither of us desired or intentionally brought about. Beyond this, I can say nothing." While her clear, blue eyes look straight into yours and she tries bravely to smile, there is a wistful sadness in her face that goes right through you.

My personal opinion is that these two will not remain married very much longer, for this Michael has been accustomed to much attention from women. He is used to being the center of attention. And Gloria cannot be there to fuss over him and at the same time do her work in Hollywood. She, too, is a vivid, flaming personality that is unforgettable. She has never looked better than now. I defy any human being to come in contact with her and feel indifference. She is the embodiment of romance and should never be married—except for her children. Surely if divorce comes again, there is no one to blame. Such a combination of conditions is stronger than any single emotion, as the ocean is stronger than all the rivulets that flow into it.

So, we offer a toast to Gloria, the Invincible, whether she be married or single!

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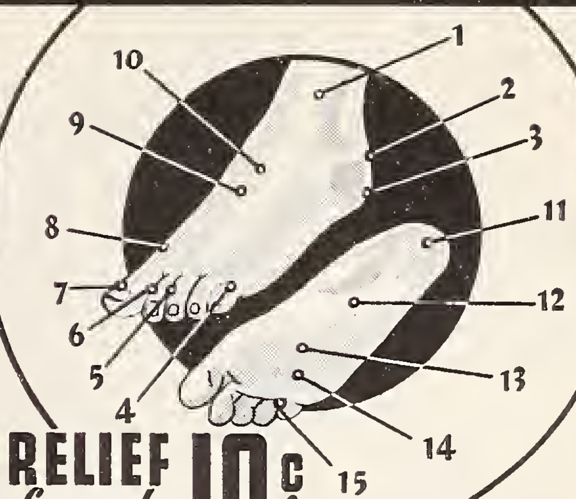

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This announcement will bring a lot of replies from people like yourself who need extra cash for nagging bills—food—clothing—or other necessities. Here are success reports from some who wrote me earlier. O. P. Hertzog, Pa., made $85.50 in a week. David R. Machade, Tex., $70.00 in a week. M. Mitchell, Calif., made $75.00 in six days. Mrs. Anna Meravage, Pa., made over $40.00 a week working only three to four days. These exceptional earnings show the wonderful possibilities of my plan. Better send me your name today.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

....

....

"I Want To Be Bad"

(*Continued from page 34*)

been so impressed with her performance that they have purchased her contract from RKO and have announced that she will be the leading lady for George Raft.

AFTER three long years of struggle —one year without any job at all —Helen Mack has at last come into her own. I know of precious few girls of her age (Helen is but twenty now) who would have had the audacity to stick it out so long. But, I know the reason for her courage. She's been up against defeat before. She's faced discouraging facts at least a hundred times in her short life. You see, Helen really started this battle fourteen years ago, at the age of six.

Yes, on the stage at six, in New York at ten attending the Children's Professional School, learning to read and write part of the day and trudging, with her mother, from one booking office to another the rest. First, a small role on the stage, then, the part of a child in a Gloria Swanson picture made in New York at thirteen.

"Oh, I told them I was sixteen," smiled Helen as she hurriedly related the most unbelievable part of her life. "I wanted a job on the vaudeville stage so badly. It was the part of a sixteen-year-old girl in a skit called 'Sweet Sixteen.' We traveled all over the country for over two years and all that time I only saw my mother during the last two months of our tour, when she came with me on the road.

"From thirteen to fifteen, I learned the back-breaking toil of one-night stands, of sleeper jumps every day or so. I became independent, packing and unpacking, rehearsing with the orchestra. A quick supper (I always had something that cost a dime because I wanted to save $50 of the $75 I got each week), then pack and jump onto the train.

"When it was all over, I confessed my true age to the man and his wife with whom I had been working. They were actually dumbfounded. They thought I was eighteen.

"Is it any wonder, then, that when I took my first screen test that I wanted to play just a girl? I had been doing 'Sweet Sixteen' for two years and I naturally thought I should continue. Oh, how I thank God every night for giving that man the courage to tell me that I wasn't beautiful, not even pretty.

"I guess every girl thinks she's pretty. It kind of helps. I suppose I had always thought of myself that way and I remember I cried when I got home. I looked in the mirror and whispered to my reflection, 'Why, you're not even pretty!' From then on, I never kidded myself. So? I wasn't beautiful? Then, I must be something else. I must have something that would help me make the grade, to make me *be* somebody.

THAT idea of being somebody has always been in my mind. There were several reasons, the first being that I so wanted to amount to something on the stage for mother. All her life, she had wanted to be an actress, but never got the chance. Just the other day she told me that before I was born she hoped and prayed I would be a girl so that she could make me an actress. She even had my life all planned before I was born. After all she has given up for me, I just have to be somebody for her. I know that if I am, it will make her happy, and besides, I can then give her the things I've always wanted to give her.

"Then, I want to be somebody for myself. Sort of justify myself to myself. I've got to prove to myself that I've got *something* even if I'm not pretty."

I looked across the desk at her. Such a real person! So honest. So beautiful. All her beauty isn't of facial features. It reaches deeper than that. Helen Mack has a beauty of spirit, a beauty of character that makes her far lovelier than almost anyone I've ever met. Sometimes she looks as though she were about to cry; then she will smile, just to bewilder you. Deep brown eyes, like clear pools that form the window for her true beauty to shine through. Small and fragile, she's as friendly as a terrier puppy with that gift of being so natural that you can't help but love her.

Just four times, in all my comings and goings in Hollywood, have I met one whose personality was so vivid that it completely overshadowed the subject matter of our interview.

I WANTED to wave a flag and shout, "Stop! Look! Listen! Here *is* somebody."

In each case I was sure the person would eventually become a big name in motion pictures. At the same time, I was afraid the public wouldn't see what I had seen. I wanted them to know these future stars as they were in real life.

The first was Dietrich. Even though I hadn't seen her German-made picture, and she hadn't yet made her first film in Hollywood, I seemed to know she would hit the top.

The second was Helen Hayes. I met her that first day on the M-G-M lot when everyone was whispering about the disappointment in her make-up tests. They said, "She looks badly. How can she ever overcome such a handicap?" But I talked to her that day and, once again, I felt sure.

The third was Katharine Hepburn. Something forced me to ride a hundred miles with the studio boys to meet Hepburn the day she arrived in Hollywood. We talked as the train thundered towards Hollywood. After we had arrived, I spent the remainder of the day telling all those whom I could make listen about the new star.

And Helen Mack is the fourth.

Please don't think that I am comparing her to these other three, all of whom made such a distinct hit in Hollywood. She's nothing like them, except in one particular. She has that same "something" shining from her eyes that transcends mere physical beauty. Dietrich is fortunate to have beauty as well. But, I'm sure you will agree that there are many on the screen with more beauty than Hayes and Hepburn. And Helen Mack tells you, with a sparkle of sincerity in her eyes, that she isn't even pretty.

What these four have in common is not so easily seen. It is something one feels about them. They are destined for greatness. Somehow, each has known it.

That is what I am so anxious for you to see in Helen Mack. You can see it in "All of Me" and I'm sure, in her future pictures.

She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 68*)

nose, rosy cheeks, wide-set eyes under strong, heavy lashes, and bobbed hair. She studied, among other things, Greek, Latin and French. She could get the Greek and Latin all right, oddly enough, but she simply could not learn French. And here's another sample of her stick-to-it-iveness.

When she finished school, her parents sent her to Europe for three months. Instead of the allotted three months, she stayed a year and a half. Part of the time she visited with her mother's sister-in-law in Scotland, but most of the time she lived in Paris in the household of a French family, where it was impossible for her to speak a word of English. Her family thought she had forgotten all about her difficulty with French long before. She hadn't. She lived with the French family and she entered the Sorbonne, where all the lectures were in French. She deliberately put herself in a spot where she *had* to learn the language—and she learned it.

Coming home from Paris, most girls bring trunkloads of clothes. Jean brought home not a single dress, outside of the clothes she had been wearing over there. What she did bring home were phonograph records of all the famous French actors of the *Comédie Française*. She studied with them on a phonograph and talked back to them.

Even in such small things as her personal mannerisms, she has always shown the same kind of persistence. When she was fifteen, she realized that her hands were too large. She started right then, teaching herself to use them gracefully. She trained herself so that, whatever position they were

Grand Chocolate Sauce

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CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

⅛ teaspoon salt

½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

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in, they were graceful, to counterbalance their naturally bad shape. If you don't think it worked, look carefully at her hands the next time you see her on the screen.

THERE has been really only one period in Jean's life in which she didn't know precisely what she wanted to do. When she was little, of course, she had the usual ambition to be a nurse. (Why do little girls always want to be nurses, and why do little boys always want to be firemen?) Jean wanted to be one so she could marry a little boy in her neighborhood, who was going to be a doctor. They were going to have fourteen children, fourteen nursemaids, fourteen cars, and go around the world healing sick people free of charge.

Between her fifteenth and seventeenth years, she was interested in dramatics, writing plays, directing them and acting in them at school and with the neighborhood kids at home. But then, when she was already entered for exclusive Vassar, she changed her mind and decided she might like to go to the medical school at Columbia University. That was about the time her parents gave her the trip to Europe, and Fate stepped in, as Fate seems to have a way of doing.

For, coming home from Europe, still thinking she might like to be a surgeon, by luck Jean travelled in the same ship with the English road company of the play "Bird In Hand." There, right in the same ship with her, were real, professional, honest-to-goodness actors and actresses. After that there was never any more doubt in her mind. An actress she was going to be! She made friends of the English people in the troupe and hung on to them like the well-known leech. In the five days, crossing the Atlantic, she hardly let them out of her sight—persistent, again, you see.

And the day after they arrived in New York, the director of the "Bird In Hand" company phoned her. She was hired as understudy to the leading woman. Simple? Sticking to it! Maybe the school teachers are right.

But a young actress in New York has a hard row to hoe, no matter how easily she breaks in. Jobs don't grow on trees, no matter how pretty and talented you are. Here's how Jean did it. She had a little notebook—like one of her beloved diaries—in which she wrote the name of every agent in New York. Every morning she started out and made the rounds. If one said "Come back in a week," she wrote the date in her little book and came back in a week, whether he had meant it or not. If some other agent said nothing, she came back and saw him the next day—and the next and the next. They couldn't forget her. How could they? She was always in their offices.

It wasn't so easy, either. It took some bravery. She could have lived with her mother and father in Ridgewood, but she wanted to live in the city so she could make the rounds of the agents. Refusing to accept help from her parents, she roomed with another girl in a basement. It was dark and dank, it was full of cockroaches. there was a shabby screen in front of the sink, there were only two cots to sleep on, but she stuck it out. Every morning she got up, shined her worn shoes to save the dime, and set out. It was the sticking to it that counted. For, after a while, she did get the jobs. She was in "The Truth Game," "Peter Ibbetson," "Life Begins" and "St. Wench."

Then a Warner Brothers' scout saw her and she went to Hollywood. When she was assigned to play in "As The Earth Turns," at Warners, she decided she wanted Al Green for her director. Young, inexperienced, a newcomer though she was, she sailed right into the front office and said, "I will not have any director but Mr. Green." She got Mr. Green.

I think you'll be seeing Jean as a star, all right—

What Clothes for Vacation Time?

(Continued from page 73)

My, but that's a fluffy, frilly thing, and it does still come high up under the chin in most instances. There are tendencies towards dropping it to low levels in front, but for this season, know that a hug-the-throat motif is all that any well-dressed girl need worry about.

Shoulders! Well, they're not so broad and sticky-out as they have been. Still, they are square and ample-looking. None of your pinched arm holes this season. You can have raglan sleeves and square sleeve lines to your heart's content with sleeves, generally puffed towards the elbows or wrists, though some little shoulder puffs appear on those organdy nothingnesses worn for the late afternoons and evenings.

Waistlines are kept on a normal, natural basis and daytime skirts are straight, with pleats to give them walking room, while those for evening are wide from the knees down and trail the floor to any extreme that you may wish to bother with. They can end at the ankles also with perfect propriety.

Vacation time is town time and even working time for many. But whether you are playing seriously or tending to your duties valiantly, have a suit of some sort or description. It fills so many spots that a dress can never live up to and, with various blouses, can be made to meet a multitude of needs.

Sheer suits are wonderfully satisfactory. And by sheer, I mean what is called a triple chiffon or a moss crepe or even a printed georgette. The coats of these suits are generally made loose and flowing, either three-quarter or hip length, depending on your height and figure. Some of the coats, this year, are quite tailored and fitted, and feature wide collars and close little peplums.

I've just seen one made of black silk crepe in a very light texture. It had three blouses to go with it—one of barred white organdy, another of Pompadour taffeta and still another of striped handkerchief linen. The girl who bought this suit, very wisely, had a hat for each blouse—a white beret for the white blouse, a Watteau sailor with some funny little daisies round the crown for the taffeta blouse, and a draped toque for the striped one, made of the same material.

You could wear this sort of a get-up for town or for vacationing. Only for the latter experience, you would probably choose a non-crushable linen in blue or brown for the suit and cotton or linen for the blouses, with slouchy felt or linen hats to carry out the various schemes.

A WHOLE flock of shirtwaist dresses was another girl's choice for the foundation of her summer wardrobe. They were of cotton and linen and necktie silks. Then she had one light-weight flannel coat, unlined, to go with all of them, so that she could wear it, or not, according to the tricks the weather played at a particular moment.

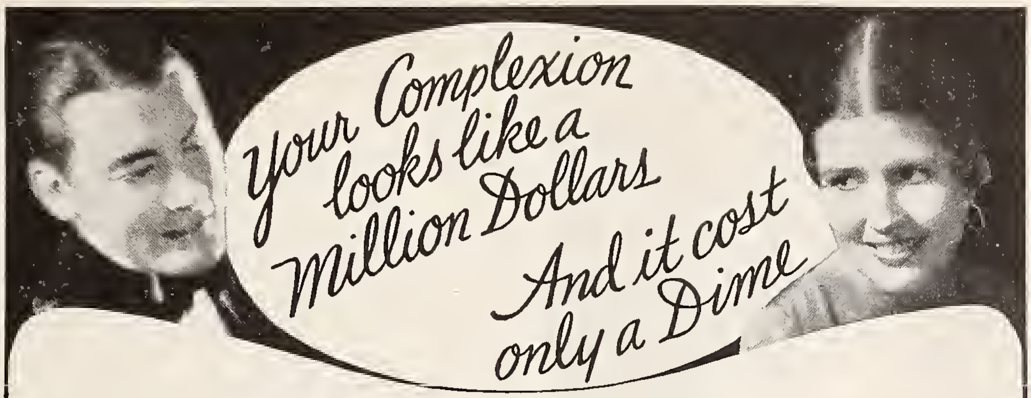
Have you considered shorts? Well, do then, for they are very much on the up-and-up. Everybody is wearing them for vacationing and you might just as well join the gay procession. They're full enough to cover undue humps and, just for modesty's sake, there are wrap-around and buttoned skirts that can be donned in a jiffy to hide their scantness, skirts that can be used for capes if the shoulders instead of the legs happen to need protection.

Bathing suits grow briefer. They're just too gracious for conscientious swimmers, for there's nothing to get in the way of strokes and things. Then there are slacks—usually of jersey or flannel—to pull on over the tightly-fitting suits and to serve as a beach costume after the sun-bath has done its work and tanning. Pajamas as such are out, but slacks—those man's pants effects—are all the rage and they're practical, too.

For dress-up, many girls are going in for shirt-waist dresses with long skirts. Of course they are rather diaphonous shirt-waists, but they have their jabots and their tailored lines all left intact.

Here are some of them! A pastel lace blouse with a black crepe skirt; a printed organdy blouse with a dark linen skirt; a plaid taffeta blouse with a heavy rayon skirt. They go on and on—these combinations and the blouses and skirts can be juggled about for a new splash each time you appear for a party.

If you can afford it, one of those fur capes will pep up your summer wardrobe no end, and is not so costly in the long run, either, for next winter you can make it appear as the cape of your winter coat.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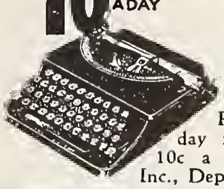

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Kay Has Fooled Us All

(Continued from page 42)

most recent third, Mr. McKenna.

Have you ever stopped to wonder how it was possible for a movie star to obtain her third divorce as quietly as Kay accomplished hers from Kenneth McKenna without the usual "follow-up" sob stories all about "Why My Marriage Failed!"? No other star in Hollywood has ever been permitted the luxury of divorce without explanation. But Kay "got away with it."

HER only comments were made in court, necessary words to legally free her from Kenneth McKenna. She pleaded incompatibility. Mr. McKenna nagged her, with the resultant "mental cruelty." But if, behind those barely-adequate-to-obtain-a-divorce charges, there lurked the unhappiness of a woman whose pride was hurt, who had made two trips to New York attempting to salvage a love that had been perhaps a little too deep on her part, there was no indication of it. The actual divorce was obtained in Los Angeles. The news that she contemplated it had been broken in New York. At the time she said, "There isn't any story. I haven't anything to say."

And even the snapping of inquisitive reporters at her heels when she returned to Hollywood, did not change her mind, or her story. The other day a woman reporter tried to interview Kay on the "secret" back of her divorce. Kay stood up. Very quietly she gathered up her bag and gloves, walked to the door of the publicity department and stepped calmly through it. It was such a painless leavetaking, the gaping *femme* reporter didn't realize for some time that she wasn't coming back.

That story had not exactly slipped my mind as I sat opposite the charming Kay in her dressing-room on the Warner Brothers lot. It was between scenes of "Dr. Monica" and Kay, towel wrapped about her head, had just completed a fresh camera make-up. There is something polished and smooth about her even in grease paint with a towel wrapped about her head. There is something in her friendly manner that forbids impertinent intimacies. I checked this something off as one of her possible secrets for preserving her privacy.

Suddenly, and no doubt rudely, I said, "How do you do it?"

Kay slightly lifted a freshly made-up eyebrow. "Do what?" The mere fact that she spoke softly didn't mean she might not walk out at any moment. Kay always speaks softly, even when she has a run-out in mind.

"*Not* talk about your divorce when everyone else in Hollywood has always been forced to? Refuse to either deny, or confirm the rumor that Maurice Chevalier is sending you twenty-five dollars worth of flowers daily? Always dodge sensational sob stories about your private life no matter what you do?" Well, I had spoken my piece. The rest was up to Kay.

She reached forward, selected a cigarette from a large box on the coffee table in front of her and said, "I have been rather fortunate, haven't I?

OF course, I think it is not possible for anyone in Hollywood to achieve a completely private life: In the first place, we need publicity. It is part of our stock in trade. But one of the things I strive to do is to keep my publicity confined to such things as new photographs, fashion pictures, interviews concerning my career. When more personal things are brought up, I become what the newspaper boys refer to as 'very bad copy.' Part of it is intentional. It is impossible to quote even a movie star if she does not say anything. But partly, I cannot help it. It is utterly impossible for me to talk about anything close to my heart.

"I cannot confide in anyone, not even in my most intimate friends. I think this fault, or blessing, whichever it may be, more than anything else, has helped to keep my affairs private. I do not mean to be cynical about Hollywood friendship. There are many people here whose friendship I sincerely value. But not one of them even suspected trouble between Kenneth and myself before I announced the separation story in New York. I believe our friends were as surprised as were the reporters and the fans. There could not have been any of those over-the-luncheon-table rumors about 'poor Ken and Kay, they aren't hitting it off so well,' because nothing we said, or did before our friends could possibly have given them anything to be suspicious about.

"It was not exactly accidental, either, that I just happened to be in New York at the time of the divorce announcement. I was there on purpose because I knew that, had I remained in Hollywood, I would be forced to discuss the move I had made. I could not dodge it without making for strained, unnatural relations with my friends, and for resentment on the part of the press people. But by removing myself three thousand miles from Hollywood, and allowing the shock of the news to wear off before I returned, the flurry of curiosity just naturally died down. I merely informed the publicity department to refuse all interviews about my divorce. I had not, and I have not, anything to say about it."

She was anxious to change the subject. I think even now the most casual reference to her divorce from McKenna awakens bitter, unhappy memories in Kay Francis.

SHE said, "Getting back to this subject of keeping one's private life as private as possible, I think it is a very good rule to refrain from denying every little rumor printed about you. For instance, the other day there was an item in the paper, a very small item by the way, hinting that I was receiving flowers daily from a certain motion picture actor. I read it, was amused at the insinuation it carried, and the next day I forgot it, just as thousands of other readers forgot it. But, had I rushed out in print with a big denial story, a page three protest, it would have caused a mountain of public attention to what had been a mere molehill before.

"Except in the case of out-and-out lies, I have never denied rumors about myself. Just the other day I read in the paper, 'Kay Francis Four Times Married and Divorced!' The story was not accurate by one marriage. I had been married three times. I had my secretary dispatch a note to the editor explaining his mistake. The following day an inconspicuous retraction was printed, and I dropped the matter."

When the stunning Francis leaves town, the producers of her pictures know it, but not the publicity department. Her favorite mode of travel is flying and she has made so many trips by now, the pilots know her and grin delightedly when she boards a plane in her dark glasses and hat pulled down over her face. When the plane lands at various fields between here and New York, they help her keep her identity a secret.

She has never had the interior, or exterior of her small modest bungalow in Hollywood, photographed. No maid, or secretary in her employ, has ever been granted permission to reveal The Private Home Life of Kay Francis. No intimate friend has ever revealed the "true" story of My Palsy-walsy Kay Francis.

For Kay is one Hollywood star who is not kidding about her rights to a private life. Only she doesn't have to make an unholy fuss about it!

With a Song in His Heart

(*Continued from page 43*)

No Kruger had ever stepped across it, nor thought of doing it.

YOUNG Otto was working in Chicago, installing telephones for the Western Electric. He was living in a dingy boarding-house on a narrow street cluttered with women and children and day's washings. Dun colored walls and underdone food and the smell of room laundries and cheap perfume. Flavorless. Unexciting. *Life*.

He walked into the parlor one night, just back from a trip to Omaha, Nebraska. He sat down at the tinny piano installed for the comfort and convenience of the guests. His fingers wandered with a lazy lovingness over the yellow keys. He played *"Die Wacht Am Rhein."* Suddenly a voice rose in that dreary parlor and sang to his music. He played the song through to the end, accompanying that bodiless voice. Some of the deep mysticism of the German stirred in his young soul. He listened with more than his physical ears. He turned at the song's end and in the dim corner, on the sofa, he saw a face and a figure that stopped the beating of his heart.

"She had a halo around her," Otto Kruger told me. "She didn't look like anyone else. I can't describe her features. I never saw them, I guess. She was dark, I know that. Her face was very pale. Her eyes were like blazing jewels in her face, but softer than jewels. She told me that when I turned I look to her like Hoffman's Christ. Years later, in a theatre in New York I was in my dressing-room one night experimenting with a red beard I intended to use in a part. The lights were back of my head. I wore a white sheet draped over me. Anne Warrington, my leading lady in the play, knocked at the door and came in. She took one look at me and fainted dead away. She had seen the resemblance, too—too plainly.

"We fell in love then and there, that sweet singer and I. Don't ask me how, or why, or what I make of it. It simply happened, that is all. She was a non-professional. She wanted to be a singer. She talked of concert and opera, of the stage and the theatre in the rapt voice of one who discusses some holy cause. Somehow she made the installing of telephones, the tinkering with wires and lines a dreary and unprofitable business. She infused the world with color I had never seen before.

WE had one blissful week, she and I. We had every interest in common. We sang and played together. All the old German folk songs, all the old songs of every language that lovers have sung since song began. We went to concerts together and to the Opera. We walked through city streets and were unconscious of our surroundings. Mounted high on some telephone pole during the course of my day's work, I could look over the teeming city and see only her face.

"And at the end of that week we went out into the country. It came to me that I must tell her we would be married the next day, the day after that. I had never mentioned marriage to her before. It was such a love as had demanded neither questions nor answers. It was a miracle without any need for demonstration of words or the making of plans.

"I said, 'We must be married.'

"And then she told me. She told me that she was to be married in ten days. She was in Chicago for the purpose of buying her trousseau. She had been engaged for more than three years to a doctor in Texas. They had been childhood sweethearts. He had worked

blood will tell—

WHAT a tonic rich, red-blood is to one's attractiveness!

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good sound reasoning that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood . . . and no *one* can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician . . . if you feel weak . . . lack a keen appetite . . . if your skin is pale and off-color . . . try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

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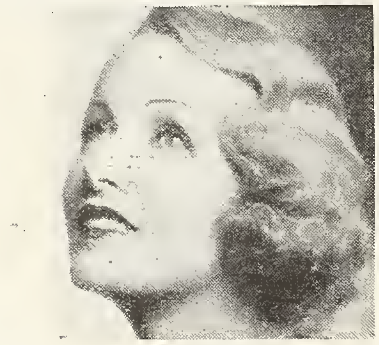

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Color of my hair:

for his degree with her in mind. He had opened up a practise in Texas and had worked night and day, relentlessly, tirelessly, in order to establish himself so that he might offer her a home worthy of her. He had succeeded. He had a good practise. He had saved money. He had bought a home and furnished it. He was ready for his bride and the wedding was scheduled for ten days ahead."

In that hour in the woods Otto Kruger changed from one type of man to another. He didn't know, of course, just what he was going to do or what he was going to be. An actor did not spring, full-fledged, like a Phoenix bird from the ashes of his old self. It didn't come to him, clean-cut, that he would give up engineering and follow the footlights to success. He did know that the old Otto Kruger was as gone as though he had never existed. He did know that, then and there, he dropped his little knapsack of plans and ambitions and stood empty-handed, waiting.

He said, "As I look back on myself now I am amused. Not amused at the idea that I was in love. I *was* in love. We were in love. It is as real and unquestionable in memory as it was in fact. I am amused at the young idealism of the man I used to be.

"I told her that I could not so cruelly hurt another man. I told her that I would not snatch a bride from the altar. I suppose my stolid German practicality, having its last fling, rejected so melodramatic a notion. I told her she must go to the man who could provide for her, take care of her as I could not.

I STAGED the martyr act. I probably began my acting career then and there. I told her that this was, after all. a mere infatuation. It wouldn't last. It wasn't intended to last. I closed my eyes while I talked because I didn't dare to watch her face while I lied to her.

"I told her that she must marry the doctor. It was the only decent thing to do. As for me, my best pal had been killed before my eyes by an electric current the week before and I had intended all along to go out to his Uncle's ranch in Wyoming, as he had asked me to do. The name of the ranch, by the by, was Lone Woman Basin Ranch. I told her my bags were packed, and that I had planned for this to be our last day together.

"I kissed her goodbye, lightly, on the brow. I told her it had been a lovely experience. I didn't give her time to ask me why I had mentioned marriage. I think she knew. I never have seen her again. I sent her to a loveless marriage and I walked out of that woods another man.

"I'm sorry it has to sound so dramatic. It was, of course. But what came out of it all is the really interesting thing, the fact that one scarifying experience like that can, and did, change a man into another man entirely, a new man with new aims and purposes and points of view and ambitions and dreams.

"That very night I rode the rods to the Lone Woman Basin Ranch. I did everything that a rancher can do and finally descended to the lowest of all ranching occupations—tending sheep on the hillsides and ranges. But on those hillsides, under the sun and the stars, all of the old placid orderly Otto Kruger was burned out of me. I realized that I could never go back to telephones, that I had passed a milestone and was set on a new road.

"Some men change, by slow stages, imperceptibly, from one type of person to another. A pedant will become a Don Juan, a pauper a millionaire, a student a wastrel or vice versa. Others meet one person, live through one adventure and the deed is done. That's the way it was with me.

I KNEW that I must escape—in the sense we meant when we speak psychologically. I must escape from Otto Kruger. Still, I didn't know how or by what means. In my effort to escape I spent the next year in a series of adventures that would put the Henty Boys of our childhoods to shame. I rode the rods to New Orleans, I joined a tent show in Texas and declaimed, very badly, in 'East Lynne,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lorna Doone,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'The Drunkard.'

"I shipped as sailing master on a sailing vessel bound for Central America and bearing a cargo of mahogany. I had never stepped foot on board a vessel before. I hadn't an idea of how to chart a course. I managed to get there, thanks to a pal who understood my plight and helped me out. I got mixed up in a revolution. I contracted typhoid fever and a few other maladies and things, and finally returned to the bosom of my frantic family to die. I didn't die. I got out of bed after months of hovering on the borderland and broke my father's heart and his pride in his only son by joining a stock company in Cleveland.

"I am an actor. I have done 300 plays, including stock. I have been forgiven by my father. Grossmutter is dead, still believing, no doubt, that the descendant of Oom Paul Krueger had disgraced the family name. Our name is really spelt with an 'e'—Krueger. I took the 'e' out of it when I joined the stock company. I thought it would ease my father's injured pride. Years later he asked me to put it back again. I am happily married and have a small daughter, Ottilie, aged seven. I have a home in Hollywood and money in the bank.

"And my work still means to me that I can be Otto Kruger one day and can escape into being the counsellor-at-law, the gang leader in 'Prizefighter and the Lady' the next day.

"It may sound fantastic to you, but everything I have done, everything I have turned out to be, everything I will ever do or have from this day forth is because of a song once sung in a dingy boarding-house room in Chicago, because in a May woods a girl once said to me, 'I am to be married in ten days.'

"I am an actor because of a song."

The Report Card

(Continued from page 80)

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal). Ken Maynard in another Western.

LADY KILLER (Warners). Jimmy Cagney in a gangster role, with Mae Clarke as his moll.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions). Beautiful scenic shots.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia). Watch Ann Sothern. This gal's gonna make good.

MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount). Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in an excellent comedy.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram). Good comedy with Bob Armstrong and Dixie Lee.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO). Poor vehicle for Francis Lederer, but he makes the most of it.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount). Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie and Noah Beery in a Western.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram). Authentic story about Hollywood. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

MEET THE BARON (M-G-M). Baron Munchausen in person.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount). Lanny Ross' début.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M). Stirring drama about the medical profession. Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

MR. SKITCH (Fox). For the Will Rogers fans.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M). Thrilling entertainment. With Bob Montgomery, Elizabeth Allan, and Lewis Stone.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount). Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen as Quirt and Flagg again. Lots of fun.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia). Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray and Walter Connolly in another one of them thar hospital yarns.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO). Lionel Barrymore.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox). A Janet Gaynor film.

THE POOR RICH (Universal). The comedy team of Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO). Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO). Ann Harding, the woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount). Larry "Buster" Crabbe and a bevy of beautiful girls.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M). Very, very funny. Alice Brady, Conway Tearle and Lionel Barrymore.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO). ZaSu Pitts as a movie star. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount). Good comedy. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Burns and Allen.

SMOKY (Fox). Fine horse picture.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount). Dietrich.

SON OF A SAILOR (First National). Joe E. Brown.

SPEED WINGS (Columbia). Tim McCoy.

SPITFIRE (RKO). Hepburn in a fine characterization of a mountain girl. The story may bore you, but you'll like Katie.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount). Western.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO). Very modern drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M). Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter in a homey story that you'll enjoy.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount). That Scott boy in another Western.

TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount). Bing Crosby.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners). Not up to par. Joe E. Brown.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (First National). What the Depression has done to the kids. Frankie Darro.

A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES (Warners). Fine characterization by Aline MacMahon. Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak do nicely. (New title: Side Streets.)

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO). Fair comedy. Wynne Gibson, William Gargan, Charlie Farrell.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox). You'll be disappointed.

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox). Very sophisticated. With Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox). Another Warner Oland thriller.

COLLEGE COACH (Warners). Dick Powell and Ann Dvorak in a football story with a new slant.

COME ON MARINES (Paramount). Rowdy stuff. Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal). Poor story. Fay Wray and Paul Lukas.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal). The least successful of the current "bus" pictures. Lew Ayres and June Knight.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal). May hold your interest. Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners). Eddie Robinson and Genevieve Tobin.

DAVID HARUM (Fox). The latest Will Rogers offering.

DOCTOR BULL (Fox). Good characterization by Will Rogers.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners). Light romantic comedy. Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount). Nice performances by Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson.

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners). Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger in a war story.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount). You may like this.

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont). Submarine yarn.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox). John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners). Barbara Stanwyck turns gambler, too.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M). Marion Davies' latest. With Bing Crosby.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners). The kids may enjoy it.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO). Wheeler and Woolsey again.

I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox). John Boles, Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames can't do much with this Greenwich Village tale. You may like the newcomer, Miss Ames.

I AM SUZANNE (Fox). Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in a musical that's worth your time.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal). Very unusual. Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners). Heavy drama. Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal). A musical with June Kight and Neil Hamilton.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO). John Barrymore as a waiter in a night club. The direction is poor and the story is bad.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO). An all-male cast including Boris Karloff, Victor McLaglen and Reginald Denny.

MASSACRE (Warners). A bit depressing. Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO). Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness in a tale about Annapolis.

MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox). Rather weak. Lilian Harvey and John Boles.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram). Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn in a very dull mystery.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia). George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders of rival gangs. Lois Wilson and Frank Morgan don't have much to do.

OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox). Featuring El Brendel.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners). Another hospital yarn that doesn't click. Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount). A trifle unpleasant. Some good acting by Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen.

THE SHOW-OFF (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy is miscast.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal). If you're interested in expeditions to Greenland.

THREE ON A HONEYMOON (Fox). Poor story. ZaSu Pitts peps it up some.

THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount). Claudette Colbert in the title role.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M). You'll like Otto Kruger.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox). Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M). An excellent cast saves it. May Robson, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and William Bakewell.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount). W. C. Fields is the whole show.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal). A mystery. With Edmund Lowe.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount). Charles Farrell as an art student.

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount). A waterfront yarn with Richard Arlen and Judith Allen.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO). Poor story. Walter Huston is wasted in this one

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LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
A dull yarn. Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis are in it.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
This radio team's first picture. You can skip it.

THE BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National).
Exposing the cut-rate drug racket. Very dull.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
Dull story about a couple of song writers. Music is good.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
Disappointing. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Colleen Moore.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Mediocre. Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
Another trite yarn for Warren William. Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers here, too.

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).
Very, very bad. Charles Laughton can't save this one.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

If you would be a dream girl on a moonlit terrace, you must rehearse aplenty for this rôle in your own home. Especially in this season of the year. And that's what I'm going to talk about, this time—the groundwork, the preparation, the precautions that go to make up summer loveliness. You may get a break, at that, on a moonlit terrace, what with the dim light and all. But how about a blazing summer beach?

Isn't there just a little twinge at the heart strings, however, when memories of former summers return to haunt you? That red, shiny nose that simply wouldn't take powder; those blistered shoulders that peeled and prevented wearing your evening gown to the big ball of the season.

What to do about these things?

You may say to yourself, "What of it? Who would go back to the Victorian era and don veils or sun bonnets. What vanity can be great enough to keep me out of sports on a summer day in the year of 1934?"

BUT there is a way to avoid every single one of these summer sorrows. If you don't believe it, ask any girl who works in motion pictures. Of course they know because—contrary to the general belief that grease paint covers all defects—it merely exaggerates them. The camera is the most critical beauty doctor in the world and many a girl has been unsuccessful in motion pictures because of a roughened skin. These girls can't afford to take chances.

To go back to Fay Wray. Here's a beautiful woman who has been in pictures since she was seventeen. She declares that keeping her skin in perfect condition is of the utmost importance to her career. Her suggestions on the care of the complexion may help you solve your summer worries:

"A good complexion, at any time of the year, depends primarily on one's physical condition. That is an established fact and it is also taken for granted that regular exercise is necessary in order to be fit. However, this is not the only thing to be done. For example—ice is one of the best complexion aids in the world. I have a tiny ice box that I carry with me to work. Before make-up of any kind is applied, my face is always rubbed with an ice cube. This acts as an astringent; it tones up the skin and brings the blood to the surface."

Ice, however, when used carelessly may do more harm than good. Fay Wray stresses this fact and insists that much cold cream be used where the skin is inclined to be dry. She cold creams her face at night after make-up is removed, and again in the morning, before taking her bath. If she intends going for a swim or for a long motor ride where the wind and sun may dry the skin greatly, she uses a special preparation to prevent windburn and sunburn. (There are several very good preparations for this that are inexpensive and can be purchased at drugstores.)

Dolores Del Rio has a home remedy that is excellent for keeping the skin smooth and clean. Before retiring she merely pats pure strained honey on it and allows it to remain for about ten minutes. When the ten minutes are up, she washes the honey off with luke warm water and finishes with a dash of cold water. The honey not only serves as a cleanser and astringent but is healing as well. It's just the old adage of "an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure." No sunburn blisters pass without leaving the skin rough and unsightly. Why not be smart and avoid them?

HERE are a few odds and ends of beauty advice which I have picked up from some of our Hollywood beauties:

If your nails are in the habit of breaking just as you've gotten them nice and long . . . don't worry. All Marlene Dietrich does is to cover the broken nails with a thin sticking-plaster and then covers the entire nail with a deep nail varnish. You can't tell the difference!

Ginger Rogers keeps her gorgeous legs white and smooth by rubbing them with a piece of pumice stone every day in her bath. Only be sure the pumice stone is smooth, Ginger warns.

For perspiring hands, Claudette Colbert suggests a salt rub. This is how she does it: take about a tablespoon or two of ordinary table salt—moisten it with a little water and then grind into the palms thoroughly. Remove with luke warm water. Do this once or twice a day—and you'll soon notice a difference.

Irene Dunne declares there is nothing that supplies sheen to the tresses like daily brushing with a good stiff brush. But, she claims, it must be plied vigorously and diligently. "Thirty strokes every night before retiring" still holds good.

Now we know the secret of Frances Dee's lovely, shiny, curled up eyelashes.

She uses plain old-fashioned mustache wax on 'em!

Constance Bennett always brushes powder on her lashes and then brushes it off before applying her mascara. It gives the lashes "body."

Sally Eilers always keeps a bottle of castor oil on her dressing table—to be used in and on her eyes! One drop goes in each eye once a day for cleansing purposes as well as obtaining that luster . . . and a wee little bit goes under her eye shadow to give her eyes a moist, transparent look that is so flattering.

Another use for castor oil: Jeanette MacDonald literally "soaks" her scalp with equal parts of castor oil and alcohol the night before the shampoo, to restore the natural oil the studio lights seem to absorb.

Did you know that if your powder is lighter than your skin, your skin will appear coarse? Also that if you have a large nose, dark powder will make it less conspicuous? But if your nose is just button-size, then use light powder to emphasize it.

The movie stars have a new wrinkle: To give the hands a tapering and delicate appearance, they apply liquid rouge on the inside of the fingers—between each finger—in delicate shades that blend with the skin tint and with the shade of nail enamel used.

Mary Biddle has a generous sample jar of a well-known cream to offer all of you who write in for it. It'll take care of those sunburns, windburns and rough hands for you. Ask her to send it to you.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 17)

Here's to Anna Q.

J. RAYBOULD, Highland Park, Mich, one of her loyal fans, says:

It was with keen interest that I watched the audience's reaction to the appearance of Anna Q. Nilsson's name in the cast of "The World Changes." The movie fans had not forgotten our Anna Q. It only took them a second to spy her name, followed by a warm buzz of welcome.

But even then, the producers didn't take a tumble — they couldn't realize the gold mine they have in the person of Anna Q. Nilsson.

She came to Detroit with the "Moulin Rouge Caravan." The audience was glad to see Anna Q. in person, happy to see her walk on the stage a well being. The fans had not forgotten Anna Q. the many months she fought bravely to win the battle with the elements of nature—broken bones. Detroit turned out *en masse* to greet this courageous woman and wish her well in her fight to come back to us on the screen.

Telling the World

SYLVIA TANNER, of Milton, Pa., raves:

Mary Astor is equally good in diversified roles and she is so different that it is a pleasure to see her. Her acting, as the insane wife of Paul Muni in "The World Changes" was great. She played the part of the siren to perfection in "Easy to Love" and her work in "Red Dust," "Convention City" and "The Kennel Murder Case" was of the same high quality. Let's give her the credit she so richly deserves. *(Right you are, Sylvia. And shortly you'll see her opposite two of Warners' most popular male stars, Warren William and Edward G. Robinson, in "Upperworld" and "The Dark Tower" respectively.)*

Why Three Newcomers to the Screen Are Bound To Twinkle

B. M., of Hollywood, Calif., gives us the answer:

Jean Muir and Evelyn Venable could scarcely shake me out of a lethargy into a flurry of letter-writing, but Paul Kelly, Fred Astaire and Margaret Sullavan—ah, that's a different story.

Paul Kelly: Here is an actor who achieves the maximum results with the minimum of gestures. He is very arresting. Perhaps a genuine artist—at least a fine actor, with an extremely well-pitched, magnetic voice, and nothing of the "ham" about him. I like his reserve—the suggestion of passion (in the best sense) and strength of character.

Margaret Sullavan: For a youthful person, she has marvelous emotional power and range. I hope they don't over-publicize her! It happens so often. For instance, much as I admire Katharine Hepburn, the stream of publicity pictures and stories about her are tiring us all out.

Fred Astaire: Has just what it takes to sparkle in screen musicals. Of course, we all know about his dancing, but isn't he a clever comedian? A genuine, infectious gaiety in his personality.

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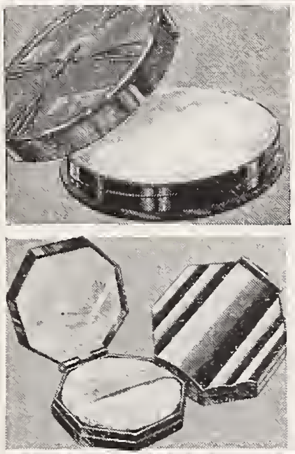

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 45*)

A: STAND UP AND CHEER
(Fox)

Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles

BLUES of depression disappear! This picture of the March of Prosperity along the New Deal Highway (long since having passed that famous "corner") is a vivid and humorous portrayal of the optimism of modern America. There are plenty of laughs and romance along the road—from the said corner of economic stress to the smooth road of prosperity and happiness. Warner Baxter, reaching new heights in dramatic portrayal, brings the country "out of the red"—with the able assistance of Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles and a strong supporting cast. What with Will Rogers having furnished the original idea for this opus, and the grand display of gorgeous chorus girls swarming all over skyscrapers, and fountains, and doll dances thrown in for good measure, there is nothing left to be desired.

C: YOU'RE TELLING ME
(Paramount)

W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, Larry (Buster) Crabbe, Adrienne Ames

FUNNY in spots. It's W. C. Fields' starring picture—ringing in all the Fields gags—some funny and some not so funny. The plot (what there is of it) hinges on a princess who befriends Fields, the town goat, to the extent that he gets tight with the mayor and sells his "puncture-proof tire" for a million bucks. Adrienne Ames makes a stately looking princess and Joan Marsh and Buster Crabbe are sweet as the lovebirds. If you like W. C. Felds' comedy, this mighty satisfy.

B: THE CRIME DOCTOR
(RKO)

Otto Kruger, Karen Morley, Nils Asther, Judith Wood

SOMETHING new and very interesting in mysteries. Yes, you will see a novel murder mystery—novel, because there *is* no mystery. You know who killed the gal all the time and you know the motive, but you *don't* know how the thing will end in spite of the fact that you will think you know until the last sequence. Otto Kruger is swell as the jealous detective and Nils Asther does very well in the role of the victim. The feminine half of the picture is well done by Karen Morley and Judith Wood. We do advise you to see the picture. Good entertainment.

B: GLAMOUR
(Universal)

Constance Cummings, Paul Lukas, Philip Reed

A GOOD story, effective direction and fine acting put this talkie very close to the front ranks in movie entertainment. Constance Cummings does her best work to date as the ambitious chorus gal who achieves fame, a wealthy husband and a baby—then leaves it all for love in a cottage. But, unlike the usual formula, the story doesn't end there. It goes on to tragedy and heartbreak—winding up with a strong and effective finale. Paul Lukas and Philip Reed, husbands one and two respectively, give outstanding performances. The balance of the cast, including Doris Lloyd as the jealous nurse of the boy, contribute their share of excellent acting. If you see this, it will be time and money well spent.

B: SPEED WINGS
(Columbia)

Tim McCoy, Evalyn Knapp, Billy Bakewell

A TYPICAL, small-town thriller. The picture is chuckful of action—speeding airplanes, crack-ups, rescue scenes and one or two bloody fights. Aviator Tim McCoy tries to make a man of Billy Bakewell, who has gone yellow after witnessing too many smashes. Kids will go for it.

B: MELODY IN SPRING
(Paramount)

Lanny Ross, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Ann Sothern

THIS is light and tuneful. According to Paramount's guess, half of the world has been waiting to *see* Lanny Ross sing—well, here's their chance. Be warned, however, that when he stops singing and we have a chance to scrutinize his acting, he isn't as hot as he might be. Well, time will improve that. Don't expect more than a tune and a laugh.

A: VIVA VILLA
(M-G-M)

Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, Donald Cook, Stuart Erwin

EXCEPTIONAL action picture! Man and boy—here is a swell picture for you! Action . . . speed . . . war . . . noisy guns and sex appeal carefully placed together in historical fashion. Wallace Beery is just about perfect as Villa and he stands out for the rare simplicity of his characterization more because of the tremendous scope of the vivid backdrop of Mexico. Henry B. Walthall gives us a fine example of acting as the President. Carrillo does his best work as first lieutenant to Villa. The photography is gorgeous. This is almost an epic. Better see it!

C: THE TRUMPET BLOWS
(Paramount)

George Raft, Adolphe Menjou, Frances Drake, Katherine De Mille

ANOTHER palooka! Badly jumbled story . . . mis-casting . . . mediocre

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29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
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direction and very little, if any, interesting features. I arrived late at the preview and had to sit in the aisle, so I know how many people walked out. Poor George Raft. Cast as a Mexican bull fighter and still talking with a Lower East Side accent. It was just too bad. Menjou wasn't much better and Frances Drake can dance better than she can act. The photography was the one redeeming feature. But who wants to see redeeming features?

C: FINISHING SCHOOL
(RKO)

Frances Dee, Billie Burke, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot

WARMED-OVER stuff. If we hadn't quite a run on these "exclusive" girls' school stories, this little epic might not suffer so from the comparison, but as it is, the cast is much more important than anything they can do about it. Frances Dee, however, does a right smart job as the girl. Billie Burke preens to everyone's delight and Ginger Rogers (as usual) nearly walks away with all but the scenery. But the story isn't there.

B: I'LL TELL THE WORLD
(Universal)

Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor

LEE TRACY'S back! As a direct result of a clamoring fan following, Lee Tracy is on the silver screen again. Of course, all you who've had a say in his come-back will want to see this picture . . . and if you like lots of Tracy, you'll find it here! Fast action, good dialogue. Tracy is an ace reporter in Europe. Everything tends to give you a chance to see your old favorite at his top speed. Of course, the story is a bit far-fetched, what with mythical kingdoms, murders, princes and what not, but when Lee falls in love with Gloria Stuart and tries to do something about it, you're in for some real action.

C: THREE ON A HONEYMOON
(Fox)

Sally Eilers, Charles Starrett, ZaSu Pitts, Henrietta Crosman

NOT so good. If ZaSu Pitts had had a larger role, it might have helped, but Sally Eilers and Charlie Starrett are no more adequate than the story, which is terrible. All about a headstrong gal (Eilers) who is sent on a world cruise to overcome it, but, as far as we could see, it only made matters worse. She starts out by chasing a handsome ship officer (Starrett) who insults everything but her intelligence. Then comes a suicide or two—with a finale which allows all parties (including ZaSu) to "get their men."

B: MANHATTAN LOVE SONG
(Monogram)

Robert Armstrong, Dixie Lee

SURPRISINGLY good. Though produced by an indie, this has all the

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earmarks of a major production. Good plot. All about two rich sisters who lose everything but their apartment (the rent was paid in advance). To cover other expenses they take their chauffeur and maid in as "paying guests," with the chauffeur (Armstrong) taking full control. Dixie Lee is another pleasant surprise. As the singing debutante, she not only looks plenty cute but has a good voice, and is a natural for comedy.

B: SIDE STREETS
(Warners)

Aline MacMahon, Paul Kelly, Ann Dvorak

FINE characterization. Aline MacMahon has the role of her career as Madame Valerie, a lonely, plain-looking woman in her thirties—aching for the love of a human being. Along comes Paul Kelly, a young, unreliable but likeable sailor, looking for a meal ticket. They marry. Her understanding and forgiveness of his many digressions ultimately make him realize the worth of the woman he married. Kelly gives an honest and real performance. Ann Dvorak, in a smaller part, does well. But the picture belongs to Aline.

C: ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES
(Fox)

Hugh Williams, Helen Twelvetrees

WALK don't run! This little opus is inclined to leave you with a desire to yawn. Yes, in spite of some fairly good acting, one or two fair situations and the début of Hugh Williams, this picture never gets started and arrives exactly nowhere. The war is brought in merely to make it difficult for the lovers to get together. Mr. Williams' papa wants him to marry the girl of his choice when, all the time, Sonny Boy could go for Helen Twelvetrees in a big way. Papa has his way, in the beginning, and Sonny Boy (you guessed it) has his in the end.

B: A VERY HONORABLE GUY
(Warners)

Joe E. Brown, Alice White

OPINION will be divided. Those who like Joe E. Brown in anything will like this. While those who like him in nothing will say, "I told you so."

It's about a guy who needs a grand to tide him over with his gold-digging gal friend (Alice does well this time) and borrows it from a doctor in return for "his body in thirty days." This will make you laugh once in a while. The fast action of the usual Brown opus is lacking. If you've seen 'em all, try it.

C: JOURNAL OF A CRIME
(Warners)

Ruth Chatterton, Adolphe Menjou

A PROBLEM for you. There isn't a laugh in the entire picture. So if you like your entertainment light, you'll know just what to do when this show comes to town. For those of you who go for a bit of heavy drammer, however, it must be said that you'll get your money's worth. Problem: What would you do if you didn't love your wife any more and found out that she had killed your sweetheart, especially when the police don't even suspect the wife and have a good case against a bank robber? Adolphe Menjou likes the problem so well that he keeps a diary of Ruth Chatterton's period of breakdown. Then came the dawn, however, and Ruth and Adolphe start out afresh—or something. Chatterton is a bit too hysterical, but you may like her.

C: COME ON MARINES
(Paramount)

Dick Arlen, Ida Lupino, Roscoe Karnes, Grace Bradley

A BIT rowdy. In a desperate effort to make Dick Arlen "tough," you never get the idea that he really loves Ida Lupino at all. Marine Arlen gets into so many scrapes that he is finally sent to the jungles. There, with his taxi-driver pal, Karnes, he gets into some of the most improbable situations we've seen for a long time, including the rescue of some "children" who turn out to be débutantes—all free, white and twenty-one. The result is lusty, rowdy entertainment.

D: LET'S BE RITZY
(Universal)

Lew Ayres, Patricia Ellis, Isabel Jewell

UNPARDONABLY dull. Personally, I don't think Lew Ayres has any right to be so lousy—and Patricia Ellis has no rights at all! The night we previewed this epic, the film caught on fire and they never got the voices in "sync" again, so it was quite a comedy. But you won't have any of those laughs when you see it (if you do), so it will no doubt bore you stiff. The story is outmoded and the dialogue is very badly chosen. Never let it be said. . . .

D: UPPERWORLD
(Warners)

Warren William, Mary Astor, Ginger Rogers, Andy Devine

FLOPO, Flopare, Flopatus! But just why I should go to the trouble to conjugate this mess in half-hearted Latin, I will never know. The plot can be told (à la tabloid) thus: "Local man deserts wife and chee-ild as blizzard grips city!" And that would just about say it all. Typical shot: Warren William returns from his extra-marital relations with Ginger Rogers and is brought back to home and wife (Mary Astor) by the pathetic baby-talk and gurgling of Dickie Moore. In spite of the banal plot and all the rest, Warren William continues to exude sex-appeal and charm. Just how he manages to do so is as mysterious as the reason for making this picture. Don't!

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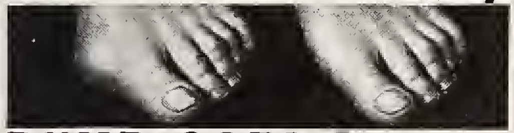

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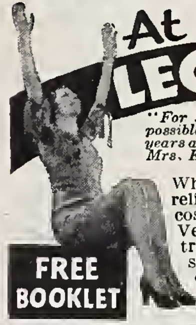

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32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
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34x4	3.25	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
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They Visit New York

(Continued from page 35)

AND now about Master Arlen. When we visited little ole Massa (son of Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen) he was parked in the center of the living-room of his palatial suite in the Waldorf-Astoria. And, as far as he was concerned, New York was a delusion and a snare and the less said about it the kindlier.

In the first place, if a fella crept as far as a radiator, the darn thing burned his pink palm and if he grabbed for the telephone, he rated an electric shock for his trouble. And, b'gosh, when you're only ten months old, you've gotta have *some* fun.

Young Dick looks like his daddy and, like his daddy, he's a movie actor. Yes, a full-fledged one who had a private dressing room, a "double" n'everything. (Remember, he played in "The Baby in the Ice Box"?) Indeed, "Elmer," as his parents call him—probably because his name is Richard—and his "stand-in" looked so much alike that they had the director and cast constantly confused. But little Dick got the billing and more money, so that made him the star.

Besides, at the moment, he is doing Europe with his famous parents, who had no itinerary mapped out, but just decided to wander for three months. Now, if that isn't star stuff! Oh joy, oh bliss; oh Paramount, oh munyee!

The movies are a great big job to Richard Arlen, Sr., and we suspect he is a pretty swell gentleman who knows all the answers. Dick Arlen does his job, and does it well. Years ago he was a stunt man and doubled in dangerous shots for, believe it or not, Agnes Ayres.

And now, after all these years, he's earned a vacation and so, across the Big Pond with little Joby and littler Elmer! Nice? We think so.

* * *

PARAMOUNT and Georgie Raft may have had words, and then again they may not have. But, be that as it may, the Home Office threw a cocktail party for one of their better bets. It was impromptu and very lively and in one of the tower suites at the Waldorf.

George Raft is a regular guy. He has a desire to "come clean" on everything and would like to step right up and speak his piece no matter who fell by the wayside. But movie stars are human merchandise—sounds dreadful, doesn't it?—and when they're told to answer "perhaps," yes or no are strictly taboo.

So Georgie could not tell why he is out of Mae West's latest picture; that is, even if he wanted to—which of course we're not at all sure he did. So whether it is because he served as Diamond Mae's stooge once before and didn't intend to allow lightning to strike in the same place again, or not, we'll never know.

Mr. Raft arrived at the party with a bodyguard. Asked what the boy's occupation had been before he found himself in this honorary position, Georgie can-

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didly replied, "Tap dancer—unemployed." Now, you can't call that beating around the bush, can you? No, we think not.

And never let anyone say George is conceited. He claims that only one side of his face may be photographed, because his right ear boasts a tiny knick, souvenir of a slight tiff with a belligerent gentleman. Well, the b. g. isn't being photographed from *either* side.

Mr. Raft is in New York to go into his dance at the Paramount Theatre. He is a great favorite here in his home town—as he is elsewhere—and he's not afraid of anything except to talk about his future marital plans, if any. Our guess is that he'd like to know himself just what he intends to do in that direction. For, the very day his wife "named" Virginia Peine, Georgie wired the coast and asked Margie King to join him here, and then phoned Virginia to tell her he never sent that telegram. Well, you tell *us!*

* * *

LANNY ROSS, with a long-term contract clutched in his capable fist, is all set to embark on a picture career in earnest. Not that he would think of dropping his radio activities for, as Lanny sagely remarked, "When your profile isn't what it used to be, you can still shout into the mike. That is, until television rears its photographic head."

However, Lanny's profile, we should think, is one of the things he shouldn't have to worry about. Yes indeed, his appearance is all to the good and his personality is very definite. He's a little older than he looks—being all of twenty-nine summers—and seems rather an opinionated lad. Entertaining, too, when he doesn't go into his puns.

Paramount gave a preview party at which "Melody in Spring" was unreeled and sandwiches were served and Mr. Ross appeared in person. 'Twas a tribute or sumpin' to the star and his first cinematic production and was held in Radio City's famous Music Hall. After which, the boys and girls of the press repaired to the broadcasting studio to hear Lanny in his Maxwell House Show Boat broadcast. Which, indeed, was a treat.

This young star is anxious to get out to the land of sunshine and sound tracks, for he is very serious about his career—which is as it should be—and, we suspect, a little bit serious about himself.

* * *

And now we have it! Poise, m'dears, mit a capital P. Tune in on Robert Montgomery. We did at M-G-M's Broadway office, where the young man had given up an afternoon to the dreary business of being interviewed. That is, until four o'clock when he needs must rush to the Racquet Club to play some squash. (The polo ponies were left in California.)

The Montgomerys will be "in town" for at least three months, most of which they intend to spend at their Westchester farm house. It is one of those picturesque early nineteenth century affairs that has had additional wings added from time to time and which sounds simply divine.

"I was fired by Sam Goldwyn," remarked Mr. Montgomery, with what seemed to us to be great satisfaction. "And Mr. Goldwyn has never been wrong," with what seemed to us like an "and the big stiff certainly pulled a boner that time" air! Yes, gentle reader, Bobby sorta floored us.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 14)

delicious dinner your victim is paying for. On the other hand, if a friend from Boston dropped into town, you'd be entertaining and appear interested even if you were so bored you could scream.

Now, if you have "what not to do" firmly fixed in your mind, how about discovering how to inject a little romance into this love business—or how to keep it there, if you're lucky enough to find it present.

The first five rules for keeping love alive is attentiveness, which, of course is the antithesis of that dreadful romance-destroying "taking things for granted." All of us like attention, in varying degrees of course. But no matter how independent a soul you claim to be, it is pretty nice to see that someone is interested in your wants and desires, no matter how small they are.

If the best beau has had a hard day at the office or a headache he cannot shake off, inquire about it and don't insist that he take you out that particular evening when any one of the other six would be just as convenient to you. This would be downright selfish and demanding and I sort of feel that a demanding girl has a fear complex. She has to see a man give in to her wishes in order to be sure she still has "power over him."

IN order to keep romance in love, respect each other's privacy. Don't, little lady, be a "checker-upper." Don't try to trap the boy friend into an admission which will serve not only to embarrass him, but to put you yourself in an unenviable position. If you have caught him in a white lie, let him think he is getting away with it. Don't confront him, for if he denies your accusation, you have merely succeeded in forcing him to tell you another. And, if he admits it and says, "So what?" you're sort of left holding the bag.

Another thing, if the best beau has had an unpleasant experience, is down in the dumps as a result and calls off an appointment in consequence, be thankful and not indignant. For, you nor anyone else would be able to get him out of a mood, and the best you would rate for your trouble would be an undeserved association with his disappointment or whatever it happened to be. Of

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course he wouldn't do this intentionally, but human nature is funny and often we unwittingly arrive at convictions and conclusions which are most unfair.

And so, if you are considerate, attentive, do a little flattering and respect his privacy, you are doing your bit toward keeping the love game going, for your injecting that ingredient—romance.

YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS. That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and human understanding, your love problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

was delivered. The service charge was a dollar a trip!

Such privacy is darned expensive, to say the least. No wonder we don't see Ann at more parties.

THE Academy Awards Banquet for the best *this* and the very best *that* of the year went off in great style. Katharine Hepburn and Charlie Laughton were not on hand to receive their little gold statuettes, but even so they got a great big hand.

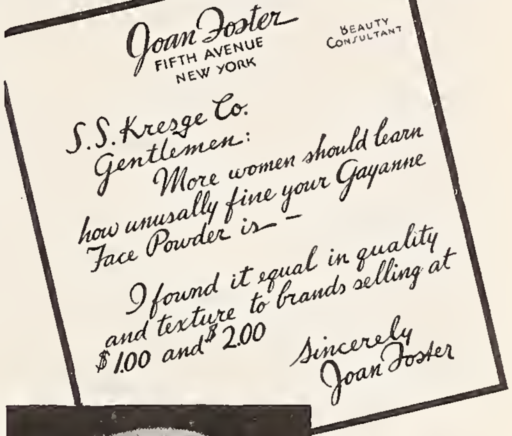
Will Rogers absolutely out-Rogered himself as master of ceremonies. We've seen Will going good, but he topped all previous appearances in this one, where he roundly kidded such movie "holies" as Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner, Greta Garbo, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni and many others. And did they take it from Will? He actually put them in the aisles!

Conspicuous among those present were Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill looking very newlywed, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown having a lot of fun at a ringside table watching their friends whirl by, Diana Wynyard and May Robson receiving congratulations for being candidates in the actress group of best performances, Leslie Howard and Paul Muni receiving ditto for the actors group, Frank Lloyd proudly exhibiting his statuette for the best directional work in "Cavalcade."

JOAN CRAWFORD has gone Little Theatre minded with a vengeance.

Right out in her own back yard,

READ WHAT — *Joan Foster* LEADING BEAUTY CONSULTANT *says about* Gayanne FACE POWDER



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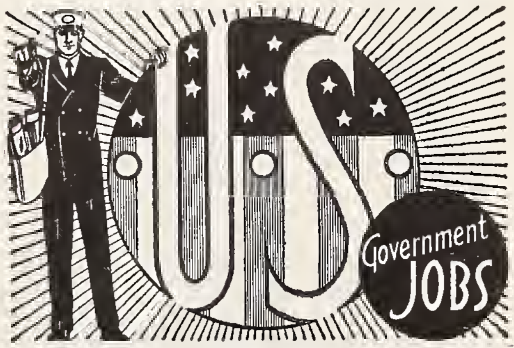

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Joan is constructing a miniature theatre where she is going to stage one-act plays and short dramatic offerings, in which she, herself, will be featured as leading lady.

They say the reason back of Joan's newly developed interest in the theatre is none other than Mr. Franchot Tone. Franchot's real love is the stage and Joan's real love is Franchot. Here's hoping he doesn't get Joan so interested in footlights she will eventually abandon Hollywood for Broadway.

THIS *has been a great month for black eyes in Hollywood. Margaret Sullavan refuses to state where she got hers. Esther Ralston rated her shiner by being on the wrong side of a swinging door. And poor little Sylvia Sidney picked up one by accidentally taking a "script" blow supposed to have been landed by Cary Grant on George Baxter's eye.*

RONNIE STEPS OUT!

All the unmarried *femmes* in town were terribly encouraged when Ronald Colman started stepping out and going social. Yes, when Ronnie first returned to Hollywood he was to be seen here, there and other places, usually in the company of some very charming lady. Elizabeth Allen and Virginia Peine were particularly favored.

But just when the gals were getting up their hopes, Ronnie did a right-about-face and went into his retirement act again.

One version is that Ronnie simply can't go the giddy social life. But another story has it that the elusive Mr. Colman is really seriously interested in a lady whom even the gossips don't suspect.

THE success of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night" has lead to all sorts of amusing complications. Columbia Studios made this picture, which is cleaning up at the box office, in record-breaking style after borrowing Claudette from Paramount and Clark from M-G-M. These two proved to be such ideal screen lovers that the fans are demanding another picture with this team.

But the hitch is which studio is to make it first? M-G-M wants Claudette to come out to Culver City to play with Clark in one of their pictures. Paramount wants Clark to come in and work with Claudette in one of theirs. Of course, Columbia thinks, since it was their idea originally, *they* should have the first crack at a repeat engagement.

JEAN MUIR is a strong-minded gal with no respect for Hollywood's gospel rules.

A day or so before the opening of "Wonder Bar," Jack Warner was surprised to note that Jean was not on the advance ticket list for the première. And it is one of the rules that contracted players always show up for the first nights of their own studio.

A secretary dispatched a little note to her requesting that it was Mr. Warner's wish that she attend.

The next morning by mail came Jean's check for $.75. The accompanying note read: "Please reserve one balcony seat for me."

THE CHATTERTON-BRENT BUSINESS

It was like this: ". . . after a week in New York, during which time I've had a chance to think things over, I have come to the conclusion that it is necessary for us to separate." That was the way Ruth Chatterton broke the news to George Brent in Hollywood. George, who has been fighting with his company for over two months, makes up with them within twenty-four hours after receiving the wire. And now, the rumor is floating around town that there is a good chance that when Chatterton has divorced Brent *she may remarry her former husband, Ralph Forbes!* That would be the end of two and one-half years of unusual marriage for the trio: Ruth divorced Forbes to marry Brent—and all the while they were married, the most constant caller and best friend of the couple was the ex-husband! Some fun?

GEORGE RAFT'S *wife, Grace Mulrooney Raft, sued for separation and $1,000 a month alimony. Although they had been married for ten years, they had been living separately for quite a portion of that time. The suit contained the charges: . . . "Non-support and humiliation" and said that Raft continually "flaunted women in my face."*

Raft's current flame (or is it just a publicity flame?), the wealthy socialite, Virginia Lehman Peine, recently freed herself from her mate. The statement George made a few weeks ago, ". . . yes, if Miss Peine were free, I would marry her immediately," may become a reality. Or may not.

However, Margery King, who was George's heart interest until Virginia came on the scene, flew from New York yesterday—stating that she was going there to visit George. Hi, ho. These Hollywood romances will get you down, if you'll let them.

BOBBE ARNST, who was rather thoroughly broken up when Johnny Weissmuller divorced her in favor of Lupe Velez, has just been married to Robert Cavanaugh, prominent Chicago attorney and alumnus of Yale. For the past three months, Hollywood has seen very little of Bobbé, who has been playing stage engagements in the East, but we're happy that she has found happiness again.

DIVORCE FOR KATIE — OR NOT?

Katharine Hepburn denies all rumors to the effect that she will soon divorce her husband, Ludlow Smith. In spite of all the denials, however, the rumors are becoming stronger every day . . . so don't say we didn't tell you. There appears to be nothing to the rumor that she is that way about a certain prince, though.

There is also a strong story floating around Hollywood that Katie is so floored at her dismal failure on the stage in New York that she has refused to return to Hollywood for another picture for at least a year. 'Tis said that she wants to spend that year in Europe studying the stage and that her heart's desire is to return to New York at that time and make them like her. It is *our* hunch, though, that the next few months will find La Hepburn right back here where she belongs—making a picture.

GENE RAYMOND *has spent about half his time, since returning from Europe, extolling the virtues of the American girl in comparison with the gals across the water. Gene leaves no doubt in your mind that the American girl is ". . . much more charming . . . more gorgeous and more alluring." One would almost think so to watch the amount of attention he has been showering upon the head of little Janet Gaynor. Maybe he is talking about her.*

THE Fox Studio-Lilian Harvey battle has been called off and all is sweetness and light again between the little continental danseuse and her producing company.

In case you're interested, Lilian won her "point" without having to take the case into court. From now on she will make her own German and French versions of her American pictures without voice "dubbing" by anyone else.

WHEN Miriam Jordon appeared in a Los Angeles court to file divorce suit against Joseph Davis of London, a local newspaper reporter described her as "an English blonde whose eyes are as blue as the lilacs in Kew Gardens." Whew!

The rest of the proceedings weren't so flowery. Miriam explained that she had married Davis in 1925 and that he promptly retired from active employment the day she said "I do." All during their married life, she claims, she footed the rent and grocery bills and furnished her husband with spending money.

"I once asked him why he refused to work," explained Miriam to the judge, "and he said, 'Why should I? You're making enough money for both of us.'"

Judge Shinn granted the divorce in one of the shortest sessions on record.

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Read RIPTIDE *for the answer*

Married to a hard-working but neglectful husband, Mary found the attentions of young Tommy Trent more than acceptable. . . . Starved for love she tried to remain faithful and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of Tommy's advances.

The inevitable scandal which follows . . . the misunderstandings and heartaches will quicken your pulse. This drama, which is Norma Shearer's first picture in many months, will be hailed as the greatest romance of her career. The complete story, profusely illustrated with stills from the picture, appears in the June issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

You can also enjoy in the same issue complete novelizations of eleven other splendid new Hollywood productions—all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual cinemas:

● AS THE EARTH TURNS, with an all-star cast; ● GOOD DAME, starring Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March; ● MELODY IN SPRING, starring Lanny Ross; ● THE SHOW-OFF, Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans; ● REGISTERED NURSE, Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot; ● DOVER ROAD, Diane Wynyard and Clive Brook; ● WHIRLPOOL, Jack Holt and Lila Lee; ● BOTTOMS UP, John Boles and Pat Paterson; ● WHARF ANGEL, with Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell; ● TAKE THE STAND, with Jack LaRue and Thelma Todd, and ● GLAMOUR, Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings.

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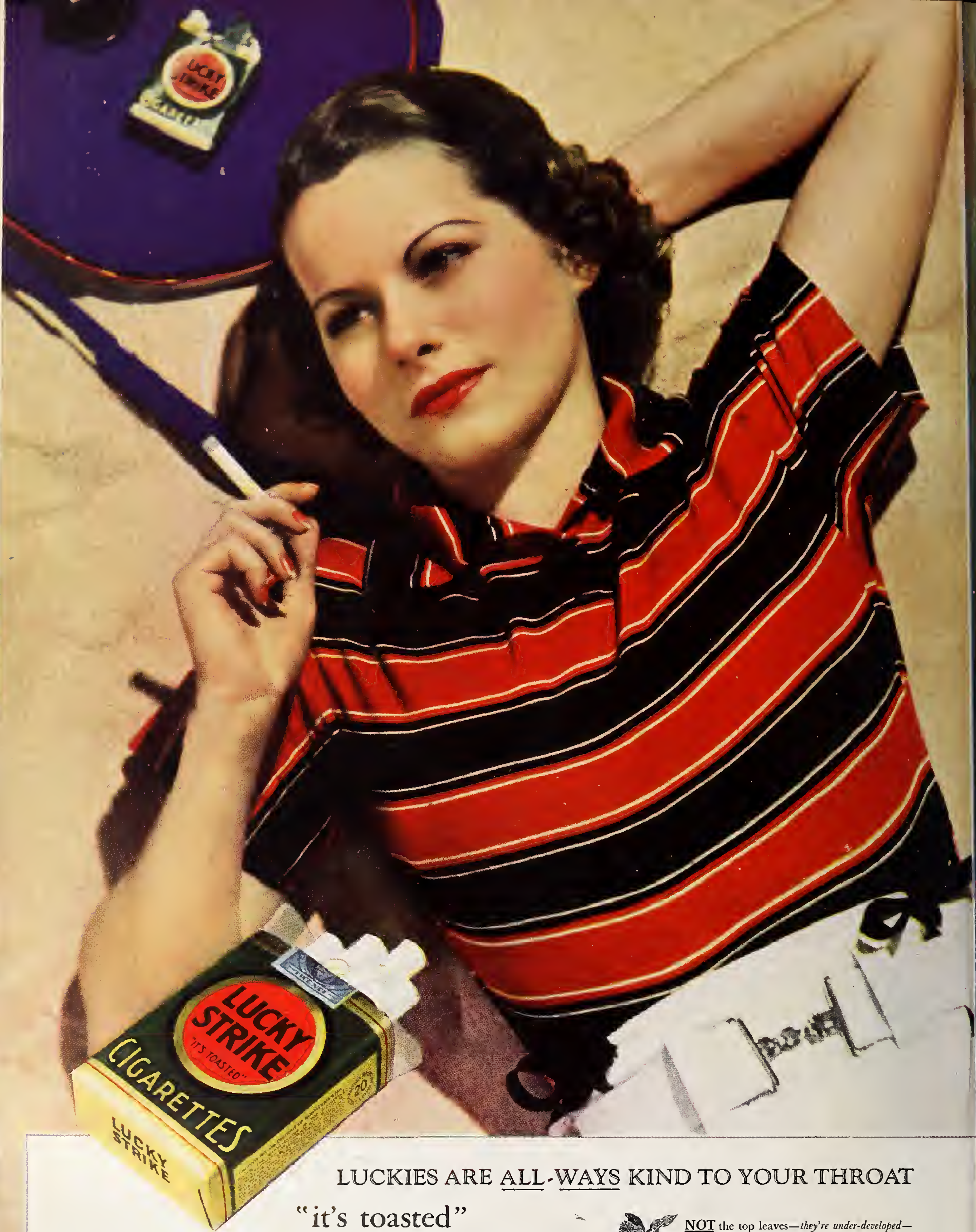
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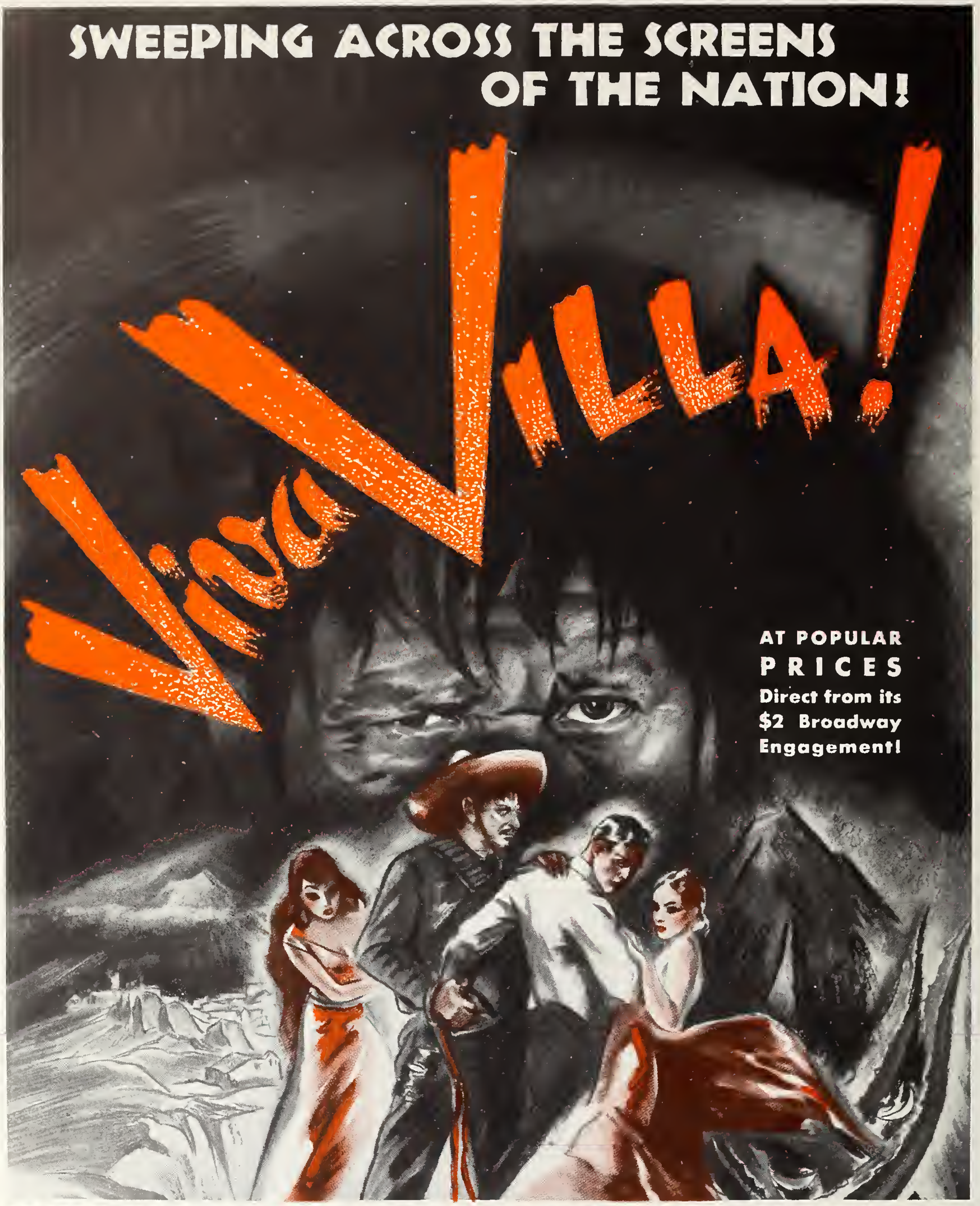
HOW THE *Stars* FACE *Motherhood*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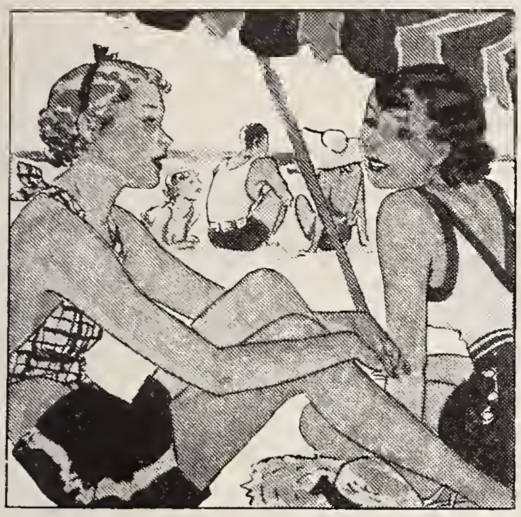
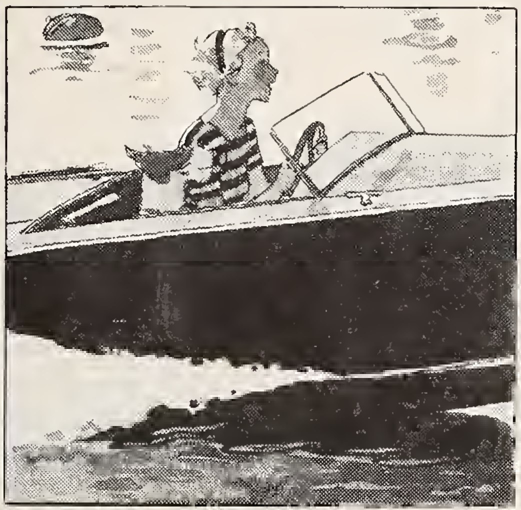
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Isn't It A Shame!

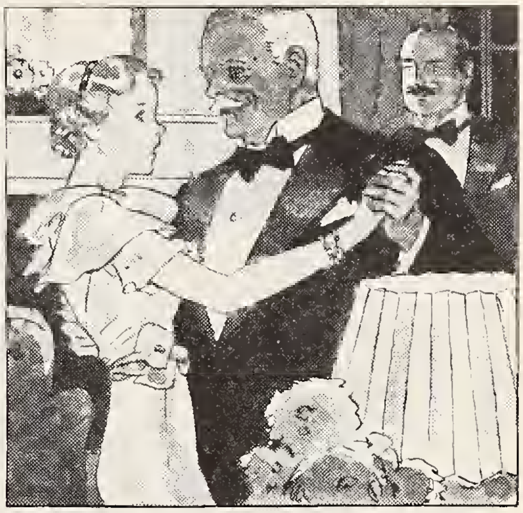
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



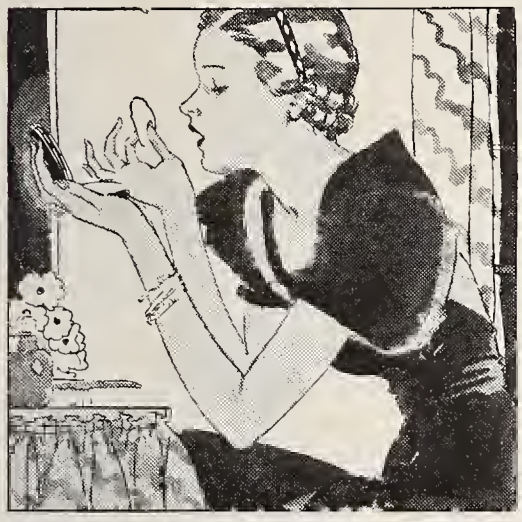
When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



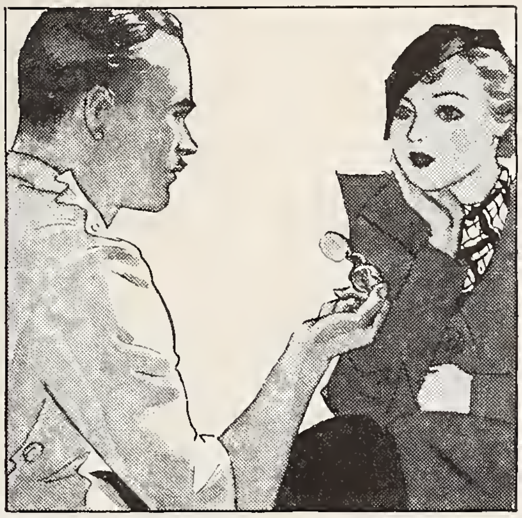
Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



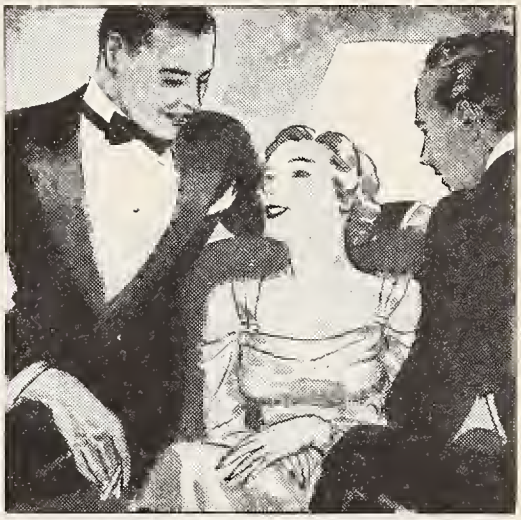
The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

OLDER men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

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Modern Screen

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MAE WEST
"IT AIN'T NO SIN"
with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!
Paramount Pictures

ALL THINGS Considered

BY THE EDITOR

LADIES and gentlemen, boys and girls, brethren and sistern! There are two things I want to tell you about today.

First, let me announce that, in the next issue of MODERN SCREEN, we will launch a brand new department and, what's more, a brand new idea. We will call it "MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School." How many want to join? Maybe you'd like to know just what the nature of this new department will be. All right—listen:

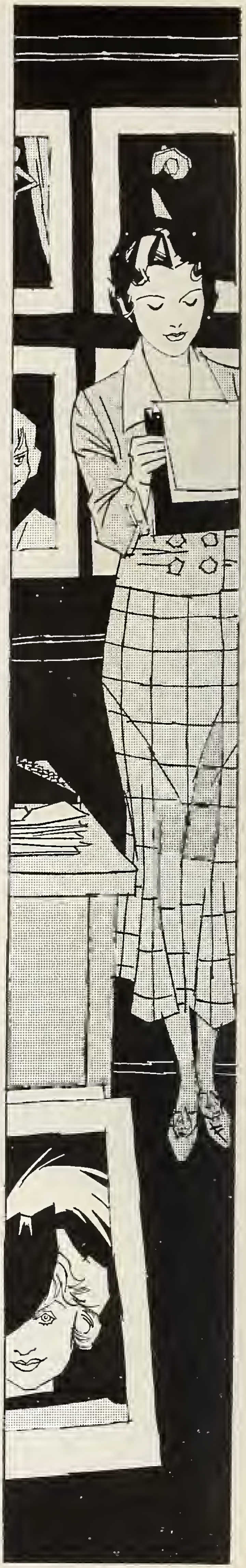
It will do a great deal more than a quick glance at its name would indicate. First, it will contain informative and interesting articles on dramatic technique for those of you who are truly interested in a stage or screen career. I receive many letters from young people who are most eager to take steps toward such a career—but they haven't the faintest idea how to begin. Well, we won't, of course, guarantee to make you famous or launch you in Hollywood. But we will tell you many things which will be a help to you if you want to be an actor or an actress. Several important Hollywood directors have already expressed their willingness to contribute articles to this department. And you will get the real stuff—no hooey. Real advice about speaking, stage deportment, the right way to make up, dress, walk, stand, sit. How to make the most of your best points and cover up your bad points.

Then, the second purpose of this department (or maybe you've already guessed it) is to give helpful advice to those of you who, perhaps, don't give a whoop about a dramatic career but who would, nevertheless, like to be more attractive and forceful people in your everyday lives. After all, the very things which make an actress glamorous and alluring would make any woman glamorous and alluring, isn't that so?

We will make the article just as technical—or just as general—as you want. Write to me with suggestions.

Then, the other matter I want to mention is also a department—and also a brand new idea.

This second department is one which we are starting in response to many requests from our male readers. We have been scolded for giving the ladies too much of a break. All right, gentlemen! In a very early issue of MODERN SCREEN we will commence a department for you. We'll give you articles on the various purely masculine hobbies of the Hollywood menfolk. A famous Western star will talk to you about horses and riding. The amateur photography bugs will discuss that enthralling pastime with you. The star Hollywood athletes will tell you how to improve your tennis, golf and swimming. We're after Joe E. Brown, right now, for a baseball article. And—well, how about some suggestions from you? We aim to please.



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SUMMER SUNSHINE

IS AS HOT AS KLIEG LIGHTS . . .

GIVE YOUR DRESS KLEINERT'S GUARANTEED PROTECTION

Hot weather, sudden emotion, strenuous exercise—they all threaten your pretty new frocks! Kleinert's Dress Shields give sure dependable protection from friction, perspiration, and chemicals.

They not only prevent embarrassing stains but actually make your dress *last longer* by safeguarding it at the underarm—the point of greatest wear. Ask for Kleinert's Dress Shields where you bought this magazine—25c a pair will assure you the *guaranteed* protection of the genuine.

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T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

as low as 25¢ a pair

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot's charming wife, gives the June bride of today—and yesterday, as well—tips on how to hold her man, speaking from a culinary standpoint. Simplicity is the keynote of success in this direction, says she. (Left) An array of cooking aids which every housewife should have in her kitchen, if she would be truly modern.

By PHYLLIS DEEN-DUNNING

THIS being the month of June, and June being the month of brides, I feel I should send out a special message about home-making to the girls who are altar-bound.

How to be happy though married is a subject upon which everyone loves to air his views. But if you think I'm going to attempt to give you a few pat rules for holding a husband you are wrong. Not that I shouldn't love to—I have a complete set of wonderful theories which I'd simply adore to have you try out—but this department is consecrated to tested and proven facts about home-making and is, therefore, no place for anything which can't be reduced to level measurements. And so I am going to pass on to you some ideas which Bruce Cabot's charming wife, Adrienne Ames, set forth in a recent conversation I had with her.

The big, general, all inclusive principle of running a home of which you can be justly proud—whether it's a Spanish hacienda in Hollywood or a New England cottage on Cape Cod—is to keep everything simple, never attempting to do any more than you can do with ease and charm, says Adrienne.

To illustrate: if you are having friends or relatives in for dinner, don't work yourself into a frenzy preparing an elaborate meal. Content yourself (*Continued on page 99*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

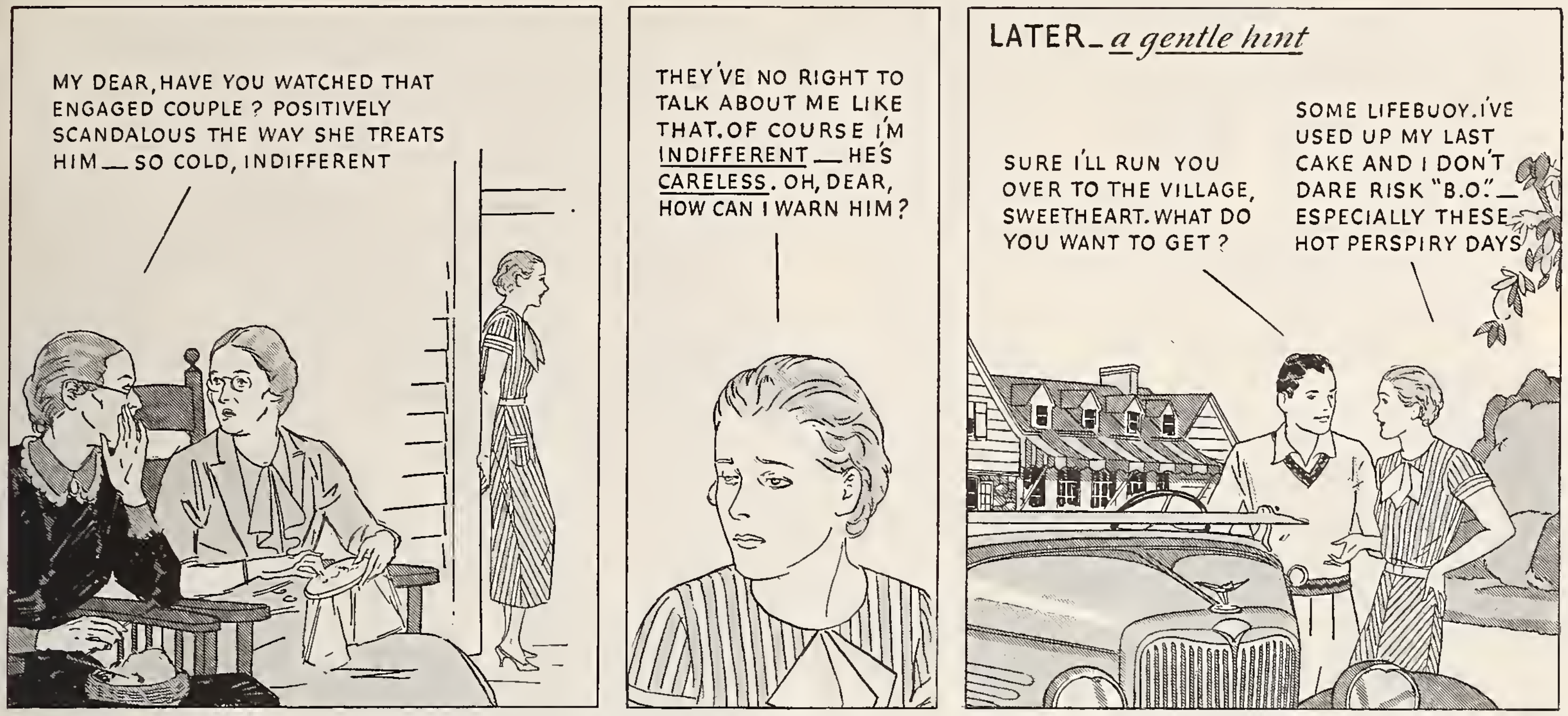
HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

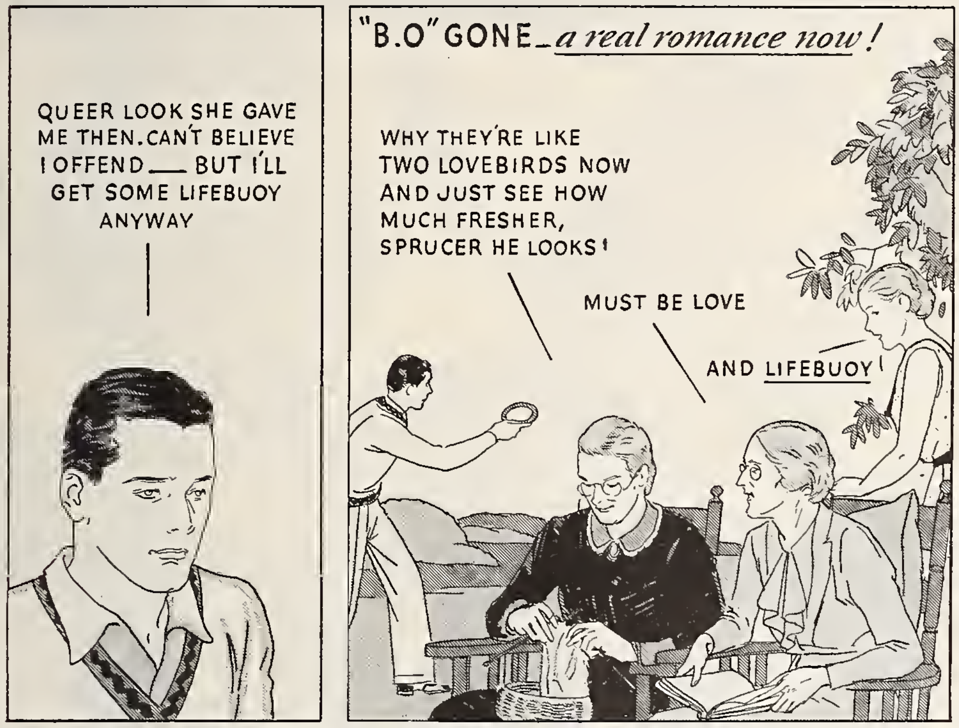
Please send me the recipes for July, 1934.

Name...
(Print in pencil)

Address...
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)


MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE ? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT
THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM ?
LATER — a gentle hint
SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET ?
SOME LIFEBUOY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT PERSPIRY DAYS


QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY ANYWAY
"B.O" GONE — a real romance now !
WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS !
MUST BE LOVE
AND LIFEBUOY !

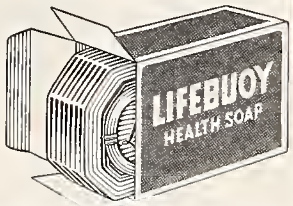
SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBUOY — SO REFRESHING !

LIFEBUOY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and *purifies* pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your *mind's* at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Complexions need its mildness

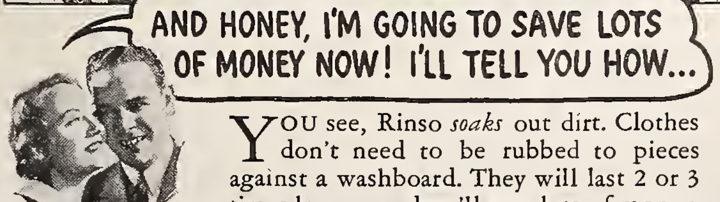
Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather. Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT ...

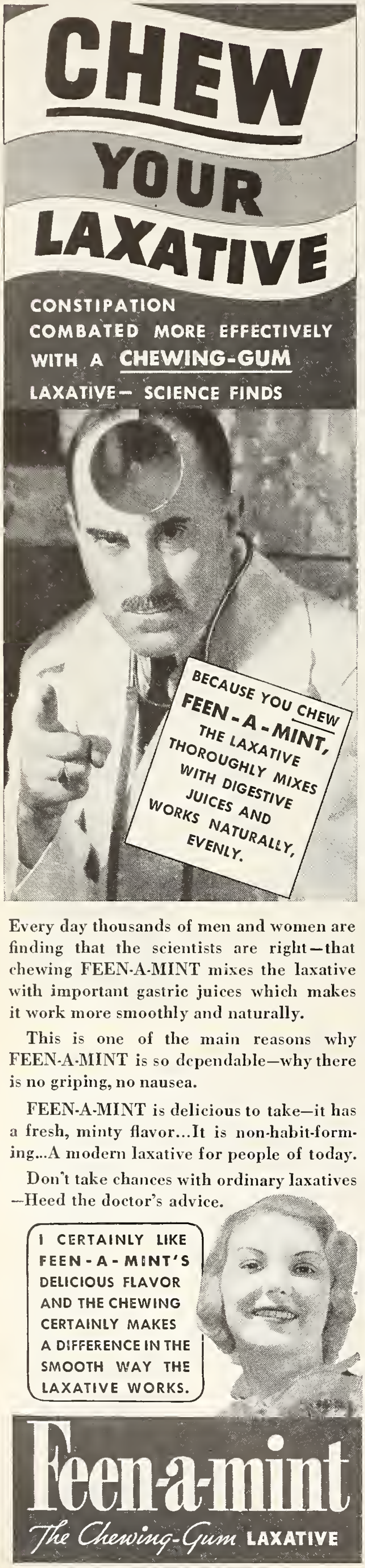
GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY
HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING
WHY, I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS... IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY
AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO
ONE WEEK LATER
YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?
I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER


AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

YOU see, Rinso *soaks* out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for *all* cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — *even in hardest water*. Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION COMBATED MORE EFFECTIVELY WITH A CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE— SCIENCE FINDS

BECAUSE YOU CHEW FEEN-A-MINT, THE LAXATIVE THOROUGHLY MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND WORKS NATURALLY, EVENLY.

Every day thousands of men and women are finding that the scientists are right—that chewing FEEN-A-MINT mixes the laxative with important gastric juices which makes it work more smoothly and naturally.

This is one of the main reasons why FEEN-A-MINT is so dependable—why there is no griping, no nausea.

FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives —Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE FEEN-A-MINT'S DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES A DIFFERENCE IN THE SMOOTH WAY THE LAXATIVE WORKS.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Bette Davis, lovely heroine in "Of Human Bondage" for RKO, advocates rest and relaxation to secure or retain beauty.

Beauty Advice

By MARY BIDDLE

WHAT hour of the day spells glamor to you? Are you one of the hundreds who must be preparing for a much-anticipated evening in a favorite smart dancing spot, decked out in a late, streamlined model before you start thinking of glamor? So many of us are inclined to think of smartness only in terms of dates —evenings, week-ends and vacations—that I wonder if we don't pass up a hundred chances at glamor every day of our lives. How about "every-day glamor?" What of "eight A. M. glamor?"

"Most girls look simply awful in the morning when they wake up." It was beautiful Claudette Colbert talking. "They're all covered with cold cream, their hair is up in curlers, and their hands are rough, dry and red. It must be shocking to a man. Maybe that's why there are so many divorces. And, really, all that greasing and curling and redness is so unnecessary."

Her vehemence led me to inquire what methods she would suggest to avoid this early morning unloveliness, and from her I learned some helpful hints that I am going to pass on to you. Most people are under the impression that there is no excuse for an actress to look unglamorous, since she has all the tricks of the trade at her command and all the do-re-mi with which to employ them. But, surprisingly enough, I learned that the stars adhere to the simple little home methods that can be adopted so easily and inexpensively by everyone.

"The first thing I do when I awake in the morning," Claudette informed me, "is to dash out to the kitchen and take a pan of ice-cubes from my refrigerator. I empty the cubes into the bowl in the bathroom and while they are melting I busy myself, thoroughly cleansing my face with a pure cleansing cream. This I wipe off with soft cleansing tissues, which I am always careful to use with an upward motion, beginning at the neckline and working up to the forehead.

"By this time most of the ice has melted, and then comes the cold spray that awakens and beautifies the skin as nothing else can. I splash the cold water all over my face, neck and arms and keep repeating this until my skin is a glowing pink."

And you can just bet Claudette isn't one to retire at night without thoroughly (*Continued on page 105*)

As always—Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now...

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ⋆ WARREN WILLIAM ⋆ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley A First National Picture

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE

A NEW DEODORANT CREAM APPLIED LIKE A LIPSTICK

Instantly banishes odor for the day

BEAUTY advisers to more than 10 million women have poured their praises upon Perstik because it is the *dainty* new way to rob perspiration of its offensive odor. Your fingers hold the handsome lipstick case—they never come in contact with the cream.

A few quick strokes each morning gives you unfailing all-day protection against odor.

Physicians' Wives Use Perstik

Wives of thousands of physicians are daily users of Perstik because it is just as safe as it is easy to use. Perstik never irritates, even after shaving. Not greasy. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

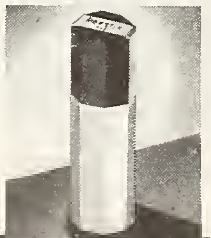
Perstik is as friendly to fabrics as it is to your skin. You can apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

On Sanitary Pads

Perstik is just the grandest thing in the world for sanitary napkins. Two strokes across the pad—and your secret is your own.

Be certain to get *real* Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast.

Doctors say that perspiration increases during moments of excitement. To freshen up before your "big moments", carry an extra Perstik in your bag



PERSTIK,
Fifth Avenue, New York

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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Come and join us in our monthly chats. They're intimate and friendly. And if you have anything at all worth while to say, we'll be glad to print it

IF She Ever Met Them

R. K., of Cranford, N. J., would say:

Will Rogers: I wouldn't miss a picture of yours for anything, but won't you please speak just a little more distinctly?

Janet Gaynor: Can't you manage to hitch yourself to Gene Raymond—reely?

Florence Desmond: Some day, maybe they'll appreciate you.

Marian Nixon: You're too tiny for grown-up roles. Give us another "Rebecca."

David Manners: I'd strike for better roles. You deserve 'em.

Producers: Won't you team Lupe Velez with James Cagney just so we can watch the fur fly when he socks her on the jaw?

Typing Ric Cortez?

FLORENCE THYSTRUP, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, says don't:

Never was there an actor more astonishing and attractive than Ricardo Cortez. He was marvelous with Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street" and even more so in "Wonder Bar" with Dolores Del Rio. But why must he always play the part of a gambler? He is more suited to the role of a sincere lover. May he make many more pictures like "Symphony of Six Million."

What! No Romance?

S. G., of Lodi, Calif., has a suggestion:

Before I went to see "Massacre" I thought the show was nothing but a lot of hooey. But I can now say that it is the best talkie I have ever seen. It made me realize the difficulties which the Indians have. Why don't they make more of these shows instead of this romance trash? And why not team Barthelmess and Dvorak in another picture? (*Guess Warner Bros. agrees with you, for this pair will be seen shortly in "Midnight Alibi."*)

The Queen of Serials

MARY LOU ZEBROE, Pasadena, Calif., has a word to say about serials:

Not so long ago, serials were considered mighty good entertainment and fans agreed that Ruth Roland was indeed the serial queen. We all loved Ruth. Then she left the screen. Maybe it was just coincidence; anyway chapter plays hit the dust.

Of late, however, they've become popular again and are being shown in the nicest theaters. Which brings to mind that Ruth Roland is still in Hollywood, still charming and lovely and, gosh, it would be a treat to see her in serials!

The Title's the Thing

CLIFFORD DEAL, of Salisbury, Wilts, England, comments wisely about the importance of picture titles:

I have often wondered how film producers pick such out-of-the-question titles, and why so many really good pictures are condemned because the titles fail to appeal. In my opinion, a title should convey to the picture-goer an idea of the story, even if it's sex appeal.

There are so many pictures with misleading titles it is impossible to quote them here. It has often been suggested that "sexy" titles have box-office appeal, but when the story turns out to be a frost, the public thinks twice before they are caught again. On the other hand, picture patrons not attracted to undress performances often judge the story by the title and when witnessing the film discover it to be all about sex, and come away disgusted. There is no doubt about it, titles mean a lot to the box-office returns and the reputation of the producers and the stars featured

Some Pet Peeves

"SMARTY," of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, gets a few off her chest:

(*Continued on page 17*)

Tintex—World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

11 12 1
2
3
7 6 5
John Held Jr

Use TINTEX for

- Underthings
- Slips
- Negligees
- Blouses
- Pajamas
- Sweaters
- Stockings
- Dresses
- Men's Shirts
- Scarfs
- Children's Clothing
- Luncheon Sets
- Doilies
- Curtains
- Bed Spreads
- Drapes
- Slip Covers

Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.—needs TINTEX

EVERYTHING you wear—from the time you get up until you go to bed—needs Tintex. Apparel that has faded from the sun or frequent launderings becomes as colorful as when new—with Tintex. Or you can give anything an entirely different color, if you wish. And so easily! So quickly! So perfectly! Let the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors keep your summer wardrobe gloriously gay and ever-new in color—and at the cost of just a few cents!

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Tintex
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TINTS AS YOU RINSE
TURQUOISE BLUE
THIS GRAY BOX TINTS
COTTON

LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

By
ALICE
VAN DORAN

Mae West with Johnny Mack Brown in "It Ain't No Sin."

"How can I be popular?" Everyone wants to know. There is some honest advice here, which should help

WHAT do you suppose is the most popular question asked this department? Well, the most popular question is "How can I be popular?" And "Please, Miss Van Doran, won't you tell me how I can be more attractive?" To men, of course, they all mean. You know, I hope, that this is a dangerous, difficult and ticklish subject to talk about. However, with all due modesty, I'm going to endeavor to discuss it.

Beauty experts, heart-throb editors and the rest of the clan are apt to take refuge behind the stereotyped advice, "Be yourself," "Develop your personality" and the like. I realize quite well that many young people don't know exactly how to "be themselves." They haven't yet discovered what their own particular "self" is. And then, too, what's the good of being told to "develop your personality" when you haven't the faintest idea how to go about it? Excellent as both these injunctions are, they are a bit too vague and general to be of much assistance to the average young boy or girl.

There are a few good old fundamental rules for every girl who wants to win her share of fun and admiration in this life. One of the most important is "Be feminine." Don't be noisy, horsey or tomboyish after you leave the kid stage. Whether you're a big girl or a little girl, Sweet Sixteen or Going On Thirty, be feminine. If you're little, it's easy. But don't overdo it. If you're big, cultivate dignity without starchiness.

By feminine, I don't mean female. Don't throw your sex at a man. Sex appeal can be alluringly in evidence without that.

One of the biggest barriers against popularity, I think, is youthful self-consciousness. (And it isn't only the very young who are self-conscious, either.) You go to a party, for example, and, whereas you may be a delightfully natural young person in your own home, the crowds, or the strange people get you all flustered. You're not sure of anything you do or say. You can't *think* of anything to say. That's one of the greatest drawbacks to popularity—that tongue-tied shyness which comes over one and blots every single idea right out of the old head. You'll get over this shyness if you go out enough, but too many people are apt to retire into a shell after one or two such terrible experiences. How to overcome it?

FOR one thing, I should say, you must be awfully, awfully sure of your manners. I mean just plain ordinary manners. This may take a bit of study and work, but it's worth it. Learn how to introduce people and to receive introductions. Learn how to stand and walk and act. Be sure of your dress and hair and make-up before you leave home and don't be eternally fussing with yourself after you reach the party. Then, when you enter a room, *don't think about yourself.* I realize that that is one of the oldest pieces of advice dished out, but it's still good. How can you take your mind off yourself? Why, concentrate on the person you are meeting. Concentrate on a piece of furniture—anything, so long as you don't get into a terrible mental dither and keep thinking, "Oh, what shall I say, what shall I say? I look terrible. They're laughing at me. Oh, I did that wrong. Oh, I wish I hadn't come." Have tucked away in your head for ready reference a few gracious things to say, a few amusing things to say. Don't drag them in by

(*Continued on page 119*)

THE SMART *MOST SATISFACTORY* WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS

..... *Make It* INVISIBLE with Marchand's

THAT'S the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are *more satisfactory*.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. You won't have to worry about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail
Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co.,
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. MM734

Name ....

Adress .... City .... State .....

FROM THE STARS' ALBUMS

Here are some pictures which the stars themselves took. Interesting, aren't they? We'll have lots more to show you in our next issue

Mrs. Dolores Costello Barrymore caught John and Junior in a nice pose on the "Infanta." (Right) Jackie Cooper teaching his pet tricks. Photo credit goes to his Ma. (Below) Little Leslie Howard likes polo ponies just as much as her famous father does. Papa took the snapshot.

(Above) Sally scored very nicely with her bows and arrows and hubby, Harry Brown, has a picture to prove it. They were vacationing up in Yosemite.

(Right) Madge Evans is a picture-taking fiend, too. She sneaked onto the "Viva Villa" set and caught Wallie Beery, Leo Carrillo and Stu Erwin while they weren't looking.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

Speaking of Katie Hepburn as a "vivid" personality. Wrong! Her face portrays strong character, but there's nothing Joan Crawfordish about her. Thank heavens.

Describing Rudy Vallee's voice as "appealing." Rilly! The bozo has no voice. Much less an appealing one. When will someone realize that the nation is fed up with "his time?" And Rudy in "George White's Scandals." Nerts! Bing could have *made* that production. And *he* can act.

Seeing so little of the Bruce Cabot and Richard Arlen types. Thoughtlessness! Those boys are attractive and deserve better breaks.

Ruth Chatterton's Plans?

JILL MOND, of London, England, is alarmed:

Please put on record that we think Miss Chatterton is the most delightful actress on the screen. We are weeping and wailing and gnashing our teeth because we have not been able to read anything of her plans now that "Journal of a Crime" is completed. Does this mean that those recent retirement rumors are true? Please say it isn't so! We are ardent Chatterton fans and cannot bear the thought that our idol may have made her last picture. (*Although she has not renewed her contract with Warner Bros., we are quite confident that Miss Chatterton will make many more pictures. She's been conferencing with Irving Thalberg of M-G-M. So weep no more, my lady.*)

Razzing Katie

B. M., of Bartow, Fla., is a wee bit upset, to put it mildly:

If Katharine Hepburn had to eat a five-story chocolate cake at one sitting without any liquid to wash it down, she would then have about one-tenth as much too much chocolate cake as the dear suffering peepul have of her. She is in everybody's hair. Everbody's soup. Everybody's way. Someone ought to tell her that enough of anything is too much and too much is fatal. She could get by with one-tenth as much publicity if she had something to declare besides vehemence, belligerence and bulldog tenacity.

(*Continued on page 118*)

"TALK ABOUT TATTLE-TALE GRAY! DID YOU NOTICE DORA'S LINENS?"

"I KNOW!... BUT IT'S NOT HER FAULT. HER SOAP'S TO BLAME."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap.* But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naptha,* too.

And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your filmiest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thriftier, too. *You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.*

Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

NRA

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BEAUTIFUL *Lady*

When you step from your bath you are a picture of loveliness...fragrantly fresh...alluringly beautiful. This is the same radiant charm you want your "man" to enjoy hours later when dining or dancing.

By creating a soothing and cooling coating for your skin...protecting it against the objectionable and wilting effect of body moisture; Dixie Deb Talc will help you keep all your glory and daintiness throughout an active day or an exciting evening.

Only a careless woman fails to understand the vital importance of this protection...the necessity of glorifying her entire body with Dixie Deb Talcum Powder.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum, sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powder.

Due to large-volume production, Dixie Deb Talc is sold at a very reasonable price...10c...and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below

Ask for Dixie Deb Talcum powder at your favorite 10c store.

And don't forget there is a special talc for the Dixie deb to be...Dixie Deb Baby Powder.

DIXIE DEB *Cosmetics*

Orchid
TALC
Dixie Deb
Tulip
TALC
DIXIE DEB
Joyeuse
TALCUM POWDER
DIXIE DEB
NEW YORK
ATLANTA DALLAS
Moonlight and Roses
Talc
DIXIE DEB
Dixie Deb
Talc
VENETIAN NIGHTS

ORCHID
A fragrance from the queen of flowers

TULIP
From the tulip beds of old Holland

JOYEUSE
The exotic fragrance of Oriental lovers

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
Reminiscent of youthful romances

VENETIAN NIGHTS
Suggesting dreams of happy stolen hours

DICK POWEL
DICK POWEL

DICK AND RUBY

These two young people are now definitely set as a co-starring team. This time in "Dames," for Warners. Their great success is the real reason that Ruby has turned down hubby Al Jolson's offer of a million dollars, if she'll give up the screen. As for Mr. Powell, well, Mary Brian is still Head Girl.

JEAN ARTHUR

Here is another young lady busily engaged in staging a cinematic comeback. For two years she deserted the screen for the theatre, where she scored definitely. In fact, movie scouts, having seen her on Broadway, were instrumental in persuading her to return to Hollywood. So Jean is all set once more and has just completed two pictures for Columbia: "Whirlpool" and "The Most Precious Thing in Life." She's fond of animals and the stray dog who strays across her path isn't homeless long.

BUCK JONES

Some actors cry for sophisticated roles and others hold out for character parts, but Buck knows the value of appearing in a thriller. And that is why he is ready to start production on a thirteen-chapter serial and six other pictures at Universal. They're not going to be Westerns, but they'll be hair-raisers just the same. The Buck Jones Rangers Club is now two million strong, so one of our favorite film cowboys has a ready-made audience, waiting with bated breath for his next.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

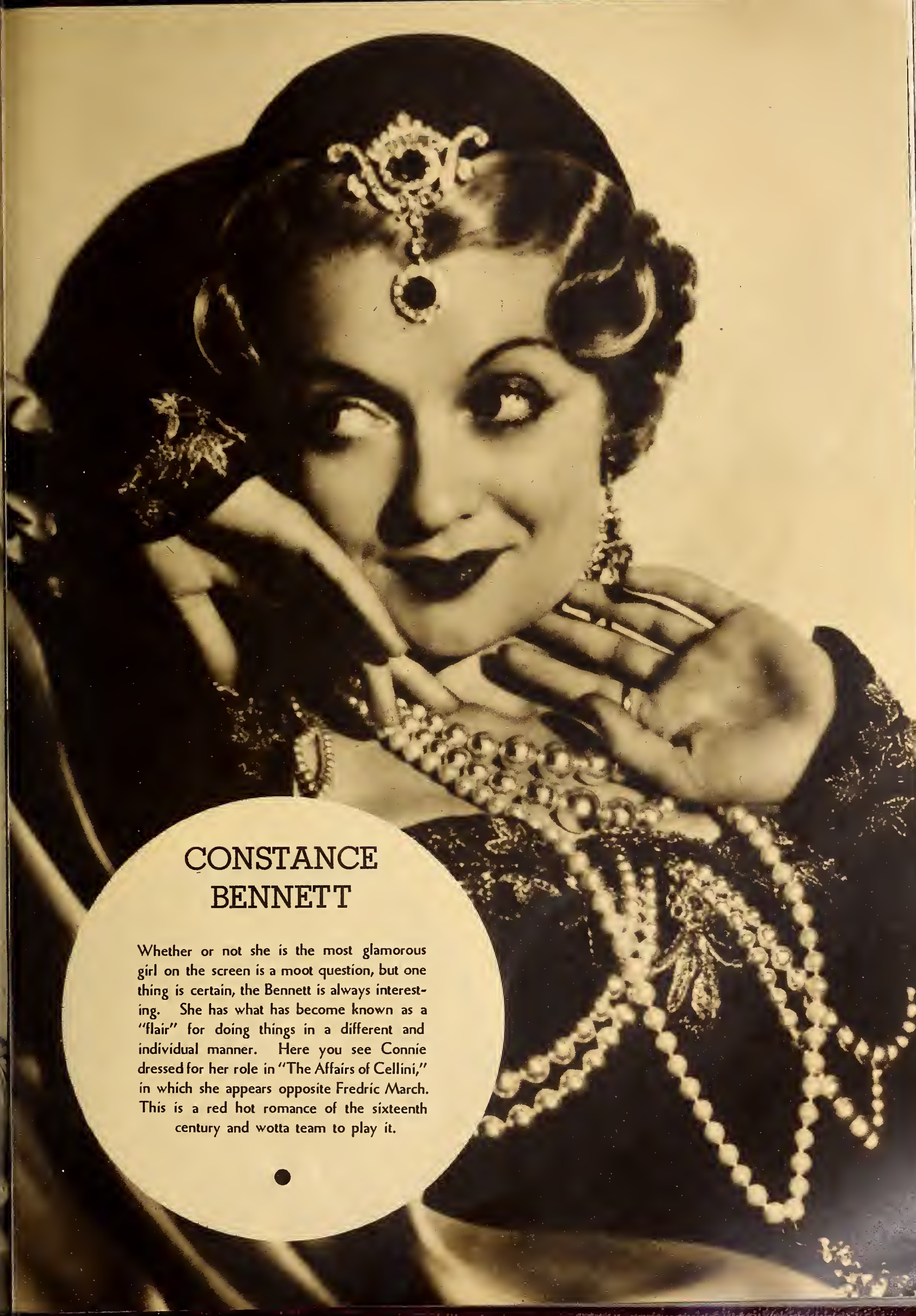
When Maureen finishes work in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she is going to take that combination rest-cure-vacation she's been promising herself for months. Her destination is to be the Emerald Isle, where she will visit her family and introduce her fiancé, John Farrow. If they approve her choice, the Irish lass will marry the lad; if they don't, she probably will anyway. You know girls in love! Anyway, one of her plans is quite definite and that is to bring her little sister back with her. Wonder if l. s. is as pretty as Maureen?

We haven't seen Nancy for over a year, but she made her cinematic comeback recently in "Springtime for Henry." Her role in this gay comedy lifted her right out of the ingenue class and put her way up thar with the sophisticates. 'Tis said by those in the know, that the Carroll has had a great change in her off-screen personality, too, for the once tempestuous lady is now as meek as the legendary lamb. Which is good news. Nancy's matrimonial bark has hit the rocks, they say, making it a veritable field day for the rumor hounds.

NANCY CARROLL

JANET and CHARLIE

Well, fans, they're together again and you did it. So many and earnest were the requests received at Fox, that that enterprising organization could not ignore them. And so, the famous romantic team will be seen in "Change of Heart," their first co-starring picture since "Tess of the Storm Country," made more than two years ago. Charlie's part has been built up considerably, which is very satisfactory to him and to Janet.



CONSTANCE BENNETT

Whether or not she is the most glamorous girl on the screen is a moot question, but one thing is certain, the Bennett is always interesting. She has what has become known as a "flair" for doing things in a different and individual manner. Here you see Connie dressed for her role in "The Affairs of Cellini," in which she appears opposite Fredric March. This is a red hot romance of the sixteenth century and wotta team to play it.

●

IRENE DUNNE LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE!

We'll bet you never knew 'til now that she fibs about her golf score and phones her husband long distance to stage a battle. But our guess is that this Irene Dunne will interest you much more than the woman you've been taught to know.

(Left) Sergeant Leo H. Kalem, stationed in Honolulu, saved his money so that he could visit Irene in Hollywood, and later regretted the trip. Why? Because he fell victim to her charms. (Right) Richard Dix teamed with her again in "Stingaree," and after the love scenes were made, moaned, "Wotta woman!"

She's a flirt! She's fickle! She's bad-tempered! Yes—Irene, the "perfect lady of the screen" is all of these things. And we like her all the better for it!

By RUTH BIERY

IRENE DUNNE has been fooling us. She's been fibbing to all but her intimate friends since the day she came to Hollywood.

It's time she was exposed. For her own sake. It isn't fair for the world to think she's this sweet, reserved, perfect lady type, when she's really . . .

But first, I had better tell how it happened. You really can't believe the truth about Irene unless you know the story from the beginning.

I chanced to be in the RKO publicity department when they were planning the publicity campaign for this newcomer. The men in charge were chewing their well-worn press pencils, for it is always a frenzied job, this launching of a new screen personality.

" 'The Perfect Lady of the Screen.' That's it! We've never had a perfect lady. That should make the world sit up and take notice. Mothers will want their daughters to see and imitate her. They will urge their sons to fall in love with her. The world is fed up on hoydens and sex-appealists and cocktail-fed youngsters. They're hunting for the good, old-fashioned, lady type. They've just launched Marlene Dietrich as all women in one. We'll go them one better and make Irene Dunne all the perfect ladies in one!"

They sent for Irene and explained the campaign to her. No hint of scandal must ever touch her name. If possible, she must keep her marriage to Dr. Griffin a secret. If the truth should be discovered, she would be pictured as the perfect working-wife. Harmony; peace. Her husband, a man who understands a woman's ambitions. A couple who would commute between New York and Hollywood to fulfill the matrimonial unity.

She was to be calm and self-possessed, always. Live quietly among dignified surroundings. No Hollywood parties. No rumors of being seen with "other men." She was not to swear or even say "darn." In short, she was to be Hollywood's sublime proof of all the traditionary traits accredited to a "perfect lady."

Irene wondered about these instructions. Her experience had taught her that "perfect ladies" are seldom interesting. Cool, unemotional women had never intrigued her. She doubted if they would others. Irene is southern. And she has all of the coquettishness and daring—and, shh, yes, fickleness and *(Continued on page 91)*

How the STARS

. . . With careers at stake and beauty threatened, these famous women stood ready to meet the risks. But with what fear, joy or regret in their hearts?

WHEN an eminent doctor—Stork or otherwise—says to a woman, "Madam, you are going to become a mother"—when that hope or that fear, that joy or that terror has been clinically confirmed, a great moment of one sort or another has been lived.

In the most average and out-of-the-public-eye woman there is a reaction, a whole set of reactions; a welling-up of the emotions; a flurry, superficial or profound, of fears and wonders and elations, of tabus and old wives' tales and plans and startled wonders. There are those of us who think, "Oh, but we can't afford it," or "I am too young, I'm not ready yet for this responsibility," or "It's marvelous, it's too good to be true!" Sometimes all of these feelings are confused. Sometimes there is the sacred and undiluted joy of the potential mother.

In the hearts and minds of the stars, the public characters whose stock in trade is their youth, their beauty, their glamor, whose lives are lived in glass cases exposed at all times and under all conditions to the curious public eye—what must their reactions be at this moment of knowledge? What do they feel in that first sure moment of knowing?

I asked some of them.

I asked Norma Shearer. I said, "What, honestly, was your reaction when you first knew? What thoughts came to you? What kind of thoughts? How did you take it?"

Norma is not, by the way, expecting a second baby at this time, rumor to the contrary.

She said, "Before I knew that I was really to have my baby, I was always positively and physically scared to death at the very idea. Not for any of the more obvious reasons. I mean, I was not afraid of losing my figure, growing too heavy, being out of pictures for a time, perhaps forever. Nothing of that sort. It may be curious, but none of these things even so much as occurred to me. I was afraid of bodily pain.

"Somehow I had managed to collect a perfect saga of tales about the terror and intensity of the pain of childbirth. They invaded my mind, at the mere thought of pregnancy, like a flock of birds of ill omen. I knew, in my mind, which was reasonably informed about modern obstetrics, that these bogie

face MOTHERHOOD

(Top, right) The Richard Arlens; she was Jobyna Ralston, remember, with young Dick. (Top, left) Esther Ralston, who was Mrs. George Webb, with Mary, named for Mary Brian. (Lower, right) Mrs. Thalberg—Norma Shearer to us—and youthful escort; Irving, Jr., of course. (Lower, left) Arline Judge—Mrs. Wesley Ruggles—with Master Charles.

By GLADYS HALL

men were ridiculous. But my instinct was sharper than my mind. Physical pain has always been revolting and terrifying to me. I think I could meet and possibly master any kind of a problem with which the mind or the social instincts have to deal. But to suffer with my body has been a fear with me reaching the point of monomania.

AND then came the moment when the doctor said to me, 'What you suspect is so, Mrs. Thalberg. You are going to have a baby.' In that very moment, by some miracle I can't pretend to understand, the tabus and terrors I had lived with were gone. Gone as though they had never existed. I didn't 'forget' them. They just weren't there. Nor did it occur to me, in that first moment, as it occurs to so many women, 'This will change my life.' I realized the importance of it. It didn't impress me as being an incident, not by any means. But my first conscious reaction, following the one where I knew all fear had left me, was the reaction of a detached interest in the child. The child as a person; as a personality; as an individual separate from me, who would grow and be vital and interesting to me as I hoped I would be vital and interesting to him—or her.

"It was the doctor who, trying to interpret my first reaction, trying to say the fastidiously right thing to me at the moment said, 'A baby will not interfere with your career, Mrs. Thalberg.' And I instantly and emphatically said, 'Of *course* not! I shall combine the two. If any choice has to be made, the child will have first claim, of course. But there won't have to be any choice.'

"Odd how it takes so long to put into words thoughts that go through your mind, vibrate through your nerves and emotions in the flashing by of a minute. Words are such slow things. Because all that I am telling you now I felt even as the doctor was saying that first confirmatory sentence. I knew that I would not take this baby as a heavy responsibility, making a burden of him and so making a burden of myself. I knew that I would get pure joy out of this child and I hoped I would be able to give him joy in return. I would enjoy him and the enjoyment would be all the keener because I would go on with my (*Continued on page 93*)

SO MANY DEAR MEMORIES

THIS is a story of friendship and love and a husband's courage; a story of Lil Tashman and Ed Lowe. It is of the swell relationship that Lil and Ed knew began long ago, before they were married—when they were sweethearts in New York, Lil, in the Follies and Ed, temporarily, down on his luck.

"I've got to get some money somewhere," he announced one day, arriving at her flat. "I've got to be able to take you to dinner once in a while at least . . ."

Lil laughed and put her hand in his. And when she took it away she had left four hundred dollars there.

"Wait a minute," Ed said, "what's this?"

"Money," Lil told him. "Money, you Irishman. Money! So you can take me to dinner once in a while."

"Where did you get it?" Ed asked.

"I hocked my watch," she told him. "Come on, let's go!"

Now, I know in the best circles it isn't considered proper for a woman to lend a man money. But troupers don't live by the rules of the best circles. They can't. Their lives simply don't fit into the regular, conventional pattern. And whether they're better or worse for that must remain a matter of opinion.

It was several years later, after Ed and Lil were married, and long after he had paid back the four hundred, that Lil's sister, who was living with them at the time, remarked to Ed that Lil had been paying interest on a watch she had in pawn for ever so long, that really she must have paid as much in interest as she had borrowed upon it originally. That it might occur to her to get it out or let it go.

Ed got the ticket, sent for the watch, and presented it to Lil with a grand flourish, as a surprise.

He found that watch the other day when he was going over her effects. It was hard to take. But Ed took it the way he's been taking a lot of things hard to take for some time now. On the screen, as the hard-boiled marine, Sergeant Quirt, he's never had to be as brave as he's had to be during the last ten months or more. Believe me.

IT was last August when Ed was making personal appearances in Cleveland that he had a confidential and terrifying letter from Lil's doctor.

He didn't have much chance of keeping Lil, the doctor wrote him, for very long. And on top of this, the letter went on to warn Ed, under no circumstances must he cancel his tour and hurry home. Such action might make Lil suspicious, and Ed's job, according to that letter, was to allay her fears and keep up her morale.

Good cheer, the doctor concluded, would do Lil as much good as his treatments.

As Lil would like us to remember her. A gay, sophisticatec modern in love with life!

Lil's devotion and help, good times spent together, success and sorrow shared—these are the things Ed would not forget

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"I'll never forget the following week in Chicago," Ed told me. "It was hell!"

When at last he reached home he found Lil lying in the garden in the sun looking perfectly splendid, and possessing all kinds of enthusiasm and energy and vitality.

Ed was sure the doctor must have exaggerated the seriousness of things. It wasn't until Ed had been home a few weeks that he saw Lil suffer for the first time. Then all his fears came racing back. Then he mustered all the courage he possessed to stand beside her then and a hundred other times, and never once let her see that he felt concern for anything except the pain she suffered.

December, January and February were horrible months. Yet Ed, looking into Lil's frightened blue eyes, knowing how truly the doctor had spoken, would manage to say lightly, "Strange, darling, isn't it that a slight disturbance can cause pain like this and people critically ill feel nothing at all?"

I saw Ed and Lil the first of March when they reached New York on that last visit. Unless you caught Ed unawares, he was, apparently, his usual, gay, wisecracking self.

"Why," I've been asked, "did he permit her to keep on working?"

The answers are simple. Ed let Lil keep working, encouraged her to work, in fact, because he understood what an important part of her life her work represented. Because, a trouper himself, he knew the thrill she exprienced when she stood before a camera and a mike to create the character called for by the script.

Ed also let Lil keep on because for him to have suggested anything else would have been for him to admit to her how ill she was and to have frightened her so that whatever chance she had of beating her illness, even temporarily, would have been ruined.

A FEW weeks before Lil died she and Ed dined one night at the Colony and then started crosstown for the theatre. They were alone in her car with the soft moleskin lap robe about them. She was wearing her loveliest jewels. The star sapphire he had given her to mark a happy day and a new bracelet of diamonds and sapphires.

She reached under the robe for Ed's hand.

"Well," she said, "here we are in New York again, Old Timer. Having dinner, going to the theatre, alone, together. And if you ask me, it's as much fun as it ever was. We're sitting pretty, you know. Here we are with grand jobs, both of us. Better off than we used to be, if you remember . . ."

Whereupon the car turned into Forty-sixth Street.

"Look," she cried, almost

(*Continued on page 102*)

Ed will never forget Lil's enthusiasms, her desire for fun, and her sense of fair play.

Love IS ENOUGH!

... A career, or Lee Tracy? If a choice must be made, Isabel Jewell unhesitatingly chooses her man!

By KATHERINE ALBERT

WHEN a woman makes two apparently paradoxical and conflicting gestures, as Isabel Jewell has done, she must be a pretty complex person. At any rate, she isn't the sort of person who can be taken for granted.

I'll leave it up to you.

When Lee Tracy returned from Mexico, having got himself into a "jam" that cost him his Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract and might have barred him from the screen forever, Isabel Jewell met him at the train.

If you know Hollywood, and it's vast political intrigues, you will realize that that was a pretty courageous thing for her to do. She was smart enough to realize that Lee was in decided disfavor and she knew, when she put on her hat to go to the station to meet him, she was putting her own career in jeopardy. And all during the time that the pros and cons about whether Lee had seriously misbehaved or not were going on, Isabel stood by him with a display of beautiful loyalty. His battle was hers. She did not straddle the fence. She showed plainly where she stood—and she stood with Lee.

During these trying times, someone pointed out to Lee how amazing it was that Isabel had shown such fortitude. "It is no more than I expected of her," Lee said.

You see, he knew his woman. He knew that she took a chance on her career when she stuck to him, but he knew her well enough to know that she couldn't do anything else.

All right. Then you'll see in all this a woman who puts love first, a woman who would willingly toss her personal ambition on the ash-heap rather than hurt, in any way, the man she loves.

But consider gesture number two. For almost three years she and Lee have been sweethearts and deeply in love. He has begged her to marry him repeatedly. She has refused. Why? Because she wants to make her own career first, because she wants to prove herself Isabel Jewell before she becomes Mrs. Lee Tracy. Yes, her career means that much to her. It means so much that this is what she told me recently.

"If I were offered a million dollars today to give up acting and told at the same time that I might have as an alternative, fifty dollars a week for the rest of my life on stage or screen—and never any more—I would continue acting. That's how great a part of me it is. When I say that I am not going to get married until I am well established myself, I do not mean to sound selfish.

"IT isn't that I would not go ahead as Mrs. Lee Tracy, for I certainly would if I had it in me to go ahead. And Lee would surely help in every possible way. But I would then be going ahead as Mrs. Lee Tracy and not as Isabel Jewell. That sounds selfish, too, but what I am trying to say to you is that my father and mother have lived just for me for so many years, have believed in me so much, have expected such great things of me that I am eager to accomplish something really worth while while I am still just their daughter—just Isabel Jewell. I think I owe them that much, don't you?

"Not that they don't love Lee. They are just crazy about him. Perhaps one of the things they like best about him is his fine understanding, his appreciation of their attitude, his willingness that I should continue my career. Why, he would no more think of asking me to give up my work than he would think of giving up his own."

Then work does, you see, mean a great deal to her. It is an intrinsic part of her life. Yet she was willing to forget even it rather than let Lee down. And that is the paradox of Isabel Jewell. I'm sure that this very fact makes you realize that she is worth knowing. And I'm here to state that she is.

She has been terrifically hurt by all the talk that Lee was responsible for every part she has had in films. It nearly broke her heart when someone asked who she was as she appeared on the set and she overheard the answer, "She's Lee Tracy's girl friend—you know, just one of those things." And although both she and Lee have promised each other that they will not discuss each other for publication, she cannot help but talk of him—and she cannot help but be eager to explain:

"There's one thing I want to make clear. Lee and I were friends before we were sweethearts. I admired him tremendously as an actor. He had made such a name for himself on the stage and had so much respect from all his co-workers in New York that I was thrilled when I was called for a try-out for a part in his show 'Louder Please.'

"Several girls were there for the part. After I went through the lines he called out, 'That's our girl. She's the one we want!' He had never laid eyes on me before. But if I had been his sister he wouldn't have recommended me for the part if he had not thought I was right for it. He is like that. He wouldn't even now. And that's why it makes me so furious when people say he got me what breaks I have had here in Hollywood.

"No one has ever actually helped me to get a job. No one has done a specific thing to further my career, yet many people have helped me to keep on believing in myself. Those dreadful months when I—who live, breathe and eat acting—could not get work because they said I photographed badly—those months were made possible by Lee's encouraging me. And then, because he believed in me and wanted me to have a break, don't you think that if I had been riding on his fame he would have insisted that I be given a chance? He was at the very top, then. He could have done it. But neither of us wanted that.

"I HAD to establish myself as Isabel Jewell and not as Lee Tracy's girl friend. He has such love—almost veneration—for the profession that he simply does not think anyone belongs in it who does not know how to act. And what he thinks of my ability as an actress is quite apart from what he thinks (*Continued on page 109*)

(Above) From "Manhattan Melodrama," Isabel's latest film for M-G-M. The interested-looking gentleman beside her is Harry Seymour, and Nat Pendleton is in the picture, too. (Right) Lee Tracy, Isabel Jewell and Mary Brian in "Blessed Event." It was quite by accident that Isabel and Lee appeared together in this film.

Al Durante is gone now. The writer who obtained this story for you was one of the very last to see him. (Next) Yes, you've guessed. That's Pop, eighty-four years young, posing with his pride and joy. And (right) behold Jimmy, the well-dressed man! Surely, Solomon in all his glory . . .

JIMMY UPS TO ME—

By AL DURANTE

As told to AL SHERMAN

TALKING about your brother, especially when you like the guy, is a kind of hard job. You know what to say, you get all the answers down apt, but you don't know how to get started. Because it all comes down to one thing: When a guy's regular, he's regular. And that's the way I feel about Jimmy. But I guess everybody says that about their brothers when they get famous or something.

It's a funny thing about us Durantes. We come from Italy. At least, Pop comes from Salerno. And so did Mom. But Durante is a French name and originally our family come from France. And as far as I know, we're the only Durantes in this country. Anyway, we're the only Durantes with schnozzles.

We Durantes stick together. And that's the nicest thing I can say about Jimmy. He never forgets the folks at home. Say, just to give you an idea, get this. Jimmy come visiting us last Christmas. He'd been working hard and he decided he wanted to come East to have a rest and to visit the folks. Especially Pop. Because the old man hadn't been feeling so well and—well Jimmy, and me too, for that matter, think the old man is aces.

Well, anyway, Jimmy come out to visit us. But he ain't here more than two days when he gets a wire to hustle right back to Hollywood. Seems they wanted him out there to go to work in "Scandals" for Fox. Was Jimmy burned up!

"Is this a vacation or is this a vacation?" he says. "Two days here and now I gotta go back to work! It's incriminatin', that's what it is!"

He was good and sore about it for a while and then he thinks to himself that maybe Hollywood would be just the spot to cure Pop's (*Continued on page 98*)

Cinema stars leave them thar hills to work and make whoopee along Gotham's White Way

When "Viva Villa" opened at the Criterion Theatre on Broadway, Celia Villa, the colorful Pancho's real daughter, attended the premiere. (Right) Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall at the Club El Morocco.

The attractive girl with Ramon is not a new romantic interest, but Carmen Novarro. His sister is accompanying the star on his two months' South American concert tour and upon his return, he will make two pictures.

By REGINA CANNON

AT this moment of going to press, Gloria Swanson is in town. So is Herbert Marshall. So are the gossips and rumor hounds. And an enjoyable time is being had by some; though we doubt if G. S. and H. M. are among them.

For, no sooner had Gloria "appeared in person" at the Paramount Theatre, than the newspaper reporters followed suit. Thus a general Personal Appearance Week was suddenly established on Broadway.

The meanies of the press wanted to know "if there was anything to" the story that Miss Swanson would divorce her husband, Michael Farmer, international playboy, and marry Mr. Marshall? Would Edna Best, Mr. M.'s "present," set him free, and if she did, was Barkis willin'? And a few other little impersonal (?) items along similar lines were mentioned.

Well, the whole business threw Gloria into a fit of hysterics and Bartie into one of temper. 'Twould seem that the pair had had "enough." And that, you know, is said to be as good as a feast.

Mr. Marshall had given a party for Miss Swanson at El Morocco, one of Broadway's gayer night spots, and an ambitious cameraman had brought his little black box along to record the festive scene. And scene it was, for when the actor discovered what was up, 'tis said he went into one of the most spectacular rages of all time. Why, a coupla eye witnesses claimed that he even broke some of the El Morocco's choice china. He wanted to know why their privacy should be thus encroached upon and so on. And, since the club is just about as exclusive as the Grand Central Station, the photographer made a few snappy retorts of his own. He couldn't be persuaded to part with his negative either, as you see. Anna-hoo, the net result of the affair sent the principals out of New York night clubs both pro tem and p.d.q. (*Continued on page 100*)

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

GOOD

Lad-eez and gentlemen! Step right up and get the latest gossip hot off the Hollywood griddle! About who's who—and who'd like to be!

Believe it or Ripley, you see here, boys and girls, Marlene Dietrich "snapped" with her husband, Rudolph Sieber, at the opening of "House of Rothschild."

Behold the bride—and bridegroom. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Jessel—the Missus is Norma Talmadge, you know—just after the ceremony. The happy pair promised to love, honor and be gay before Mayor Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, N. J.

(Below) Speaking of big broadcasts, none better occurred than when Messrs. Tullio Carminati, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Ronald Colman and Rupert Hughes told the radio audience all about it over NBC recently.

GOOD NEWS

HELEN HAYES returns to Hollywood shortly, to begin work on her new picture "Vanessa." And the folks are sitting back wondering if Hollywood is going to forgive Helen for all those sour things she's supposed to have said about the movie village while she was playing on the stage in "Mary of Scotland." For awhile there the natives were so sore they actually wrote editorials about Helen with generous phrases sprinkled through concerning "biting the hand that feeds you" and the "ingratitude of some people! It was hard for her friends to believe the little Hayes gave out all those stories, for she made many friends in Hollywood and they all believed that she liked it out here. Well, we shall see when Helen returns.

WORD is out that the Garbo-Mamoulian romance has reached the frigidaire stage. The many marriage rumor stories, as usual, scared Greta and one of her intimate friends reports Garbo hasn't spoken to Mamoulian for over two months, even though he has tried repeatedly to get her on the telephone.

IS MARLENE PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ?

Marlene Dietrich's aloofness and so-called "queening" tendencies are getting the local press more and more "down" on her. Hardly a day goes by that one of the columnists fails to take a crack at Marlene. Some of the stories are true, and some aren't, but it's a cinch the boys and girls aren't giving the Dietrich the benefit of the doubt.

One of the "cracks" was labeled: "Remember What Happened to Marie Antoinette" and went on to say Marlene was becoming so regal her own studios could not get in touch with her except through her business manager. This is not true.

NEWS!

(Left) The beauteous maiden perched way up thar is Grace Bradley and, above, you see Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Dick Cromwell, Mary Carlisle, Phil Reed and Patricia Ellis in an informal snap taken at a recent party Pat Ellis gave.

Another story goes on to tell the world of Dietrich's rudeness to visiting exhibitors. Practically right under their eyes, she sneaked out of the studio, refusing to meet the men who buy her pictures. This *is* true.

The Paramount studio has warned Marlene that she is not ace high with the press. To which she shrugs her shoulders.

Bing Crosby is another who drew a berry for running out on the exhibitors. And it was those boys, Bing, who made a star of you long before the studio got around to it!

THE other night Joan Crawford showed up at the Tingel-Tangel Theater and occupied the back row entirely by herself! The reason—because she had bought all the tickets in that row to make sure she would be alone. Franchot Tone was so conspicuous by his absence the gossips have been tongue-wagging ever since.

If this is a lover's quarrel, some of the cameramen in town believe they might know the answer to it. Previous to Joan's solitary trek to the Tingel-Tangel, she and Franchot had attended the banquet for The Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association. Now Franchot and Joan have always been very gracious about stopping long enough to pose for the snapshot boys. But this night, Franchot, in a very surly mood, insisted upon ushering Joan into the banquet without even a casual nod toward the lens flashers all lined up to take their pitcher. And what's more, they say Joan protested violently at his rudeness, too.

That may, or may not, be the answer to why Joan bought out an entire back row and went to the theater alone.

Other guests at the Tingel-Tangel that night were Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene saw Joan she went back and talked to her for ten or fifteen minutes.

EVERYONE involved seems just as happy as can be over the outcome of Marjorie Gay's breach of promise suit against Harry Joe Brown (husband of Sally Eilers). After hearing yards and yards of testimony and watching a veritable parade of movie stars show in the witness box to testify for producer Brown, the jury reached a verdict that Marjorie was entitled to $5,000 heart balm. Considering that Miss Gay had sued for a quarter of a million, it is no wonder that Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers looked upon the judgment as a triumph for their side.

The entire suit was kidded quite generously by the Los Angeles newspapers, who reported it from day to day more in the nature of a glittering fashion show, than a law suit for damages.

GOOD

Wherever the smart set gathers in Hollywood, you used to see Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo. But now there's a rift. Russ still does—but Carole doesn't!

There's another conjecture going the rounds. It concerns the recent friendship of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, one of the village's most popular couples. (Below) Charlotte Henry, all dressed to go places. Recognize her without her "Alice" makeup?

THE hard luck jinx apparently still pursues Ricardo Cortez. He had said he hoped all his bad luck would be behind him following his marriage to pretty Christine Lee, with whom Ric is so much in love.

But last week they took Cortez to the hospital for what was described as a "minor but important operation."

CONNIE JEALOUS? JUST LISTEN!

There's no way of figuring out just what Connie Bennett is going to do. She's still the most puzzling girl in town.

Everyone figured Connie would be madder than blazes at the way Frank Morgan was allowed to run away with her latest picture, "The Affairs of Cellini," starring La Bennett and Fredric March. At several out of town previews the audiences had actually broken out in applause for Frank Morgan and his name was on everyone's lips as the folks filed out of the theater. Hollywood whispered: "Wait until Bennett gets a load of that!"

Later, they previewed "Cellini" in Los Angeles.

As usual the laughter and praise mounted higher and higher for Frank Morgan as the picture unreeled. In fact, someone behind our reviewer kept laughing so loudly and appreciatively at Mr. Morgan, that the critic turned around for the purpose of giving a "dirty look." Yes, you guessed it. It was Connie!

By the way, the Bennett looked stunning at the Russian Eagle the other evening. Her costume was a Spring ensemble in a deep red-wine color (formerly supposed to be effective only on brunettes). But if all blondes wear it like Connie it should prove to be the rage color for the summer season.

THE Russ Columbo-Carole Lombard romance is cooling off considerably; at least, we hear, insofar as Carole is concerned. However, with Russ, it's different. The world may call it madness, but he calls it love!

DO you think Garbo is slipping? Do you think Mae West is a flash in the pan?

Well, believe it or not, the Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association (meaning the exhibitors of the country) think so. And what's more, they were not at all backward about expressing their dynamite opinions during their recent convention in Hollywood. (See pictures on page 66.)

To these gentlemen, apparently nothing is sacred, for they very freely stated that they thought the great Hepburn merely a screen "fad," and that George Arliss was "limited" in his audience appeal. They said Garbo was falling from grace because her pictures were too serious and depressing, and that Constance Bennett needed more support than her own fashionable personality to successfully carry on her starring career.

After heaving these brick-bats, bouquets were passed to Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, Will Rogers (they shrieked their approval of Will) and Marie Dressler. But whom do you suppose they singled out as the "coming" big star of the next five years? None other than Margaret Sullavan. Take a bow, Margaret, the gentlemen are highly enthusiastic about you!

KAY FRANCIS has been offered the dressing-room recently vacated by Ruth Chatterton, now that Ruth is no longer with Warner Brothers. But Kay declined with thanks. This famous bungalow dressing-room is the most elaborate on the lot and the most jinxed. Colleen Moore's career and marriage slipped while she was its occupant and a similar private

NEWS

Jack Warner, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, three big shots on the Warner lot, get together at the Brown Derby to talk shop, and the funny part of it is they're all supposed to be vacationing. Well, busman's holiday, you know.

Bridal party. Find Monte Blue, Stephen Ames, Raquel Torres, Alice White and Cy Bartlett? Stephen and Raquel are the pair to be congratulated.

(Left) Mildred Lloyd threw a birthday party for her famous husband, Harold—you've heard of him?—recently, and everyone came in costume. Here are the host and hostess lookin' sorta picturesque.

All photos by Scott

and professional calamity overtook Ruth Chatterton during her tenancy.

AN amusing scene took place in the Ambassador Hotel lobby the other day when a studio press agent, there to supervise the taking of some pictures of various M-G-M stars, looked up in surprise to discover his cameraman with his arm around Jean Harlow's shoulder, greeting her like a long lost friend. The press agent summoned the young man to his side and proceeded to read him "the riot act" for being so familiar with the stars.

"What do you mean by putting your arm around Miss Harlow?" he thundered.

Up marched Jean. "He didn't put his arm around me," she said with fire, "I put my arm around him. We're old friends. When I was a nobody in this town this boy took pictures of me and worked his head off trying to get editors to print them. I think he helped my career tremendously. And if I'm glad to see him, that's my business, not yours!"

Was the P.A.'s face red?

LORETTA YOUNG has announced her plans of touring Europe this summer. But then Loretta has scheduled herself a trip abroad several times before and never managed to get any farther than Palm Springs or Yosemite. However, everyone believes she will really go now.

The whispered story is that Loretta and Spencer Tracy want to give their affection for one another a real test and discover whether their romance is serious, or merely an infatuation.

MARTHA SLEEPER and Hardie Albright certainly pulled a fast one on the local spies when they actually completed the furnishing of an apartment in Westwood, bought a wedding ring, and took out a marriage license without anyone even guessing their plans. The youthful film players were married in Riverside, California, at the famous old Mission Inn early in April.

MEET MR. AMES, OPTIMIST

Adrienne Ames's ex-husband, Stephen Ames, certainly isn't a superstitious man. He is now honeymooning in Honolulu with Raquel Torres, and Honolulu is where he spent his honeymoon with Adrienne.

When they return from their honeymoon he is planning to buy her a home in Beverly Hills, which is exactly what he did for his first movie star wife.

And what's more he wants her to continue her movie career, just as Adrienne did! At the time of his divorce from the present Mrs. Bruce Cabot, Ames blamed Adrienne's movie job as one of the contributing factors in their estrangement. Now he has apparently changed his mind about a wife with a career.

OVER a national radio hook-up, Leslie Howard went on record as believing that the movies are not nearly as stimulating as the stage so far as the actor is concerned. "Making a movie is too mechanical to be exciting," he said.

Lee Tracy was so mad (*Cont. on p. 123*)

WHY GEORGE RAFT IS AFRAID OF WOMEN

Georgie at the Sebastian Club with Virginia Pine, the gal, 'tis said, he will wed when and if his wife gives him a divorce. And, below, the same Mr. Raft and Marjorie King, the tempestuous brunette who followed him to New York and who, according to the dailies, attempted suicide because of unrequited love.

The Screen's Menace has learned that they're all out for something —money, career, marriage—and it's the man who pays and pays!

"I'M afraid of women," said George Raft. His manner matter-of-fact, he quietly uttered this surprising statement.

"I've always been afraid of them. But it's much worse . . . now!" He spoke briefly; his words clipped short.

Nervous fingers fiddled with a pen that had been busy scratching his name upon the shiny surface of a set of pictures. Arranged in neat fashion, they lay before him.

He smiled, a one-sided, wry smile.

"Take a look," he said, nodding towards the stack. "New photographs."

I examined a likeness which showed his sleek head bent forward, while one hand manipulated a cigarette. It was the portrait of a wicked man.

"The menace!" His voice was sarcastic. "That's what they want! It's a joke! If they only knew! Long ago, even at the age when most boys have crushes, I was too busy chasing a dollar to have the time to look at a girl."

Reared in Hell's Kitchen, that toughest of New York neighborhoods, George Raft, young, energetic, wiry, had to worry about getting his next meal, and became, in turn, prize-fighter, baseball player, Charleston champion. Women were far away, untouchable. They were for the rich.

"When I first started taking girls out, I was kind of scared. I never could be mean to them. I can't, not to this day. I have to feel right . . . in here." Emphasizing the point, he beat his chest. "I guess it must be easy for some men to give girls the air. But I don't like to hurt. That's why it's hard for me to say goodbye to a girl. I can't. So I promise to telephone her. And then I never do. I guess it might be better if I did it the other way. But I have to be gentle. I'm afraid of hurting anyone."

By NANETTE KUTNER

And he learned about women—from women! Further, he tells what he learned in this startlingly intimate story, for George was never one who favored reticence. In fact, he confides, "I like to come clean; get things off the old chest, you know."

There was a silence, broken by the sudden incessant pounding of the radiator. He jumped from his chair.

"That's the way it goes," he cried, referring to the radiator. "From morning until night. They can't fix it. It's enough to drive a person nuts, that, and five performances a day and staying here, like in a prison."

BY "here" George Raft meant his dressing-room backstage of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway. He walked to one of the rain-streaked windows.

"Look down there," he said.

I saw below, directly in front of the stage door, a crowd of girls . . . waiting.

"They stand like that for hours," he told me. "The first day, I left by way of the stage door, and one girl, tearing at my coat, cried, 'I'm going to die! I'm going to faint! Isn't he sweet!'

"I appreciate their attention, but. . . ." he sighed. "It's only two years since I went into this game. It never used to be like this."

"You've changed," I said.

"In what way?"

"You seem bewildered, sadder, a bit worried."

"When did you talk to me last?" he asked, as we sat down again.

"About a year and a half ago. You had only made two pictures. You were having a pretty good time then. There was Sally O'Neill and Constance Cummings."

He sighed. "A lot of things have happened since then."

"Like Bonnie Poe?" I suggested, reminding him of a lady who recently sued.

"Let's not talk about that!" he snapped. "It's over with . . . settled. Forget it! Why bring it up? You know what yesterday's newspapers are!

"It's getting so I can't invite a girl out for dinner without being afraid I'll be sued. I suppose people think every time I go out with a girl I make violent love to her. Well, that's not true. No matter what I do, they talk. I bet if I went to dinner with a group of men . . ."

"What about Marjorie King?" I interrupted.

His reply was dignified. "Miss King? Miss King and I had a misunderstanding, just as any man and woman can have a misunderstanding. (*Continued on page 117*)

HERE'S WHAT THE

Pretty Clara Bow, Minna Gombell and Preston Foster in "Hoopla." The dialogue accompanying was eliminated in some states. It was "I think you better bunk in with Lou tonight."

Remember this scene in "I'm No Angel"—the barker, Russell Hopton, bringing in the customers. What the censors took out will amaze you.

. . . Here's the lowdown on the censor's war against crime, nudity, sex and sin —not to mention some very harmless elements

By JAMES B. M. FISHER

HAVE you ever heard anyone ask, "Now how did they get away with that bedroom scene in 'The Mad Love of Maizie Zilch'?" Such queries are frequent in those locales where censorship is very, very gentle or non-existent. But, for the most part, considering this country as a whole, "they" do not get away with much. Not, at any rate, in those places where the censors, enmeshed in filmy webs like spiders, sit and await each new picture with their scissors clutched tightly in their little fists.

These spots where shock is registered and where

CENSORS TOOK OUT

In Harlow's "Blonde Bombshell," the censors objected to the statement that a girl's day off is hard on her lingerie. Some objected to the words "day off," for goodness knows what reason.

RANSOM OIL MAN FOR $60,000

The above scene from "The Mad Game" (which dealt with the kidnapping theme) was taken out in several states. Do you agree that such scenes are harmful to the morals of American youth?

strips of naughty film fall by the wayside constitute approximately sixty-five per cent of the heaviest paying box office territory in this country. The censor rules supreme and every day of the week in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Kansas. In Massachusetts the censor is still supreme but the damage is felt on but one day of the week—Sunday. Chicago has a municipal board whose verdicts are accepted throughout the entire state of Illinois. All these censors, in varying degrees, are easily shocked by things big and small and react by cutting out the very scenes or dialogue which might have prompted you to ask that question about the Maizie Zilch opus.

Take Pennsylvania, for instance. A big state, heavily populated and boasting a large number of theatres. And in all these theatres they show pictures—or what is left of pictures after the state board has its way with them.

In the first place, the censor board is unbelievably naïve. It is probably the only state institution which persists in the quaint belief that the stork brings the baby. At least, the eliminations bear out this theory; in fact, Pennsylvania indicates an obstinate refusal to admit the phenomenon of birth at all. Married people must, according to the censor, spend their time playing checkers or making quilts—which they cannot sleep under together.

Believe it or not, in the Keystone state a room cannot be called "filthy"; a maiden cannot be characterized as "virginal"; a good child cannot be spoken of as a "tyke"; a bad child can never be a "brat." Another psychic premonition caused them to hand down the following judgment in "Rafter Romance," a Radio picture: "Eliminate the italicized word in the dialogue, '*Bowling* Green 4-3821.'" What evil significance is contained in this particular half of a New York telephone exchange seems almost beyond human comprehension! But this meticulous care in regard to detail is reserved for pictures which are, on the whole, so outstandingly pure as to make it difficult to find anything objectionable. Their shiniest pruning knives are kept for the major smashes that reek with sex and sin.

PENNSYLVANIA'S only rival in destructive energy is Ohio. In some respects the censors here make their confrères across the state line look like amateurs. In pouncing upon crime and nudity, as well as the phases of morality, this board is supreme. Hair-splitting is the order of the day.

The unerring accuracy which makes them champions in this direction, however, deprives them of the chance of being acclaimed for occasional bursts of brash liberalism. A case in point is the recent Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel." They made only two deletions in the entire film. One was from the line in the barker's spiel in which he introduces Miss West as a dancer and says, ". . . if she is properly encouraged, she'll throw *discretion to the winds* and her hips to the north, south, east and west." The phrase in italics, according to the rather coy Ohio board, gives the unfortunate impression that the heroine is loose morally, whereas the remainder of the statement can have only one interpretation—that she is loose about the hips, when dancing, if properly encouraged! When considered in relation to the (*Continued on page 110*)

Reviews

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in "Manhattan Melodrama." (Below) Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing." Crosby's singing makes this above average.

Otto Kruger's excellent performance and Nancy Carroll's nice work serve to make "Springtime for Henry" an utterly charming production. You will like it.

Hollywood has given us an unusual number of good movies this month.

A: TWENTIETH CENTURY
(Columbia)

John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns

A PRICELESS knockout. It's pictures on this plane that make the reviewer's life worth living; there is always the hope that a piece of entertainment like this will happen along. Such superb acting . . . such thrilling story material . . . such beautiful direction and dialogue! John Barrymore plays the role of Oscar Jaffe, the hysterical stage producer, to the very hilt and in so doing must have imbued Carole Lombard (actress Lily Garland) with some of the fire that made it possible for her to so far outshine her former acting that it is surprising. Most of the action takes place on the train, Twentieth Century, and concerns itself with Jaffe's attempts to obtain Lily Garland's signature to a contract that will save him from ruin as a producer. Oscar is always on the verge of suicide or happiness, and Lily, being a protégée of Oscar, almost outdoes him in histrionics. The rest of the cast is exceptional and the photography is beautiful. Don't fail to see this picture for any reason whatsoever. It's great.

B: MANHATTAN MELODRAMA
(M-G-M)

Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, Isabel Jewell

VERY nearly a knockout. Many moons have risen and set since we last saw much grand casting for a story. Loy, Gable and Powell seem made to order for the roles they play .

Two boys, Blackie and Jim, are left homeless at the opening of the story. Then we seem them as grown men.

You'll be better amused and entertained than you've been in a long time

Blackie (Gable) has become a big gambler and Jim (Powell) is District Attorney, running for Governor. Gable's former mistress, Myrna Loy, has quit him because he refuses to stop gambling and she falls in love with D.A. Powell! The intriguing situations that arise as the result of the loyalty of Blackie and Jim and an unusual ending make for interesting entertainment. We won't reveal the finale except to tell you that it won't prompt you to say "so what?"

Why, you ask, in view of all this glowing praise, does the picture rate "B" instead of "A"? Good story, good cast—but the tempo of the picture is slow. You'll notice it, too. You'll have an urge to give the story a push and send it along faster. For all that, I think, you'll like it a lot.

Carole Lombard and John Barrymore in "Twentieth Century." (Below) Frank Morgan (a wow) and Constance Bennett in "The Affairs of Cellini." Fredric March plays the title role.

The fine performances of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and Reginald Owen make the too-whimsical "Where Sinners Meet" enjoyable. Billie Burke is in it, too.

B: WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO)

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray

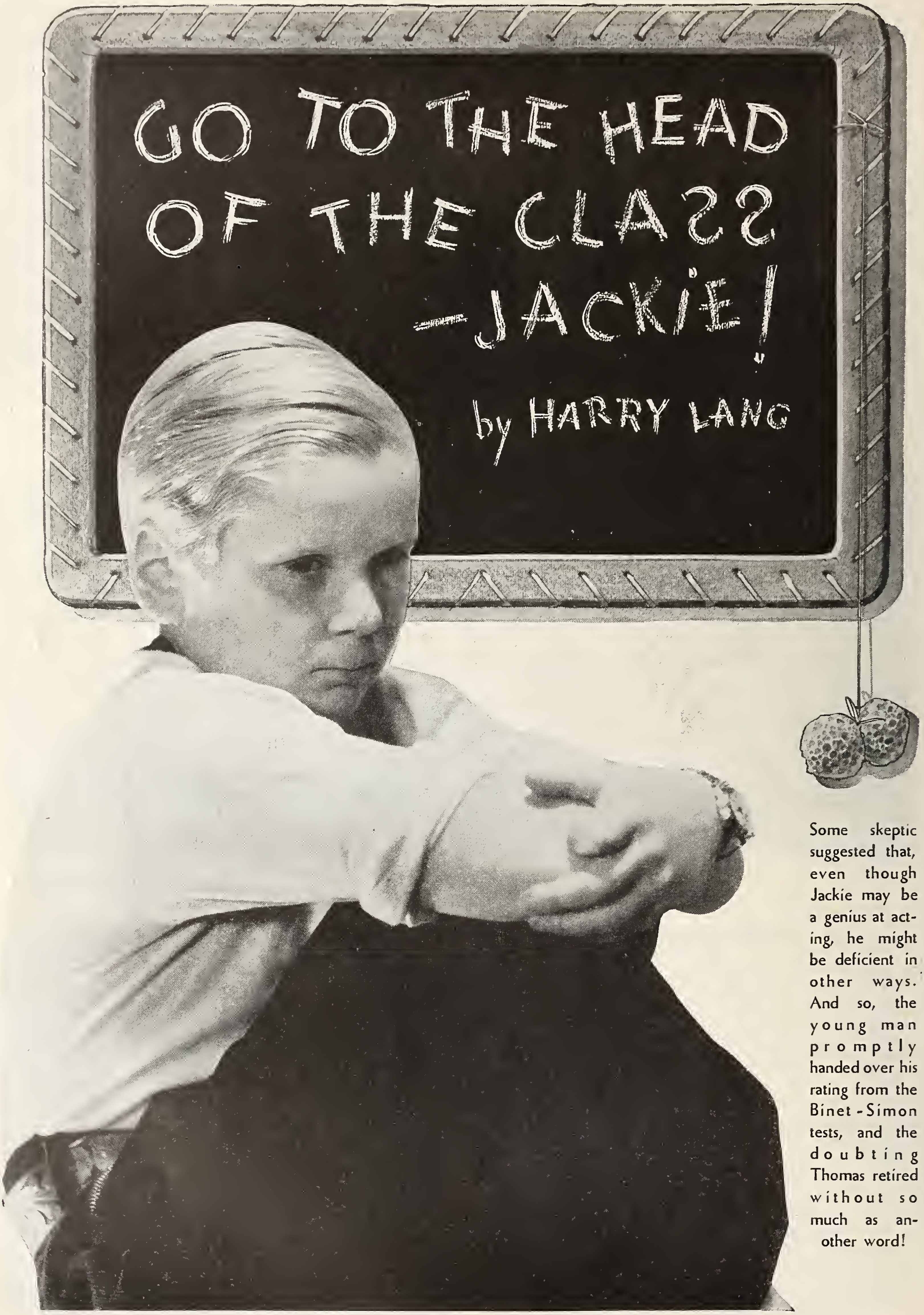
ALL this picture needs to make it thoroughly enjoyable is an injection of intestinal fortitude. As it stands now, it is all too, too fluffy and whimsical. Clive Brook portrays a millionaire on Dover Road whose hobby is collecting couples who are eloping and keeping them in his mansion long enough to allow them to find out if they are doing the wise thing. Most of them are not. Billie Burke flutters her way to another finale with excellent finesse and Diana Wynyard, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray contribute to the general fun in grand style. Too bad the story lacked any power whatsoever. It might have been swell.

The same slowness obtains in this film as in the one reviewed above—although they are entirely different in other respects. We hope all the Hollywood directors won't go slow-motion.

(Continued on page 120)

GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS—JACKIE!

by HARRY LANG



Some skeptic suggested that, even though Jackie may be a genius at acting, he might be deficient in other ways. And so, the young man promptly handed over his rating from the Binet-Simon tests, and the doubting Thomas retired without so much as another word!

Master Cooper knows the answers—better ones than the average adult! He surprised his examiner—and probably himself—at the blow he handed the Intelligence Test

Here is the youthful star with Dr. Doncaster G. Humm, whose job it was to discover "Skippy's" intelligence measure. The pill boxes had something to do with the examination and did not contain a remedy for the headache many a simpler soul than Jackie would have courted as a result of having difficult questions bombarded at him.

According to Dr. Humm's findings, young Cooper is capable of attaining prominence in any field of endeavor he might pursue. Indeed, he could very readily make science his life work, if Jackie should tire of grease paint, sound tracks and cameras when he reaches manhood.

PART OF JACKIE'S TEST

1. Repeat from memory the following digits, read to you at one-second intervals: 3-4-9-6-8-2-1-7.
2. Repeat backwards from memory the following digits, read to you at one-second intervals: 8-9-4-3-5-2.
3. Answer this: "Something is going on in the house across the street. The rooms are decorated with flowers and well-dressed people are arriving. Among them is a minister. Outside, people are tying old shoes and streamers to a car. What is happening there?"
4. Answer this: "Two missionaries and two cannibals wanted to cross a stream. They had a boat which could carry no more than two persons. However, it was unsafe to leave two cannibals and one missionary together at any time, on either shore, because then the two cannibals would eat the one missionary. How did they all get across the stream without running this danger?" (The answer is at the end of this article.)
5. What is wrong with this sentence: "Yesterday the police found a 300-pound safe which had been stolen from the post office, in the home of a woman. They believe she carried it there."
6. Jackie, told to utter words at random as fast as he could think of them, gave 65 words within 90 seconds. Can you?

BY scientific tests, Jackie Cooper is actually the mental superior of more than six-and-a-half million American adults of twenty-one or over today.

That is the amazing conclusion which results from the first scientific "intelligence measurement" test ever given the child star. But while that finding is the most startling result, the test goes much further and for the first time, on a truly scientific basis, gives the answers to such often-repeated questions as:

Isn't it true that while Jackie Cooper is a genius at acting, he's deficient or dull in other ways? The answer is "No," that, on the contrary, Jackie is in no field of mentality under his age and, in many fields, far beyond.

Isn't it true that his film fame has "spoiled" him? The answer is again "No," with the added explanation that he stands less chance of being "spoiled" by fame than many grown-up stars before you today.

These tests were given to Jackie a little over a year ago, when he was nine years old. The tests have just come to light and are so amazing that they deserve attention, for at nine Jackie's mind was rated as that of a twelve-and-a-half year old boy.

Upon recommendation of the Los Angeles Board of Education authority, the test was placed in the hands of Doncaster G. Humm, Ph.D., Los Angeles psychologist. It is in substance the same test as is used in schools, colleges, the army and navy, sociological and industrial institutions, to ascertain the mental age and intelligence of any individual.

(*Continued on page 106*)

Here is Spencer Tracy fairly beaming on Baby Louise. Spenc is a dyed-in-the-wool daddy and will tell anyone who will listen that his children are his first interest in life. Then, there is lovely Loretta Young, for whom he acknowledges great devotion.

The LIFE STORY of a REAL Guy

LITTLE Spenc Tracy resented being called an Indian by "Moom," his aunt, and would retaliate by leaving her out of his prayers at night. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of an Irish father, Spencer had all the wit and fighting spirit of the Irish. No, Aunt "Moom," nor anyone else for that matter, could get away with calling him an Indian—even though it was said jokingly.

Spencer never did like school. And it wasn't his fondness for education which prompted our little friend to learn to read. No, sir! He discovered at an early age that reading enabled one to comprehend the sub-titles of movies. So he learned to read—willingly.

He always had an urge for acting and so it was not unnatural that, when Pat O'Brien, a high-school pal, urged him to come to New York where he was studying for the stage, Spencer agreed to join him there. Together, they went from booking-office to booking-office. Spencer's biggest moment came when he landed a weekly salary with a White Plains stock company and fell in love with the leading lady, Louise Treadwell.

Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell were married in Cincinnati between a matinee and evening performance of their stock company show. Before their marriage, Louise had gone to Milwaukee for a few weeks' visit to Spencer's parents, for the purpose of "getting acquainted." Just what Mr. and Mrs. Tracy thought of their future daughter-in-law was indicated by a long distance telephone call

Mrs. Tracy, formerly Louise Treadwell and a popular actress. The celebrated pair were happy for several years and even now, though separated, are the best of friends. And, right, Spencer with his son, Johnny, a most interesting little fellow.

Part 2: A new wife—and no job . . . a chance at radio—big flop . . . tuning in on the piano business . . . Johnny, Baby Louise, success and a legal separation

By WALTER RAMSEY

from the senior Tracy the day Louise left. "What do you think of her, Dad?" Spenc asked eagerly.

"Well," came the reply, "if you don't marry this girl, son, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were when you went on the stage!"

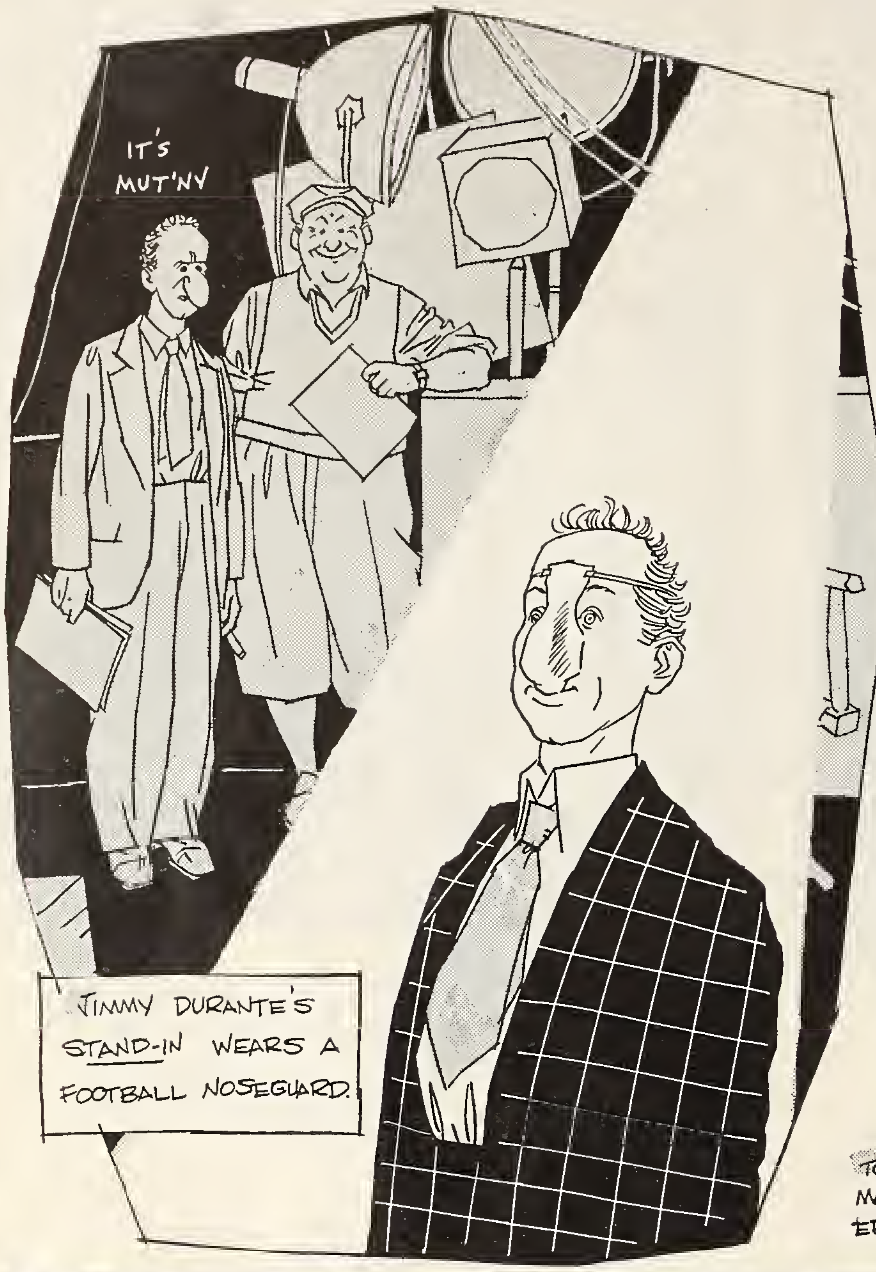
IT was Spencer who was now beginning to believe he was a fool to have gone on the stage. He was becoming more and more discouraged with his career. Through several stock company engagements he had managed to receive only minor parts. Louise went from one leading lady engagement to the other.

At this time in his career Spenc was such a bad actor he was frequently singled out for ridicule by stage managers who were not at all backward about telling him he had picked the wrong profession. He would have quit a thousand times if it hadn't been for Louise, who even went so far as to threaten to leave him if he quit the stage. "You aren't the Great Lover type," she would tell him, "but you have a nice stage presence and a good voice. Some day you'll find your particular niche and you'll click."

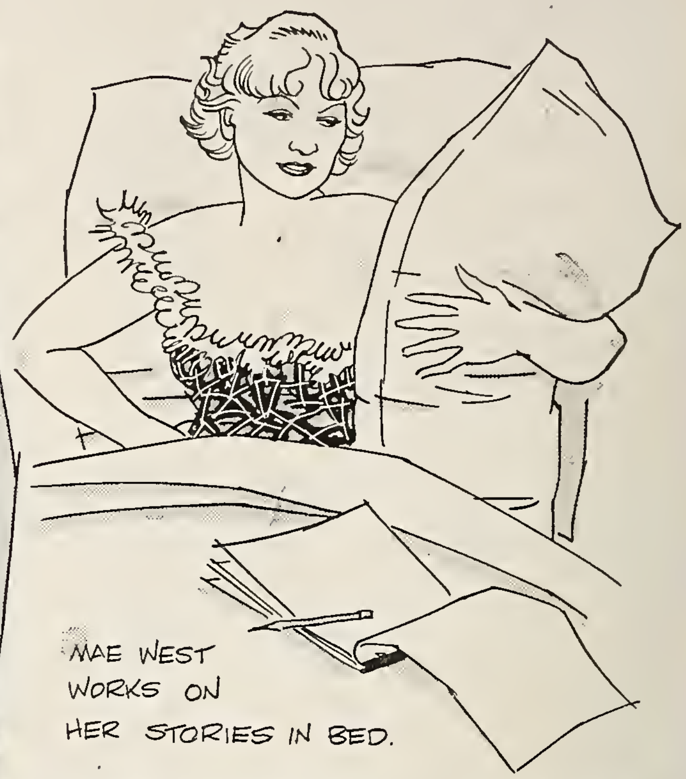
"Even my mother was convinced I should give up the stage after she saw me in one performance," explains Spenc. "I'm afraid I was a very discouraged bridegroom the first year of our marriage."

It was during the run of a show in Cincinnati, six months after their marriage, that *(Continued on page 78)*

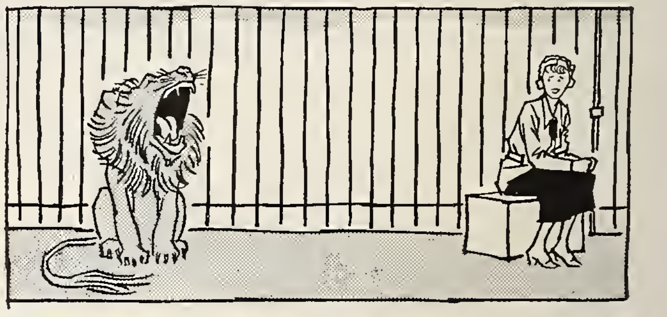
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



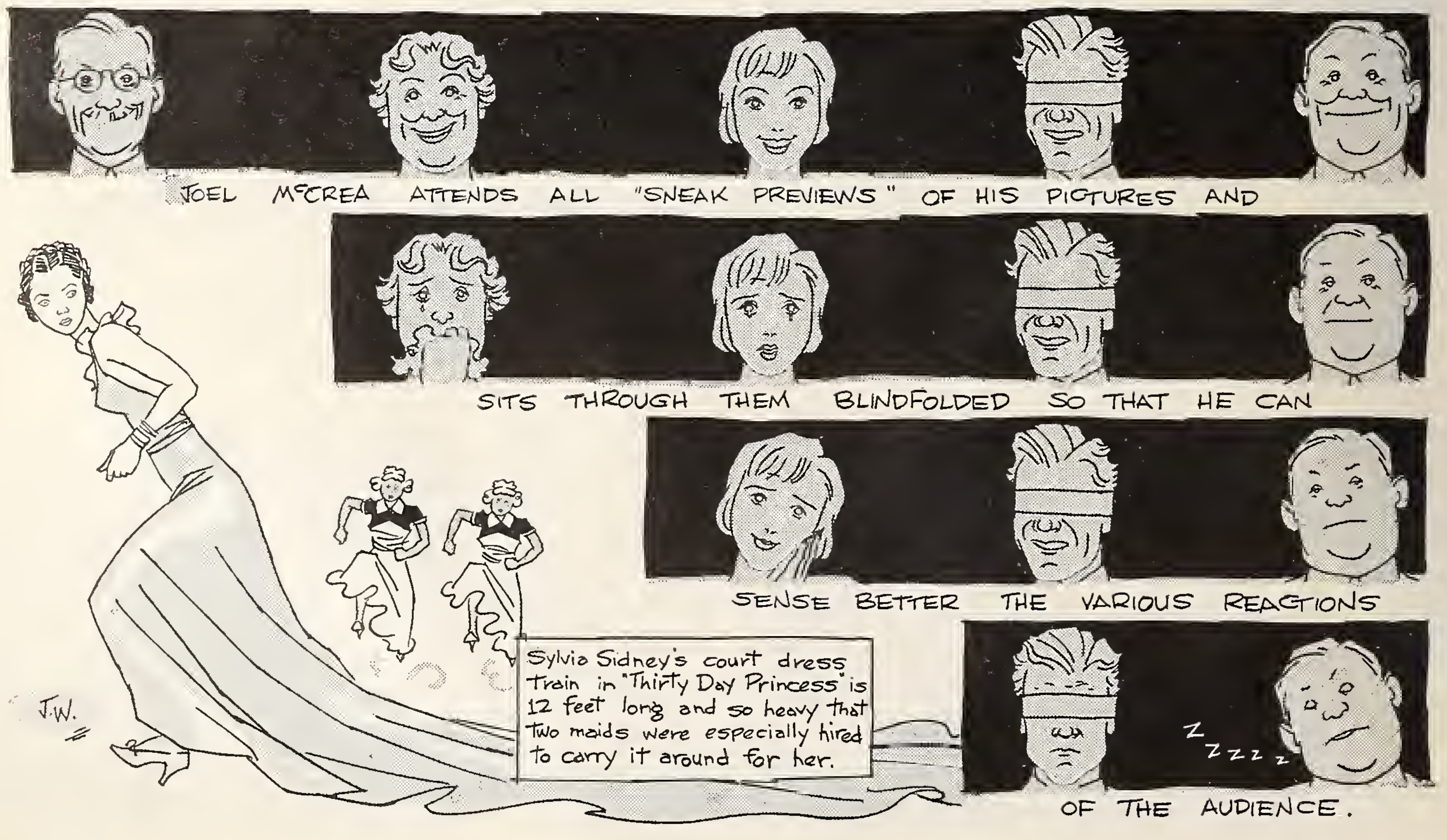
JIMMY DURANTE'S STAND-IN WEARS A FOOTBALL NOSEGUARD.



MAE WEST WORKS ON HER STORIES IN BED.



TO TEST HER AMBITION TO BE AN ANIMAL TRAINER MARGARET SULLAVAN HAS SAT IN LION CAGES SEVERAL TIMES (She has returned to movie work each time.)



JOEL McCREA ATTENDS ALL "SNEAK PREVIEWS" OF HIS PICTURES AND SITS THROUGH THEM BLINDFOLDED SO THAT HE CAN SENSE BETTER THE VARIOUS REACTIONS OF THE AUDIENCE.

Sylvia Sidney's court dress train in "Thirty Day Princess" is 12 feet long and so heavy that two maids were especially hired to carry it around for her.

JEAN HARLOW

The Platinum One is ever busy as the proverbial bee and is fast developing into one of M-G-M's best box-office bets. She plays a typical tempestuous Harlow role in "100 Per Cent Pure" and our guess is that it will check up another hit for her. She celebrated her birthday recently by presenting her mother with a swanky town car, but then, every day is Mother's Day for this generous gal. When Jean isn't emoting at the studio, she devotes her day to athletics. Swimming in her brand new pool may be counted among her latest diversions and then, of course, golfing continues to be one of her favorite sports.

GLORIA SWANSON

You'll see her soon in M-G-M's revamped version of that famous emotional drama, "Three Weeks." For, although her life—personal and professional—has been rather hectic, La Swanson is still most interested in appearing in pictures. She knows the movie game thoroughly, so perhaps that is why she is now taking it philosophically.

JOHN BARRYMORE

It isn't often that Mr. Barrymore okays his own performance in a picture, so when he claims that his role of the hectic producer in "Twentieth Century" is the best characterization of his movie career, it behooves us to sit up and take notice. Barrymore's favorite sport is skeet shooting, for which he has a field on his estate.

WARREN WILLIAM

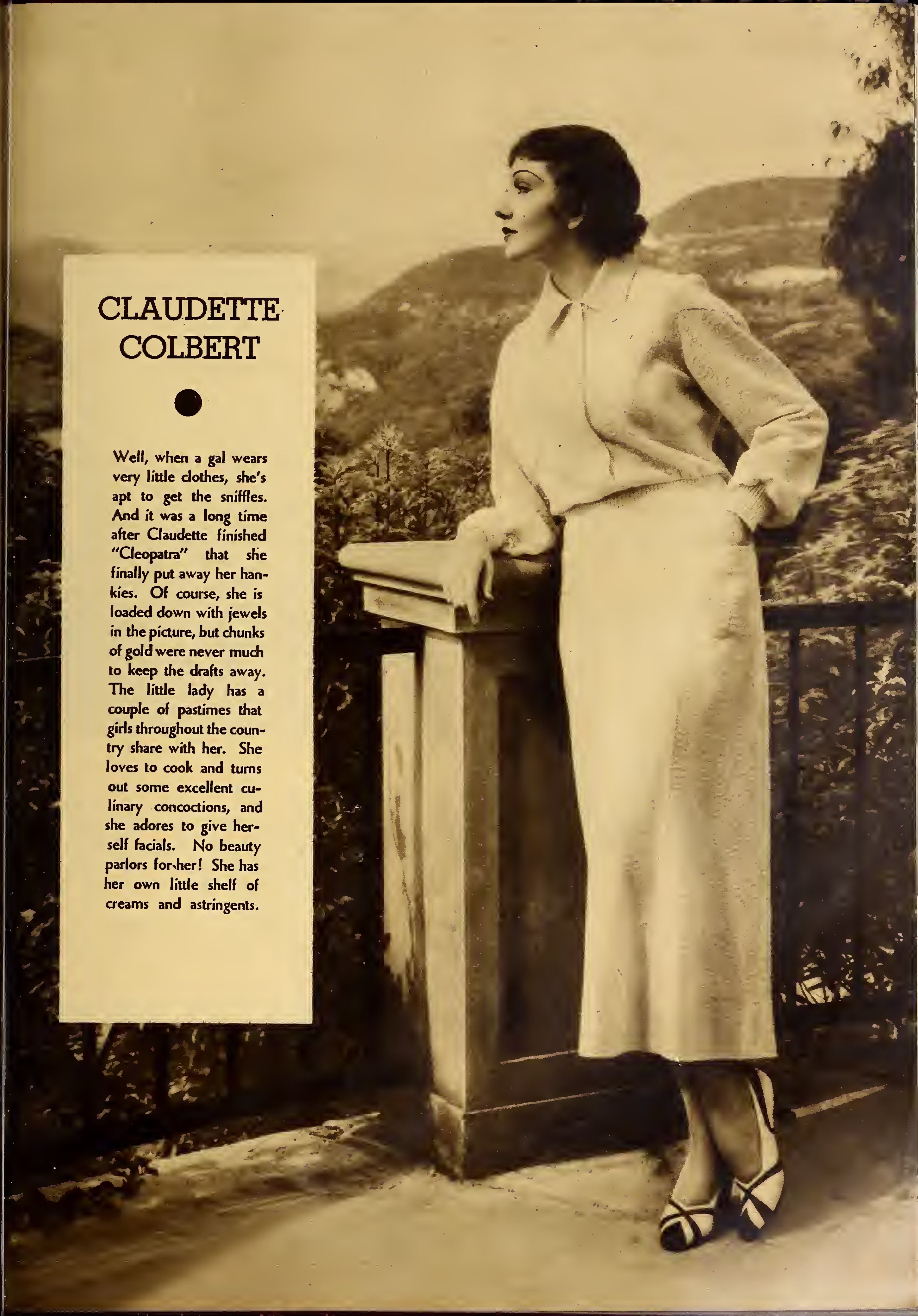
●

When it comes to versatility, he is one of the most dependable players on the coast, for he is at home in the staid business man type of role as well as in a colorful character, such as the powerful Caesar, in "Cleopatra." Incidentally, Cecil B. De Mille borrowed Mr. William from Warners for this Paramount production, which sort of looks as if no one on the home lot could have done it as well, doesn't it? "When Tomorrow Comes" will be released at about the same time and then you'll see what we mean by an all-around trouper. Believe it or not, his favorite sport is boar hunting.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

●

Well, when a gal wears very little clothes, she's apt to get the sniffles. And it was a long time after Claudette finished "Cleopatra" that she finally put away her hankies. Of course, she is loaded down with jewels in the picture, but chunks of gold were never much to keep the drafts away. The little lady has a couple of pastimes that girls throughout the country share with her. She loves to cook and turns out some excellent culinary concoctions, and she adores to give herself facials. No beauty parlors for her! She has her own little shelf of creams and astringents.



DON'T GET

We liked you gay, reckless, settling

Yes, believe it or Ripley, the unexpected has happened! You see, once more, Lupe and Gary at the same table. Of course, each is now devoted to another and those others, Johnny Weissmuller and Mrs. Cooper, are "among those present." Looks like a nice little foursome, doesn't it, with bygones—well, just bygones.

By RUTH BIERY

I'M worried about Lupe Velez. For the first time in eight years, I'm sincerely anxious about her. She's the best friend I have and I've always been proud of her. But now——

For the first time, Lupe's in danger of being coated by a veneer, manufactured by her friends and her critics rather than by her Maker. For the first time, she's beginning to change, allowing Hollywood and marriage to make her over.

For a long time, Hollywood's been gradually changing—hiding behind dignified panels and a refusal to "talk to the press" to keep the world in ignorance of its true nature. And Lupe's been the one, bright, fascinating exception. "I'm what I am. God made me and I'm not going back on Him to pretend I'm different."

But now something has happened to her. She's changed.

A writer telephoned the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department for an interview with her. "Miss Velez is not granting interviews any more," was the answer.

She says "darn" where she used to say "damn."

She isn't yelling at the fights any more.

She's given away the dogs that used to chase through the house after her, like Pied Piper's children, even though they weren't house-broken.

She's rebuilding her home along the most conservative, "grand lady" lines.

She's planning on buying white love seats, in the best English fashion, for the new library. Red plush would have been the choice of Miss Velez; white satin belongs to Mrs. Weissmuller.

She's installing new closets to hold her dresses. Cedar-lined. Instead of tossing thousand-dollar coats into tiny

RESPECTABLE, LUPE!

scores in your own way; loving here, hating there! Don't change now!

spaces with an impetuous, careless abandon, she's hired a woman to hang them in neat rows under neat covers.

Instead of letting all of her dresses get dirty and shooting them *en masse* to the cleaners, she's sending them one by one so her closets are as respectable as her neighbors'.

She's replaced her slacks, with their great splotches of grease from the drippings beneath her car where she's crawled to tinker, with silk, daintily collared dresses.

She's planning on joining a woman's club!

AND she's saving her money. Instead of dashing to Palm Springs or Agua Caliente for a week-end to try her luck at the tables, Lupe and Johnny and Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have rented a beach house between them, where they slip on Fridays and remain until Mondays—swimming and riding and boating and sunbathing. If they want excitement, they go Coney Island places for roller-coasting and merry-go-rounding, where they can't spend over ten dollars for all four of them.

There's more; much more. But that is enough to show you why I'm frightened. Lupe is going respectable and using other people's definition of that word instead of her own. She must stop it!

My first little fright was just before she and Johnny were married. She said, "I've always been afraid of marriage. It has seemed like putting iron bars around you. The married people I know are not happy. They pretend. I can't pretend. But," she shrugged, "this world says a girl should marry. I have had every experience except marriage. I've been afraid to tie myself down. I cannot be tied down. I cannot be told what to do and what not to do. But people do not think me respectable because I do not marry. That is the custom. I cannot live alone. I love Johnny. I love him very much. I suppose we must marry!"

My heart stopped a beat. She was madly in love with Johnny; she was not madly in love with marriage. A world—a hard world—had taught her that the custom of marriage was essential to respectability. Decency, loyalty, honesty, fearlessness—all those, Lupe always had. But they were not enough for respectability. A custom was. And Lupe had always wanted to be respected.

This was not the first time Lupe had considered the pros and cons of marriage. We all know about Gary. We do not all know about the producer who wanted to marry her. He sent her beautiful paintings, recommended what she should read, advised her on how she should act. In fact, he wanted to make her over into a Janet Gaynor.

That marriage would have given Lupe "respectability" and financial independence for the rest of her life. Most unmarried girls would have vaulted toward the altar. But not Lupe. She saw ahead with that shrewd, native, unspoiled instinct. "He fell in love with me as I am. If I am his wife, he make me another person and then he stop loving me and wonder why. I cannot do it. I am what I am and must remain so!"

Lupe did not think Johnny would try to make her over. Johnny did not think so, either.

But all men—and most women—eventually reach the point where they want to control Lupe. With men, it's a matter of testing love. Love

(*Continued on page 103*)

She can wear anything! Clothes that are daring or conservative or tailored or, on rare occasions, much be-ruffled. What does it take to do it?

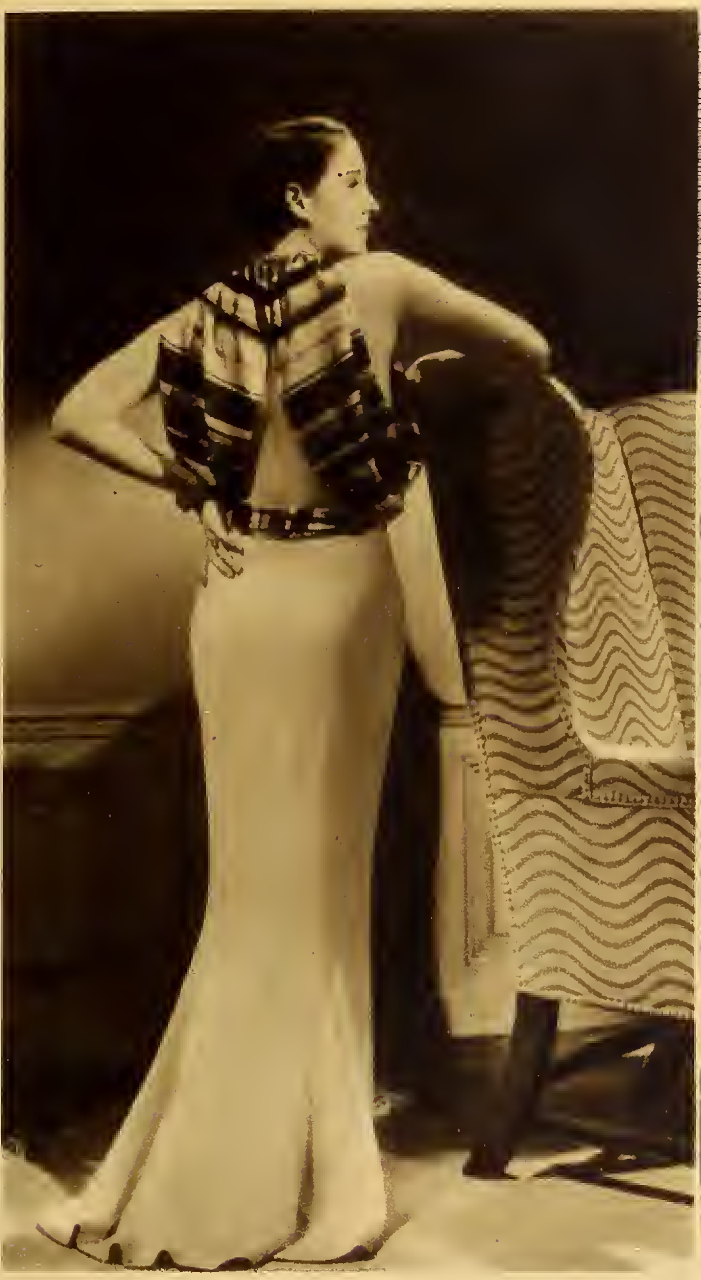
(Above and below) Two of the maddest hats in the world, which Norma wears in "Riptide." One is a silly little plaid gewunkus, the other is square on top!

One of Norma's most daring creations. A white satin negligee, grand enough for a ball gown.

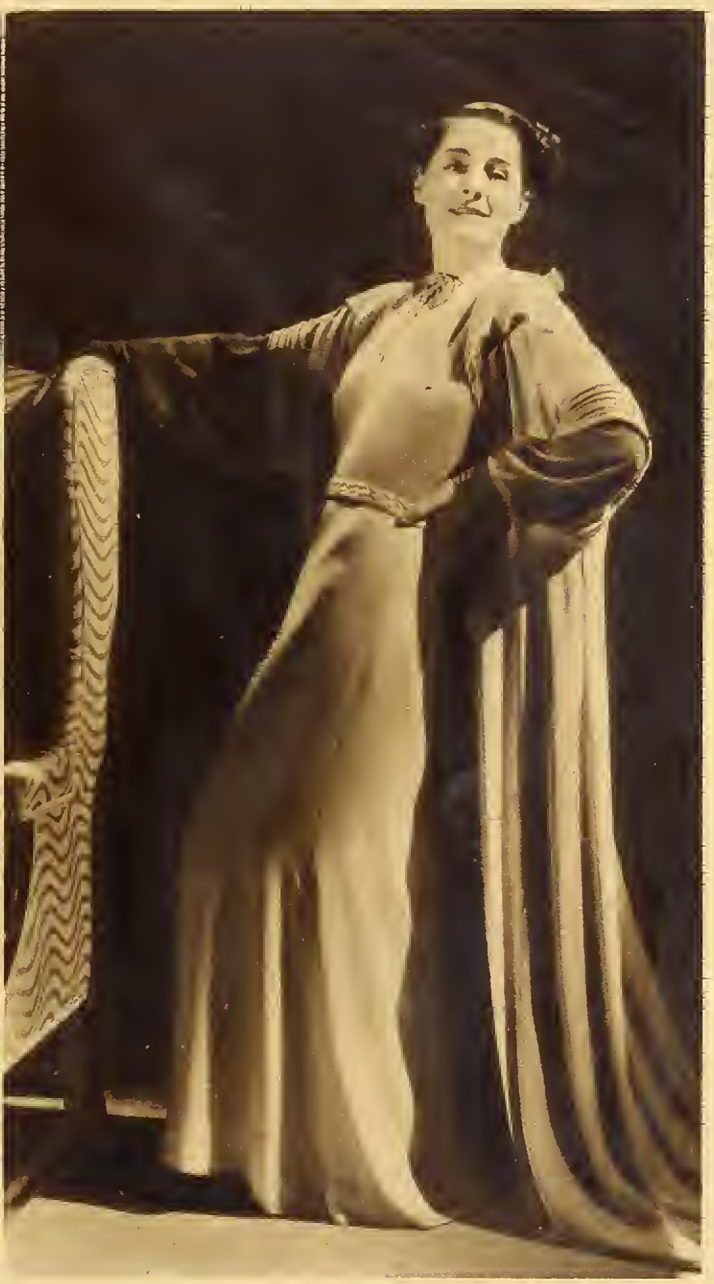
By DENA REED

THE one thing that stands out in Norma Shearer's pictures, aside from her impeccable acting, has always seemed to me to be her versatility in clothes-wearing. I've wondered about it for a long time and when I thought of the Adrian creations for "Riptide," I realized that, as usual, Norma wore everything from a simple street dress to a novel and devastating evening gown—to say nothing of a bathing suit. Norma is herself in everything, and this, even for a screen star gowned by the foremost Hollywood designer, seems quite a feat. After all, Garbo has rarely if ever appeared in a bathing suit and as for "teddies"—perish the thought! Usually those of us who were made for bathing suits

IF YOU WOULD BE AS *Chic as Norma*



A resort model, made with a long skirt and a gaily Roman striped material forming the bodice and girdle. Very unusual.



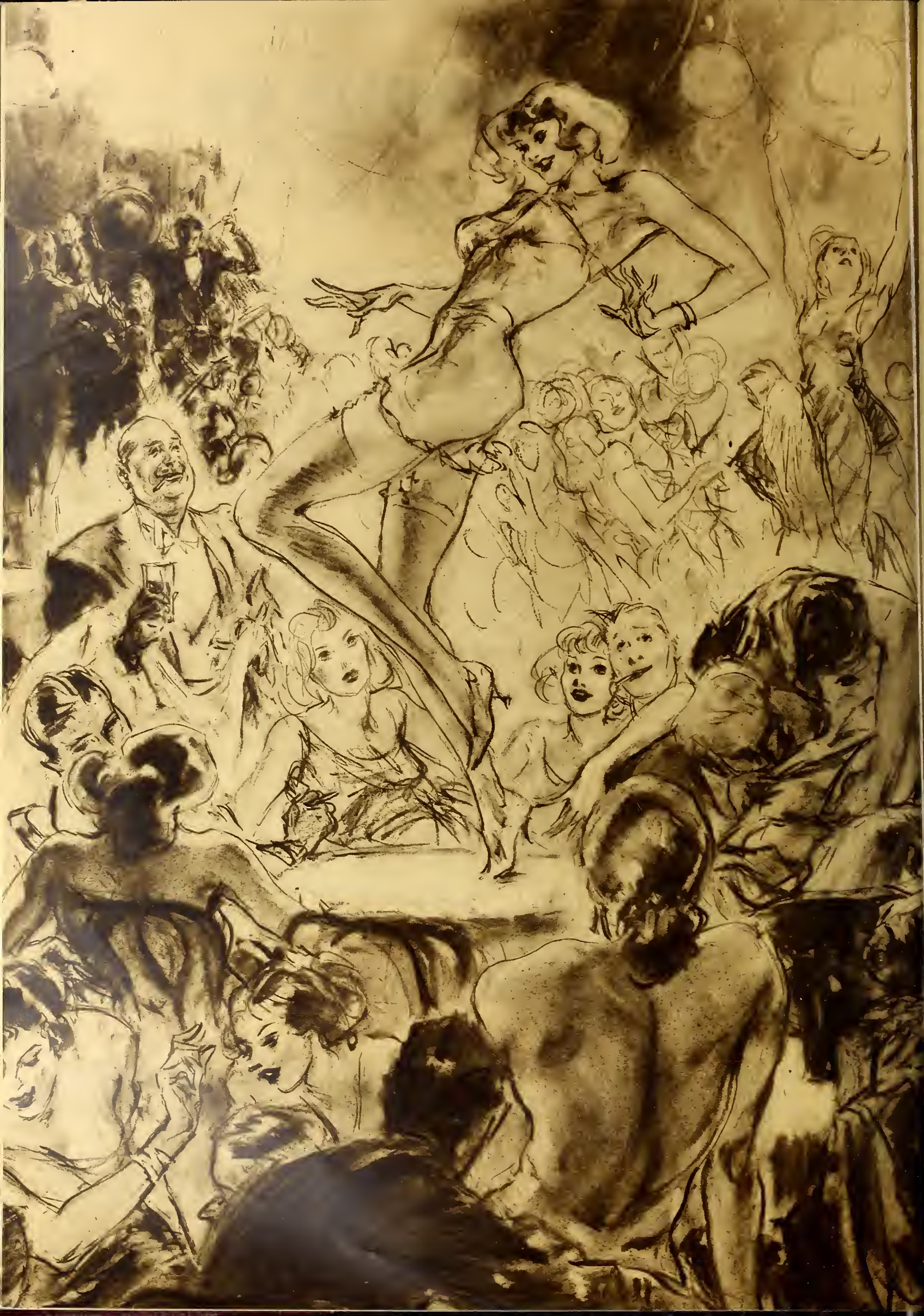
A hostess gown which has a long, be-trained jacket, and full, wrist-length sleeves of contrasting velvet.

don't belong in a tailleur and vice versa. But Norma's been the exception to the rule.

Norma wears tons of clothes in "Riptide"—some utterly extreme. Clothes that are difficult to "get away with." But, anyway, they're fun to look at. Take the queer little hats she wears. Not a sensible one in the lot. Only a very well brushed coiffeur and a finely chiselled profile could wear that feathered tricorn lid, or that crazy little square box-like affair, or even that jaunty plaid beret with the doo-dad over the right eye. "But," you say, "Norma Shearer isn't a crazy person. How does she get away with clothes like that?" Wait a minute.

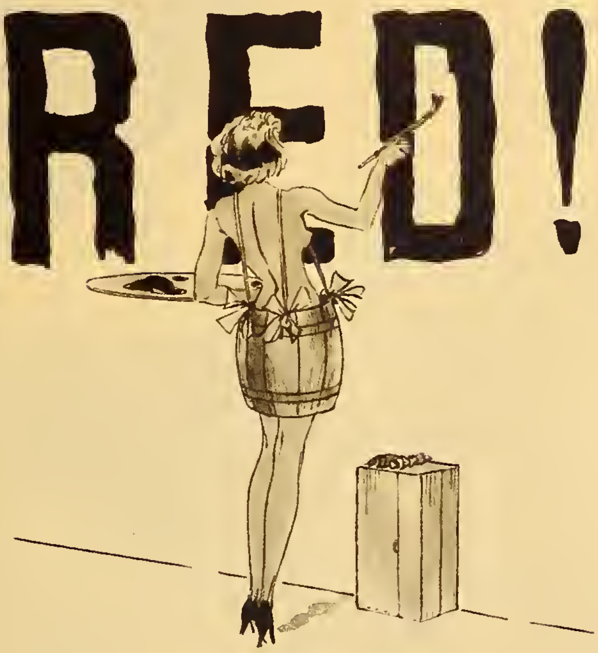
And the gowns! That one tagged "The Napoleon" is perhaps the most individual. The skirt isn't so unusual, except that it might cling just a little closer than most skirts. But the hip-length coat of velvet with the huge stand-up collar is something that even the males will notice. Once again—Norma carries it off beautifully.

She evidently looked toward Russia for the influence in her chiffon hostess gown, with its unusual jacket trimmed with four rows of silver cording, Russian collar and double jabot of the chiffon tied high about her throat. As for the black velvet evening dress with silver lame coat featuring wide velvet lapels and tails (yes, actually!) that hang to the knee—it's easy to see that a man's full dress coat was the inspiration for this. (*Continued on page 86*)



Penned with a sentimental longing for the days when a movie wife argued with a gun, great directors winked at extra girls, and every night was New Year's Eve

LET'S PAINT HOLLYWOOD RED!



By CAROLINE S. HOYT

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH

I'M glad I'm not a Hollywood press agent today. In my day, we created news rather than suppressed it. Heavens, but these highly-organized, efficiency-expert, suppress-agents take themselves seriously! Perhaps it's because they make as much as $25,000 yearly. When we got twenty-five dollars a week we promoted divorces and encouraged young girls to walk down Hollywood Boulevard in chiffon nighties and urged one star to sue another—all for headline excitement.

Today, they make actors who forget to marry their beloveds rush to Santa Anna for a secret ceremony; they make little girls who might be named as co-respondents get married; they hire airplanes to sneak naughty relatives out of the country. They even order dancing daughters to become perfect ladies. And now they've barred the studio lunchrooms to guests to prevent their little dears from being seen by curious visitors.

"We mustn't spoil the illusions about them," they tell writers.

Illusions! And who thrills to illusions? How would you like to hold an *illusion* in your arms to cuddle and fondle? How would you like to marry an illusion?

Personally, I'll take my girls as they were intended to be taken. As Mae West or Katie Hepburn or Garbo or Clara Bow are taken on the screen.

If Mae West had come to Hollywood in the old days—it makes my hair stand on end just to think of what we would have done with her. We'd have said, "Mae, blow your stuff. Tell it to the marines and the army. Tell the men all over the world to come up and see you sometime and tell the women why they accept the invitation without a moment's hesitation."

But what did they do to you? They turned you from a nice, hot mamma into a subtle, mysterious, lady-like illusion. They made you so naughty on the screen that even the marines must blush; they ordered you to become so lily white in person that I was afraid someone would kidnap you at Easter and send you as a greeting.

IT'S funny to a Hollywood old-timer, Mae. Here you'd made nice, bright, red stripes all over the world before Hollywood caught you. With your own brains, too. 'Cause it takes brains to handle a body. Your muscles don't undulate without the little, upper cells that control them. You'd made a fortune and collected more jewels than Peggy Joyce. You'd held the world to your heaving bosom. When you'd found it commencing to slip, you'd winked at the police department, taken a ride in its wagon and watched the world huddle close again.

And yet a bunch of pink-cheeked lads, most of whom weren't so hot as reporters and so turned press agents, told *you* what to say and what to do and how to live and which way to fold your hands when writers approached you, and finally ordered you not to talk at all, for publication.

Those first interviews were swell, Mae. You told a writer, "Hollywood's been getting dull, but I'll give it a new coat of varnish." You told another, "They want me to take pictures in a bungalow apron and show me cooking in a kitchen. I've never been in a kitchen except to pass through to meet some man on the back porch." They made that writer show the story to your special, pink-cheeked press agent and he shuddered and cut it out—and you let him!

Now, you've bought a new house in the *farming district*. True, it has an onyx bowl and solid, eighteen carat gold bathroom fittings that cost $7,000 and a bar in the basement—where they'll have you serving pink teas, Mae.

You should have been here in the old days! When Gloria Swanson rode down the Boulevard in a yellow car with Wallie Beery. "Wallie" printed on one door; "Gloria" on the other. Before they were married! And D. W. Griffith drove a blue one from which he winked at the pretty girls. There weren't any illusions about their blushes or heaving bosoms. They knew his car was blue to attract attention and they were willing to be attracted. There are plenty of girls in Hollywood, now, with the same willingness. Only they live in penthouses with back stairways.

Those were the days when the brighter the car, the more famous the person. Gary Cooper carried on the tradition in his bright, canary two-tonner right up 'til the time he got married. But after that Park Avenue wedding—another hearse-colored carriage.

I wouldn't say a word if these modern press wizards—who tame 'em rather than exploit 'em—were bringing more money into the box office. "Beezness" is "beezness" in Hollywood and always will be. But the money isn't rolling in as it used to and the producers are wailing they can't pay the NRA increases. Well, any average American family could tell them: You can't live on illusions. You've got to have honest-to-goodness bread and butter.

Of course, they blame the censors and women's clubs and talkies. Well, as an old-timer, I want to argue about that. We used to make our pictures on the Cinderella theme, but let the people who (*Continued on page 82*)

Happy CONTEST WINNER

Jean Kraft wanted to tell Clark Gable she thought him charming, but decided it might sound like flattery. Anyway, the cameraman appeared just then, so Clark will never know about it—'til he reads this.

Here is Jean with Myrna Loy (left) and Muriel Evans. She says they are a couple of regular gals you'd like to number among your friends, and are as pretty and sweet as they are unpretentious.

And, with Otto Kruger, who is ready to go on the set. "And how attractive he is!" declares Jean, whose opinion is worth while, for she met many charming male stars during her visit.

I HARDLY know where to begin the account of the greatest adventure of my life so far—my week in Hollywood, and my meeting with Joan Crawford.

Even now as I write this story on the train speeding me back to my home in Shaker Heights, Ohio, and my job as the reception clerk in the office of a well-known dentist, I am pinching myself to wonder if it is really true that I, Jean Kraft, have actually met the girl I have adored all these years, that I have sat on the set with her having tea, talking to her about everything, watching her make scenes for her new picture, "Sadie McKee," with Franchot Tone. I know it is really true, but like all wonderful and unexpected things that happen to us, it seems like a dream come true.

When the contest was announced I resolved, of course, to enter it. Joan Crawford has always been my star of

. . . Jean Kraft, winner of the trip to Hollywood in our Joan Crawford contest, tells of meeting her idol and the thrilling week she spent in the City of Make Believe

By JEAN KRAFT

William Powell is one of Miss Kraft's favorite players, so she was pleased when he asked to be snapped with her. "This gentleman is as suave and gracious off the screen as he is on," she tells us.

Here is Jean with Clarence Brown, director of "Sadie McKee," and Joan Crawford who, with Modern Screen, is responsible for the contest that gave this lucky lady from Ohio a chance to know Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper, all dressed up in his "Treasure Island" costume, stopped work long enough to pose for a picture and to tell Jean he'd rather make movies than go to school, which sounds like a reasonable choice.

stars. There is no one in pictures I have admired as I have Joan. The way this girl has developed, from a giddy dancing "extra" to a gracious and charming woman, has been an inspiration to me. And so the work of preparing my entry as a tribute to my idol was a labor of love.

When I sent my entry away, I was proud of it but in my heart I did not expect to win. I've watched so many contests and wondered if anyone ever really won them. I even wondered if the winners were not picked in advance and if they were not personal friends of someone connected with the producing company. You know what I mean, all you who have gone through the same thing.

Before I left home I received over four hundred letters and each one asked what were my emotions when the letter came saying I had won. (*Continued on page* 95)

COULD YOU HAVE BORNE SUCH SUFFERING?

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN Esther Ralston was two years old, she made her first public appearance, balanced precariously on the head of her acrobat father. And from that scarey position she was tossed, a small yellow fluff ball, from her father to her mother and back again. And when the performance was over, she would go home—to whatever railroad station hotel was "home" that week to the Six Travelling Ralstons. And she would take her little, carefully tended bisque doll and hug it close and say "Babies shouldn't get hurted. Babies shouldn't get scare-ded. *I'll* take care of *you.*" And that inanimate bisque dolly was the very heart of the heart of Esther, aged two.

When Esther was nine, after seven years of intensive trouping during the summer and schooling in winter headquarters during school terms, she was appearing with her family in a small Utah town. One of her most sensational stunts was done in metal rings suspended by a leather thong held by her father's teeth as he swung on the trapeze. To give the act a greater thrill, father Ralston gave Esther's older brother his place and let the lad hold Esther with his teeth. *One night the boy sneezed.* From the constricted throats of hundreds of factory hands and small town spectators, a roar of horror shattered the air—and a small body went hurtling through space to the ground.

There were days and weeks of hospital pain; blurred days and weeks when the small bruised body and the small bruised mind seemed to be one tremendous ache. *Wondering*—trying to figure it all out—trying to put together the pretty, brightly colored fragments she thought were Life so that they would fit beautifully together as they should fit. After a while she found the solution—it was *love.* It was loving everyone and everything so much that bruises couldn't matter; you couldn't be *really* hurt; most of all, you couldn't ever deal hurt to anyone with your own hands, with your own heart. Esther didn't call her solution God. She didn't give it any sectarian name. She just kind of thought that if you love people very much they will love you back and then the pieces of the puzzle will all fit together and you won't get hurt even if you *are* hurt. It was something like that. . . .

AND then, in 1925, after long years of trouping, of playing bits and extra parts in pictures, of playing in Westerns, she made her first real screen success as Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan." The long trail began, it seemed, to climb upwards toward the sun. In 1925 she believed that she had found her place in the sun, on the rim of the world, on the happy side of Heaven. She married her manager, George Webb.

Esther Ralston is happy now. She has work. Friends. Little Mary Esther. Freedom. (Above) In a scene from "Sadie McKee" with Gene Raymond. Her come-back picture.

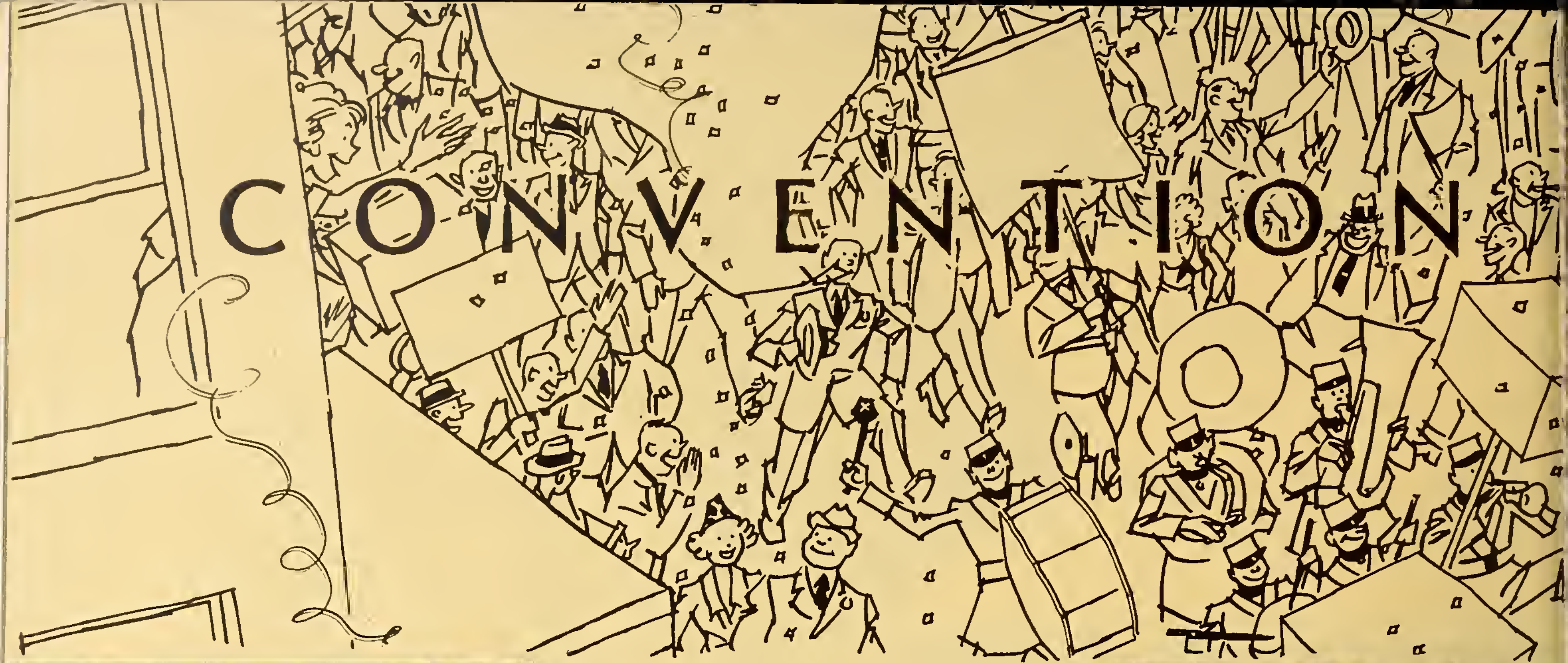
George was married when he met Esther. An unhappy marriage. Love gone from it. It did not matter to Esther that George was married. For hers was a love that was more than a love—her first—her last. It was idolatry. It was Trilby to Svengali. It was the lodestone that called forth all of the deeply stored love of that deeply tender young heart.

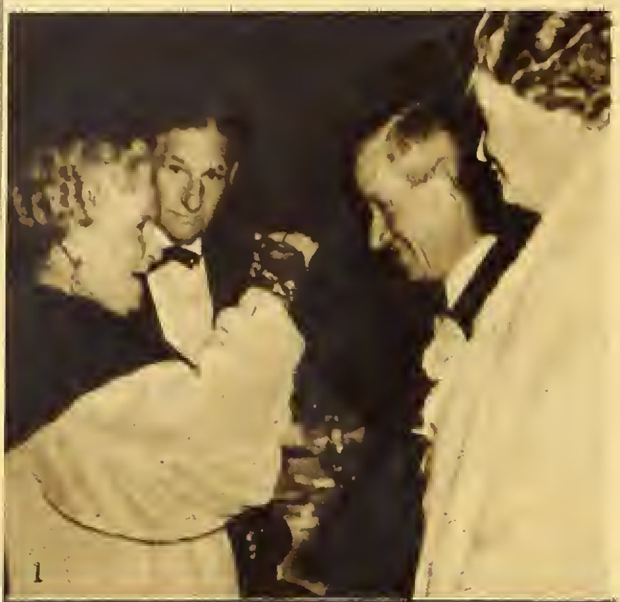
When Esther spoke of George in these days she lowered her voice. George was Daddy. Esther was his child, his baby, the supple clay to be moulded as he would. She never questioned. He loved her. She loved him. The pieces fitted together with a passionate perfection. Her own family cast her off when she married George. It didn't matter. She was glassed in by a love the prismatic colors of which filled the earth and the sky and the last horizon.

Success seemed to walk hand in hand with this consuming love. George was Authority. George Knew. He trained her. He taught her. He would say to her. "*I am Esther Ralston.*" He would (*Continued on page 88*)

Esther Ralston always believed that, if you loved enough, nothing could really hurt you . . .

CONVENTION

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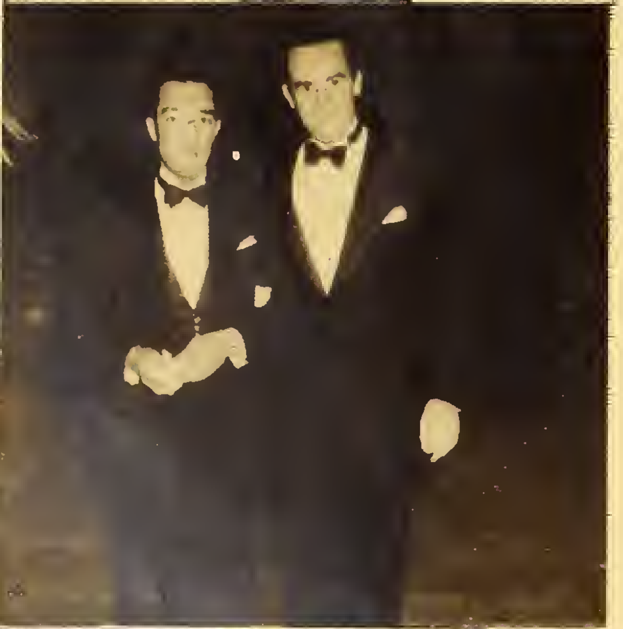
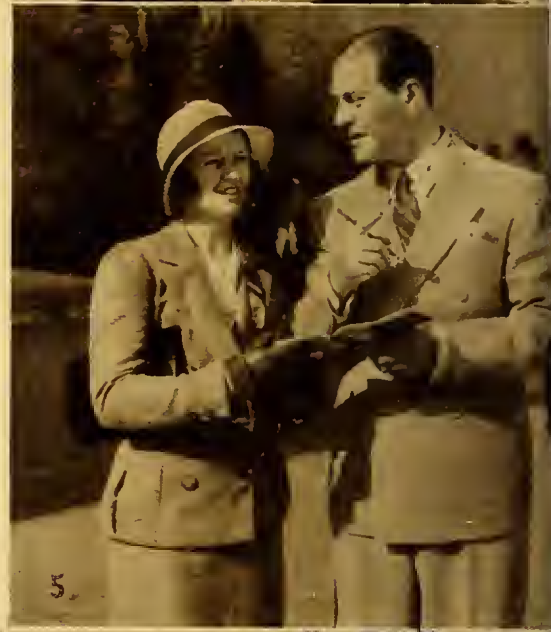
The MPTOA—Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association, when they want to be formal—meets in Cinema Town, visits all the studios, and is entertained right royally

1. May Robson tells Will Rogers and Fred Stone a fish story—M-G-M banquet. 2. Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd—M-G-M banquet. 3. All the Warner Stars pose with the MPTOA's on Warner Day. How many of 'em can you name? Kay Francis is there. And Ric Cortez. Verree Teasdale, too. 4. The visiting wives oh-ed and ah-ed when they saw Dolores Del Rio, in her Madame Du Barry costume, leaving the set. 5. Ric Cortez obligingly does the autograph business for the wife of one of the conventioners. 6. Guy Kibbee, mobbed on his home lot.

All photographs in this feature by Scott

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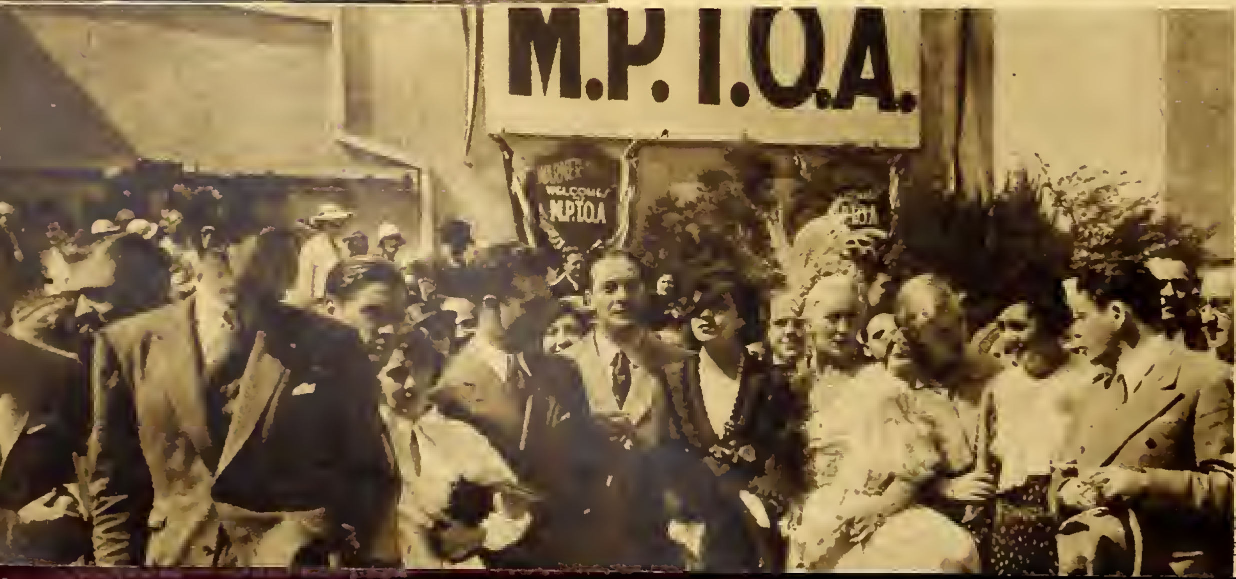


IN HOLLYWOOD

See the stars as the visiting MPTOA's saw 'em. The convention lasted four days. And "tired but happy" was the way everyone felt when all the doings were over

1. On Paramount Day, Sylvia Sidney made a speech of welcome. 2. A touch of Ancient Rome—Harry Wilcoxson leaves the set of "Cleopatra." Can you find Cecil DeMille in the background? 3. Baby LeRoy's latest trick is "showing his tonsils." Roscoe Karns wants to show his tonsils, too. 4. Polly Moran, working on RKO's "Down to Their Last Yacht," autographs a book for a small visitor. 5. "Isn't he cute?" A couple of young MPTOA's meet Richard Cromwell. 6. A long shot of the luncheon which Paramount tendered the hungry "conventioneers."

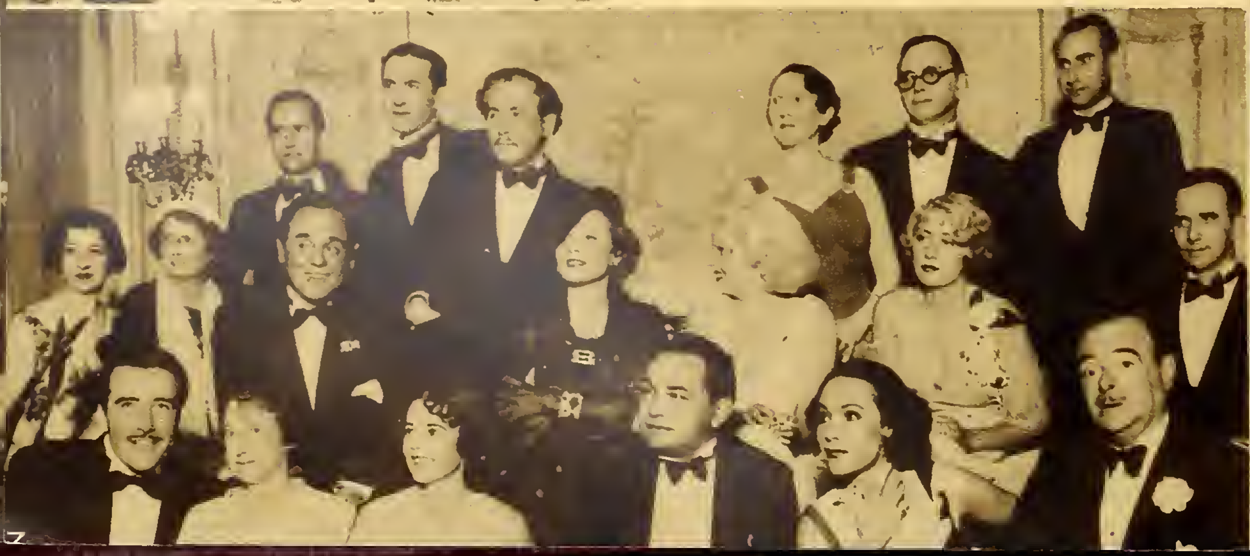
4

5

CONVENTION IN HOLLYWOOD

The Farewell Banquet—held at the Ambassador Hotel. And very swanky it was, too. How many of the folks can you identify—before reading the caption?

1. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill Grant, that handsome couple, grace the farewell banquet with their presence. 2. The cutest couple there—Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy. 3. All the stellar guests pose for a big pitcher. Can you find Dietrich, Harlow, Von Sternberg, Joan Blondell, Eddie Robinson? And how many more? 4. Adolphe Menjou and his statuesque heart, Verree Teasdale. 5. Bette Davis with a newcomer, Theodore Newton. 6. Jean Muir, looking refreshingly girlish, and Russell Hardie.



IF YOU HAD A DATE WITH Dick

Young Mr. Powell and Margaret Lindsay all set for an evening's dining and dancing at Hollywood's famous Cocoanut Grove.

When a movie star takes a gal out, the best is none too good

By
MARTHA
KERR

HOW would you like to go out on a date with a movie star?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "Gosh, these stars have a fine time for themselves, but what good does it do *me?*" Well, cheer up, because you're going out on a real date with a real star right now! We're going to let you go out on an actual date with Dick Powell and Margaret Lindsay, and tell you just what happens, just what it costs, everything—from the moment they make the date until the moment they get home.

Here's how it begins.

It's a bright, sunny afternoon on the Warner lot. Dick, sauntering along on his way to a sound-stage, his face yellow with make-up, a white scarf around his neck to keep the grease paint off the collar of his coat, sees Margaret Lindsay walking along ahead of him.

"Hi, Maggie!" he yells.

She waits and he trots up to her. "Working tonight?" he asks.

"Nope," she smiles. "Why?"

"Let's go out somewhere and have dinner together, shall we?"

"Sure," says Margaret.

"Okay. Fine. I'll be past about eight."

They walk together as far as the stage on which Margaret is working, and now *we draw the curtain until 7:30 P.M.*

It's 7:30. Dick is all bathed and shaved. He steps to the phone, calls the Ambassador Hotel, asks for the *maitre d'hotel,* and says, "This is Dick Powell. May I have a table for two this evening? Thanks." His reservation made, he goes down the front walk, steps on the starter of his roadster, and heads for Hollywood from the Toluca Lake district in which his home is. He stops at a florist's shop just off the Boulevard, and buys Margaret a spray of gardenias for a corsage. (The florist doesn't even recognize him.)

The two lustrous white blossoms, with their pungent perfume, cost him $1.50. With his bankroll, Dick could buy orchids, but Hollywood youngsters of today have a lot better taste than the stars of olden days who used to throw their money around for the pleasure of showing off. If Margaret were really and truly mad about orchids he'd buy them for her, but if he bought them just to show he could afford it, she would think him guilty of bad taste, no matter how much she oh-ed and ah-ed over them out of politeness. Carrying the corsage in its lavender box, Dick hops back into his car. The next stop is the apartment building in which Margaret lives.

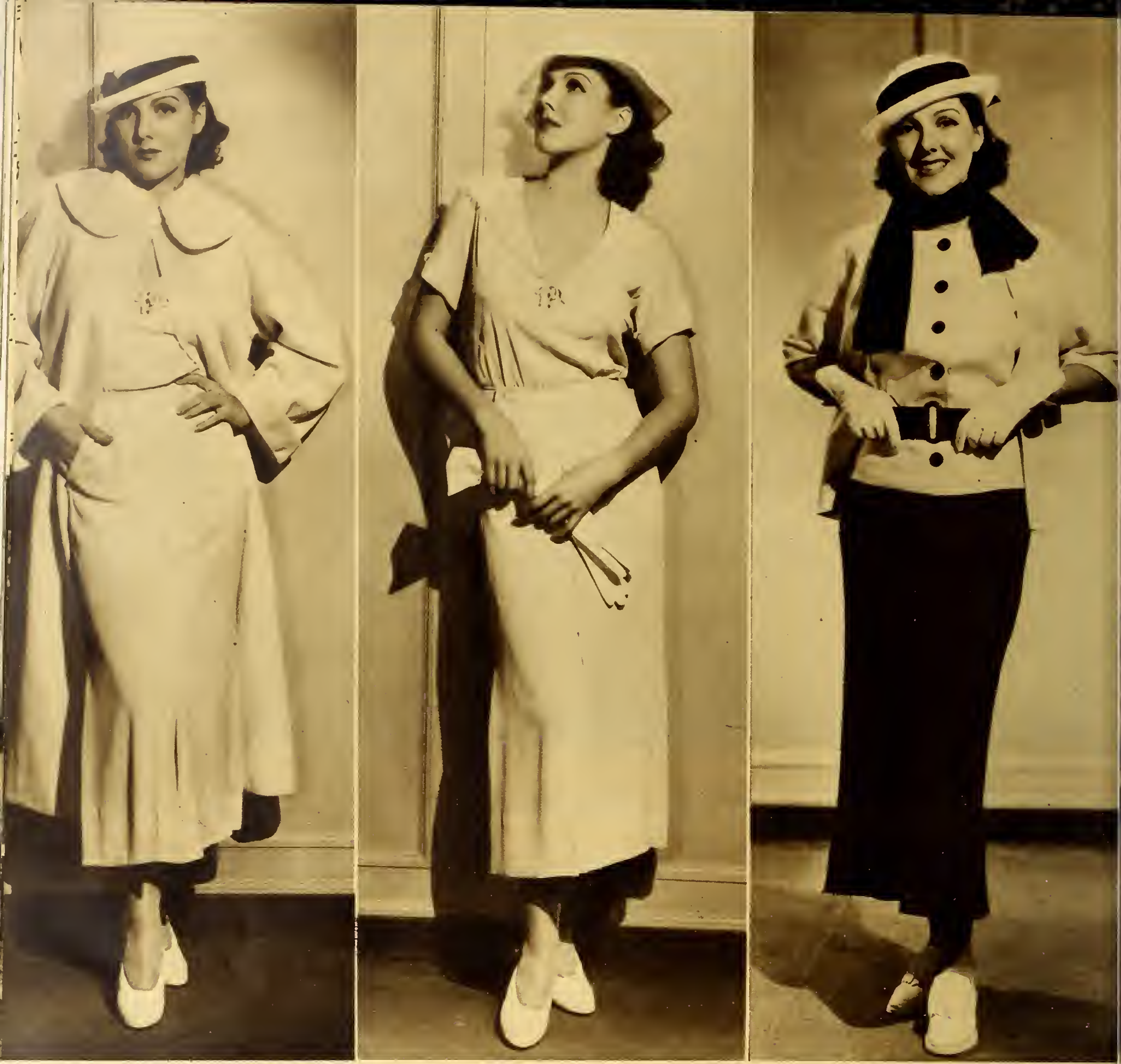
HE rings the bell and the door is opened by Helen, Margaret's younger sister. "Hello, Dick. Come in," she invites him. He comes in, to be greeted by a ferocious growl from Margaret's police dog.

Margaret thrusts her head out of the bedroom door with, "H'ya, Dick. Still dressing. Be with you in a minute."

"All right," says Dick, taking off his overcoat and settling down on the couch with a resigned sigh.

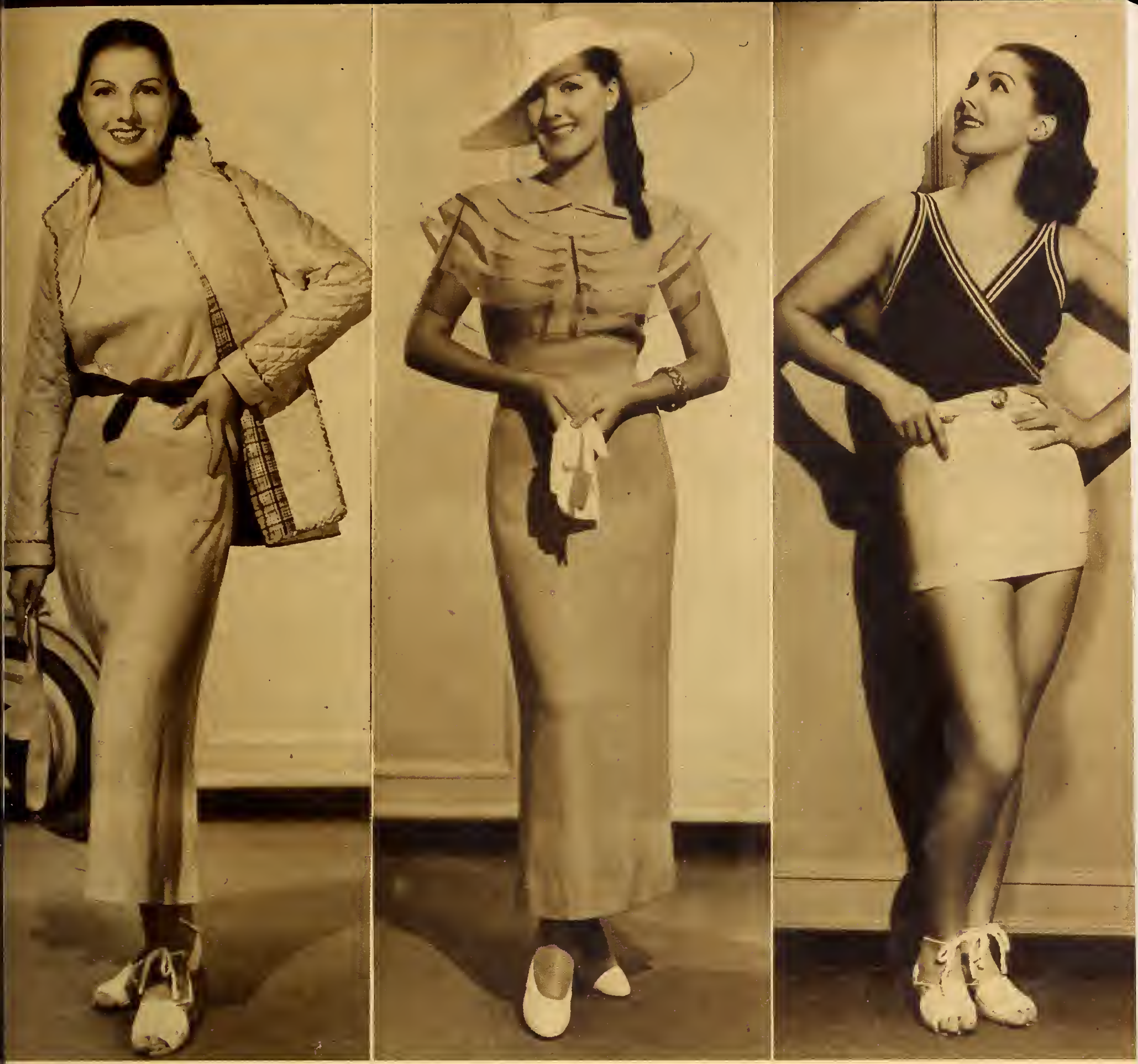
"Play with the dog," suggests Margaret.

The dog growls again, and Dick moves as far as he can in the other direction. He and Helen chat and finally Margaret comes out. In the car, they cut over to Sunset Boulevard, drive down Sunset to Western Avenue, turn from Western into Wilshire Boulevard, and finish the last few blocks to the (*Continued on page 84*)



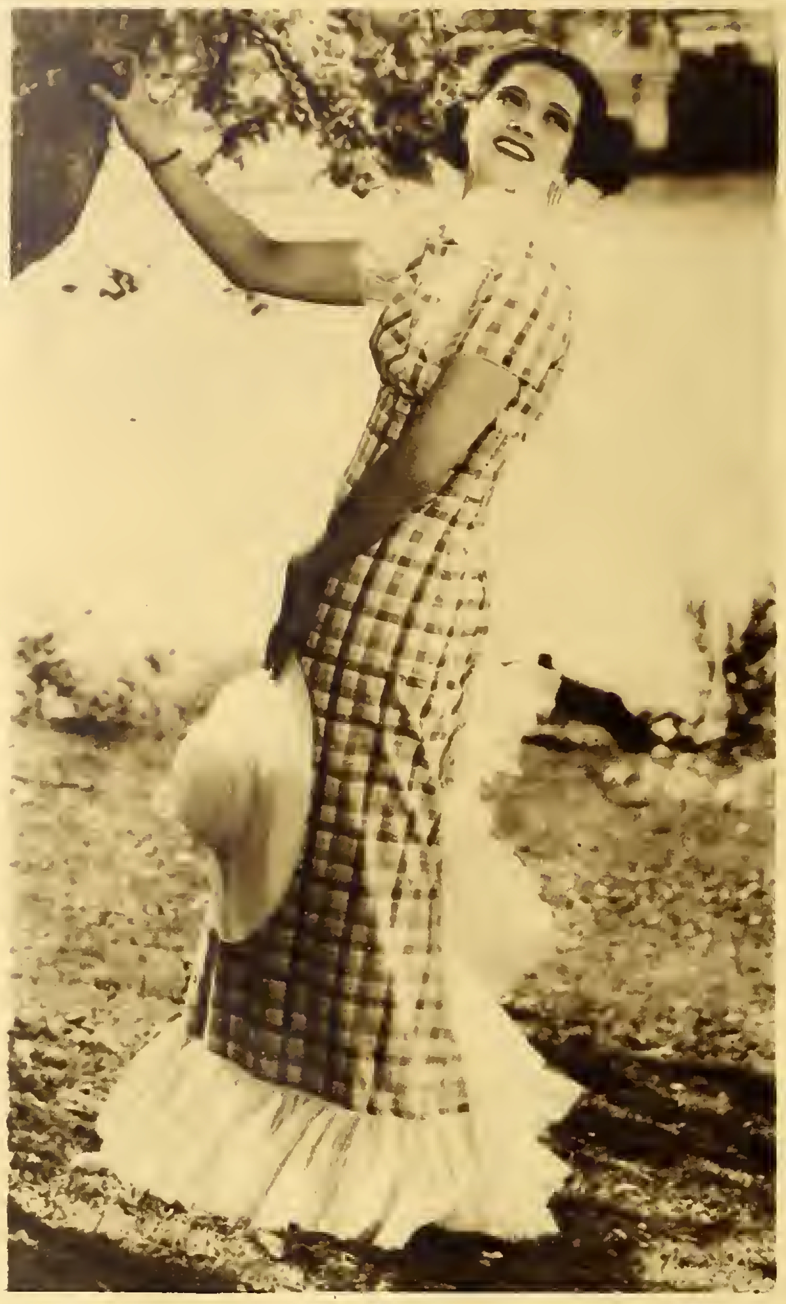
TOGS FOR Sports

(Left) There is nothing as gay as a white coat in the summer time. We admit all the problems of keeping it clean—and spotlessly clean it must be kept. But if the budget will permit not only the initial expense but the cleaner's bills, we'd say, "Get one!" Jean's is white chinchilla, with an Eton collar and loose Dolman sleeves. The white Breton sailor has a band of blue. (Center) On a crepe dress of luscious bonbon pink, the fringed collar and cuffs turn out to be, surprisingly enough, crash linen. The buttons marching smartly up the front of the skirt are new and nice. The hat, a modified sailor of bonbon pink, is of quilted fabric. (Right) White linen and sheer navy wool. There is a sleeveless blouse of the linen, a matching jacket with a scarf of navy, and a navy skirt. The dark skirt is practical and the white blouse and jacket can be kept always fresh. The Breton sailor shown in the first picture goes with this outfit.



(Left) This beach ensemble is simply darling. The crash linen dress is bright yellow. It buttons down the back with brown buttons, thus making it possible to be modestly and smartly dressed one minute and ready for a swim the next. (The bathing suit, we hurry to add, is underneath.) The yellow quilted beach jacket is lined with brown plaid gingham—and is nice enough, really, to don elsewhere than on the beach. (Center) For country club verandas or hot summer nights of dancing, how do you like this pale blue crepe frock, accented with net? The waistline is Empire and the huge cape collar is made of the crepe and net. A big hat of pale blue straw adds the final romantic touch. (Right) If your figure is slender and if you are not so very, very short, how about a swim suit composed of brief white shorts and a brave blue top—said top being banded with white. And do note the sandals—very new and cool.

AS PRETTY, YOUNG AND CHIC AS *Jean Parker* HERSELF

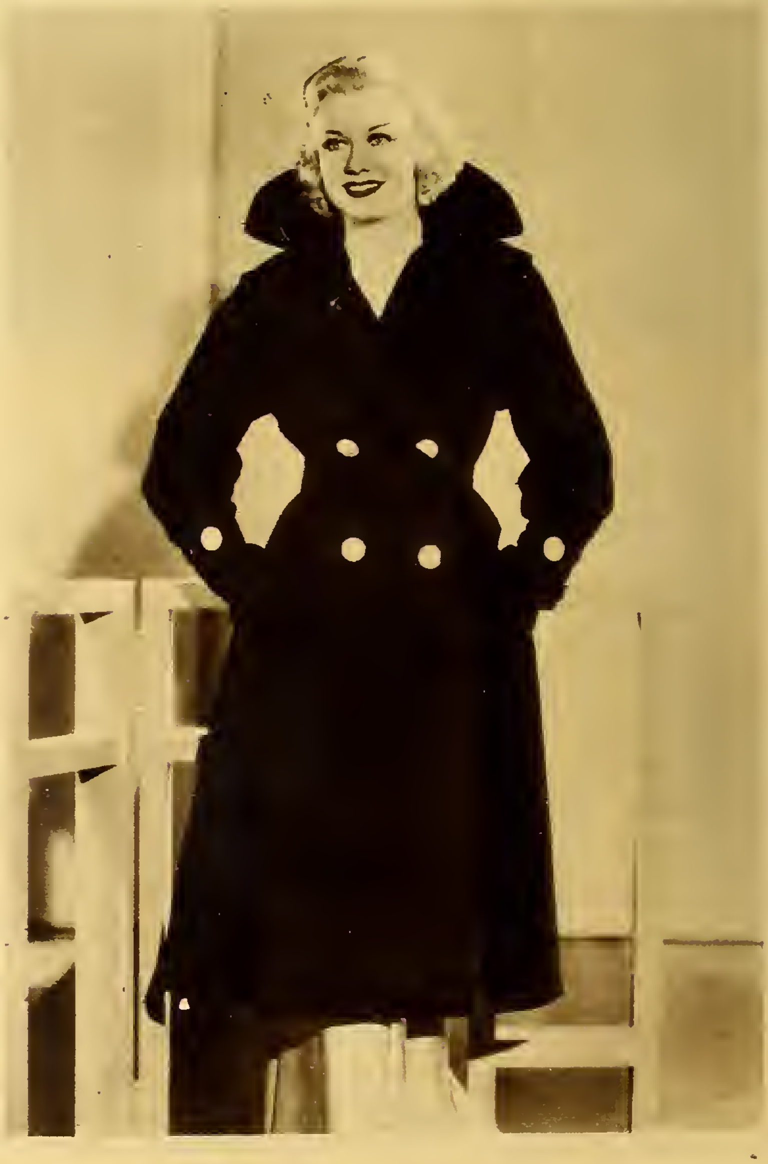


FREE!

A STAR'S DRESS

. . . Got fifty words? Good words? Fifty of the best will win for you one of the models on these two pages—models patterned after four stars' costumes. Read the rules carefully—and the captions. Then get busy!

Kay Francis (above) is wearing a summery afternoon or semi-formal dress. It is made of a very crisp organdie in a gay, open plaid. The material is the kind of organdie which can be washed without wilting. Kay wore it in her picture, "Doctor Monica." You can wear the dress, if you are the one to win it, to almost any sort of summer party. On the prize dress, the pleated ruffling is done in the same material as the dress itself. It will be copied exactly on the lines of the dress Kay is wearing. It comes in green, brown, black or blue plaid with white. Ginger Rogers (right) shows the velveteen coat that may be yours if you are the lucky winner. It is one of those perfectly cut things that can be worn over sport clothes or evening frocks and, being of velveteen and lined, is cozy enough for occasional chilly evenings. You can have it in black, navy or brown velveteen.

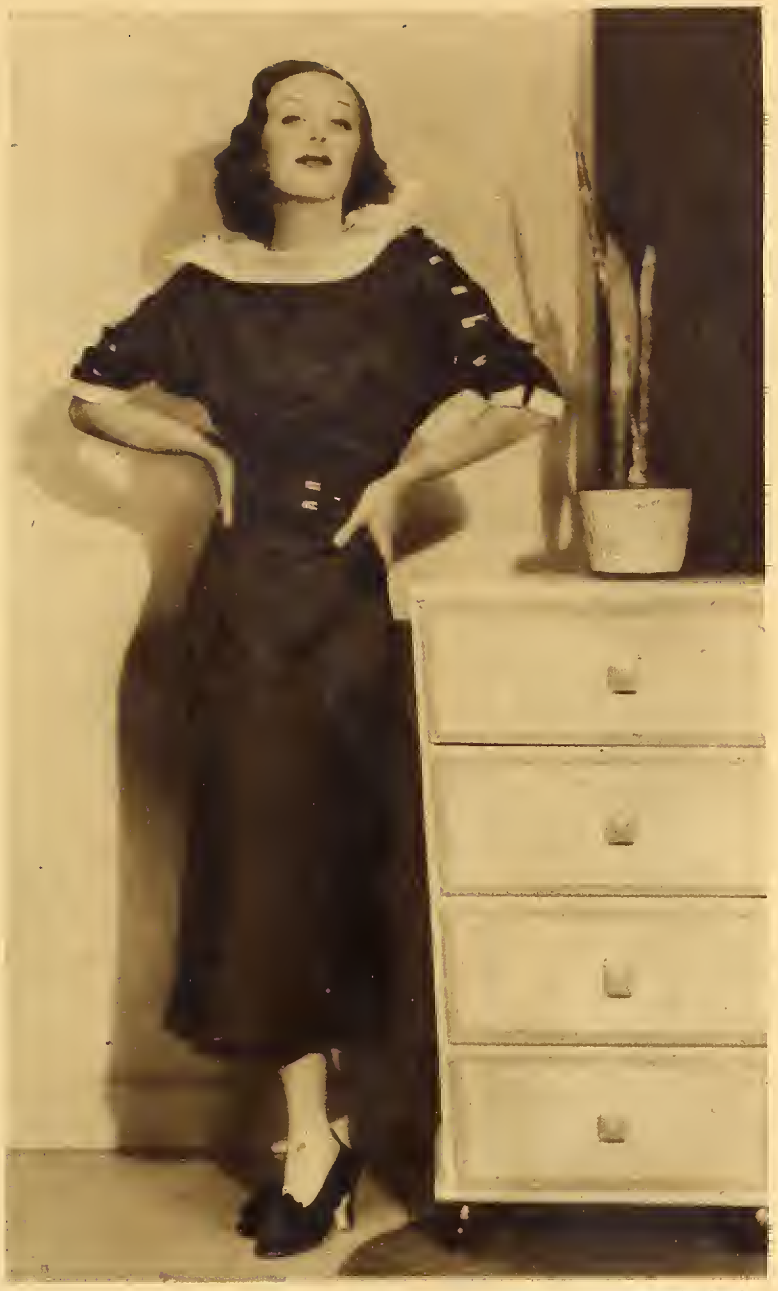


FREE!

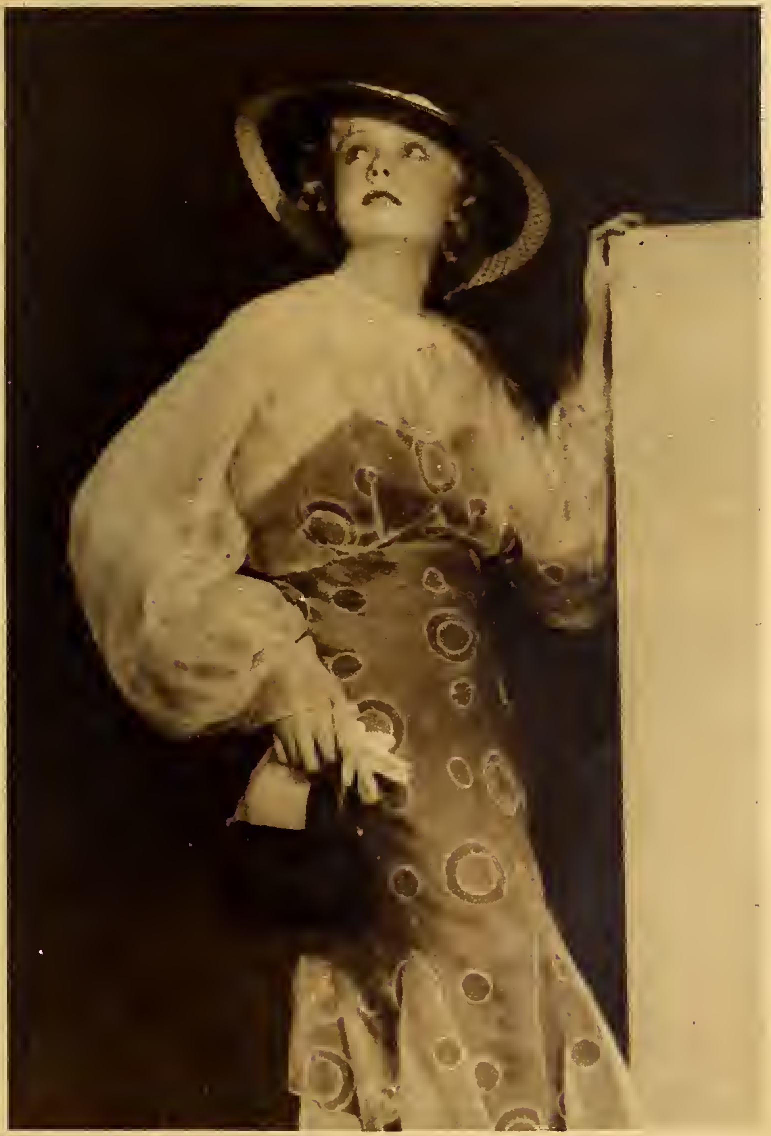
A STAR'S DRESS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Write a description, fifty words or less, of the model on these two pages you would like best to own—and tell why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to Margery Wells, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest closes on midnight of July 15, 1934. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your size and color preference, according to the descriptions of the gowns given here.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best descriptions in the opinion of the judges will win, in each case, the costume best liked by the writer.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Wells and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. In case of duplicate entries of prize-winning merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

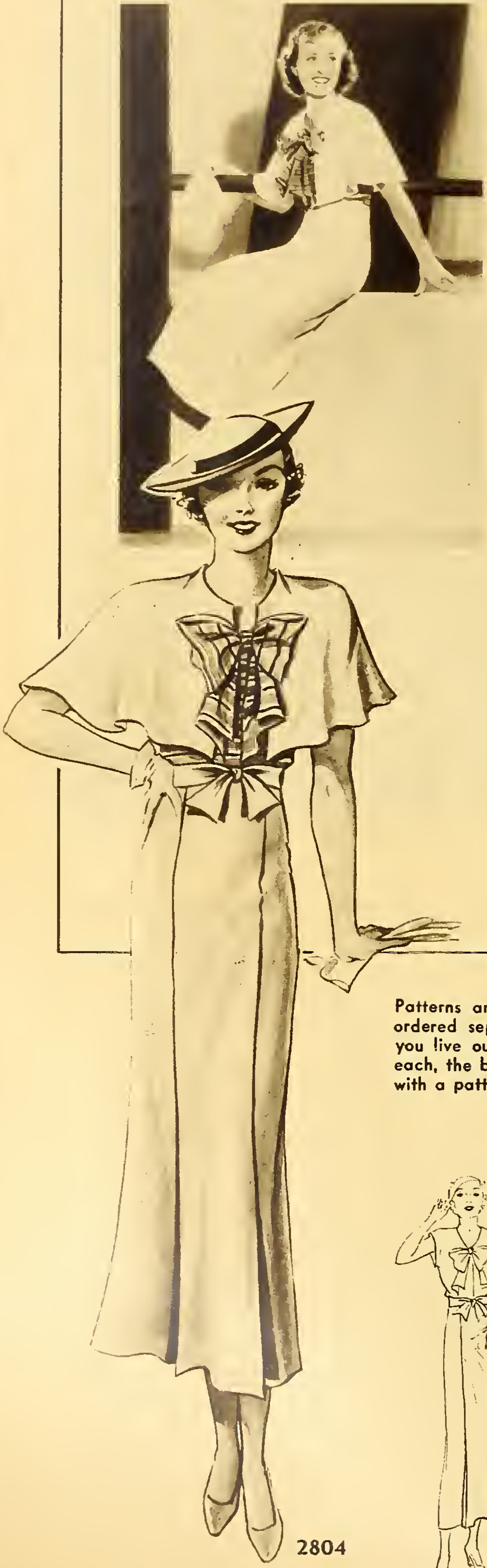


Dresses from Studio Styles



Ann Dvorak (above) offers you her spectator sports dress, made of a soft silk which is nevertheless heavy and firm enough in weave so that it falls into gracefully slim lines. Ann is wearing it in a dark tone, but, should you win this dress as a prize, we have taken the summer season into consideration and will have it made for you in white, flesh, beige or light blue. (Left) Jean Muir's summery eyelet embroidered dress was worn in the film, "Doctor Monica." You'll simply be entranced with its adaptation if you are the one fortunate enough to win it for your own. The overdress is of the sheerest sort of organdie with an embroidered pattern in all-over design. It has wide sleeves, flaring cuffs and collar. The skirt reaches to the ground, so you can see that it is a distinctly dressy frock. It comes in white over black, wistaria over wistaria, and pink over pink.

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

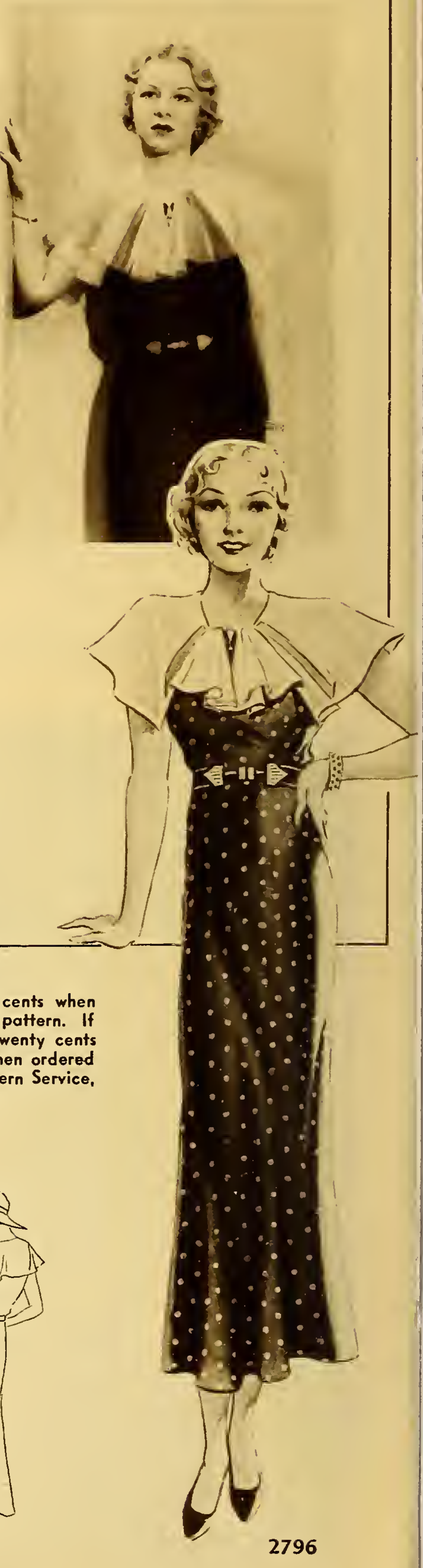


2804

You can be as chic as the stars. We offer you patterns modelled after their dresses

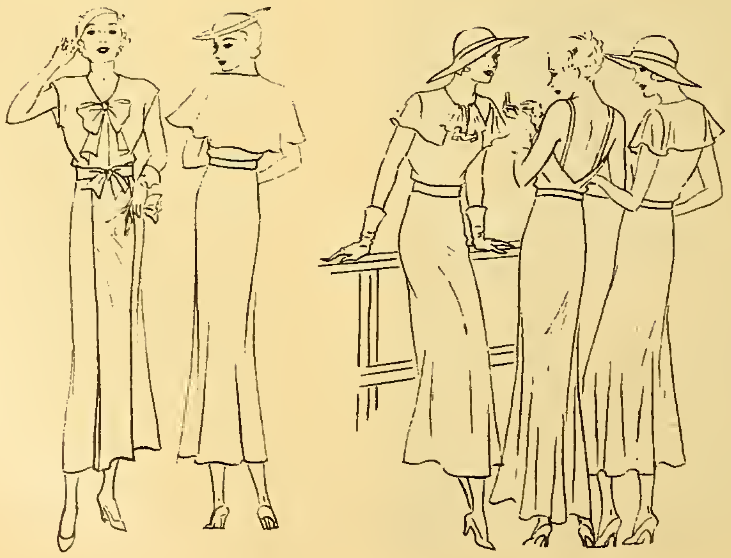
2804—If you want to be cool this summer, we'd suggest a frock of white linen like the one Margaret Lindsay wears. The high-waisted skirt fastens onto the gaily striped blouse, with a detachable cape. In sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

2796 — Glenda Farrell's chic gown is simple to make. It is daringly backless and may be worn with the white organza collar, set off with a frilly jabot, or not. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38 and 40-inch bust.



2796

Patterns are fifteen cents each. Pattern book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

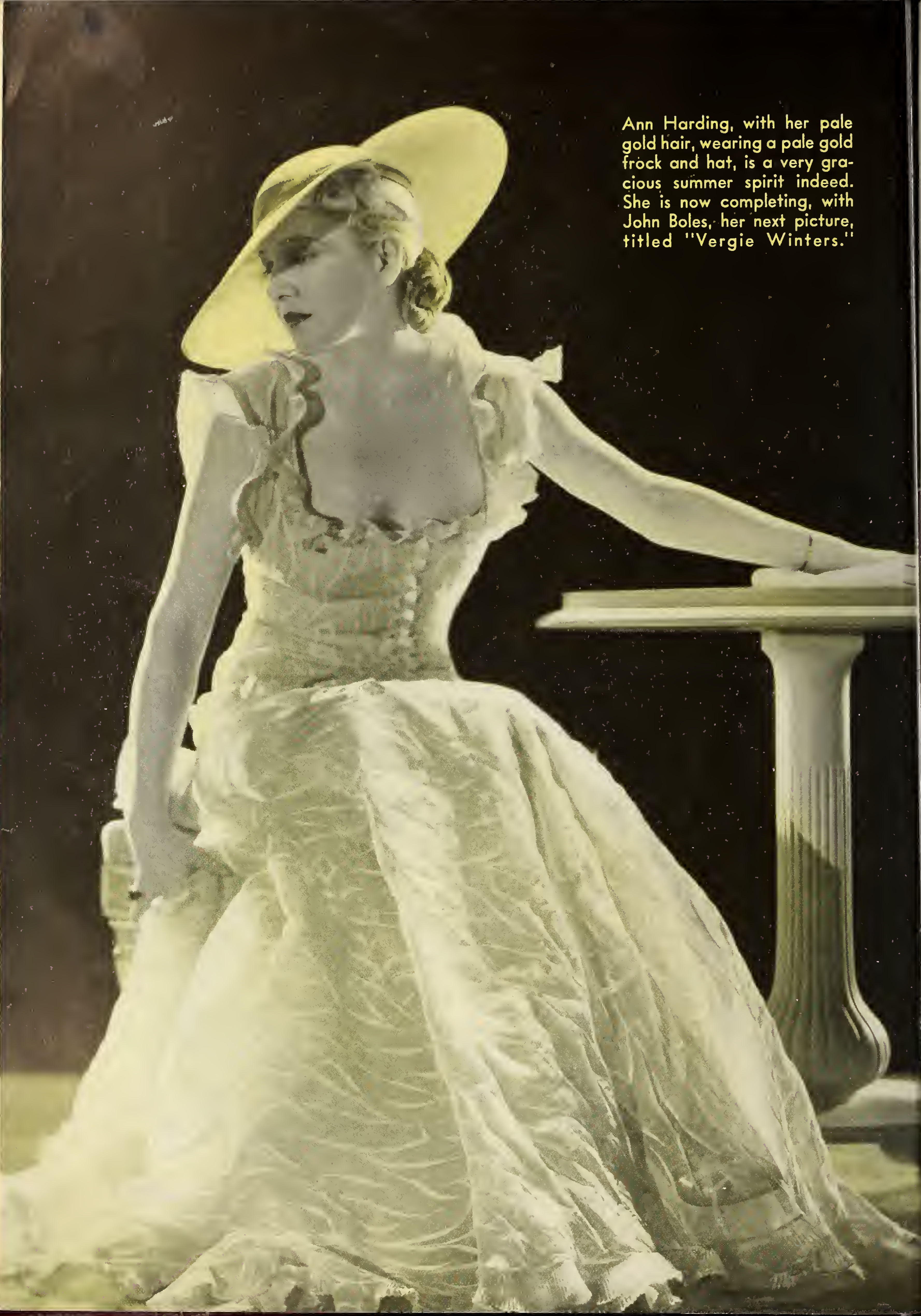
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder



Ann Harding, with her pale gold hair, wearing a pale gold frock and hat, is a very gracious summer spirit indeed. She is now completing, with John Boles, her next picture, titled "Vergie Winters."

New Device Revolutionizes Face Powder Colors

DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE
FINDS STRANGE COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN

TAKES ACTUAL RECORD OF
Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN
Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

(above, from left)
Miss Betty Schuster, brunette: "Rose Brunette brightens my skin." Mrs. J. A. McVickar, Jr., dark-eyed blonde: "Rose Cream is the grandest shade—it gives my skin such sparkle." Miss Adeline Peek, delicate pink and white blonde: "Natural makes my skin look so clear."

Mrs William T. Wetmore
fair-skinned brunette: "Nothing equals the freshness Brunette gives my skin."

TODAY Pond's is making revolutionary improvements in face powder colors! *Choosing the right powder is no longer a guessing game!*

A machine achieved the miracle! A machine that estimates to the smallest fraction the colors *hidden* in human skin.

Now, by means of this optical machine, Pond's has calculated the exact degree of bright blue in perfect blonde skin . . . the unreckoned green that lies hidden in true brunette skin.

On these records Pond's, and Pond's alone, has created six scientific powder shades that will make any skin "look alive."

New shades enliven your skin

The new powder shades evolved do more than match . . . they *enliven* every type of skin!

NATURAL makes fair skins more luminous. Very flattering with gray hair . . . ROSE CREAM is becoming to most blondes and to many fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM is lovely for creamy skinned brunettes and blondes with ivory-tinted skins . . . BRUNETTE gives light, brilliancy, to both brunette and blonde skins.

ROSE BRUNETTE is a rich warm shade—tones down ruddiness and gives color to sallow skins . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for very dark or suntanned skins.

Because its texture is so fine—so delicate—Pond's Powder spreads evenly in a thin film . . . and *stays on* your face all day. You look fresh . . . alive!

The perfume of this enchanting powder is very French. Yet Pond's costs little. A glass jar containing as much as many $1.00 boxes is only 55¢. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-ten and variety stores carry ten- and twenty-five-cent sizes.

★ ***Two Special Boxes and an extra sample for 5¢. Send Coupon!*** And get three different *light* or three different *dark* shades. See how much more flattering they are than other powders.

POND'S
POND'S Face Powder
POND'S FACE POWDER

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

ONLY 55¢

10¢

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G
94 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

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The Life Story of a Real Guy

(*Continued from page 49*)

another profession threatened to come into his life. The Standard Oil Company wanted an announcer with a "natural" voice to be master-of-ceremonies on a musical program they were sponsoring, and this dubious honor fell to young Tracy. He would broadcast his program between the hours of seven-thirty and eight on Wednesday evenings, then dash back to the theatre and go on with the show.

THE morning after his first radio performance, his father again called Spenc on the phone. "Son," he drawled, "you might as well quit the theatre right away because you're a sensation over the radio. Have you seen the morning papers? I tell you, you're a hit!" Such praise from his parent was unusual, so unusual that he began to get suspicious. "Go out right now, son, and get the *Herald Tribune.*"

Almost convinced, Spencer asked his father to read the notice over the phone. With a great deal of critical appreciation he began: "Last night they engaged a new personality over the Standard Oil Hour and the public was treated to what is perhaps the most stilted voice ever heard over the radio, one Spencer Tracy!" Both Tracys had a good laugh and when Spenc asked if he had listened in, the elder Tracy replied: "I did . . . but I forgive you."

In spite of his father and the *Herald Tribune* critic, Spencer lasted out this engagement fifteen weeks.

THEY celebrated their first wedding anniversary by almost starving over two bowls of rice pudding, selected because it was "filling." It was no longer possible for Louise to work on the stage, for within three months they were expecting the birth of a child, their first son, John Tracy. And in the meantime it was absolutely imperative that Spenc obtain some kind of work to make sure Louise obtained the proper food.

The outcome of his dogged persistence was a job with a two-a-day stock company, so financially pinched that they often did not have correct "props" to furnish the stage. When, during rehearsals, Spencer asked the director about the scenery, that genius of the theatre replied: "If you don't have a door to go through, you just don't go through it and if you don't have a telephone to pick up, you just don't pick it up!" His salary as leading man in these productions was thirty dollars per week.

They had saved about eighty dollars when word came that there "might" be an opening for a stock company player with a troupe in Pittsburgh. Though they needed to hoard the money against the coming of the baby, Louise was insistent that they spend it on railroad fare and try their luck in Pittsburgh.

"We can't be any worse off there than we are here," she argued, "we've got to try!" Their first evening in Pittsburgh they were so broke they had to divide a fried egg sandwich between them. But the next day, Spenc cinched a job with the stock company and drew a week's salary (fifty dollars) in advance.

"But I worried constantly about Louise," he relates. "Pittsburgh was no place for her then. It was dirty and smoky there and she couldn't be outdoors in the sun where she belonged. I finally prevailed upon her to return to Milwaukee to await the birth of the baby."

The baby was born in Milwaukee while Spenc was playing with a small company in Grand Rapids. The moment he received that most thrilling message in the world: "It's a boy!" he hopped a train, threw up his job (in spite of the fact that he had achieved a mild success in this engagement) and went back to Milwaukee. He made up his mind he was definitely through on the stage. He was going to find a real job and settle down like a man should who has a beautiful wife and a brand new baby boy.

THE minute they saw each other everything was forgotten in their happiness at being together again. Louise did not complain too much even when Spenc told her he had obtained a job as a piano salesman with a local music store. "Oh, Spencer," she protested, "you know you'll never really give up the stage."

At that, he wasn't a bad piano salesman. His "gag" was to go around and see the housewives, telling them that their husbands had been in the store, and ordered a piano as a surprise. The wives would get all hepped up. Then Spenc would round up the husbands and tell them their wives were expecting the piano. It worked nine times out of ten, and he had had himself believing he really liked the job when a wire came from the theatre manager in Grand Rapids: "Business not so good since you left. How about finishing out the season with us at a salary increase of fifty dollars. Will be happy to receive your acceptance."

They could hardly believe it, Spence and Louise. Somebody actually wanted him on the stage. He had clicked!

"The next few months we were about the happiest couple in the world," he relates. "We had a nice little home, and the company was a success. My salary was steady and it seemed things had opened up for us at last. I couldn't understand what suddenly seemed to come over Louise.

"She became so quiet, depressed, almost sad. In place of the eager girl I had formerly found waiting at home for me, I began to be conscious of a stranger. She seemed to have lost her interest in everything except the baby. But even that was not a happy interest. She would sit and watch him and brood. For weeks I kept asking her to tell me what was the matter. But it was always the same answer, 'Nothing.'

"One Sunday morning I went in the baby's room and found her sobbing as though her heart would break. It was the showdown. I insisted that she tell me. She didn't answer at first. She went and bathed her eyes and straightened her hair and then came back and sat down in a rocker. She sat there a minute staring into space, rocking and rocking. I've never seen such tragedy on a human face. Suddenly she said very quietly, 'Johnny can't hear. He's deaf.'"

Even, now, knowing that Johnny is happy and normal and that he so perfectly understands lip movement that his little schoolmates did not know he was totally deaf until the teacher told them, Spencer has difficulty in re-living that moment of stark tragedy in his life. He felt as numb as though some giant monster were pressing his breath out of his body. Suddenly, everything went out of life. There was nothing more to live for. He couldn't move. He couldn't say anything.

(*Continued on page 80*)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? *"Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools"....* (signed) *"A nation of contented Kool smokers."* **KOOLS** are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, **FREE** coupons packed with **KOOLS** bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Radio Stars
JULY
10
CENTS
Rudy Vallee
Alice Fay
PROGRAMS
DO RADIO STARS EARN THEIR PAY?

WANNA BUY A DUCK OF A MAGAZINE?

Radio Stars is a swull magazine. To be sure. To be sure. Do-o-on't never try to sell Joe Penner anything else! Do-o-on't never do-o-o that!

RADIO STARS is crammed full of gossip about the stars of broadcastland and news of all the studios. It takes you behind the scenes of big programs, adding new interest and pleasure to your radio entertainment. The people who create radio shows and the artists who bring them into your home live exciting lives, filled to the brim with amusing and interesting incidents. It is the true inside story of these fascinating people that make big stories in RADIO STARS. You'll enjoy it from cover to cover.

In addition to gossip and news, you will find a complete program directory in each issue. RADIO STARS is the only monthly radio magazine with a program section listing daily programs . . . each program being identified by the name of the sponsor.

Profusely illustrated with large rotogravure portraits of radio personalities. RADIO STARS is one of the most beautiful magazines of its kind in existence.

Go to your nearest newsdealer today. Get a copy of this entertaining magazine. Don't delay. They sell out fast.

Largest Circulation of any Radio Magazine

RADIO STARS 10c

So Easy...

to get good snapshots now with JIFFY KODAK and VERICHROME FILM

POP
it opens!
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it snaps the picture!

THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, $9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, $8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

KODAK FILM
Kodak
8 EX.
2½x4¼ IN.
VERICHROME FILM
V616
always load with VERICHROME

YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

(*Continued from page 78*)

When his legs would no longer support him he sank down on the bed, staring blankly at his wife, she at him. In a voice that seemed a million miles away he said inanely, "If he can't hear, he'll never be able to talk."

The tension snapped. They were in each others arms crying as though their hearts would break. They went completely to pieces.

When the first ache of this tragedy wore off: (several years later) the Tracys took little Johnny to Dr. Harvey Cushing in Baltimore. The great doctor looked at the sorrowful parents and said, "Don't feel sorry for this little fellow. Remember he is always about ninety jumps ahead of any of us. Because he has been deprived of one of his senses, his intuitive powers and his mentality will be all the keener. It is a great privilege to have the care and upbringing of such a fellow I envy you."

THAT was the end of our maudlin sympathy in connection with Johnny," Spencer continued, "and as the boy grew older admiration for his keen mentality and charm came to take the place of tears in our heart. Johnny is an amazing little fellow. Right now he is nine years old, and though he is completely deaf, he has a vocabulary of three hundred words! To me, this is almost impossible to account for. He has never heard a word, yet he speaks three hundred of them perfectly. His voice has a certain peculiarity, but it is not unpleasant. And he is so perfect at reading lips, he understands everything said to him.

"In fact we so soon came to look upon little Johnny as a normal boy, it was really a surprise to us when one of the Progressive Schools hesitated to enroll him as a pupil. The superintendent at first protested that it would be too cruel to enter Johnny in a school where the children were completely normal. She argued he would not be able to keep up with them and that he would be unhappy as they passed him in grades. This almost broke Mrs. Tracy's heart. She said, 'Of course, you understand, we are not begging you to take him. It is really a privilege!' The superintendent, no doubt feeling sorry for her and perhaps a little bit ashamed, suggested that she bring Johnny to school the following morning and she would see how he got along.

Without saying, Johnny was enrolled in the school, has made a host of friends and is one of the star pupils.

But back in Grand Rapids, during the first year of Johnny's life, Spencer and Louise did not know this was to be the child's happy fate. Even Spenc's success in the stock company and the offer for a really good part on Broadway in a show called "Yellow" was not the great absorbing interest it would have been to them.

SPENC was definitely established now as a featured leading man. He never played romantic heroes on the stage, but the rôles he drew were outstanding, and for the first time he began to receive good notices in the papers. Louise had definitely abandoned the stage to devote herself to Johnny. And wherever Spenc went, Johnny and Louise traveled with him.

Following "Yellow," came "Ned McCob's Daughter" in Chicago. After these two hits came "Baby Cyclone" and "Whispering Friends." Four theatrical years passed swiftly for the Tracys.

It was during the run of "Whispering Friends" that Spenc's father died. It was the ending of a great friendship in his life, for the Tracys were truly pals. Notice of his father's death came during a Saturday matinée performance and Spencer had to "go on with the show." After the performance George M. Cohan came back and told him that he had a nice surprise for him when they opened in Chicago later.

The surprise turned out to be that Cohan had Spencer's name up all over town on billboards advertising the play. It was the great showman's tribute to a trouper who had "carried on" when he was weighted down by a great sorrow. Spenc went immediately to Western Union to wire Cohan his thanks. When he got there the operator told him Cohan had just received a wire saying his (Cohan's) mother had died.

"Whispering Friends" had brought Spenc featured billing even on Broadway. In the next two years he was successfully featured in "Conflict," "Nigger Rich," and last, but far from least, the show that "made" him, "The Last Mile." This terrifically successful play ran over a year in New York and so outstanding was Spenc's performance that Hollywood motion picture companies began to dicker with him.

Without definitely committing himself to a long contract he agreed to come to Hollywood to make one picture, "Up the River," under the direction of John Ford.

IN the beginning he hated the movie town. Production on the picture had been held up and for four weeks he loafed. If it hadn't been for a strong friendship that had sprung up immediately between himself and the director, John Ford, he would have returned to Broadway without ever making a picture. He stayed just long enough to complete "Up the River," got a good look at himself on the screen and then packed his bag for Broadway again.

"I thought I was the worst actor I had ever seen on the screen," Spenc says. "I was surprised that Ford and the Fox officials didn't remake the picture. I beat it back to Broadway and completed a six weeks' run in "The Last Mile." Then one morning a telegram came from Fox saying they wanted me back immediately on a five-year contract. I thought they were nuts, but the salary read like a part of the war debt and if they just wanted to throw money around, I didn't see any reason not to grab it!"

His second trip to Hollywood found him in a happier frame of mind. He went immediately into production on "Quick Millions," "Goldie," "Six-Cylinder Love," and with the ending of the first of his three-and-a-half years so far in Hollywood he was actually sold on the place. Before the second year a little girl was born to them, Louise, nicknamed "Susie." To all outward appearances the Tracys were one of the really happy families in the movie colony, so the news of their legal separation several months ago broke upon the public and their friends as a surprise.

I doubt if anyone will ever know the reason back of that separation. Louise Tracy's only explanation was, "For over a year we have realized our temperamental differences. We were conscious of the fact that we were drifting farther and farther apart. There was nothing to do about it because there was apparently no definite reason. A cause might have been overcome. Suddenly we both just knew that something real and precious had gone out of our marriage and rather than live with the empty shell of it, we separated to preserve our great friendship."

FROM Spencer's side there has never come any real explanation except when both Spencer and Mrs. Tracy defended Loretta Young, who was being "whispered" into the rupture.

"My wife and I had been separated for

(*Continued on page 82*)

I'm sending some of the latest snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis, and wants to meet you. He's the

Captai

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so he

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How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film.* Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

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A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

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EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page 80*)

four months and I was occupying an apartment at the Château Elysée before I ever met Loretta on the set of 'Man's Castle,'" Spenc vehemently explained to me. That he has since become extremely interested in Loretta is not denied. But in the meantime he characterizes all talk of an engagement as in "very poor taste."

"I am still married to Louise," he says. "There has been no divorce action started. At the present there is only one thing of paramount importance, my children, and a bad second best, my screen work. No matter how Louise and I solve our problem, we have mutually agreed that neither of us shall be sidetracked from the children. At the moment, they are staying with my mother. Louise is away on a much needed rest. Naturally, their custody will remain with their mother, where it should be. But the fact that we have parted with the greatest friendliness means that their home will always be open to me, and I hope, their hearts. When I gave you a story before, saying Louise and I were tied to those children by bonds of steel, I meant it, even though the news of our separation broke soon after that."

He said, slowly: "This is really a strange time in my life to be giving my life story. At present things are muddled and uncertain." Then he grinned, his ever-present sense of dry humor coming to the fore. "I think the only thing you can definitely say is that my current screen appearance is in 'Bottoms Up' and, accidents barred, I shall soon be seen in 'Now I'll Tell, by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein.'"

Let's Paint Hollywood Red

(*Continued from page 61*)

made them be just human. And we didn't have much trouble with the censors. Divorces and babies-without-papas and gangsters and murderers and crooked politicians weren't allowed on the screen. We ended each picture with a marriage, but we never began with it. The good guy got the girl; right conquered wrong and every man, woman and child left the theatre feeling happy. The excitement came from whispering and reading and wondering about the real lives of the play-people. Charlie Ray was a lovable country bumpkin on the screen, but the world knew he lived in a million-dollar palace and gave parties to go with it.

Now, these high-priced, swivel-chaired, imported-rug boys have reversed all that. Greta Garbo's a siren on the screen. She goes after her man and isn't too careful about how she gets him. Sort of prefers the kind with a wife to be cast into the ditches. But, *in private life,* she's the head woman among the illusions.

When I think what publicity has done to that Garbo girl, I get hot under the collar. She was the kind, when Stiller brought her over—in the regular, old-fashioned manner with no bamboozling about it—who loved spring blossoms so much that when she saw them for the first time, from her dressing-room window, she ran right out into the yard and started picking, forgetting to put on her shoes or her stockings or her— Well, she was the original member of the Hollywood nudist colony. She was so natural and unspoiled she didn't even think about her body. I used to talk to Garbo a lot. She was like mountain winds in high pine trees; electricity in a thunder storm. As honestly exciting as God had made her.

AND then some Hollywood bright-brain decided to improve upon God. He decided to make this girl over. She says she *went home* originally because she didn't want to argue in a strange language. She didn't even understand what they wanted to argue about. "I never said 'I tank I go home' in my life. They just made that up—so I would be scared and go back and argue. I don't like to argue."

And I'll bet she doesn't like to sneak to the Grand Canyon in dark glasses, either. She'd much prefer to entertain her director at home, like any other human being. And did they high-pressure her for admitting she was the great Garbo! "If she'd just denied she was Garbo they couldn't have printed a word," a publicity expert told me. But Garbo forgot! She was so far from Hollywood, so close to that magnificent canyon old mother nature had cut in one of her best moments, that human-being Garbo forgot all about the Hollywood line, "I'm not what I am!" She told the truth just like any other natively honest person.

But she's returned to being an illusion! She's just had an operation in the Santa Monica hospital and denied it in her most "mysterious" manner. And to think that appendicitis operations used to be one of our best gags! We'd even hint they weren't for the appendix to get more space in the newspapers! Now, nurses are bribed to keep the real thing quiet.

In the old days, we didn't have illusions. Our people weren't ghosts or they weren't manufactured. They were the real thing. They were good; they were bad. They were generous; they were stingy. They were "sweet" today and lost their tempers tomorrow. They had their arms around one another one week and were sticking out their tongues the next. Lovable, impulsive, not-too-good, not-too-bad children.

Douglas Fairbanks was sitting on the sand, drawing pictures with a stick. Two hearts. In one, he traced an "M," in the other a "D." And Mary Pickford was still married to Owen Moore!

Would Spencer Tracy or Loretta Young do it today?

WOULD anyone in Hollywood-of-that-day miss a Saturday night at the Sunset Inn? I'll say not. Perhaps Mrs. Tom Mix would do a repeat dash-in, again, loaded down with Tom's guns and start shooting up the rest of the place, if she found Tom sitting at a table, a second time, talking to ——

There were no illusions about the love Mrs. Mix had for *her* husband. She didn't hide it behind Venetian blinds and padded draperies. Would Mrs. Montgomery shoot up the Cocoanut Grove if she found Bob there with Janet Gaynor?

Where could Rudolph Valentino dance to attract Hollywood's attention, today? Not at the Cocoanut Grove. He didn't own a tuxedo!

Thursday evenings at the Hollywood Hotel. Blanche Sweet dressed as a baby, grappling with a bottle, while sweetheart, Mickey Neilan, rolled her around in a baby carriage. And the tourists standing by. They came to Hollywood to see something besides climate in those days.

And when Tallulah Bankhead tried to

give a party where her guests came as infants, they started a move to run her out of town.

Lloyd Hamilton and his wife had a regular table at the Ship's Café. *Her* attorney had one nearby. When it was time to stage the dramatic climax, she'd rush to her attorney demanding another divorce "that very minute." It was one of Hollywood's pet games—keeping track of the times they divorced and re-married each other.

Compare the excitement of divorces of those days with the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent, modern situation. Ruth denied, in the best imported intonations, that they were separating for many months after their first fight in home-town language. And by the time Ruth decides to tell the world she's going to re-marry Ralph Forbes (if she does), we'll have missed the exciting, high points of the drama. She had her personal press agent running around town for months, saying, "I can positively guarantee that they're as happy as two doves."

When Alice White first became a star she was *off the screen* what Mae West is on. Her publicity department decided to make her wear panties. They asked an acquaintance to persuade her to buy them. This friend chaperoned a shopping tour. And the next time she dropped in to see Alice, found the panties pinned to the wall. That was Alice's answer to press agents who tried to turn warm flesh into ethereal illusion.

I'LL bet a good detective could discover Katharine Hepburn's slacks were manufactured by a publicity department, patches and all. I don't know where the illusion comes in on the slacks unless it's just another attempt to hide what old Mother Nature donated to interesting women. I've often wondered why tourists no longer clutter our street corners. Slacks may be the answer.

In the old days, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland would have been dancing madly together at one bright spot after another—as thrilled at letting the world peep at their splash of spring fever as from the excitement it gives them. But now, they slither into a little theatre at one of our Coney Island beaches. Connie in slacks; her hair a dishevelled riot. An almost perfect disguise for the "best groomed" Bennett.

Barbara La Marr had a desk in her house with a magic check-book lying upon it. Signed checks! If a boy friend was low in cash, he'd make one out, take her dancing, pay the bill from her own money without her even knowing about it. For Barbara was too busy feeling gay and excited or desolate and broken-hearted (honest, womanly emotions) to pay attention to anything as dull as cancelled checks.

Think of what one of our hard-boiled, Hollywood business managers would do to Barbara today. One of them was actually gleeful when he prevented Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from buying a new car upon which he had set his heart. Hearts don't count any longer. And Connie Bennett has a dressmaker who copies expensive models to "save money."

Money, in the old days, was to spend. To make life a gay fairyland. It didn't make any difference how high salaries went then. It all went right back into circulation. Someone else may have paid for Mabel Normand's funeral. But Mabel didn't worry about that! She *lived* and spent money to give the world a dash of real color.

I talked with a chap, today, who played in Joan Crawford's early pictures. "Do you remember the Joan of those days?" he

WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*

What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take *odorless* Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies.* It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

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asked. "Was she a thrill? How that kid could dance. And joke. She made every moment a gay song while you were working with her. Of course, I admire Joan today. It's wonderful what she's done with herself. But she isn't—Joan. I feel as though I should bow from the waist and say 'Lady Joan.'"

I DIDN'T tell him the truth about the evolution of Joan. I didn't tell him that when she'd married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the publicity department held a conference and decided she must live up to the royal name she'd married. They sent for her and explained, "Now, you've got to be a dignified, domesticated lady, Joan."

Remember how she was photographed sewing curtains and making hooked rugs? Part of the newly manufactured Joan Crawford illusions. Then, when these experts decided the world was tiring of the young matron, it held another meeting. And decided she must be less matronly and more cultured. Joan reading books; Joan taking French lessons.

Luckily for Joan, she got tired of being turned from one illusion into another. She gave the story of her divorce to Katherine Albert for this magazine, without consulting anybody. The press agents yelled and tore their hair and foretold she was ruined. But Joan's more natural today than she has been *since* she married Douglas, Jr. She's not jumping up to dance at every hall in the city, but she's appearing in public places with a *male entourage.* Five men to openly pay homage. And that's glamor.

Of course, I may be prejudiced. But I knew them *when* and liked them better. We had some rules, of course. We didn't let them have babies because we were afraid to spoil the glamor. If they insisted, we hid the babies. They adopted them, years later.

Today, maternity adds to respectability. And respectability is the one big theme behind each Hollywood illusion.

And respectability is swell when it's on the level. Although there's room for a lot of argument on what's respectable and what isn't. It wasn't respectable to take a bath, once; and kissing is still a sin in certain foreign countries.

But respectability, that's an illusion? That hides romances more exciting than any that can be manufactured—say a real flame between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall; that camouflages fascinating daring like Jean Harlow's; that makes John Barrymore into a contented, married man instead of a lovable lunatic chatting with a monkey; that shuts a laugh-a-minute from unique lips like Mae West's; that kicks a daredevil woman like Tallulah Bankhead out of pictures; that tells Margaret Sullavan she can't talk because she's too frank and honest!

We thought, in the old days, that a man or woman had to *feel* emotions to play them. That you had to be a bit crazy to even think about going into acting. We thought the world wanted Hollywood folk to be warm and mad and unconventional. We still think so. Let's paint Hollywood red, again, and see what happens!

If You Had a Date with Dick

(*Continued from page 69*)

Ambassador on Los Angeles' boasted equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue. The car rolls into the narrow, shrubbery-lined driveway of the hotel and swerves into the parking lot, which is too small and is always over-crowded. A polished brass door lets Dick and Margaret into a sort of tunnel, lined with brilliantly lighted and expensive shops displaying Chinese kimonos, perfumes and so on, and they go up heavily-carpeted stairs, around a corner, and down three more steps into the dimly lighted Cocoanut Grove, with its tiny electric bulbs twinkling in an artificial forest of palm trees.

Ted Fiorito, the orchestra leader, sights Dick—they are friends—and the orchestra breaks into "It's Getting Fair and Warmer," the song Dick sings in "Twenty Million Sweethearts." Dick grins and waves at Ted, a little embarrassed but pleased just the same, as who wouldn't be? He checks his coat and hat. Margaret walking ahead, they are ushered to a ringside table. They sit down and listen to the music.

You may wonder about that ringside table. Dick doesn't pay anything extra for it. Hollywood people of prominence are given tables next to the polished square of dance floor for two reasons. First, they attract other customers. Second, they are good customers themselves, coming back again and again. It's a simple matter of business with the hotel. Dick and Margaret know it and don't get swelled heads on account of the privilege. They turn their attention to the menu cards and decide after a minute to order the very same dishes, on the regular dinner. They order the following simple food:

Seafood cocktail
Olives Celery
Split pea soup
T-bone steak
French fried potatoes Lima beans
Chocolate ice cream
Coffee

It isn't fancy food, particularly, for all the swank Ambassador atmosphere. It's just wholesome grub for two people who have been working hard all day and are hungry. They don't even have Martinis to start the meal off, but get right down to the business of eating. And not until they are done with their coffee do they begin to cast interested glances towards the tempting dance floor.

BUT then, after an intermission, the lights dim again and the orchestra starts "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," not in the burlesque ballad rhythm, but in regular dance time. Margaret goes out on the floor with Dick. Dick has a habit. (At least it's what girls call a bad habit in most men.) Dick sings while he dances. They dance and, while they're dancing, glance around the room to see who is there. Clark and Mrs. Gable are at a table in the corner. Clark sees them and smiles and nods hello.

The dance ends and they return to their table. Margaret hears a familiar voice behind her saying jocularly, "So you got tired of going with me and started going with my father?" A little startled, she swings around on her chair and recognizes the friendly face of William Powell smiling down at her.

"I seem to be surrounded by Powells!" she says.

Bill chats with them for a few minutes, telling them what a nice person his own date, Kathryn Sergava, is, and then goes on to his own table. The orchestra starts again, and again they dance. This time they spy Gene Raymond and Janet Gaynor, who signal them to come over to their table. They do, when the music stops, and the four sit talking for a while.

Don't be disappointed if we don't tell you what they all talk about. We can't. There isn't room for more than the highlights. As a matter of fact, they talk about the same things you would—what's happening to various friends, things they've read in the papers, funny remarks, and all that. We can't tell you who is there for the same reason. The Grove holds easily a couple of hundred tables, with more to be carried in when it gets crowded. At not more than a dozen tables are there movie actors. The rest of the tables are occupied by Los Angeles society folk, college boys from U. S. C. with their girls, eastern families staying at the hotel—a cross-section of life comprised of anybody who can pay the price and dress presentably. We'll tell you what the price is later, to the penny.

Dick has a dance with Janet, while Gene dances with Margaret. Then Dick and Margaret return to their own table. On the way, they pass Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, sitting a little apart from the others and deeply engrossed in one another's conversation.

"It must be wonderful to be in love," says Margaret, looking at them. She is smiling, but there is wistfulness in her voice.

A LITTLE while later and it is time to leave. It is 12:30 and both Dick and Margaret have to get up early and go to work. Dick signals the waiter and the check comes. "I wonder why waiters always lay the check face down, so you can't read it?" Dick muses. He turns over the pinkish card. It reads:

Couverts, two	$2.00
Dinners, two	5.00
	$7.00

In Europe the customary thing is to leave the waiter a tip for ten per cent of the bill, which in this case would be seventy cents. Americans, however, always splurge a bit when it comes to tips. No one knows why. Although a dollar would be plenty, Dick leaves two on the silver salver. In addition, he leaves twenty-five cents with the hat-check girl and gives fifty cents to the doorman. So that raises it to:

Cover charge and dinner	$7.00
Tip to waiter	2.00
Tip to hat-check girl	.25
Tip to doorman	.50
	$9.75

The roadster purrs down the curving drive and swings into Wilshire. Rossmore Avenue leads into Vine Street at the point where Los Angeles merges unnoticeably into Hollywood, and on Vine Street, a few doors south of the Boulevard, is the Brown Derby. "I know you have to get up early," Dick says, "but do you want to go in for a minute and get a cup of coffee?"

"I'd like to," Margaret agrees. "It doesn't keep me awake, does it you?"

"Sometimes," Dick admits casually as he swings the car in to the curb. Except for an old woman selling flowers and a little knot of people before the doors of the restaurant, Vine Street is deserted and he has no trouble finding parking space. This is something that visitors,

be truly Irresistible

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expecting to find wild night life in Hollywood, have often commented upon. After eleven o'clock at night Hollywood Boulevard is so barren of life that you can often drive from Vine Street to LaBrea without seeing more than one or two cars. The stores are dark, and at midnight every other street light is turned off to save electricity. Such night life as goes on, goes on behind closed doors, and the extras can tell you more about that than the stars.

IN the Derby, Dick and Margaret have their coffee. The well-trained waiters don't so much as by frown hint that anybody ought to order more. Although the food is excellent, the stars think of the Derby, not so much as a restaurant as a club. They just drop in to see who's there and what's going on, and to say hello to pals.

Dick waves to Lyle Talbot, sitting over in one of the semi-circular booths with Alice Faye. Looking around, they also see Joan Blondell, with hubby, George Barnes, Burns and Allen with a couple of gag men, Wheeler and Woolsey looking as grave as a pair of college professors without their prop cigar and glasses, and George Raft with his latest blonde. By this time it's 1:30 A. M.—too late, for people with careers ahead of them. Hurriedly, this time, Dick calls the waiter. The bill:

Two coffees	.50
Tip	.25
	$ .75

They hurry out to the car, jump in and speed up the Boulevard to Margaret's apartment. Dick goes up in the elevator with her to the door. Margaret puts out her hand. "Thanks, Dick. You know I had a good time without my telling you."

"I'm glad you did," he tells her. "I know darned well I did. Sleep tight, Maggie, and let's do it again soon."

"Night." She opens her door.

And the curtain falls again. Because it wouldn't be nice, you see, to tell you if Dick kisses her goodnight. You'll just have to guess.

But anyhow, the date's over now, and Dick goes home and goes to sleep himself. If he wants to get out the old wallet and do some counting, the total dent in the bank account reads:

Flowers	$ 1.50
Dinner	7.00
Tips at hotel	2.75
Brown Derby	.75
	$12.00

Was it a date?

If You Would Be as Chic as Norma

(Continued from page 59)

The simple and rather demure little print that she wears is perhaps a bit more up our clothes alley. Very spring-like and quaint it is, with the tiny white flowers in the print looking as though they could be plucked. And by all means notice that very, very flattering petal collar that frames her face so beautifully—and the perky under-chin velvet bow. Even the most hoydenish gal would look appealing in that! But the square hat!

Well, how does she do it? I went to Adrian to ask him about this, providing it wasn't too much of a state secret to be told.

"You're right in saying Miss Shearer is versatile in clothes-wearing," he told me, "but the secret is no secret at all. It is simply logic. And it has more to do with the mind than the body. Yes, really! Before I design clothes for any player I talk with her and get her slant on life. I'll get to know her body lines soon enough, but it's the way her mind functions that's important to me. I've been working with Garbo, Crawford and Shearer for several years and so I know what sort of person each is fundamentally. But if a new player is brought to me, I've got to talk to her before I do any sketching. A screen star's clothes must express the character she portrays in addition to her own personality. If I were to design something I thought was right for the picture, without the get-acquainted talk with the player, I'm sure that when she came to put the gown on, she'd look like a clothes-horse and that's all."

"But why can Miss Shearer wear everything?" I demanded.

"Simply because she is the typical modern American woman—a product of this continent and this day and age at its best. Her mind is as alert as her body. I put every sort of gown, neckline, sleeve and detail on her because she is vital, eager, interested in everything and consequently can wear everything. It isn't beauty that is so important in her case. It's her particular way of expressing beauty by a charming alertness that makes her clothes seem right. Women all over the country, in all walks of life, are like that. I'm sure you know girls who look well, no matter what they wear."

"Yes, and others buy creations and look like a clothes-horse," I put in.

WHAT is Miss Shearer really like? Well, I should say she was a conservative with a secret longing to be daring. This trait is the same trait that makes some women dally in love, but the wiser of them use their daring in careers and lead normal, happy private lives like Miss Shearer. She is a busy and clever wife and mother and as such, she wears clothes that are smart but conservative. It is in her acting career that she is daring and so her screen clothes must express this.

"She gets that well-groomed look first by a physically perfect body kept in trim by the right food and exercise. It is my business to give her clothes to suit her type and so I give her moulded lines with a long leg-line to make her look taller. Bouffant clothes and fussy jewelry are out, because her curly hair is adornment enough. The other adornment she must get from the details of her clothes, the cut, the buttons, the sleeves, the trimmings and of course the materials.

"I work with her as I do with all Metro stars. First, I sketch a gown in pencil, showing the body lines. Then I work out the sketch in water colors in the exact tones in which the dress is to be made. I sometimes attach to the sketch samples of the fabric I have in mind. Twice a year, I go to New York or Europe to get these fabrics.

"Then I discuss the gown with the star. Miss Shearer is highly intelligent and, although she starts out by trying to keep

"HELLO
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● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

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casual, she becomes vitally interested in everything, especially the supposedly small things like the fitting of an armhole. The dress is now made up in muslin. She wears it in my white and green studio that does not cast any shadows. A spotlight is placed high above one door. She walks about, studies herself in the full-length mirrors that line one of my walls. We view the costume from every angle. Every line is adjusted. Miss Shearer has the patience of Job in this and, while she often changes her mind about details, she is practically always right. She never grows tired. My technicians and I can be wilting and she will look as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

"Now from the muslin copy, the real dress is made up and Miss Shearer becomes as excited over it as if she had never seen it before. She has forgotten the long hours spent before my mirrors. It is all a new and intriguing game with her although she has gone through the whole procedure hundreds of times.

"Before she wears the gown in a scene, she tries it on for me again, this time with the identical hair-dress and accessories she will wear."

ADRIAN wouldn't talk of Norma's off-screen clothes other than to say they seem always to be right. But I am sure that Norma herself would be the first to credit Adrian with the development of her taste.

I learned how she shops for her clothes in private life from Helen Hayes, who, you will remember, went with her husband and small daughter and the Thalberg family and stayed in Europe with them until Irving recovered from his recent illness.

"Norma is amazing," Helen told me in frank admiration. "I know I'm the saleswoman's delight and can be talked into almost anything. But not Norma. When she goes shopping, she knows exactly what she wants and what will become her, even before she tries it on.

"I remember the first time we went shopping together in a smart New York shop. She'd say, 'I'll take that and that. No, not that, thank you, but *that*'. I stood by open-mouthed, for I think I've gone through life either wearing or giving away my mistakes in buying. Yes, Norma does change her mind—often, but quickly—and she's never wrong. When we were in Europe, we spent a day in the very smart ateliers of Paris. Of course I was overwhelmed. I'm sure I would have bought anything the designer told me was right for me—but not Norma! She was just as gracious and firm as she had been in New York. It was still 'I'll take this and this. No, not *that,* thank you, but *this.*' She bought smart suits and sports clothes and those little hats she can wear with such an air. Oh, Adrian would have been proud of her!"

There you are, girls! If you know you are the typical American woman like Norma, your course is clear. Adrian's final bit of advice to you is not to take your secret longing to be daring out on your clothes. Learn to paint or become an interpretive dancer—or an aviatrix—or an actress—or anything you think is a little beyond you, but let your clothes remain conservative.

If you're not Norma's type, analyze yourself. Find out how your mind works and decide what type you are. Then take stock of your body. That's Adrian's advice. "If you look like Garbo but think like a hey-hey girl, you should dress like a hey-hey girl," he said.

Maybe it sounds like heresy, but look at what it's done for the women Adrian has clothed! I'm willing to take a chance on it, aren't you?

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline

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Eyelash Grower
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STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

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Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

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The Approved Mascara

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The new HOLD-BOBS are quite inconspicuous in your hair ... thanks to the new harmonizing colors, which match all shades of hair—Brunette, Brown, Auburn, Blonde and Gray or Platinum Blonde.

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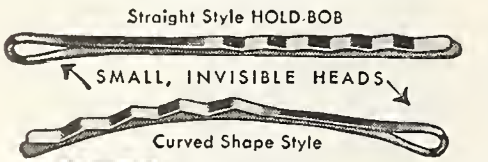

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☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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Could You Have Borne Such Suffering?

(*Continued from page 65*)

add, "Without me you do not exist." Her heart echoed passionately that that was true—*true*. Without him she *could* not exist. He told her what pictures to make and what parts to turn down. He told her how to dress and gave her an allowance of fifteen dollars a week to dress on, to spend on herself, no matter what figure her weekly income totalled. She took George's two young daughters by his previous marriage, into her home and into her heart. Of the fifteen dollars a week which was her spending money, she spent most of it on them. She sewed for them. She made them pretty dresses and hats and frilly curtains for their pretty rooms. She sent them to good private schools. She entertained for them. She was their friend, their sister and their mother. She cared for George's ex-wife, too. She sent her pretty dresses. She begged George to be sure "that Blanche has everything she wants." In course of time, Blanche came to love the girl she thought had supplanted her. She came to realize—as you shall see—that something very fine had come, not only into George's life but into the lives of her daughters and herself. She knew of others, prior to Esther, who had *really* supplanted her—Esther cared for George's mother, too. She was a daughter to her, protecting her, lavishing attentions on her.

AND all the while, and for them all, she worked. George gave up his own career in order to further Esther's. He made her his business, his job. He spoke of her as one speaks of a stock, a commodity. He said to me once, "Give me two more years of Ralston and I'm *set*."

They bought a beautiful home in the Hollywood hills—swimming pool—sunken gardens—expensive help and cars and parties—Esther was making *"Children of Divorce," "Spotlight," "The Case of Lena Smith," "The Wheel of Life," "The Southerner."* Over the mantel in their luxurious living-room hung an oil painting of Esther and George, Esther snuggled into the crook of his arm, his face looking over the crown of her pale gold head, her face dreaming of a future that would hold the two of them—and one other.

For upstairs, tucked away secretly among her handkerchiefs and sachets, was a tiny scrap of blue paper. A "contract." Surely the most poignantly pathetic contract ever drawn between a man and a woman. The contract stated that at a certain time when Esther should have made so much money, accomplished so many definite things in her career, he George Webb, *promised* that *she should be allowed to have a baby.* Three years ago Esther showed me that scrap of pale blue paper and the tears fell down her face and over her hands and dewed that bit of paper with the tears of a mother who was waiting. "It is worth more to me," she whispered, "than all the contracts and all the figures I have ever known or ever will know in my life."

Then came the market crash of 1929. Their home, their investments, some $96,000 in cash, were threatened. The cash was wiped away. It didn't matter so very much to Esther. Other things mattered so much more. George and herself together. That bit of blue paper.

But it did matter to George. It mattered terribly to George. For the first time, to her conscious knowledge, Love turned an irritable, angry face toward her. George was impatient, distraught. His anger was tinged with contempt. Talkies had come to stay. Esther appeared to be one of those who would not survive the new order. He said that they must get that money back if they broke their backs and their hearts doing it. He signed Esther for a vaudeville tour. The child who had been badly hurt years ago worked like a little driven slave to equip herself for that tour. She studied dancing again. Tap. Acrobatic. Routines—until her back ached and the flesh fell away from her bones as petals drop from a flower. She worked by day and by night ceaselessly.

THEY went on tour and every mile for Esther and for George, was a Last Mile—the last mile of their love. There were personal appearances, clubs, bazaars, hospitals, benefits—every kind of personal appearance possible was demanded of her. She gave four, five and six shows a day. She reached the point of exhaustion where she didn't even know how many shows she gave or what town she was giving them in. Through the poisonous channels of exhaustion ran out her idolatrous love for George. And George, driven too, was jealous, tyrannical. He was Simon Legree and he used the whip of compulsion. Gradually, through sleepless nights and with bitter pain and tears that wore grooves in her heart, Esther watched the bright medal of love reverse itself and show the ugly face of loathing.

Then the thought came to her, "If I should have my baby—if I could go home—if I could have *our* baby, perhaps this would pass away, perhaps the old love (oh surely not gone!) would come back again and everything would be as it was before." She did not know then what she knows now—that nothing is ever "as it was before."

She begged George to take her home—no matter to what home. A baby—and the two of them again. Always his answer was, "I have booked two weeks in Des Moines," or "I have booked five weeks in Salt Lake City." And every time George said those words, "I have booked—" the bright body of love took another blow.

On and on until Esther saw and heard no more—until the night when she stood by her hotel window, alone, and looked down, stories down, to the street below and felt the impulse to leap and be still. Then, that night, she begged George again to let her have her baby and go home. They went to New York and consulted a famous specialist. Perhaps she couldn't have her baby—but that was one 'perhaps' Esther could not face. George had the final word with the great obstetrician. The doctor came out to Esther and said, *"You can never have a baby of your own."*

She doesn't remember anything after that—not for days. She lay in a sort of stupor, during which nothing came clear to her save a scrap of blue paper that seemed to flutter through her coma like a dead leaf, going down. She roused herself at last to hear George saying to her, "Esther, we are going home." But it was too late. Home? To what? For what? She cried out, "No—no—no! Let's go on—more bookings—more—more!"

They went on again. On and on. As last, they were home. Esther visited a woman versed in Christian Science. This woman told Esther that if God intended her to have a baby, not all the man-made laws in the world, nor all of the clinical pronouncements could prevent. She must go home and wait.

AND then, after a little time, Esther knew that she was going to have her baby. Out of a dying love she had tried to resurrect, this baby was born. She said, "All the time I was carrying her I seemed to walk on tip-toe with my hand over my heart so that people would not see it beating." And then, at last, from out of the depths of deathly pain that wasn't pain at all because it was love, Esther held her baby in her arms. And as, long ago, the tiny child had whispered to the bisque doll that she must not be hurt, so the young mother bathed her living doll in living tears and whispered a vow—too sacred to print.

Esther said to me the other day, "And from that time on nothing else has mattered. Nothing. *No one.* Even our love didn't matter, George's and mine. It was fulfilled. I knew that it was gone. Oh yes, I knew it then. But I wanted to go. I thought we could. We had the baby. She was enough. Before the first month of her life was over George took the baby away from me, told me I must not nurse her any longer. I might lose my figure, I had grown heavy. He called in masseuses, made me diet rigorously. It almost broke my heart, though even then, I could see the necessity of what he had done. But I had been waiting for her for so long. I was so divinely happy when I held her to my breast. Still, as George said, we had to live—the baby and he and I—his daughters—his ex-wife—his mother.

"After I made 'The Southerner,' we went to England. For the time being we had saved the house, at least. Most of the other money from that terrible tour had gone. In England I toured again, the baby with me, and George and his daughter, Blanche. More four, five and six shows a day. More jealousy and horrible embarrassing things said to me in front of maids and taxi drivers and strangers. Such things as 'You're five minutes late—what do you think you are, a big picture star?'

"I made four pictures in England, too. "Rome Express," "After the Ball," "Black Beauty," and "To The Last Man." They were pretty successful. And yet, all the time over there George was telling me, 'You're through and you don't know it. *We're* through. We're licked. Beaten. Finished. Done for.'

"He had a suicide complex. He would leave gruesome notes in my room telling me that he had ended it all. I'd say to him, 'But we're not through. What we have done before we can do again. What if we do lose the house and all that goes with it? We'll get another house. We'll go home and maybe I'll get work in pictures again. You may be able to find work as an extra and get back to where you used to be. I can wash dishes if necessary. I don't care what we do, so long as it is honest work and we are all together.'

"He would say, 'Me, working as an *extra?* So that is where you place me!' He would tell me that I would never have lovely clothes and jewels and cars again. I said that I had loved having those things but knew that they were not essentials. And always I heard, like death knells on my head and on my heart, 'You're finished and you don't know it—done for—through—through!' It was a dirge.

THEN came that night in London when I told him I was going to have another baby. Gladys, I cannot put into words the scene that took place that night. The scar of it *must* show on me, I should think. It is so livid and so unhealable. He was frantic and he said fearful and frantic things. He asked me what I thought we were going to do *now*—what was the baby going to do, what was his ex-wife going to do, his daughters, his mother, all of us?

MY DEAR! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU! YOU'LL AGREE IT'S A GRAND DISCOVERY!

BUT MUMMY—YOU PROMISED WE'D WALK TO BIG ROCK THIS AFTERNOON!
JANE, I CAN'T! PLEASE STOP WHINING. RUN ALONG AND PLAY.
I COULDN'T TELL JANE—BUT I SUFFER SUCH TORMENTS EVERY MONTH FROM CHAFING—
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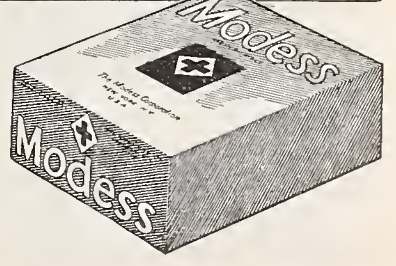

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THUMBS DOWN *on her!*

"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that girl.* I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!" • • •

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—*that's all!*

You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before*. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.

NRA

I told him that I didn't know what his mother and his ex-wife and his daughters were going to do but I thought it probable that he would have to get some sort of work and do for them. He said, 'You cold-blooded . . . You have the heart to stand there and talk to me like that—to me who *am* Esther Ralston and always have been!'

"I thought of our home in Hollywood, where, while we were abroad, his mother, his ex-wife and one of the girls were living, with a Chinese cook at $150 a month to serve them, a car, a chauffeur, another maid, the pool—everything. I looked down at my own hands—we were dressed to go out for dinner—and as I looked at my hands—the break came! *For my gloves were shabby—with holes in the fingertips.*

"I was working like a thankless slave. I was supporting seven people in luxury. I hadn't a whole pair of gloves to put on my hands. By the shifting of a straw does a skyscraper sometimes collapse. By that shabby little trifle did the whole love of my life collapse, then and there.

"We didn't go out for dinner that night. I went to my room and locked the door. All that whole night through and until five in the morning I cried and never stopped crying and felt that I never would stop crying again. The tears seemed to come out of my very bones and veins, to be drawn right out of my blood. And when that dawn broke I knew that I was *through;* through with love, through with marriage. I knew, too, *that I was not going to have another baby.*

"On the ship coming home, George tried to break me further. Poor mortals all of us, how we blunder! I *know* that he loved me—still loves me—terribly—in his way. In his blind effort to *control* love, he lost it. He kept up the terrible litany of 'You are through—you'll never be anything again—you are all washed up—we are all washed up—there is only one way out—to end it all.' He tried to induce me to enter a suicide pact with him. When I refused he would threaten me, again and again, with his own suicide.

"We got back to Hollywood. Everything was gone. The house. The remaining monies and investments. Everything. I took an apartment for myself and the baby. George's ex-wife and the girls took another place. I tried to get work. I signed up with agents who, at first were optimistic about me. In a short while I had a letter from them saying that they were sorry but feared they could do nothing for me. I learned later *why* they had taken that stand. I learned it because, after my separation from George was announced, they wrote again and offered to resume the relationship.

AT one time, during this period—and think, Gladys, it was only a very few months ago—at one time I was so low I had to borrow ten dollars from my mother in order to eat. During that difficult time, too, Blanche, George's ex-wife, came to see me several times. She offered to help me with the baby, times when I had to be away looking for work. I knew that she disliked taking things from me, giving nothing in return. She did help me and we became—friends. When she was at the apartment she would help me in other ways, too— tell George she didn't know where I had gone—try to stand between us and unpleasant scenes. Once or twice, after our separation, I was invited out for dinner—with nice people—the Barthelmesses and others. When George could locate me, he would telephone me four and five times during an evening until it became so embarrassing I would have to leave. I would go home to—well, to scenes it took the police to help me out of on one occasion.

"I gave up the apartment and took a house in Westwood Village. I did a picture for Paramount with Randolph Scott. George's daughter, young Blanche, went with me on location. When we returned she was cross-examined—had she ever noticed Randolph and me talking together and so on.

"And then—the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract! Everything began to open up for me. With my first step into freedom I felt a sense of my own power in every nerve. I had my contract. They believed in me. It didn't matter what the salary was. I was taunted about that. George would come to the house and tell me that I could see how little I was worth on my own—without him to bargain for me. He tried to make me give it all up, to go on tour again—with him. But I *had grown up.* Until last year, Gladys, I was, actually, *sixteen years of age.* I had never developed beyond that point. Now, suddenly, I am an *adult.*

"I won't, I can't go into all the scenes we went through then. The baby's birthday party when I thought suicide *had* been tried and I had to play games with the babies and sing and dance with them and cut the birthday cake and act *happy.* . . . I decided, after that, to sue for divorce. It was suggested to me that I—*be sued.* After all that he had done for me, forsaken his own career, trained me, taught me. . . ."

I interrupted here. I said, "Esther, is there any truth in that? Did he?"

"You mean help me? Oh yes, yes! There is more than a lot of truth in that. He did train me. He did teach me. He did give up his own career to further mine. I wouldn't deny that for anything in the world. I couldn't. It was only he, himself, who separated us. I used to say to him 'George, nothing has been able to separate us—neither hard times nor good, nor your family, nor anything—*only you have been able to do it.*'

"Then, my option was taken up at the studio, it was taken up *on the day I sued for divorce.* And, incredibly, perhaps, I was happier than I have ever been in my life. I knew, then, that I had never really known what happiness *is. I* was so happy that, in the evening, I had some people in to celebrate with me. We had music and champagne and everything was gay. Suddenly there came an ominous rap-tap-tap at the door. He was there. Terrible things were said to me, terrible accusations hurled at me. There were threats and violences. When all of the guests were gone—I sent them away—I went upstairs and crouched by my bedroom window. Underneath it George stood. I knew what he wanted me to believe he was doing. And I knew that he wouldn't and I realized that I was too worn out to care whether he did or not.

"Late that night, after he was gone, a storm came up. The wind blew in hurricane gales. The lightning seemed to tear the sky apart. The thunders crashed and rocked the world. I crept into the nursery and took the baby in my arms, took her into my bed with me, laid her over my heart. I thought 'let the storm rage—let George rage—nothing matters but this—that I have her with me, like this—I can face anything, dare anything, do anything, *be* anything so long as I am never called upon to face the loss of her.

AND so, I am happy now. Exultantly, deeply, profoundly happy. For the first time in my life. That little nine year old girl in the hospital was right when she knew that love can make us whole—such love as I feel for my little Mary Esther. It is easy for me to be happy. I am young. I have my work. A good role in 'Sadie McKee,' with Joan Crawford. I I have my baby. I have my home, people are kind to me, seem to like me. I have my mother and father again, after all these years. I have been able to buy them a home. I had the great joy of taking some of my first salary checks and furnishing it for them. I was able to overhear my father saying, 'Thank God for Esther!' I am grown up. I am free!"

In that sunny, dainty house in Westwood Village, live two women and a beloved little girl. One of the women is Esther, the mother. The other woman is Blanche, the nurse. *For George Webb's ex-wife, Blanche, is nurse to Esther's little girl.* In all the catalogue of amazing human relationships, I know of none more amazing than this.

Esther doesn't call her solution God. She doesn't give it any sectarian name. She just kind of thinks that if you love people very much they will love you back and then the pieces of the puzzle will all fit together and you won't get hurt even if you *are* hurt . . . It is something like this . . .

Irene Dunne Leads a Double Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

effervescent emotions—which are claimed for southern women.

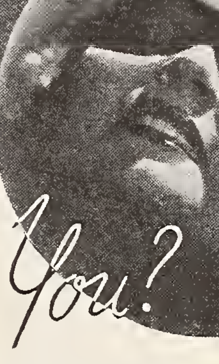
FLIRTING was, and is one of her most adroit accomplishments. "I even flirt with the butcher and get the best cuts of meats because I do," she once told me. But asked that I print that her *mother* did it. Her first professional "break" came because she flirted with a grey-haired judge who was selecting the best singer from three hundred contestants. She was used to being the belle of dinner parties because she had that "something" which attracts men, knew she had it and was not afraid to use it.

As for temper. Whew! It's the kind that wraps a golf stick around the nearest tree and cuts the air with words that would shock even the publicity men who had ordered her to be a perfect lady.

She bought a book on temper. A tiny one she could carry everywhere with her. If you have been often on an Irene Dunne set, you've seen her slip away, squeeze into a quiet corner, pull out a book and commence to read. The habit resulted in the publicity that she is a studious and deep reader. But if you have succeeded in snatching the book from her, you've found it filled with instructions on how to hold your temper.

It's not easy to be a goody-goody girl before people and yet find a way to let the devil out of you when no one is looking. It takes finesse and trickery and brains and will-power and a great capacity for fibbing convincingly.

I shall not forget the time I was lunching with Irene at her high-ceilinged home in Beverly Hills. The butler brought in a huge florist's box. Irene slipped the card from its expensive envelope, glanced at it, slipped it beneath her plate and went on talking as though she had not received it. I would have made a large-sized wager that the flowers were not from her husband. She would have said so, womanlike, had they been. And she would not have blushed so tale-tellingly. I knew, too, that flowers were not unusual to this



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"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y.

woman with whom men are continually falling in love.

Irene Dunne has never had trouble with one of her leading men—a record among actresses in this city—because she makes certain they are her slaves from the day she begins a picture. There is no competition in an Irene Dunne production. Men do not steal scenes from a woman with whom they are carrying on an animated, spring-feverish flirtation. Irene deliberately enslaves them, as she does her butcher or her chauffeur. "What is appeal for, if not to use?" she once asked me.

RICHARD DIX stalked from the set of "Stingaree," the other day, his face several shades redder than usual. "What a woman!" he exclaimed. "When you're doing a love scene with any other woman, she does one of two things. Either holds back a little, instinctively, or forces emotion. But when Irene Dunne is supposed to melt—she just melts. You can't remember it's for a picture."

Irene Dunne, sitting in the lunch room with one leading man after another, holding hands! Irene Dunne, walking across the lot with each leading man—from Dix to Walter Huston—trotting determinedly behind her.

"The only thing that saves us all," one of them told me, "is that she's fickle. She stirs up everything a man has while he's working with her and then—well, there's a new leading man for another picture. Or you wake up and find her husband's arrived from New York. And you don't know whether you've been tricked or whether she's meant it or—so all you can do is hope you'll play in another picture with her!"

Certainly, Irene spreads her allure among many gentlemen. There's the electrician who moons around like a love-sick adolescent until he's assigned to a new Dunne picture. There's the cameraman who stays with the studio because *he* may get the assignment. You may have read about Sergeant Leo H. Kalem, Battery B, 15th Field Artillery, who saved his money in Honolulu so he could visit Hollywood to see Irene Dunne, his idea of a "perfect lady."

He hung around the publicity department for days, leaning across the rail, begging anyone he saw to let him pass it. He became a joke among the boys. The joke reached the ears of Irene Dunne. She waltzed right up, captured him, took him onto the set, had him as her guest at an intimate little luncheon.

When he left to return to Honolulu for duty, he rubbed the arm to which she had clung, looking appealingly up at him. "I'd admired her on the screen. But I had no idea she'd be so—so—oh, damn it, it would have been better if I'd never met her."

WHAT a relief it must be to her when she is with her husband or at home, away from those who might whisper about the real Irene Dunne if they saw her. Perhaps that's the reason it's difficult for Irene to keep servants or secretaries. A girl must be herself, once in a while. If she sits with a "temper book" while in company, she's likely to give her temper more than its natural full sway when she's at home with those who "don't matter."

No wonder she runs to New York between pictures. In New York, she's herself. A member of a merry gang who are among the first-nighters, night-clubbers and high-stoolers. A gay gang, counting some of Europe's speediest titles. And if Dr. Griffin, by chance, can't accompany her, she's there, just the same, a ring leader of the swift, wee-o'-the-mornin' playsters.

"I can be myself there. Fight with my husband, in private or public, and nobody pays any attention nor rumors a divorce or prints that I'm not a perfect lady.

"Why, I get so bored out here that I play telephone bridge with my husband, via long distance, so I can have a good fight if I want, before I go to bed. My blood is not water. And it's not blue. As a matter of fact, it's crimson. I stamp my feet when I'm very angry and literally bounce up and down with rage. I don't want to be a perfect lady, either on the screen or off. I would rather be a live, normal human—subject to temper and quarrels and other things that vary the tone of life and make it interesting. But," she shrugged her shoulders, "of course you can't print it."

She looked, then, as she did when they had called her to take still pictures while she was making "Stingaree." There had been a horse scene and the stage was smothered in flies. She stood, first on one foot, then on the other, battling the pests. Finally, she walked from the set. "When you get those *blank* flies off the set, I'll take the picture!" And the crew looked at one another in stupefaction.

In fact, Irene forgot to use her little book several times on this, her latest picture. How could a woman remain a perfect lady while working with director William Wellman? Billy Wellman is one of the directors who prides himself upon his use of roughness and tough language to get the best from his actors. He screeches and yells and cusses.

WHEN they were beginning the picture, you'd often hear Irene's dressing-room door slam hard behind her. She'd run to read her book, not trusting herself to corners. One thing that irritated her most was the way Mr. Wellman addressed her: *"Miss Garbo; Miss Bennett; Miss Hepburn."* He just couldn't remember it was Irene Dunne whom he was directing. Irene sought revenge. She snooped until she learned the names of each of his enemies. And a man as capable as Billy Wellman always has plenty! "Yes, Mr. So and So," she'd answer—calling him by the name of some hated-one each time he addressed her.

Cooing at Richard Dix; snapping at the director. Running to her dressing-room. Turning literally white in her attempts to remember that she must be a perfect lady. Until one day—she just up and flipped her body at him, *backwards,* in a perfect Lupe Velez gesture. William Wellman staggered. But he didn't give up. He even took her diamond brooch and whittled a diamond from the setting with his penknife—to see what she would do. She did it! And the toughest director in Hollywood learned that Hepburn is not the only star on the RKO lot who can screech at her director.

And there's a sad little side to this story, too. For to feel something like a Velez and act like an Irene Dunne is not easy. There's only *today* for Lupe, for example. Lupe awakes to a new world each morning. She blots out the old one each evening. She lives exactly as she pleases each single moment, never worrying about what has gone before or is coming after.

But Irene Dunne, with the same kind of pepper sprinkled through her, must remember each morning. "I am a perfect lady. I must not forget it." And each night, whether she be slipping in from a secret jaunt or lying in bed bored to death with the monotony of the role she is playing, she must be planning the ladyfied campaign for the morrow.

"Why don't you admit you made a mistake in this perfect-lady role, Irene, and come out and be frankly yourself?" I asked her.

"Because it is a mistake to admit mistakes. I don't believe it's good business. The public doesn't like to think it's been fooled."

NO, she wouldn't admit the truth for publication. So, I'm snitching on her. For her own good. Katharine Hepburn gets the credit for having all the temperament on the RKO lot. Irene doesn't particularly like that, of course. Because temperament also means publicity.

Now, I'd like to see Katie and Irene having a good hair-pulling battle. Knowing both girls, well, I'd bet on Irene to yell louder, use the more convincing language and pull harder—if a publicity man wasn't around to hand her the little book and say, "Remember, you're the perfect lady of the screen, darlin'."

It isn't fair. Irene Dunne flies to Chicago, *once*, to meet her husband and they immediately advertise the fact that here is the commuting, airplane, happily married couple meeting half-way. While, in reality, Irene's the kind who keeps her husband's interest because he has to go all the way, always! Why, she even made him keep the engagement ring he bought her nearly four years before she said, "Yes," and wore it.

"She's a devil," one who knows her well said. "More of a demon than Hepburn will ever be."

And it's the devils in life who make our hair curl and our flesh goose-pimple. I think she's led her double life long enough. She threw her book away several times while she was making "Stingaree" and became the natural, peppery, lively-mouthed, dare-devil Dunne, in person. She should thank William Wellman for making her so mad. She'll probably be just as mad when she reads this story. I hope so. I hope she'll be so furious, she'll throw that "temper" book away forever and be herself. A passionate, high-strung, interesting girl. Not a self-controlled, tight-lipped, dainty—perfect lady!

How the Stars Face Motherhood

(*Continued from page 29*)

career, not be with him too much of the time, interest him as a person as well as evoke his love as his mother.

"No, I didn't have a trace of that feeling, 'This will change my life.' I didn't have any sense of oneness with the baby. From that first instant I thought of him as separate from me, an individual, a person. I didn't have any of the possessive mother emotion. I had the feeling that I would soon have another friend, dearer to me than any other, a new interest to whom I hoped, first of all, to be interesting. I may add that I never changed—not during all the while he was coming—not after he was here—not now."

GLORIA SWANSON has, admittedly, a maternal complex. "Or perhaps," she told me, "I should call it a baby complex.

"From my earliest recollection, I dreamed of the day when I should have a baby. I always hated the state of being a child myself. I wanted to be grown up. I wanted to be mature. I wanted to be—a mother. I was the first of the women stars to have a baby. The very first. And so, when the doctor first told me that what I hoped was so—when I first knew that little

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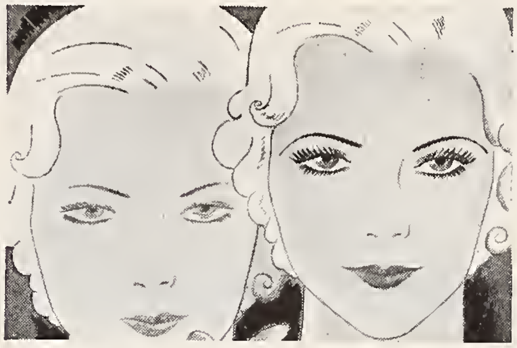

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by Louise Ross

For 10c you can give your eyes an utterly new effect—interesting, attractive. That I promise. So why not try this easy, inexpensive way? Just buy my Winx Mascara (cake or liquid) and darken your lashes. Note how much better you look. Some faces are utterly changed—weak-looking eyes are given a new, irresistible lure. Since 10c is all it costs, why should you be content without proper eye make-up?

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LONG, LOVELY LASHES

So easy . . . just accent with Winx

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Now May's Lips say "KISS ME"

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GOOD NIGHT-I'LL CALL YOU UP...
THOUGHT
WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS AND GIVE ME A LONG KISS?
2
I'M SO DISCOURAGED-JACK HAS NEVER EVEN TRIED TO REALLY KISS ME...
LISTEN-TRY THE LIP MAKE-UP OF THE MOVIE STARS-THE WONDERFUL NEW KISSPROOF INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
3
HER NEXT DATE WITH HIM
YOUR LIPS DRAW ME LIKE A MAGNET-I CAN'T SEEM TO RESIST THEM...
DON'T TRY-THE LIPSTICK ON THEM IS CALLED KISSPROOF!

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If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

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Indelible **LIPSTICK**

Gloria was really coming, I didn't have any conscious thought. My first reaction was one of transported ecstasy. If one can be literally lifted into the realm where the seraphim and cherubim are, that is where I went. I had the sensation of being lifted on wings, exalted, transfigured. I laughed and laughed and laughed and wasn't even conscious that, at the same moment, the tears were streaming down my face. Wasn't conscious of anything until, looking at the doctor who was looking at me, I saw tears in his eyes.

"Trying to be as analytical as possible—of a moment that allowed of no analysis—I knew that there was one fear, like the thin stab of a knife underneath all of the almost abnormal joy, the fear of losing the baby. No fear whatever of my face, my figure, my career, my looks, myself—nothing was farther from my mind. What were these things compared to this? Nothing!

"I wanted everyone to know about it. Contrary to the usual procedure of screen stars at that time—a time when even marriages were kept as quiet as possible—I had the quaint idea of sending this glorious item to the press of the whole world. I wanted to shout it from the housetops. I even—" Gloria laughed a little, remembering, "I even signed my Paramount contract when I was seven months along. I was utterly unconscious of my appearance. I was utterly unconscious of me.

"I felt, from that first moment, that I was giving an unique, an incredible performance. Perhaps many women will know what I mean when I say that my first reaction was largely compounded of the feeling that no one else in the world had ever had a baby before. I sound hysterical, even now when I talk about it. That's because I *was* hysterical. Hysterical with the greatest happiness I have ever known or ever expect to know again. It has never left me, where Gloria is concerned, this sacred and sublime feeling about her." And Gloria's beautiful eyes dimmed with tears.

"With my last baby, Michael Bridget," she said, "it was a little different. Because everything was different. I was not happy. Circumstances were unfortunate. Everything was going wrong for Michael and for me. Great things and small. It was attended, all of that pregnancy, by anxieties and uncertainties and embarrassments. But—I was having a baby. I hoped it would be a boy. A son. Michael. But a baby—any kind of a baby, under any conditions, is the greatest of all the great facts of life to me. There is no thrill in life even partly comparable."

I TALKED to little blonde Dixie Crosby, wife of the idolized Bing. Dixie, with a less than two-year-old baby at home and another one due in a few months time. September, I believe she said. Dixie told me, "I had two fears—two perfect bogie-men rose up to face me when the doctor told me that my first baby was a fact. My first fear was the certainty, the absolute certainty that I would die. As the doctor said to me, 'You are going to have a baby, Mrs. Crosby,' I said to myself, 'This is my time—my time has come!'

"I felt sorry for myself, in that first moment of what I thought to be a positive premonition. I felt that it was really very sad for me to go, so soon, so young. I felt, too, that I was being very brave about it, very gallant and rather dramatic, not telling Bing what I knew. This certainty, you may be interested to know, never left me for the whole nine months. And this in spite of the fact that I was perfectly healthy and 100 per cent normal from beginning to end. Actually, the only time I nearly did die was after the baby was born and I found myself alive. The shock was almost too much for me.

"My other fear was that the baby would be in some way disfigured or abnormal. I never thought that I'd paid much attention to such things, but in that first hour of knowing that I was really going to have a baby of my own, all kinds of horrors and abnormalities of which I had read, or been told, kept flooding my mind. I kept asking Bing, later, whether there had ever been anything queer or abnormal back in his family. He reassured me by telling me that a crooner was the queerest thing that had ever raised its ugly head among the Crosbys!

"This time—with this baby—I haven't been able to raise a fear of any kind. I just think it's jolly and will be grand for all of us and that's the most complicated reaction I seem able to have."

ESTHER RALSTON, looking like a dream walking, told me, "I remember perfectly the very minute when the doctor said to me, 'Yes.' Could I ever forget it? I was standing in his office, looking out of the window. The sunset was especially lovely. There were flowers growing in a window box. I thought, 'I must look at flowers and sunsets and lovely things. I must make the baby beautiful, by drinking in beautiful sights and sounds and thoughts. And then, in that same instant, almost hand in hand with the first thought came another.

" 'I wonder whether I will ever have any looks again! Is it possible that this may ruin my figure, coarsen my face? Show people must be so spectacular. It's all we have, it's all we have.' I remembered pretty girls I had known, girls who had babies and got dumpy and thick-waisted and sallow and slowed down. I thought, 'Suppose this should happen to me. I've wanted a baby so much. There is always a price for great happiness like this!

"I'll have to admit that I did have these reactions of fear and anxiety, but in fairness to myself I can also say that I would never have had any such reaction if it had not been for the fact that I was not, even then, happy in my marriage. I had deliberately prayed and hoped for that baby. I had almost died of grief when I thought I might never have one. I had only hoped that the baby would help to build our marriage all over again. But in my heart of hearts I knew better—or worse. I knew, I realized in that first moment that the care and support of the baby would undoubtedly be up to me. I could only support her with the help of my looks. If I lost them, where would the baby be?"

JOBYNA RALSTON (Mrs. Richard Arlen) laughed when I asked her. She said, "My only reaction to the doctor's statement was, 'It really isn't so!' He almost had to draw a diagram and take a solemn oath of Hippocrates or something in order to convince me. You see, I'd been disappointed so many times before. I'd got much more used to disappointment than I had to—a baby. I thought, 'Well, it may be so now, but something will happen. I just can't see *us* with a baby. I don't believe there will ever really be one.'

"After he had convinced me that he really did know what he was talking about, my next thought was, 'I won't be one of those nine-months-negligée wives. I won't be the whining, petulant kind, always being waited on, always looking slightly martyred and 'different.' Then and there I determined to do what I did do, right through the whole nine months. I determined to say things like 'Let's go up to the snow and do some skiing,' or 'Let's go down to Caliente, now, in the middle of the night' or 'Let's go up in a plane and go somewhere.' "

ARLINE JUDGE RUGGLES said, "My first reaction wasn't very startling or original, I'm afraid. It was one a lot of women have had and always will have. I thought, 'Oh, I wonder what it will be!' and then 'I wonder what it will *look* like?' I honestly never gave myself a thought. Never gave a thought to my face or my figure or my career. I only knew that I wanted a son, because Wes is the last of the Ruggles name and I knew what a son would mean to him and what a kick Charlie would get out of it, too. I just wanted to turn in a grand performance. That was my first and sharpest reaction.

"And next I thought how sweet it would sound to hear a baby call me 'Mother.' Someone asked me, shortly after I knew that I was to have the baby, what I would have him call me. I said, '*Mother,* what else? We wait long enough, don't we, to hear that name on a baby's lips?' So, all I thought was, 'I want a boy. I want him to be healthy and handsome. I want to hear him call me Mother.'"

Happy Contest Winner

(*Continued from page 63*)

I couldn't believe it! And then, after I had read the letter over and over, my emotions were simply hectic. So were my activities. There was a leave of absence from my job to be obtained, there were new clothes to be bought, and frantic wires between Shaker Heights and New York as I asked if it would be possible for my cousin to accompany me. When an affirmative answer returned, we were the happiest girls in the world.

OUR departure, train time, friends there to tell us goodbye and to wish us every happiness in Hollywood. Then two days of impatience, counting the hours when we would arrive in Hollywood. But don't laugh . . . when the conductor called "Los Angeles," I was struck with such a horrible feeling of stage fright I felt I did not want to get off the train. I thought, suppose these glamorous, exciting people out here find me dull and boring?

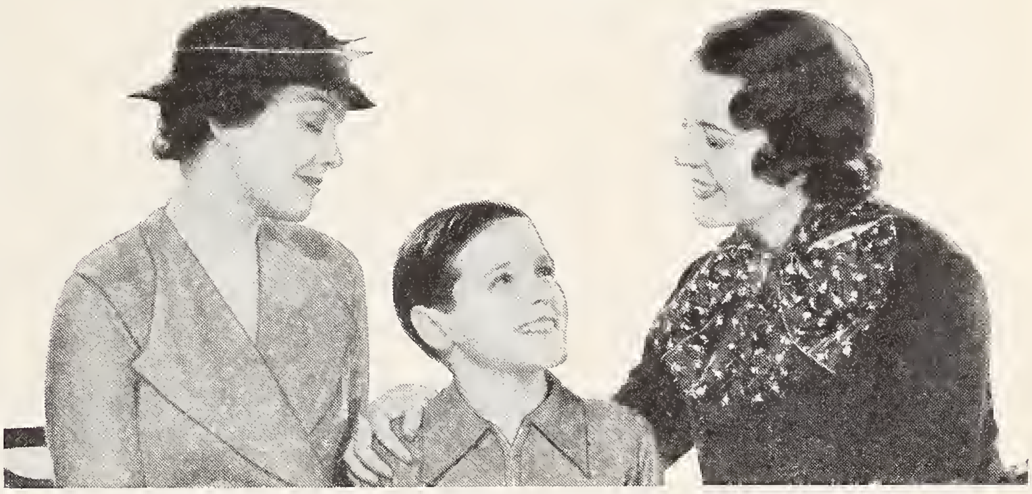
M-G-M had informed me I would be met at the station by a representative of the studio. And, fans, I want to tell you that there are no friendlier people in the world than these Hollywood people. They are so natural in their manner you feel at ease immediately. The young man who met us is named George May, from the publicity department. He took us immediately to the Roosevelt Hotel, which was to be our headquarters during our visit.

Perhaps I should explain that I knew before we left home that we could not be Joan's house guests. You have read of course, that Joan is redecorating her home, and that she is building on to it. All this work was taking place during our visit to Hollywood and Miss Crawford, herself, was not living in her home, but in a small hotel apartment. The beautiful room we walked into at the Roosevelt was a bower of flowers. An enormous basket from M-G-M with a cordial card, and another of spring blossoms bearing the card of Walter Ramsey, western representative of MODERN SCREEN, greeted us. But, fans, I don't think either M-G-M or Mr. Ramsey will seriously mind when I say my heart skipped a beat when I saw that white basket filled to overflowing with gardenias, which just seemed to shout to me, "These are from Joan."

"Welcome to Hollywood, Jean." She

"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"

"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

● "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

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"We couldn't have taken this wonderful trip

..IF OUR FEET HURT US!"

"We had a thrilling time, hiking and riding through beautiful country!" "Of course we got tired, but our feet were good to us—because we have always been good to them. The moment a corn appears, we put on Blue-Jay, and that's the end of Mister Corn!"

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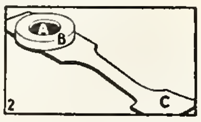

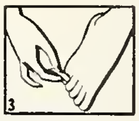

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3. After three days remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

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B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is adhesive strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

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Free Booklet—"For Better Feet"—contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.*) MS-7

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had not needed to sign any name. Gardenias have come to be Joan Crawford's calling card.

Mr. May immediately proceeded to explain, "Joan is awfully sorry it will not be possible to bring you girls out to the studio today. She is doing the most dramatic scenes from the picture, but Monday you are to be her guests all day, and in the meantime . . ."

I could hear Mr. May's voice going on explaining such interesting things. A trip to Catalina Island for over Sunday and a theatre date at Grauman's Chinese for this evening, but the words that kept echoing in my mind were, "Joan's guests for all day Monday!"

Mr. May had planned that we should rest following our long train trip before he came to take us to dinner and to the famous Grauman's Theatre that evening. But no sooner had he departed than Walter Ramsey called to take us on a sightseeing tour of movie stars' homes that afternoon. All thoughts of rest vanished as we set out for the MODERN SCREEN offices about seven blocks from our hotel on Hollywood Boulevard where we were to meet Mr. Ramsey at noon. Mr. Ramsey had wanted to pick us up at the hotel but we wanted to walk down Hollywood Boulevard to get a close-up view of the most publicized street in the world.

I DOUBT that Hollywood Boulevard is exactly what you think it is. It is not unlike Main Street in any other town, except it has this one great difference—the people! Strangely enough, they look alike, and they are all reminiscent of faces that seem vaguely familiar. It is obvious that Hollywood's movie stars have been an influencing model for Hollywood faces. Dress is most informal on the Boulevard. Some of the girls wear pajamas and many wear slacks. Most of the male attire is sports, and when you are used to dark tailored clothes for street wear, Hollywood's seem very vivid.

That exciting afternoon we went on a tour to the homes of Lupe Velez, Carole Lombard, Helen Twelvetrees, Chester Morris, Leila Hyams, Gloria Swanson, Pickfair, and yes, we drove past Joan's home, where we saw the carpenters and workmen busily adding wings onto the house. It is on a quiet, tree-shaded street in a suburb about ten miles from Beverly Hills called Brentwood. The house is surrounded by a beautiful garden, but the structure itself is far from what you would imagine a movie star's home to be.

Sunday, too, brought many interesting diversions, what with our exciting trip to Catalina. But I know you must be as impatient as I was for the dawning of that fateful Monday. We awoke and dressed hours before Mr. May called to take us to Culver City, the famous M-G-M studio, and Joan.

I saw her, and had the opportunity of watching her for a whole half hour before she knew we were on the set, fans. In other words, I saw her as the people who work with her every day see her. Oh, how my heart was pounding as we stepped on that set and through the maze of lights and cameras, I saw Joan.

FIRST I want to say that she is smaller than you would imagine from her screen appearances. I had always had the impression that Joan was about average height, but in that simple little black dress she wore with the touch of white at the throat, with her lovely chestnut-brown hair combed simply, she looked like a child.

If I were permitted only three words to sum up the impression I gained of Joan, they would be beautiful, gracious, kind! When I showed her several of the letters you fans had written me, she seemed genuinely surprised and touched. "Maybe it's a good thing all my fans can't meet me," she said. "I shouldn't want to spoil their illusions and no one could really live up to these wonderful tributes."

From reading interviews, have you gained the impression that this girl is melancholy? So many writers have referred to Joan's moodiness. But if these stories are true, I must have caught her on a particularly happy day. For I was strongly impressed with Joan's desire to laugh. We had been talking only a short time when Franchot Tone came over to join us and I'm sure that if director Clarence Brown wasn't a very even-tempered man, the gales of laughter that came from our corner would have interrupted him.

Then Miss Crawford invited my cousin and me to lunch with her and Mr. Brown in the studio commissary. She introduced us to every star that passed our table. Not only did Miss Crawford summon Clark Gable over, but she insisted that he sit down and he asked to pose with me in a picture after luncheon. Luncheon with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford!

The things they talked about? Truthfully, it is impossible to record the conversations of people in Hollywood. They talk to each other so kiddingly, so gaily. One thing I do remember though. Joan said to me, "Of course you can see that Clark is just a grand person, and not the heart-breaker he's supposed to be at all."

"There's not a word of truth in that," grinned Clark. "I insist upon being a heart-breaker." And then, "You are the only visitor I've met who hasn't an autograph book." And Joan replied, "How do you know she hasn't an autograph book? Maybe she doesn't want your autograph!"

I THEN confided I would like to have their signatures, but that I had thought it might be too much trouble to expect everyone to sign a book. "Don't be silly," said Joan, "we get hurt if we aren't asked to sign something." She and Clark then wrote their names in big letters across a menu card.

When we came out of the commissary, a cameraman was waiting to take our pictures. I had already made several with Miss Crawford on the set, and Clark insisted that I make one with him alone.

Miss Crawford's maid came in and assisted her to freshen her make-up, and several minutes later we were back on the set, where we remained through tea time. I'm afraid it would have been a sad leave-taking if Joan had not said, "You girls are to be my guests at the theatre Wednesday night at 'Men in White.' I'm terribly sorry I won't be able to accompany you. Mr. Brown has just told me we are working that night. But my car will be at your disposal, and Thursday I am expecting you to lunch here at the studio with me again, unless something more exciting for you turns up."

I'm sure I could easily fill this issue of MODERN SCREEN with details of the rest of our week in Hollywood. But for the sake of brevity, I am going to condense my impressions and you are going to have to help me out by reading between the lines the enormous thrill we got out of everything that happened to us.

Tuesday: Shopped on the Boulevard, then to lunch again at M-G-M. This time we met Myrna Loy, who is so sweet and Ramon Novarro, who kissed my hand. Tuesday evening brought our biggest Hollywood event next to meeting Joan, a studio preview of "Riptide," starring Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. The preview was for the press, and there was a wonderful buffet supper served afterward. Norma Shearer and Robert

Montgomery and Herbert Marshall, Edna Best and Mr. Irving Thalberg acted as hosts at this affair. And fans, Robert Montgomery is just exactly as he is on the screen, and Norma, who is very tiny, is even more beautiful. She stopped by our table to have a little chat with us about this and that.

Wednesday: To famous Agua Caliente, the Mexican playground of the stars. The plan was to lunch there and return almost immediately, but we had such a grand time we decided to remain through dinner. Mr. May called Hollywood on the phone, asking Miss Crawford's secretary to cancel our theatre tickets for this evening and engage them for the following night, Thursday. Did not return to the hotel until midnight and tumbled right into bed —terribly tired.

THURSDAY: Lunch with Joan again at the studio and told her all about the trip to Caliente. Surprised to learn that our idol has been there only twice in her life. "I'm not much of a gambler," she told us. "If I lose ten dollars my conscience hurts me terribly. That's why I don't go in for that sort of thing as a rule.

Theatre time Thursday night, Joan's beautiful black town car arrived to take us to "Men in White," and were we thrilled to find two gardenia corsages sent by Joan! What a thrill it was to ride in her own car, and everyone's eyes simply bulged when we drove up before the theatre, feeling like a million dollars.

Friday: Lunch at the Brown Derby with Mr. May. He pointed out Wallace Beery (you'd recognize him anywhere), Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller (Lupe certainly wasn't noisy and temperamental this day. She seemed very quiet and almost sad.) Mary Brian and June Collyer, who is Mrs. Stuart Erwin, Mrs. Bing Crosby, and many famous directors and writers. Then we went back to the studio and did all the "sets," meeting William Powell, Leo Carrillo, Myrna Loy again, Muriel Evans, Clark Gable (who hailed us as old friends), Otto Kruger (and how attractive he is!) and, while Mr. May had made plans to take us to the Hollywood Legion fights, we were so exhausted from our five hectic days, had to beg off. Dinner at the hotel . . . and early to bed.

Saturday: Up early because we were going to Palm Springs, famous winter resort, with Mr. May. This is a wonderful garden spot in the desert, so restful it is no wonder it is the favorite vacation resort of the stars. Saw Kay Francis in sun pajamas, Skeets Gallagher and his wife and two children, Nick Stuart, Constance Talmadge and her husband. Returned to Hollywood for dinner at the swanky Sardi's.

Sunday: Early to church on a beautiful spring day that made you disbelieve the newspaper headlines of another terrible storm back home in the East. Saw Dolores Del Rio and Marion Davies there, both alone. Then, back to the hotel to noon-day dinner and to hurriedly pack our bags before Mr. May came to take us to the train. I asked my cousin, "Are you sorry it is all over?"

"Couldn't be sorry," she replied, "because it will never be over. This wonderful trip will be in my memory as colorful and as vivid as it actually happened to us, the rest of my life. I shall never forget it."

And that is the way I feel about it, too. Thank you, Hollywood, and all your kind people who made our visit the great adventure it was. And thank you, Joan, for being the gracious person you are! And thank you, Modern Screen, for making this wonderful trip to Hollywood and my meeting Joan possible.

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Jimmy Ups to Me

(Continued from page 34)

lumbago. So Jimmy packs up, goes in to the old man and tells him to get ready. Says they're leaving for Hollywood in a couple of hours. Well, to make a long story short, the old man and Jimmy get out to the coast and Pop ain't been bothered with lumbago since.

GEE, the old man's swell. I know I'm supposed to be telling about Jimmy, but I guess you won't mind if I say something about Pop. Because after all Jimmy and me used to work in Pop's barber shop down on the East Side and, besides, he had a lot to do with giving Jimmy a boost here and there.

Anyway, he's out on the coast with Jimmy and my brother tells me how the old man still carries his shaving tools with him and keeps asking everybody out at the studio if they want to get a haircut. He kept Norman Foster looking dandy when he was in the hospital. Now I hear how the old man just won't rest easy until he gets a crack at Johnny Weissmuller. Can you tie that? The old man's in his eighties and he's still picking tough jobs for himself!

Talking about him, however, reminds me of the days we used to work in his shop. Jimmy was a great hand at clowning and he'd have a time of it with the customers. Sometimes there'd be a nickel tip in it for him. But most times it was just for the fun of it—and because the old man wanted us around Saturday nights where he could keep an eye on us, I guess. But it was fun.

Anyway, Pop's barber shop always was a hangout for everybody in the neighborhood. We lived on Catherine Street and on Henry Street and a couple of other places, too. And among Pop's best customers was Al Smith—you know, the ex-governor—and a lot of others who became big shots. They was always regular, too.

Jimmy always had a yen for entertaining. Me, I wanted to be a cop—and a good one. I've been on the force for a long time and I guess I'll apply for retirement. I want to take the wife on a trip and maybe we'll go to live in Hollywood. Jimmy wants us to be out there. Of course, we won't live with him. He wants us to, but you know how it is. A guy's got to be independent.

There was Jimmy, my sister and myself. We had another brother but he died some time ago. Jimmy, however, always was Mom's favorite. She used to keep after Jimmy to take piano lessons and, well, he always wanted to do what Mom said. He thought a lot of Mom. But she was swell. She'd save up from the house money so Jimmy and the rest of us could have little things that kids always like. You know, like oranges, bananas or the movies.

JIMMY was quick at learning things. When he got to know the piano pretty well, he'd go around to Italian weddings and play for them. And believe me there always was weddings, so Jimmy got a lot of practice that way.

Then the first thing we knew Jimmy was trotting around to cafés on the East Side playing the piano for tips. He'd make a lot of dough that way, sometimes, and then he just kept on going—from joints like Diamond Tony's on the East Side to the Alamo way uptown and to Perry's on Coney Island.

And before we knew it, Jimmy was making a big hit. He was playing in Broadway cafés and, later, he teamed up with Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. I suppose there ain't much more about Jimmy's history from then on that you don't know as well as me.

There's a lot of nice things about Jimmy, but what I like best is that he's the same kind of guy now that he always was. If I wanted to go on about the guys he's supporting, you'd think I was putting in a plug for him. But I ain't. Because everybody knows Jimmy is regular.

I recall when he was a kid he always was the leader of his gang. His piano-playing made him a favorite with everybody and, anyway, he's got personality. No matter what the game, you'd find Jimmy well out front.

In talking about Jimmy, you have to mention Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. After all, they started to hit the big time together. When the three split up, Eddie opened a cabaret on Long Island. But he still keeps in touch with Jimmy. Lou is Jimmy's manager and, take it from me, Jimmy needs one. He just ain't got the proper idea of what money's worth.

Jimmy's the kind of guy who'd get out and entertain and not give a damn for the money. But not Lou. No, sir. Lou would say to Jimmy, "Listen, baby, you're a big shot now and you're going to get a big shot's dough!"

I'VE been able to save some money on my job, but last year when I had to go to the hospital, Jimmy wouldn't let me spend a cent. Say there was nothing in that place that was too good for his brother.

Some time ago they was arranging a publicity stunt for some charity and Jimmy had a date to meet Mayor LaGuardia. Afterward, when it was all over, Jimmy decided to go to the East Side to visit the old neighborhood and I went along. He got a kick out of looking up the spots where he used to go.

Soon after we got there, the kids in the neighborhood learned Jimmy was around. And before you knew it a couple of hundred of 'em started yelling for Jimmy. Well, the guy stood there for nearly an hour, clowning with them, singing songs and having a grand time. But I'll bet Jimmy got a greater kick out of it than they did at that.

I ought to know something about kids. I'm warrant officer over in Brooklyn Children's Court and it's my job to bring 'em in when they've misbehaved or something. Sometimes I'd write to Jimmy about a particularly sad case and he'd write the kid a little note. Being Jimmy's brother has its advantages in my job. Because all the kids know him and like him and they'd come along with me and I'd never have any trouble. All I'd do is tell them I'm Jimmy's brother. And they believe me, too. They always recognize the schnozzle.

Talking about writing brings to mind a funny quirk about Jimmy. You know, he's never written to a girl, other than his wife or his sister. Jimmy never did have much education. He picked up most everything he knows himself. And he just won't trust himself to write, especially to girls. There's always a chance some dame would take it wrong. Well, I guess Jimmy learned one thing there you never pick up in school.

Jimmy thinks a lot of my son, Albert.

The kid's taking a course in journalism at the Washington and Lee University in Virginia and, if you don't mind my bragging, he's a pretty clever kid. He wants to be a newspaper man and I guess there's no stopping him. You see us Durantes are stubborn. When we make up our minds—well, there ain't no stopping us. But I guess it's a good idea.

Sure, the kid's got the family schnozzle. And he's the only youngster who'll carry on the Durante name.

There ain't much more I could say about Jimmy. Except that he's a great guy, and the proof is that everybody likes him. Because Jimmy's the kind of guy who likes everybody.

While we were going to press, Al Durante died. Strangely enough, during the course of the interview, he told the writer of this article about the operation which the doctors thought advisable, but not absolutely necessary. Al decided to go through with it anyhow. His death was a terrible blow to the Durante family—especially to his brother, Jimmy.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

with a tasty first course—and for this you can do no better than a good canned soup. Garnished with a dab of whipped cream, a few croutons or minced parsley, it makes any meal start off on a festive note. Next choose a meat which requires no last-minute ministrations (steaks and chops are taboo for company meals, if you must cook them yourself). You will probably wish to have one or two vegetables besides potatoes. If you substitute spaghetti in tomato sauce for potatoes, one green vegetable will be sufficient. After this main course, plan to have a salad with crackers and cheese or a dessert. It is not desirable to have both if it involves your jumping up an extra time to change the dishes. Serve coffee with the last course. And there you are! Three simple courses, everything prepared in advance, and the result is a pleasant, smoothly served dinner which you can enjoy as much as your guests.

And yet, we can hear you say, when one has company one wants to have a little extra swank—and swank, alas, means work. Well, it needn't, for you can get your swank via the can opener and the cork screw. But let us caution you that you must always purchase the best. Then you can be sure that the canned and bottled foods you are buying have been prepared according to tested and proved formulas under the most rigid sanitary conditions and that the results will be uniformly good. It takes much time and trouble, rare seasonings and the practised hand of a chef to concoct many of the excellent seasonings and prepared foods now available, but it takes only a moment for any housewife to add swank to her dinner with one or more of these canned and bottled aids.

Besides the soup course I have already mentioned, you can pass a dish of assorted olives—plain, stuffed and ripe. You can serve mint or currant jelly and mustard pickle or some other relish with the meat and add a dash of tomato ketchup to the gravy and a little chili

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sauce to the mayonnaise. These and many other things you can do if you keep a well-stocked pantry shelf—where you always have on hand those little, but important extras that make for an appetizing meal and lend distinction to a dinner.

BUT distinction isn't going to net you much if that portion of your meal which you cook yourself is not *perfectly* cooked! And perfect cooking takes knowing how. However, the young bride of today can be, and should be, a better cook than her mother ever was. Today we know the importance of using accurate measurements and we have the advantages of oven temperature indicators, simple, helpful cook books and the really excellent booklets put out by the manufacturers of nationally advertised food products.

At the very outset we hope that you are the type of person to realize that there are a few basic recipes which you really must master. Once you have mastered these you can cook most anything. Take a white sauce, for instance. A smooth, velvety, deliciously flavored white sauce is a very simple thing to make when you know how. But there is only one surefire, unfailing way to make it to insure perfection. And once you know how to make the perfect white sauce you have the basis for endless creamed dishes.

Then there is the familiar butter cake. The one made with shortening, sugar and eggs, flour, milk, baking powder and seasoning or flavoring. Also the easiest thing in the world to make when you know how.

And how about biscuits? Can you make a feathery, light, mouth-melting biscuit? It takes less time to make than it takes to tell about it. And how the men adore the variations!

WE know of no food more frequently miscooked than the egg. It is a horribly abused article of food. So many cooks won't realize that eggs should never, never be submitted to high temperatures, that they must be cooked slowly and lovingly over a low flame or in a slow oven. And eggs certainly do respond to this sort of tender treatment. There are so many ways in which to cook them—boiled, poached, fried, baked, scrambled—plain or with sauces, reposing on toast, on vegetables or on hash—scrambled with chives, ham or spaghetti. These are but a few of the many ways in which eggs can be served.

This month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder gives you the secrets for making a superlative white sauce, biscuits and butter cake. And there is a recipe card, too, on eggs and how to cook them. Fill out and mail the coupon on page 8. I do hope that all you young brides—and many of you more experienced homemakers who aren't too set in your ways to learn new methods—will send for these recipes and keep them in the kitchen where they will always be handy.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

It also decided la Swanson to confine her personal appearances to four times a day at the Paramount. Incidentally, the lady looked exceedingly lovely and if the sketch in which she was featured had been one-tenth as attractive, she'd have gone over with the proverbial bang and box office receipts might have soared. But since the "act" was so bad, attendance was rather poor, too. So Gloria's visit to our town, on the whole, couldn't be termed exactly triumphant, taken from any angle.

While here, the star was awaiting a revised version of "Three Weeks" in which she will appear for M-G-M. She hoped it would be good. We do, too. For if anyone in Cinemaland could use some first-class material at this point, it is Gloria.

* * *

BROADWAY rated a bona fide, honest-to-goodness movie premiere recently, when "Viva Villa" had its opening at the Criterion Theater. Celebrities, blue spotlights, autograph-seekers and tickets at $11 per pair all contributed to making the affair take on the importance of an event.

Miss Celia Villa (yes, the colorful Pancho's own daughter) was among those present. At any rate, the young lady billed as the Mexican Miss looked authentic enough to satisfy the most doubting and thrill the most ardent celebrity-seeker. She paraded down the aisle to a front seat wrapped in a brilliant-hued Spanish shawl, her dark eyes flashing a greeting to all who recognized the added dash her presence gave the occasion.

The tiny theatre lobby was jammed with those who would see and be seen. Mr. Al Jolson was there—very much. Indeed his presence in the foyer gave the impression that his was an unscheduled personal appearance. Even after recognition and applause, the famous Mammy singer, who would drain the cup of adulation, wouldn't budge from the center of a large group of his and others' admirers.

When an M-G-M gentleman tactfully suggested that Our Al move on, as he was stopping the traffic, the snappy retort was in effect, "Quit shoving me! Who the (well, you guess) do you think you are?" Yes, yes, Al's just as modest as the violets he sang about that rained in "April Showers."

Some old-time favorites were enthusiastically greeted at this premiere. Tom Meighan—remember?—looking as well as ever, Mae Murray and Nita Naldi were among them. And in the newer group, Irene Dunne, June Knight, Abe Lyman, Rudy Vallee and his little pal, Alice Faye.

"Viva Villa" was better than well received, for its hair-raising thrills are generously interspersed with comedy and it moves at a pace that keeps the spectator on the edge of his seat.

* * *

FOR a long time Rudy Vallee has been a belligerent little lad insofar as his relations with the press were concerned. He just wouldn't play ball unless he came off with the ball, a bat and the catcher's glove.

And so, perhaps from the fullness of his experience—or maybe 'tis just our good memory or vivid imagination—he may have suggested that Alice Faye leave the newspaper boys and girls to their own devices. Yes, gentle reader, Alice, whom you have scarcely met, is already turning down interviews. Oh you, Garbo, Hepburn, Sullavan! Better look to your laurels when a blonde actress—pardon us, cutie—starts to steal your stuff! Well, Fox seemed sorta sore, too, and they're used to dealing with garden varieties of temperament.

Anna-hoo. Alice didn't let Rudy down. She sang for him at Broadway's Hollywood Club. Indeed, she warbled, "Don't Fool Around With the Other Woman's Man," which seemed like a very smart or a very stupid move. Take your choice. We have ours already.

The Hollywood was particularly gay that evening. A gentleman at a nearby table, who was taking Repeal a bit too seriously, greeted Rudy's singing of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" with "Sit down, you sissy." Mr. Vallee was much too well-bred to dignify this remark with a reply.

We later spied Rudy and Alice in the lobby of the Essex House, the swanky hostelry the lady called home. Vallee was seeing her to the elevator. He gave little Miss Faye a resounding whack on the (5 letter word meaning a girl's name, you cross word puzzle hounds) as he said, "Goodnight, baby."

Nice? Well, unique anyway.

* * *

WHEN Spencer Tracy hit town, the powers that be at Fox did right by him, but whether S. T. did as much by Fox is debatable. A party was thrown at the Waldorf-Astoria for the actor. An orchestra, was engaged, waiters rushed about with delectable things on trays and potent items in glasses and everybody was there. That is, everybody, except the guest of honor. Mr. Tracy just didn't get around to appearing. He had been taken suddenly ill. Something he "et," no doubt.

There were a few, claiming to be in the know, who whispered that Loretta Young had dropped into town unexpectedly and that Mr. Tracy was at the station.

The publicity department of Twentieth Century were immediately put on the trail of their Loretta, but after scouring the hotel registers of the town, reported that the beauteous one was nowhere to be found.

* * *

AND now we may as well let you have the anti-climax. There were luncheons given for Robert Donat and Sophie Tucker, and Bob and Soph showed up. Yep, shades of Emily Post, if the pair haven't good manners. Perhaps they don't know they're famous. Well, "far from it be us," as Gracie Allen would say, to inform 'em!

Mr. Donat, if you recall, played the young lover in "Henry VIII." He played it so well that Majestic Pictures bid him leave his native England and come to this land of equal rights and unequal fights to make the "Count of Monte Cristo." He should be grand in the rôle, too, for besides being a good actor, the gentleman, as you know, is very romantic-looking.

Now, about Sophie. The occasion of Sophie's luncheon at Sardi's was her departure to London. Having made a couple of pictures in Hollywood, the last of the red hot Mamas must needs keep faith with her English public. She's going to appear in a night club over there and take in some garden parties with her royal friends, for the Tucker steps out with Lord This and Lady That when abroad and still manages to wear the same size hat.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO is a nice boy. Everyone knows that. He sorta looks after his friends and has always been simply swell to his family—and there are plenty of 'em, too. When Ramon left New York en route for his South American concert tour, he had his lovely sister, Carmen, with him. She is to be treated to the delights and vagaries of the trip—to go places, see things and serve as her famous brother's secretary on the side.

Upon his return in August, Novarro will make two pictures for M-G-M.

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5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

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You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

Mr. Irvin Echard

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"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

Mrs. W. K. King

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 37, Atlanta, Ga.

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Ask for Ambrosia preparations at drug or department stores. 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Name . . . .
Address . . . .

So Many Dear Memories

(*Continued from page 31*)

going through the window in her excitement. "Ed, look! There's the old flat!"

I know a man who insists he's a very lucky guy. Not only because he has fun, but because he always knows when he's having it. That describes Lil, too. Lil always knew when she was having a good time and made the most of it.

It is, of course, memories of moments like this that repay Ed one hundred times for the smiles he wore, the laughs he mustered, and the brave words he found even during those bad moments when he thought his heart must be breaking. For he knows that until the very end he kept a happy person happy.

If you were to ask Ed what he had done for Lil he'd tell you little enough. Considering all she did for him. He remembers so many things.

He remembers all those Sunday mornings, after late Saturday night parties, when Lil used to come into his room and wake him up so he would not miss Mass. She was not of his faith, but she had respect for that faith because it was his.

He remembers the enthusiasm and joy with which she planned their Beverly Hills house and the place at Malibu. How, after the builders were through and he had checked on the final construction details, she would oust him, saying, "Now you mustn't even see it again until it's finished. I want you to be surprised."

He remembers the enthusiasm with which she decided he must have a room for himself, and how in the same moment she planned it as his birthday present. Ed's birthday was March third. He and Lil were in New York then. But the room had been conceived by Lil before they left, even to the smallest detail of ink-well and ash trays.

"You'll get back there before I will," she told him, "and it will be waiting for you."

Originally, you see, Ed was only to be East for a week or two.

"You'll get back before I will . . ."

Perhaps you can imagine how Ed felt when he returned to California alone and stepped into that room.

AFTER that night, when he and Lil went gallivanting to dinner and the theatre alone together, Ed had to leave to fill a Chicago engagement. He had arranged these personal appearances after putting off the start of a new picture so he might remain in the East without Lil thinking it queer.

On Saturday, March seventeenth, he was to get back to New York. By that time Lil was scheduled to have completed "Frankie and Johnnie," and they were counting on a holiday up in Connecticut before she entered the hospital for the operation her physicians felt advisable.

On March fifteenth, her physician called Ed on long distance. He wanted Lil to go to the hospital that same night. He wanted to operate the next morning. His voice was grave.

"I'll catch a plane," Ed said, "I'll be in New York tomorrow by seven-thirty. It'll take me about three-quarters of an hour more to reach the hospital."

"But, Mr. Lowe," the doctor said, "I want to operate at seven-thirty. Sharp."

Ed didn't have to hear any more. He knew the urgency behind those quietly spoken words. "Go ahead," he said. "Do whatever you think best. I'll get there the first minute I can."

He caught a plane. In his vest pocket were two little cardboard Easter eggs. In each was a rosary of tiny bright glass beads. A priest to whose church he had donated some money a few days previously had given them to him and blessed them. One, he had explained, was for Ed, and the other for Mrs. Lowe.

A terrific tail-wind followed Ed's plane the entire way. It reached New York forty minutes ahead of schedule. Ed reached the hospital before Lil left for the operating room. Make what you like of that. Ed makes plenty of it.

There was so little time left now that the least interchange of words or smiles or handclasps, he must count above everything else.

"Things were far worse than I thought," the surgeon told him several hours later. "If Mrs. Lowe lives, the pain will be far worse than she's had so far."

"Then," said Ed, "I hope that Lil can die."

So it happened that he began to pray for the very thing he had feared since midsummer. He knew so well that a life of inactivity and invalidism and opiates, a life which would mean worry for others, wouldn't be any life at all for Lil. For she could never stand inactivity. She must always be on the go—working, playing. Anything but a life of idleness.

He couldn't bear to think how one by one all her happy interests would be crowded out until only pain remained. To lose her, he knew, would be infinitely easier.

I think, however, that the hardest thing Ed had to do in all those crucifying months—and I do not mean to minimize even one of the splendid brave things he did—was before him.

Lil rallied. He went to her with a telegram asking when she would be able to return to Hollywood for a leading part in one of the big productions about to get under way. He thought this would cheer her trouper's heart.

But Lil only shook her head and smiled. At last that enthusiasm and vitality, which had fooled everybody for so long, was failing.

"I don't care anything about pictures," she said, reaching for his hand. "All I want is to get well and have you with me, always."

"You're all set then," Ed lied, managing to grin, too, "because you're going to get well all right. And you have me, Lil. You know that."

Those were the last words he spoke to her that she understood or heard.

"She was gallant, you know," Ed said the other day when we were talking of Lil. "Darn gallant. She wasn't afraid of things. She always clicked. She always came through."

Idly he took the tiny rosary that had come in one of those Easter eggs from his pocket and wrapped it about his fingers. The rosary from the other Easter egg, the one the priest had specified was for Mrs. Lowe, he slipped about Lil's wrist in the same moment that the doctor told him, "The poor soul's gone."

Gallant. . . . That's a splendid word. And a splendid thing to be.

How Lil would like to know that Ed chose that word to describe her!

And if you should ask me, I'd say it was a word that went a long way toward describing Ed, too.

Don't Get Respectable, Lupe!

(Continued from page 57)

wants to possess always. And men who have been in love with Lupe have wanted to possess her even more than they do most women. To tame her, to train her, to make her into a mold of their creating.

With women, it's jealousy. All women would like to live according to their honest, innate instincts. They yearn to shed the little trickeries, false fronts, "cattish" instincts civilization has developed in femininity. They'd like to be wholly natural, completely defiant of conventionalities. But they don't dare. Lupe did dare.

Lupe thought Johnny was the exception to the rule for *making her over.* But Johnny is a man—and a real one. What was all right for his sweetheart was not becoming for his wife. He ordered her not to swear. "I swear before we marry and you do not care. Why do you care now?" Lupe still being Lupe.

He wanted her to be more dignified at the fights. "I yell at the fights before. Why not now?"

He asked her to get rid of her dozen dogs. They cluttered up the house and were not well-mannered. "Give up my dogs? My God, Johnny, I love my dogs. I love them before I love you, Johnny!"

And the secret about his moving into an apartment and her shrill announcement she was going to have a divorce was because Lupe was being true to Lupe. She was still refusing to be made over.

"That divorce scare was the right thing," she told me two months later. "We became frightened. We discovered we might lose something wonderful for something silly. Now, we let each other live. Johnny plays golf all day; I do not ask him where he is. I go shopping and work; he does not ask me. And when I say an ash tray is an ash tray, he does not say it's a spittoon and try to make me say it. We have learned that marriage is a career and we must work at it to make it successful."

That is what Lupe says and if it were all of the truth, I would not worry about her. She does not tell the rest of the story in mad frankness as she would have six months ago. She does not add that she was never afraid of losing Johnny. Lupe Velez has never lost any love she wanted to hold. Men do not say goodbye to Lupe. She says goodbye to them. Even divorce would not have lost her her Johnny. But divorce would have meant that loss of respectability which the world says marriage gave her.

So she went back to Johnny, believing there was no change in her. She thinks she is exactly the same as she has always been with one exception. I tried to talk to her about this and she answered, "People grow up. Their viewpoints change. A girl of sixteen, who doesn't know anything of life and custom, is different from a woman of twenty-three. Why can't you write that my seeing things differently is only natural?"

I would say it, Lupe, if I thought it would help you. But I don't. So I'm going to give you some advice right out in public, so the whole world can hear it. You've proven your friendship to me again and again. I believe the best way to prove mine for you is to tell you not to go too respectable! And to give you my reasons.

I'm glad you've made friends of your own age. You should have them. Adrienne Ames and Mrs. Gary Cooper give you that

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade— Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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Dept. C-187, 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

companionship of youth for which you have always yearned. And I'm glad Johnny and Bruce have become friends because they are much alike in their masculine interests —golf, riding, fishing.

I believe these women will appreciate you for your virtues and not try to correct them.

But your friends do not want to talk about their marriages. And now you don't want to talk about Johnny, or anything else for that matter.

When I heard you were not talking to the press, I shuddered. My mind flashed back over the years. Lupe—her eyes shining onyx, her mouth a naturally scarlet dash of defiant honesty. "Yes, I am in love with Tom Mix" . . . "Of course, I am crazy about my Gary" . . . "It break my heart into little, sharp pieces to leave Gary" . . . "Johnny is my man!"

A newspaper recently printed a story that Adrienne Ames is frightened of you. Afraid you have your eyes on Bruce Cabot. It was a malicious yarn. Untrue. I know you're too busy keeping your eyes on Johnny even to wink at Bruce. And I know you'd give your shirt off your back (and I wouldn't be surprised if you'd begun to wear them) for Adrienne, because you adore her.

I cover my ears when I think of what you would have said to the editor of that paper a year ago. You'd have secured a retraction by the very force of your anger, and hired a lawyer to help you. But today you're retreating behind the dignity of silence.

I once wrote a story in which I called you the best showman in Hollywood because you were the most natural, most unspoiled, most unaffected by the whitewash which success seems to give most of us. By not fighting such a story, *you're* using whitewash, Lupe.

You've just had a terrific row with Countess Dorothy Frasso. Why don't you tell the world about it? Why don't you tell the rest of us what it means to fight for yourself and a friend? Too many people have forgotten. Why should you commence to do worth while things behind doors, like the rest of Hollywood?

The Countess Frasso invited you to a party. You did your best to entertain her friends as only Lupe Velez could entertain them—in a hell-bent-for-election fashion. And then someone told you she said, "I invited Lupe because even royalty must have jesters at their parites!" That hurt!

You remembered the gifts you'd sent her. The make-up mirror; the flowers. You recalled how you'd sat up all night while her father was ill to see if there was anything you could do to help. You had thought her your friend. And then, you heard she'd said something unkind about another woman. So you framed her. In the best, old-Lupe fashion. You and the other woman faced her with the remarks. You did not go behind her back. And now she's leaving town! Why not tell us about it?

You weren't afraid to tell anyone who wanted to listen what you thought about the Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel." You said it was "rotten" and advised me not to let my son see it. That's when you first wanted to join a woman's club. I'm in favor of your joining one. For the sake of the woman's club, however; not for your sake. They'd see how quickly the producers would listen to criticisms, if you made them. And you've always been a crank on the subject of clean pictures.

When you wanted to go to Europe on the same boat with Jack Gilbert, you went. You did what thousands of other girls would like to do but were afraid to.

You've become an international "big shot" by being different, by being true to yourself rather than to what others said or printed about you. You are trying to be respectable on others' definitions, when you've always had your own—being true to the whirlwind emotions God gave you and telling the whole world to go to hell if it didn't like His creation.

And I believe the world would rather have you divorce Johnny, if you cease to love him, than live with him for the protection of respectability. And that day will probably come, since your emotions are as natively uncontrollable as the dynamite of your personality. Only, don't kill him. I used to be afraid you'd kill Gary. Now I'm afraid you're getting too respectable to even hit Johnny.

The world needs your color, your native charm, your dare-devil independence of all sham and pretense and falsification. As a friend, I say in print what you wouldn't listen to in person, "Don't get respectable, Lupe!"

Universal is planning to out-Frankenstein "Frankenstein" and out-Dracula "Dracula" in their latest hair-raiser, "The Black Cat," starring Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 10)

oughly cleansing her skin. How about you? Come now, haven't you sometimes hopped into bed without bothering to take off your make-up? Maybe you've been to a party, it's late, and you're just too tired! Very bad, and what a mess you look in the morning!

Another question: Are you guilty of adding a fresh make-up without removing the old one? That's another crime against the complexion. Don't you realize how that rubs the dust that has been accumulating all day right into your skin? You would never think of going to a party without first cleansing your face and applying a new make-up. Why not let the same rules apply to your everyday life? If you are working in an office, make it a habit to remove the old make-up during your lunch hour. You'll look so much fresher for the afternoon, and how the boss will appreciate that!

Now, to get back to that oily look that Claudette disapproves of so heartily. Did you know that many beauticians now say it is not necessary to cover your face with nourishing creams at night? They advise it is better to leave the skin *naked*, thus giving the pores a chance to breathe freely. Naturally, creams are still to be used, particularly if the skin is dry. But there are other places and times to use them. For instance, in your bath. The steam from the bath water opens the pores of the skin and allows the cream to get in where it does the most good.

Another splendid time to "feed the skin" is while you are under the dryer at the beauty parlor. Haven't you noticed how rough and dry your skin looks when you come out from an hour's session under the dryer? Well, why not utilize this time for a good creaming. Usually no one but the hairdresser is around to see you—and surely it is better for her to gaze on you with the grease oozing from your face, than to let your husband see you that way.

As for those curlers that a man dislikes seeing on the head of his beloved. It's true they're not quite as prevalent since permanent waves are being executed so efficiently, but there comes a time in every woman's life when she wants to look particularly nice, and a few curlers will go a long way toward helping. Here, pretty Ann Sothern has a swell suggestion. She has a number of bright colored silk-net veils or scarfs that she winds around her head turban fashion whenever she has her hair up on curlers or when she wants to preserve a fresh wave. These scarfs harmonize in color with her pajamas—and the effect is really most attractive. You gals who have boy friends that drop in on Saturday afternoons needn't worry if you have your hair in water wave combs. Don one of these gay little toppers, and you'll probably wind up by getting a compliment. You can either make these yourself, or buy them at any store for little or nothing.

Hands are often very unglamorous looking. Sometimes grime and dirt gather under the nails that no amount of scrubbing will remove. Try this and see if it doesn't help: Wrap a piece of cotton about the sharp edge of an orangewood stick and moisten it with peroxide. With this you can swab out the dirt and, at the same time, bleach them. If, for some reason, you shouldn't like the peroxide, zinc oxide powder may be used. It has the same bleaching and healing quality.

Macaroons a Child Can Make!

Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember —*Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

I have just heard of a marvelous preparation now available that is really a life-saver (or should I say hand-saver?) for those of us who do our own dry-cleaning. You know how dry and red the hands get after being in contact with a solvent for a few minutes? Well, this preparation that I speak of is spread on the hands before you tackle the job. It forms a coating that does not come off in the fluid. After you have finished with your cleaning, remove the coating from your hands with water, and lo, your hands are as white and your nails as nice as they were before you went to work. It's a grand protector and is nice to apply to the hands just before dusting. In fact, any work that does not require putting your hands in water.

Here are a few little beauty hints I picked up from the stars for you:

Marian Nixon claims the white of an egg spread over the face and neck and allowed to dry thoroughly, and then removed with a towel dipped in warm water, is one of the finest beauty masks that can be used. Following this tightening treatment for the skin, Marian rubs her face for three minutes with ice.

To avoid chapped lips, Margaret Lindsay says that she finds white pomade, used at night or when driving or at the beach, is a marvelous protection.

Bette Davis has a tip for applying lip rouge evenly. Powder the lips slightly, then apply your lip rouge. If you take this tip, Bette assures, you will get better results with less effort.

For that lovely soft, white skin that is Irene Dunne's good fortune, she uses a bag filled with steel-cut oatmeal which she dips into warm water and uses as one would soap.

Ann Harding has a new addition to her dressing-table. It is a cotton container that has a small hole in the top from which small pieces of cotton may be extracted. Ann maintains it is an asset to every meticulous woman's toilette. It is both novel and sanitary.

For a new skin vim try this: Make a pack of two tablespoonfuls of almond meal, a few drops of glycerine, the juice of half a lemon and enough skimmed milk to form a paste. Apply to your face and let it remain for thirty minutes. Remove with lukewarm water, finishing with cold packs. If possible, do not apply make-up for an hour, thus giving the pores of the skin a chance to react to the treatment.

Jean Parker advocates bathing the eyes with boric acid solution every morning upon rising. She prefers using an eye cup, although she cautions against using the same solution for both eyes, by so doing the impurities of one eye may easily be transferred to the other.

Mary Biddle has a sample of a very excellent hair rinse to send those of you who write her for it. Kindly state shade desired.

Your beauty problems will be answered by Mary Biddle, promptly and in a personal letter, if you will write to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. The address is Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Go to the Head of the Class, Jackie!

(*Continued from page 47*)

Its results are twofold. It gauges, first, the "mental age" of a subject. Secondarily, it establishes what is called the "Intelligence Quotient," a figure whereby, in relation to the subject's age, that individual's real mental capabilities can be determined.

These results, in the case of Jackie Cooper, were:

1. His mental age is established at twelve-and-a-half years.
2. His Intelligence Quotient is established at 135.

That means, according to Dr. Humm, that Jackie's brain equipment is such that, "given persistence on his part, he is capable of attaining prominence in any field of endeavor he might pursue. Although that field will probably be acting, wherein he has already achieved success, he could also, if he turned, for instance, to science as a life-work, make a name for himself in that field, as easily."

AND now that we've got these scientific findings out of the way, let's get down to the truly interesting story of the test itself. In the paragraphs that follow will be quoted a number of test questions.

These questions can be applied to yourself, and the results scored will rate you on exactly the same scale as Jackie was rated. So go ahead, readers, test yourself and see how you rate with Jackie.

The test was performed in Dr. Humm's Los Angeles office. Absolutely uncoached, because no one knew in advance what the subject matter of the test contained, little Jackie was brought to the office by his uncle, Jack Leonard. For more than an hour, Dr. Humm put the boy through the intricacies of the examination.

It began, simply enough, by the doctor asking Jackie what date it was. That's the first item on the nine-year-old level of the test. Now it seems silly, but according to experience, it's surprising how many people, well over nine years of age, cannot offhand name the date in full. But Jackie did—without hesitation. He gave the day of the week, the name of the month, the date of the month, the year correctly. Score: perfect.

THEN came the weight test. Before Jackie, the doctor set five little pill boxes, all alike in appearance. They differed, however, in weight. They were weighted so that weight-ratios were 3, 6, 9, 12 and 15. Jackie was asked to pick them out and arrange them in a line in order of weight. He did this perfectly, illustrating a development of sensory discrimination. Score: perfect.

Now came a number test. He passed the nine-year-old number test perfectly. Later on, he passed the superior-adult mental test just as easily! But at first, it was like this: The doctor read to him a list of four digits—"six, five, two, eight"—and asked Jackie to repeat them backwards. Jackie did. Score: perfect. Try it on yourself. You have three chances. If you get one out of three right, you pass the nine-year-level anyway. Later on, in the test, Jackie reached the eighteen-year "superior child" number test. Here it is, and if you want some fun, try it on yourself.

The doctor then read Jackie a list of eight digits—such as "three, four, nine, six, eight, two, one, seven"—at about one-second intervals. He asked Jackie to repeat them (not backwards, but in the order read). Jackie failed on the first try, and the doctor shot a second list of eight at him. Again Jackie started well, but stumbled and made an error toward the end. He had one more try left. The doctor read a third set of eight.

". . . nine, six, eight, one, four, three, two, five . . ."

Jackie shut his eyes an instant. Then, without hesitation: "ninesixeightonefourthreetwofive," he rattled off triumphantly. Score: perfect for a rating in the superior adult grade, which as a matter of fact, the majority of adults cannot pass. Can you do it?

On another facet of the same test, though, Jackie fell down. He failed in three tries to repeat backwards a list of seven digits. However, he did repeat, backwards, a list of six—which rates him in the "average adult" level on that test.

The whole test reveals, explained Dr. Humm, "that Jackie is particularly superior" in problems of fact and in memory span for digits. The question may arise whether the latter is due somewhat to training in memorizing necessitated by his having to learn his lines for motion picture work. The consensus of best opinion at this time, however, is that training in memory in one regard (that is, learning talkie lines) does not result in improvement in memory for other kinds of material.

It is probable rather that Jackie's innately superior memory has contributed to his success in his work. In other words, Jackie's good at learning lines because he has a good natural memory, rather than that he has a good memory as a result of learning lines.

Well, without hesitation, Jackie passed the last test in the nine-year-level. It consisted of making sentences of three given words. Dr. Humm read three words—say, "book, boy, study." Jackie's answer was correct: "The boy studies the book." Another set of three words, then "girl, yard, cat."

Jackie's answer was all right again. "The girl took the cat into the yard." Simple. So the doctor stepped up to the next level—the ten-year-age test.

HERE, at the outset, was again demonstrated one of Jackie's many superiorities. Out of a list of fifty test words, Jackie was able to adequately define twenty-two. According to science's findings, this means that the boy's total vocabulary is estimated at about 7,920 words, which is what might be expected of a child well on the way to 14. And, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of adults today have a smaller choice of words than that. The normal adult vocabulary is about 10,800 words, but many grown-ups can't reach that figure. The normal vocabulary for a boy at Jackie's real age would be 5,400 words. He beat that by nearly fifty per cent.

The list is graduated from a starting word as simple as "gown," through a gradually more difficult series of words until you reach such words that very few adults know how to define. Do you know what "sudorific" means—or "shagreen?" No? Neither did Jackie. But he did get twenty-two out of the fifty. Not until nearly one-third of the way through the list of ever-harder words did Jackie admit he didn't know the meaning. But, beyond that point, the doctor gave the word "brunette." He knew *that*—which is a Hollywood angle, if there ever was one! "Blonde" and "brunette" are primary words in movieland's vocabulary. He knew the meaning of "hysterics."

RADIO ANN–*She Gets Her Man!*

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I COULD FALL FOR THAT GIRL JUST FROM HEARING HER SING!
COME ALONG PHIL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU!
HOW DO YOU DO! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET ANY FRIEND OF RALPH'S
I HAD NO IDEA RALPH KNEW YOU!
XYZ
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! BEAUTIFUL GIRL–BUT A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION!
ANN USED TO HAVE A LOVELY SKIN!
TAXI
SOME DAYS LATER..
DOCTOR, YOU'VE HELPED THOUSANDS WITH YOUR BROADCASTS. WHAT SHALL I DO TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN?
THE TRUE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE IS A BAD INTESTINAL CONDITION YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!
SIX WEEKS LATER
I JUST SAW ANN MANSETT! WHAT A CHANGE–SHE'S COMPLETELY CLEARED UP THAT AWFUL SKIN!
NUFF SAID RALPH, I'M PHONING HER TONIGHT!
NOT LONG AFTER... ANN ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO HER FRIENDS AT THE STUDIO
CONGRATULATIONS ANN!
I'M SO HAPPY!
THERE'S ANOTHER ROMANCE I MUST CREDIT TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

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Elegant little vanities in newest shapes and colors; the finest value in the land at such low prices! Have you seen the latest HANDYSIFT creations by A. L. Siegel Co., Inc.?

Inspect Them—At Leading Chains

Stockingless yet Comfortable SINCE I DISCOVERED peds

It is distasteful to wear shoes next to bare feet when going stockingless. PEDS—give sanitary protection for the entire foot; invisible when worn. Or, if wearing stockings use PEDS—under or over them! Stops wear and mending. All sizes: MER. LISLE, 20c and 25c a pair; PURE SILK, 40c; "WOOLIES," 50c. Buy PEDS at hosiery and notion counters of 5-and-10c Stores and Department Stores. Or send correct stocking size with coins or stamps to RICHARD PAUL, Inc. COOPER BLDG., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Dept. M2

peds *Styled in Hollywood*

Wear PEDS for
- the beach
- sportswear
- street wear
- around the home

"That's when a woman throws a fit," he said seriously. Oh, Hollywood; oh, Hollywood!

Now, although it came later on, there was another word test which was interesting in Jackie's case. It showed he did not know the meaning of "envy." Well, maybe you'd say that with his income of $1300 per week, why should he? But he didn't know the meaning of "revenge," either. And "charity" meant, to him only "a house for the poor." Whether or not you take these reactions as an insight into his character, their scientific meaning, however, is merely that Jackie has not a mind that thinks in the abstract. He is direct, concrete, instead.

He is an extrovert type. Not the introvert. You probably know those words. They're used a great deal these days.

NOW let's see some of the other interesting tests, which you can try out on yourself. Jackie was asked to tell what was wrong with a set of sentences, comprising what are known as "absurdities." Examples:

1. "A boy said he was older than his brother, and his brother was two years older than himself."

Jackie wrinkled a brow and remonstrated, "Aw, how could he be older and younger at the same time?"

2. "An autoist told me that the tighter he set his brakes, the faster his car would go."

Jackie shook his head. "The opposite would be true," he pointed out.

3. "Yesterday," Dr. Humm read, "the police found a 300-pound safe, stolen from the post office, in a woman's home. They think she carried it there from the post office."

Jackie saw through that in a jiffy. "She couldn't have carried a heavy safe like that," he protested.

4. The last absurdity: "There was an auto crash yesterday, but it wasn't very serious. Only five cars were wrecked and four people killed."

"All that damage and four people killed would be very serious," said Jackie, with a worried face.

That test sounds simple. But it does test a subject's power of analysis.

Now came another test: Jackie was asked to say words as quickly as they came to his mind. Any words. Within three minutes, in the ten-year-level test, he should name sixty words at random.

Jackie went sailing along—his eyes roving the room, he began naming everything he saw. "Walls, ceiling, window, desk, books, floor, rug, pencil, blotter" and so on. Suddenly his mind must have turned to his business—"glass, paper, M-G-M, Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer, Universal, Paramount," he chattered.

Anyway, in the first minute, he'd uttered 53 words. In a minute and a half, 65 words—beating the test more than two-to-one, on time. How well can you do, comparatively? Time yourself, and try it. See if you can do 65 random words within 90 seconds, as Jackie did.

We can skip some questions in several succeeding levels, because they're just repetitions or developments of those you've read about. Here's an interesting one parallel to a test in the 14-year-level, which Jackie passed perfectly.

READ this question: "A man sitting in his home heard a loud crash outside. There was the sound of breaking glass. He looked out, then telephoned the hospital saying that—that *WHAT* had occurred?

Jackie's reply came in a moment. Correct answer, of course, is "an accident."

Another question: "Something is happening in the house across the street. The rooms are decorated with flowers, people are coming and they are well-dressed. Among them is a minister. Some people outside are tying old shoes and streamers to an automobile. What do you think is happening?

Jackie answered his question correctly. The answer to this one, naturally: "A wedding."

Now, that summarizes the things Jackie "passed," achieving scientifically a 12½-year rating. He "fell down" on problems of visualization. He failed, for instance, to sufficiently visualize "one envelope containing two smaller ones, with a still smaller envelope inside of each" to get the correct total number of envelopes altogether. Can you?

And incidentally (Jackie wasn't asked to figure this one out, because it's far beyond his age range), here's a stickler that'll give you something to puzzle yourself with. If you're a "superior adult," you should quickly figure it out. It's one of the substitute questions given on these intelligence tests.

"Two missionaries and two cannibals wanted to cross a stream. They had a boat which could carry no more than two persons. However, it was unsafe to leave two cannibals and one missionary together at any time, on either shore, because the two cannibals would eat the one missionary. How did they all cross the stream without running this danger?"

Try to figure it out. You'll find the answer on page 109.

Jackie's reaction, after the entire test had been completed, was amusing. He tumbled out of the doctor's office into the anteroom where his uncle was waiting. "Look here," he shrieked at the uncle, "lemme read you these numbers and then see if you can repeat 'em, will you?"

But uncle wasn't taking any chances. "No sirree," he said, "you wait until we get home before trying that."

"Okay," said Jackie, "we'll wait till we get home."

THAT night Jackie spent the evening before bedtime applying his own conception of an "intelligence test" to his uncle, his mother, his grandmother, his bodyguard, and even his dog. But no official findings have been reported.

"Is he spoiled?" the doctor was asked, afterwards. The answer was no. "While he's somewhat distractable, and shows a considerable amount of emotion in his temperamental makeup, these traits are no more pronounced than is to be expected in a boy of his age," the doctor said. "He has an amount of stability and control which is superior for his age. He is considerate of others, co-operative, and persistent in his attempts to follow directions. These are points of great interest, inasmuch as it is often said that children who are made much of because of success in motion pictures are invariably spoiled. Jackie decidedly is not spoiled."

"And," the doctor added, "with the balance he had at nine, it is safe to assume that the balance will increase as he grows older. I'd almost certainly say that he stands less chance of being spoiled by his public acclaim than most adults in a similar position. He's very well trained, as a 'gentleman,' as well. Whoever did it, did a good job."

And that, readers, is a fine compliment to Mabel Leonard Cooper, Jackie's mother, who devotes herself unceasingly to keeping Jackie "unspoiled" and normal, fighting the influences which her own experience of working on the stage since childhood have taught her might wreck her boy's life. Mrs. Cooper has succeeded very well indeed.

Here is the answer to the test question given on page 108:

"First one missionary and one cannibal cross the stream in the two-place boat. The missionary sets the cannibal ashore, returns, takes the second missionary across. Then the two missionaries stay on shore, while the cannibal returns and brings the other cannibal over, thus landing all four individuals on the opposite shore, yet at no time leaving one missionary with two cannibals."

This is the way Jackie's mental age was determined:

Figures arrived at as follows: Jackie's "intelligence quotient, 135 at actual age of 9 years, 3 months, when applied to adult age gives relative adult "I.Q." of 81. Scientific figures, based on countless tests reveal that 9 per cent of adults tested rate an "I.Q." of 81 or less. United States 1930 census figures reveals a total of approximately 73,000,000 adults (over 21) in this country. Nine per cent of that figure gives approximately 6,500,000—whose intelligence Jackie's exceeds.

Love Is Enough

(Continued from page 33)

of Isabel Jewell, his sweetheart."

And it is quite true that Isabel and Lee began their careers "at scratch." She had had years of stock experience. She had already crashed Broadway in a couple of successful plays. She was sent for to play the rôle she had created in "Blessed Event" and in which Cagney was going to star in pictures. It was—and I give you my word on this—mere accident that when Cagney went to war with his studio he was replaced by Lee Tracy. It was nothing but coincidence that Lee and Isabel played together in her first film. It was, again, just the breaks of the game when he shot to success and she was told she didn't photograph well.

Now it is all so strangely different. It happened that her loyalty to Lee did not ruin her career. It happens that she has at last mastered the art of looking as pretty as she is for the camera and is on her way to a great future. It also happens that Lee is almost beginning again. Thanks to the loyalty of his fans, he is making a comeback and trying to blot out the memory of that unfortunate Mexican mix-up.

So Isabel's apparently inconsistent deeds are reconciled. She loves Lee and she loves her career. It strikes neither of them as strange that a woman can have two such loves.

But as for her going to him when he needed her, there was not the slightest hesitancy. How could she fail to remember when she had been hovering between life and death in a hospital bed and Lee had been beside her every moment, haggard beyond recognition. She needed him then and he stuck by her. Had he had smallpox or yellow fever she would have gone to him. It happened that he had a malady, more deadly in its quarantine—Hollywood ostracism. And she went to him then when he needed her most.

These two have found it much more simple than it looks to combine love and work. They love each other, but they have for each other respect and admiration as well.

"She's a great trouper," Lee will tell you.

"He's a great actor," she says of Lee.

And that means more to these two—and has a greater significance—than any words of praise they could possibly bestow upon each other.

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Here's What the Censors Took Out

(*Continued from page 43*)

theme of the picture as a whole, as well as the treatment of many borderline scenes, this reasoning on the part of the Buckeye moralists might well be questioned. Consider, also, that this is the same state that made two pages of eliminations from Miss West's first picture, "She Done Him Wrong." Among the deletions, be it noted, was the very line which had been placed in the picture at the direct instigation of the Hays Office to do away with the troublesome angle of white slavery. The reason for this cut is obscure, to say the least, since the line merely disguised the idea that those awful Gay Ninety Bowery gents were mixed up in white slavery by indicating that innocent young girls were being dispatched to San Francisco to be educated in the ways of crime.

Recently in a picture dealing with a group of wily, well-dressed English thieves, there was a scene in which the suave leader of this band perpetrated the hold-up of a jewelry store by impersonating the chief of Scotland Yard. He and a henchman, dressed as a bobby, routed out the owner of the shop late at night with the story that they had been informed that a robbery had taken place. The surprised owner, to prove that he had not been disturbed that night, obligingly opened his safe to display his best jewels. Then our romantic friend revealed himself as a wolf and walked off with them, leaving the proprietor in the safe. The crime seems rather too far-fetched to inspire imitation. Nevertheless, the censors in Ohio cut the entire scene and they were the only board to do so. Despite the meticulous care with which scenes such as this are eliminated, it is evident from all reports that crime flourishes in Ohio. The prisons do not lack for tenants, who even carry things so far occasionally as to try to break out by force. And speaking of prison breaks, just let anyone try to get one by some of our censors. They will not only eliminate the offensive material, but will ban the picture.

Undressing scenes also come in for their share of cuts in Ohio. In fact, they even eliminate the word "nude." All the "production value" furnished by that breathless moment when the star is shown seated coyly in the bath waving a scrubbing brush aloft or is shamelessly intruded upon by the heavy when she is clad only in the sheerest of undies is merely for the private delectation of the censor. Even bathing beauties strutting their stuff in beauty pageants are ruthlessly deleted from the news reels.

SPEAKING of beauty, it is rather fun to see what was done with Jean Harlow's picture "Blonde Bombshell" in censor boards throughout the country.

Virginia eliminated the italicized words spoken to Jean by the colored maid in the picture: 'That negligée was torn up *night before last.*" And also, "Your day off is certainly hard *on your lingerie.*"

Ohio also deleted the objectionable "night before last" phrase, as well as a portion of Mrs. Titcomb's speech. "The call of fatherhood in men, too. *Sometimes I think that's what killed Mr. Titcomb.*"

British Columbia objected to "Your day off is certainly hard on your lingerie," but the words they eliminated were, strangely enough, "day off."

In Massachusetts (for Sunday showings) they eliminated the dialogue "You can take your Bostons"—up to and including—"stuff a codfish with 'em."

Chicago and New York passed "Design For Living" without a deletion but Ohio objected to the store window sequence where Max and Gilda are looking at a bed and, after the salesman measured the width of the bed they eliminated scenes of Max measuring Gilda and then himself. On the wedding night the following dialogue between Max and Gilda was questioned:

Max: "It's nine-thirty."

Gilda: "Oh, that late?"

Max: "Yes, and I have an appointment in the morning at ten-fifteen sharp."

Gilda: "Oh, yes?" Max's remark, "I have an appointment tomorrow, etc.," had to come out.

"Design for Living" was snipped by the scissors of the Kansas board like this: they eliminated the remark by one of the artists: "Two slightly used artists ready for the ash can," as well as the scene of the two artists standing by the girl's bed and their suggestive looks at each other and at the bed.

But let us return to the subject of crime and go with this lurid Frankenstein to the land where it was nurtured so carefully and where it attained the fullness of its growth. Chicago, which has a municipal board, really acts for the whole state. In view of its environment, this board might really be pardoned for being gun shy. Surprisingly enough, however, crime no longer bothers them. They seem to have acquired a tolerance toward it and even the one or two gangster themes which have cropped up in pictures lately have not been touched, although there was a time when even the word "gangsters" was eliminated. With the retirement of Mr. Capone to the cloistered peace of Atlanta, Chicago showed itself willing to forget. Now the villain can pull his gat from his shoulder holster and throw it right in the censor's face. So long as he does not say that he hails from the Windy City, he can shoot all the women and children in sight.

NEW YORK, however, is still gun shy. They have even gone so far as to delete a scene in which a virtuous girl attempted to protect her honor by threatening a burly attacker with a pistol. A sling-shot in the hands of a little boy is regarded with suspicion, lest it "incite to crime." Witness the following elimination made from a short subject:

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and breaking vase.

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and hitting man on head.

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and hitting Miss Murray on back of neck."

Dan, in case you don't know, is just a playful boy and it all happened in a comedy and was supposed to be funny. It wasn't. This is the same stern board that rejected several versions of "Scarface" because it tended to glorify the gangster and did not show him coming to a dire end at the hands of the law. Finally, when the picture was revised so as to include scenes showing the arch gangster actually in the death cell and actually being hanged, *then* the board turned about and cut the scenes of the hanging on the grounds of gruesomeness!

But this board's most just claim to fame lies in its unceasing vigilance in regard to those dubious clichés, "the travelling salesman" and "the farmer's daughter." Never in all the long battle against im-purity have either one or the other been allowed to pass unchallenged. At times the censors have apparently been so busy watching for these two evidences of suggestiveness that they have overlooked many more serious and unalloyed vulgarities. However, their incontestable success in keeping the screen free of these spurious items compensates for a lack of vigilance in other directions. So alarmed have they always been about the innocent girl from the country and the wicked city feller with his sample case and cumbersome trunks, they have at times tempered their destruction with coy attempts at education. The following is the most outstanding example of their resourcefulness in this direction and—in case you don't believe it—was taken verbatim from one of their bulletins:

"Eliminate italicized words in subtitle; 'Near Turkey is the French speaking isle of Sainte Cassette—colonized during the Crusades by troubadours (*traveling salesmen*), and sans culottes (*farmers' daughters*). Substitute song pluggers for traveling salesmen and stenographers for farmers' daughters."

As you see, the distinctions are subtle indeed, but they do lead one into rather fascinating bypaths of comparison. Hereafter when you have a story about a traveling man and a country girl you might try these suggested substitutions.

It all seems a bit silly when you consider that these eliminations were made by the same board that passed "Temple Drake" without a cut. And, speaking of that picture, Pennsylvania sheared material amounting to three typewritten pages from it and Ohio two. The same board, too, passed "She Done Him Wrong" with but a single cut—to wit, the shot of the nude painting hanging over the bar. One wonders how a flash of such a painting can corrupt more morals or stir up a bigger ripple on the vast sea of suggestiveness than the song, "Easy Rider," which Miss West sang with such gusto and to which she gave such an interpretation.

Nothing that is in the slightest degree derogatory to the law or to the people who administer the law is tolerated. The citizens must at all costs be protected from

Scott

Recently divorced and married already! Yes, that's Stan Laurel with his new wife, the former Ruth Rogers, leaving M-G-M's banquet at the MPTOA convention.

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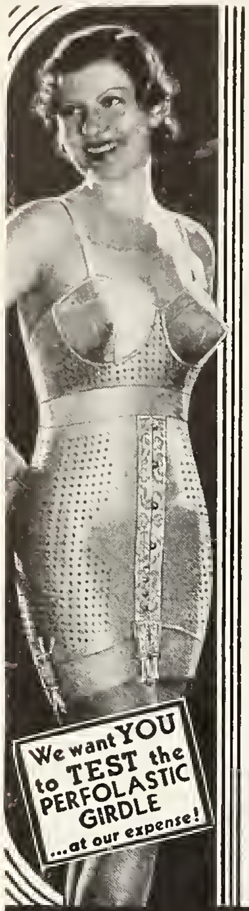
We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...writes Miss Healy

"IT MASSAGES like magic"... writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away"—writes Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS ...or you pay nothing!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

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Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

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Discover it tonight in one shampooing!

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A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

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No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely *cleanse.* It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Name ____

Address ____

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Color of my hair:

seeing on their screens any fictional evidence that government is not what it ought to be. While the censors are busy keeping such disillusionment from the defenseless public, the newspapers are fairly bulging juicy scandal and political perfidy.

AND now let us move up the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford to Boston where, up to a few years ago women were not allowed to smoke in hotel and theatre lobbies. Here they have a censorship board, too. Although the eliminations are enforcible only for Sunday showings (week days one can be oh-so-bad) the censor board is wide awake.

Massachusetts is unalterably opposed to all scenes of dancing, gambling in all forms, practically all gun play and finally, no one must ever be called a beast.

In Boston, moreover, extreme nervousness is caused by news reels and their titles. These are rejected wholesale. The following are a few examples picked at random:

"Havana gets gay for the New Year."

"Movietone takes you to trial of Soviet traitors."

"Soviet remits death penalty of accused in treason trial."

"Wrestling champ keeps crown."

Of them all, the last seems most tragic. Imagine the big fellow's disappointment at not being allowed to keep his crown on the Sabbath.

Virginia leads a very quiet and normal life, apparently, for the censors there display more good sense and a more even temperament than all the others combined. They do not, however, like to see young girls kissed on the neck by amorous males.

Maryland shares this dislike. There was a time, not so very long ago, when most anything except this peculiar form of amorous advance went, but Maryland has undergone a belated development of a noble sense of the moral and the right. Now this board will cut anything and not even give an excuse, but one of the sheep they were shearing suddenly turned on them and butted them so hard that they awoke to find themselves in a most humiliating and ridiculous position. The sheep was Dietrich's "Song of Songs." When they reviewed this picture, they allowed false piousness to run riot, with the result that they deleted so much material there was barely enough left to show as an advertising trailer. Paramount took the case to the courts and the decision was entirely reversed, the picture being passed with but a single elimination—namely, the shot in which the sculptor takes the nude model in his arms.

Kansas, in leniency, more than balances Maryland's severity. For instance, "Mary Stevens, M.D." was passed without eliminations while the majority of the other boards subtracted generous amounts. "The Song of the Eagle" likewise seemed to disagree radically with the ideas of most of the censors, yet it, too, was passed without a cut by the Kansas liberalists. The theme of this story, you may remember, was beer and gangsters; the horrors of prohibition were on display and the theme song was a lilting, beery melody ending on a falsetto note of hope—that the return of malt brew would solve all problems. Despite this wholesome sign of approval of a new deal, however, this board did a strange about-face by eliminating a line from "Emergency Call"—which was not about beer at all—in which one of the characters remarked, "I'm glad beer's back." What is more and even better, two inserts of newspaper headlines were also cut, because they announced in black and white that the 3.2 bill had been passed! It appears that one can never be sure when liberalism is likely to try a nip-up and miss the flying trapeze.

When examined with the magnifying glass of reason then, censorship seems to make no sense at all. It is like some strange vulture that nibbles haphazardly at its prey and then levies a privilege tax on the mutilated, half dead remains. Its standards, its rules are negligible; one state chokes on what another swallows with the greatest ease. Its personnel is inadequate. That is the very kindest thing that can be said of those favored beings who sit in judgment on what it is right and safe for the public to see.

Below you will find reproductions of the elimination sheets, which will show you exactly how the censors work.

THIS IS WHAT MOVIE COMPANIES CONTEND WITH FROM THE CENSORS

FEATURE	COMPANY
"I'M NO ANGEL"	PARAMOUNT

TERRITORY
MARYLAND

In our letter of October 25, 1933, we informed you of the eliminations made by the Maryland Censor Board in the above production. The eliminations have been modified to read as follows:

Reel 1. Eliminate words by barker:

"And with the right kind of encouragement she'll throw discretion to the winds, and her hips to the north, east, south and west. Yes, sir, boy."

The Fredric Marches and the John Cromwells attend the premiere of "The House of Rothschild." Mrs. Cromwell is none other than Kay Johnson who made such a hit in "This Man Is Mine."

Reel 2. Eliminate closeup of Chump in apartment seated with legs apart.

Reel 4. Eliminate words by barker: "Like nobody else. Why she is safer in that cage than she is in bed."

KANSAS

Reel 2. Eliminate words by Mae West: "Sittin' or reclinin'." Eliminate entire front view of man sitting on davenport alone, as Mae West is at the talking machine. Eliminate dance scene of man and Mae West, as he sits on the table with Mae West in his arms to the words: "I don't like that word, giving."

Reel 6. Eliminate words by Mae West: "Bring in a couple of drinks."

Reel 9. Eliminate words by Mae West: "Do you call that a rest?"

OHIO

Reel 1. Eliminate italicized portion of following dialogue by barker: "And with the right kind of encouragement she'll throw *discretion to the winds and her hips north, east, south and west.*"

Reel 4. Eliminate following dialogue by barker: "Why, she's safer in that cage than she is in bed."

NEW YORK

Reel 2. In scene in tent where Tira is bending over basin washing hands, eliminate views where Slick presses his body against her posterior.

CHICAGO

Reel 3. Cut scene of taking ring off injured man's finger.

ALBERTA, CANADA

Eliminate in trailer: "It isn't the men in your life—it's the life in your men."

Reel 1. Shorten views of Tira moving body sinuously. Men winking. Chump nodding head and holding up ring. Also dialogue interspersed as follows: "With the right kind of encouragement she'll throw discretion to the winds, etc."

Reel 7. "Am I making myself clear, boys?"

Reel 10. "Sitting or reclining."

Reel 2. "She's safer in that cage than she is in bed. I don't doubt it."

Reel 6. "You're gonna like what I have in mind." "When I'm bad, I'm better."

Reel 7. "I ain't damaged."

Reel 9. "Let me take you somewhere and we'll . . . Do you call that a rest?" "What are you thinking about?" "The same thing you are."

Song at end of picture—"I'll take your blues"—to end of song.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Reel 4. Eliminate the word "broad."
Reel 6. Eliminate the word "twist."

. . . What are the experiences of an unknown girl in Hollywood? MODERN SCREEN has the exclusive diary of just such a girl who went to Hollywood several months ago, with movie ambitions. Her thrilling story commences in our August issue

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Sweet Gardenia
Carnation Talc
Landers Lavender Talc
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Agents wanted—send 25 cents for sample and special offer.

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AT TEN CENT STORES
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Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Freckles, Surface Wrinkles Vanish This New Quick Way!

In 1-2-3 short days, your mirror will show your skin defects GONE!

The most astonishing discovery you ever heard of harmlessly removes that blemished, thin outer skin film and you have a rejuvenated, clear, true skin of youthlike, alluring beauty! Think of what this will mean to you socially, in business and affairs of the heart in these days of worry and depression!

You are not asked to pay a cent for information and convincing evidence that you can do it yourself at home and surprise your friends and enemies with your clear, new skin IN 3 DAYS.

Simply write and ask for "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS." Write your name and address plainly and this great happiness-bringing treatise will be sent by return mail, postpaid and ABSOLUTELY FREE! Send no money. Address William Witol, Room 398-J, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. If you are pleased, tell your friends about it

THE INFORMATION DESK

We're at your service! So step right up with questions about the stars, pictures or anything pertaining to the cinema, and we'll give you all the answers

M. J. GIBSON, Flushing, N. Y.—The cute dog in "The Way to Love" was a Sealyham. Want one?

G. W. K., Fayetteville, N. C.—I don t much blame you for being puzzled about the pronunciation of Sally Eilers' surname. The correct pronunciation is "eye-lers."

HELEN DORSAM, Bethlehem, Pa.—Douglas Walton was the lad who played the part of Karl in "Madame Spy." His age is a mystery and I don't believe he's married.

RUTH HAYASAKA, Seattle, Wash., and DORIS HANSEN, Perth Amboy, N. J.—Noah Beery, Jr., following in the footsteps of his famous father, was the lad who played the part of Danny Brand in "The Rustlers' Roundup." Our friend, Bruce Cabot, was born on April 20, but he is not disclosing the year. His next picture will be with Clive Brook in "Sour Grapes."

R. M. V., Hot Springs, Ark.—No, Joan Crawford's brother, Hal, wasn't one of the dancing boys in "Dancing Lady."

MARIE DALZ, Naugatuck, Conn.—Here are the birth dates you asked for. If you're good at 'rithmetic, figure them out for yourself. Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1899; Constance Bennett, October 22, 1906; Dolores Del Rio, August 3, 1905; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Joe E. Brown, July 22, 1892. That ought to keep you busy of a summer evening.

MARY SICILIANO, New York City—The name of the lovely waltz to which Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard danced in "Smilin' Through" is not known since it was an original piece composed by song writers on the coast to fit the humor of the scene. A great loss to the music lovers!

G. S., Indianapolis, Ind.; J. O. L., Lynn, Mass.; NORMA PERRY, Montreal, Canada; M. S. B., Rensselaer, N. Y.; MARY JANE ROBERTS, McKeesport, Pa.; PAULA CAVELL, Pittstown, Pa.; DICKY, Buffalo, N. Y.; LORRAINE KAMPER, St. Louis, Mo.; BEVERLY WOOD, Ogden, Utah.—In the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" the role of Harry, the coxswain, was played by Eddie Tamblyn. He is not a Sigma Chi. This picture was his first and he was also in "Harold Teen" which is his last to date. I think you must be mistaken, Beverly, about his being in "Flying Down to Rio." He may be reached at Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Florence Lake took the part of Dizzy and she is the sister of Arthur Lake. See the resemblance? The exterior scenes were not shot at the University of Southern California. Randolph Scott is 31 years old. Buster Crabbe is married to Adah Virginia Held. It just seems that married bliss is not the thing for such as Jack Gilbert. Maybe it's his disposition (or his hard luck)—anyway this is his fourth split up, and four women can't be very wrong!

VIRGINIA STORY, Sulphur, Okla.; BOB CNIST, Tiffin, Ohio; DOROTHY M. REED, Glen Cove, N. Y.; GRETA FISH, Belmont, N. Y.—Frankie Darro is about 17, is 5 feet 3 inches tall (another shorty, but then he still has time to stretch up), weighs 111 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. He is an American, born and educated in Chicago. He likes tough roles, Charlotte Greenwood, baseball, football, tennis, hockey and snappy clothes. His favorite color is blue. He dislikes ice cream cones (funny boy) silk underwear, night clubs, posing for stills, eating between meals, smoking, bedtime snacks, politics, bath salts, cooking and writing letters. He is under contract to Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., and may be reached there. He has just finished making "No Greater Glory" for Columbia, and "Merry Frinks" for Warners. Frank Albertson has dark brown eyes, and his next picture is "The Party's Over." Hal LeRoy is about 21, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. He likes dancing, music and song writing. His pet dislikes are early morning calls, back seat drivers, chicken, rubbers, walks and swimming. He married Ruth Dodd on April 12 and has been appearing at the Casino de Paree in New York. The Joans—Blondell, Bennett and Crawford, pronounce it "Jone." Garbo would probably call it "Great-a."

MRS. W. H. B., Winchester, Mass.—Gene Raymond, although his real name is Raymond Guion and his parents are French, is a native American having been born in New York City in 1908. Jan Kiepura, that handsome actor of the golden voice, is still in Europe. He is under contract to the Vienna Grand Opera Company. Sad as 'tis, he is not scheduled to make any more pictures. (And it's whispered that he's another temperamental furriner.)

MABEL JACOBSEN, Pelham Manor, N. Y.—"Death Takes a Holiday" was adapted by Maxwell Anderson from the play by Alberto Casselo. The waltz played in the garden scene near the end of the picture was the "Valse Triste" by Sidelius.

MRS. A. M. GYDESEN, Bridgeport, Conn.—Katharine Hepburn has never been in a picture with George Arliss, worse luck!

MARGARET BRIAN, Toronto, Canada; D. W. VAN SANT, Clinton, Iowa; J. S. WHEELER, Sudbury, Canada; HELEN ALLEN, Toronto, Canada.—You can write to John Wayne at the Monogram Pictures Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. He has just finished making "The Sage Brush Trail," "Riders of Destiny" and "Lucky Texan." "The Man from Utah" and "Blue Steel" are in production.

POURGIE LANNY, Montreal, Canada—Bing Crosby is of Irish-American descent. Claudette Colbert is 28. She and Norman Foster live in separate homes.

EVELYN T. YOUNG, Syracuse, N. Y.—Hugh V. O'Connell made his last picture for 20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif. You should be able to reach him there.

J. K. T. and SUE GLEMBA, Rochester, N. Y.—Douglas Walton played the part of young Pearson in "The Lost Patrol."

NORMAN A. SCHIELKE, Detroit, Mich.—The part of Jimmy Case in "He Couldn't Take It" was played by Ray Walker. I hardly think you can get a still from the picture.

M SANDERS, Decatur, Ga.—Maynard Holmes took the part of Bradley, Jr., the spoiled son of the producer in "Dancing Lady." He is not scheduled for any new picture at present.

MISS E. RYHICKA, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Baby Rose Marie, whose real name is Rose Marie Curley, was born August 15, 1924, in New York City.

MARVIN McMILLAN, Dallas, Tex.—The cute little boy who portrayed Jimmy, Jr., in "Only Yesterday" was Jimmy Butler. Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., November 12, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 152 pounds.

MARGARET NELSON and L. S., London, Ont., Canada—Douglass Montgomery was born October 29, 1909, in a fashionable old section of Los Angeles. He graduated from the Los Angeles high school and worked at the Pasadena Community Play House. At 16 he had the lead in "Desire Under the Elms" in San Francisco and after that was in several plays on Broadway. He dislikes writing letters perhaps because he has such horrible handwriting. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, likes swimming and Lois Moran. He may be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where he has been making "Little Man, What Now?" with Margaret Sullavan.

WINIFRED STILES, Arlington, N. Y.—Robert Montgomery is just thirty. He was born in Beacon, N. Y., and is married to Elizabeth Allen (not the actress). He can't play the piano. You can write him at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

BETH, Newark, N. J.—Gene Raymond is playing with Joan Crawford in her next picture, "Sadie McKee." You may get your photograph yet, but if you don't, why not write another letter? Many of the stars are not allowed to make personal appearances because their contracts forbid it, others dislike them, and many more do not have the time.

ROSE WINTERS, So. Chicago, Ill.—Write to George Raft at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

CHARLES E. LYNN, West Alexander, Pa.—Richard Cromwell is still under contract to Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., where he receives his fan mail.

CYNTHIA TRAVERS, Fitchburg, Mass.—Randolph Scott is 31, and that is his real name. He did not serve in the World War. He was too young.

W. G. TJADER, Minneapolis, Minn.—You are right, Richard Dix will be forty July 18. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., and Richard Arlen, although born in Charlottesville, Va., attended St. Thomas College in St. Paul and after the war was instructor of swimming at the St. Paul Athletic Club. His parents still live in St. Paul.

LORETTA PALLISCO, New York City—Yes, indeed, Fred Astaire was in "Dancing Lady." Don't you remember the scene where he was teaching Joan some steps just after Patch had taken her into the show? And the Magic Carpet and Bavarian scenes? That picture could have stood a lot more of Mr. Astaire. Agreed?

MARJORIE COSWELL, LeRoy, N. Y.—Evelyn Venable is 20, and her one consuming ambition and interest is Shakespeare. She wants very much to start a Shakespearean theatre some day. She really is just the type.

ALISON WESTCOTT, Pottstown, Pa.—The music played in the love scenes of "Queen Christina" are original pieces composed by Herbert Stothart especially for that picture. They are not on sale. Sorry!

NELLIE MAKOW, Cortland, N. Y.—If you are referring to "Thirty Day Princess," Randolph Scott is not going to take Cary Grant's place. The picture is already complete with Cary in the lead along with Sylvia Sidney. It ought to be good, too. As for Paramount giving Randy a better break, I'm sure I don't know why they don't. He has just about everything, what think you?

ANN GAUJOT, Pennington Gap, Va.—"Singing Fool" was released in 1928 and "Sonny Boy" in 1929. Al Jolson had the lead in both.

BEATRICE EAGLE, Charlotte, N. C.—The theme song of "Song of Songs" was the Fourth Movement of the Sixth Symphony by Tschaikowsky. It can be obtained in music stores, if you feel up to it.

DETECTIVES—Woe is the Information Desk! It made an error in the April issue by reporting that Joe Cook had never appeared in pictures. He has, though, and the name of the picture was "Rain or Shine" released in 1930. Louise Fazenda and William Collier, Jr., were also in the cast.

All of your questions will be answered in this magazine. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Dissolves instantly.

THE REPORT CARD

Going to the movies? Consult our picture rating first: A means excellent; B means good; C means fair; D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Its intriguing plot will fascinate you. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Fast-moving tale about movie-crashing. The music is gra-n-d. Don't miss it.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and a fine supporting cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman and Robert Young.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
A musical with Jeanette McDonald and Ramon Novarro.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
Packed full of laughs.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels in Elmer Rice's successful stage play.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Getting bored with the usual movie fare? See this.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper will keep you amused.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Fine photography.

FASHION FROLICS OF 1934 (Warners).
See it.

HI, NELLIE! (Warners).
Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell make this an above-the-average newspaper story.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
You've heard all about George Arliss' latest.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Entertainment plus. With Gable and Colbert.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
A Western with Randolph Scott.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
You've probably seen it by this time.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie as telephone repair-men, and Constance Cummings and Arline Judge as their girl friends.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
Baby LeRoy all but steals the picture from Dorothea Wieck and Alice Brady.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Don't miss La Bennett.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan will bring the tears to your eyes.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Plenty of laughs here.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M)
Garbo and Gilbert.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Modern marriage yarn with Shearer, Montgomery and Herbert Marshall.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor and a host of beautiful girls.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Nice work by the entire cast, including Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll and Nigel Bruce.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
A top-notch musical with an all-star cast.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore in the best role of his career. And Carole Lombard coming in for her share of acting honors, too. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Crooner, Dick Powell, sweetheart, Ginger Rogers and manager, Pat O'Brien, in a tale about radioland. Very well done.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
First-class entertainment. Don't miss it.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Al Jolson and an all-star cast.

THE WORLD CHANGES (First National).
Paul Muni.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Newspaper yarn with Lee Tracy.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Despite the presence of Constance Bennett and Fredric March, this is Frank Morgan's picture. Worth seeing.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Charlotte Henry as Alice.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Poor story. But fine performances by Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack and George Raft save it.

ARIANE (Pathe-Cinema).
Elizabeth Bergner is most interesting.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELOVED (Universal).
A musical with Gloria Stuart and John Boles.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Harlow as a hard-boiled actress and Lee Tracy as her manager and press agent. Plenty of fun.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's movie début.

BOLERO (Paramount).
You'll enjoy Carole Lombard's and George Raft's dancing. Sally Rand does her stuff, too.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful comedy. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Interesting entertainment.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Ed Wynn.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
About the girls and boys of today. Frances Dee and Gene Raymond.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
Life in a convent. Dorothea Wieck and Evelyn Venable.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
A thrilling mystery. Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther. Don't miss it.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone and Gable.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
The fine acting of Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing saves this film.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The nonsensical Marx Bros.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Swell music and dancing. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding and Otto Kruger. See it.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante in a picturization of the famous "Scandals."

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
From the stage play, "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill playing the title role. Sally Blane and Joel McCrea supply the love interest.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
A comedy with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Glenda Farrell, Ruth Donnelly and Lyle Talbot bring plenty of excitement to the desert auto camp which Aline MacMahon runs.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
A ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M.
Marie Dressler's latest film.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Kay Francis, gambler.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as the fast-talking reporter again.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Eddie Robinson gives his usual good performance. And Genevieve Tobin and Kay Francis are excellent aids.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West. (As if you didn't know.)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Good comedy. Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
Claire Trevor and Jimmy Dunn.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser. It's a riot.

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
Ken Maynard.

LADY KILLER (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Mae Clarke.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
Beautiful photography.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A Hollywood background. With Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothern and Eddie Lowe.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Good comedy, with Bob Armstrong and Dixie Lee.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
An interesting yarn with Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy. A bit slow.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
Introducing Francis Lederer to the movie fans.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
With Hollywood locale. Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
Burns and Allen in a laugh-riot.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Very light, but nicely done. Lanny Ross and Ann Sothern.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan in the picturization of the stage success about the medical profession.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
A thriller. With Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
You know what to expect when Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen get together.

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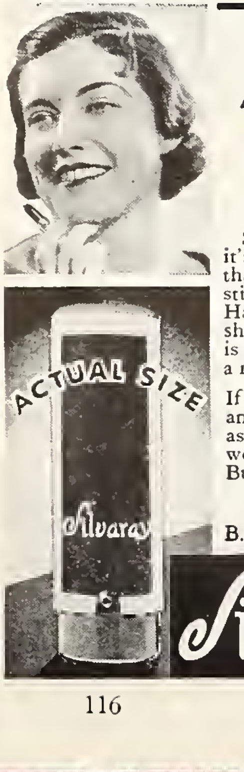

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NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy portrays the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein. Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye are in it, too.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
Hospital drama. Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray and Walter Connolly.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
Lionel Barrymore.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
Janet Gaynor being very sweet, as usual.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
Teaming Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton. Lots of fun.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
ZaSu Pitts, Ned Sparks, Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes in a comedy-murder mystery.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding as a woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Larry "Buster" Crabbe and many beautiful girls, among them Ida Lupino.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Excellent comedy. Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
Touching story of a woman in her thirties, ably played by Aline MacMahon. With Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
You'll enjoy ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton and Edward Everett Horton in this comedy.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Fine drama with Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns and Allen.

SMOKY (Fox).
Fine story about a horse.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Dietrich.

SON OF A SAILOR (First National).
Joe E. Brown.

SPEED WINGS (Columbia).
Tim McCoy.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
For the Hepburn fans.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
About a novelist (Warner Baxter) and a poetess (Rochelle Hudson). Good entertainment.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
You'll enjoy this drawing-room drama with Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings. Kay Johnson deserves a rave.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
The trials and tribulations of a family. With Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
Randy Scott in a Western.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Joe E. Brown—not at his best. Alice White is the gal.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
Bing Crosby makes the most of a weak story. Carole Lombard, Burns and Allen are in it, too.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and Billie Burke.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt turns in his usual good performance. Remember Jean Arthur? Well, she's in this and looks more beautiful than ever.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
Concerning the powers of hypnotism. John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing, Judith Allen and Tom Brown.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (First National).
Rather sad story about the effect of the depression on the younger generation. With Frankie Darro and Dorothy Coonan.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
Fair comedy. With Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell, William Gargan and ZaSu Pitts.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Introducing the new English actor, Hugh Williams. Helen Twelvetrees is the gal.

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
Sophisticated drama. With Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Warner Oland.

COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
Football yarn featuring Dick Powell and Ann Dvorak.

COME ON MARINES (Paramount).
Rowdy stuff. Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Mediocre story. Fay Wray and Paul Lukas do their best though.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Edward G. Robinson gives a fine, sympathetic performance in this story of a gambler.

DAVID HARUM (Fox).
Will Rogers has a lot of fun "hoss" trading.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Light comedy. With Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson stand out in this.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Nice performances by Frances Dee, Billie Burke and Ginger Rogers save this one.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland and William Gargan in the jungles. You may like it.

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).
Submarine tale.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck in the title role.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
Hal LeRoy as Harold Teen and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums of the famous comic strip. Some nice dancing by LeRoy.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey.

I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
A musical with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond.

I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
A yarn about Greenwich Village. With John Boles and Rosemary Ames.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Wallace Ford does rather well in the rôle of a newspaperman. The story's mediocre.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest film.

LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
June Knight and Neil Hamilton in a rather dull musical.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
Movie fare for men. Boris Karloff, Vic McLaglen and Reginald Denny head an all-male cast.

MASSACRE (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Nice cast but weak story. Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Rambeau.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram).
John Darrow and Mary Brian.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Dull mystery with Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders of rival gangs. The kids will like it.

OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox).
El Brendel.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Poor story. Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern, and Arline Judge.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot in a hospital yarn. You're probably tired of this sort of thing by this time.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Loaded down with scenery, church bells and what-not. It won't help the beautiful Marlene Dietrich much.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
Bob Armstrong in an unsympathetic rôle. Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen are in it.

THE SHOW-OFF (M-G-M).
Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
An expedition to Greenland.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Don't let the "big names" fool you. In spite of Durante and Velez, this doesn't jell.

THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
Claudette Colbert as a night club singer.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
The story is bad. George Raft as a bull-fighter and Frances Drake, a Mexican dancer. Katherine De Mille stands out in a small role.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
Otto Kruger.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
Good performances by May Robson, Lewis Stone and Jean Parker rescue a mediocre story.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
W. C. Fields.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National).
Bette Davis and Ric Cortez exposing the cut-rate drug racket. A bit boring.

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
A mystery. Starring Edmund Lowe.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
Charles Farrell, Charlie Ruggles and Marguerite Churchill in Paris.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
The story's incredible. Walter Huston is wasted in this picture.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
You can skip this one. Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis are in it.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in a yarn that's just too incredible.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
Jack Oakie, Jack Haley and Ginger Rogers in a tale about a couple of song writers. Dull stuff.

SMOKING GUNS (Universal).
Not up to par. Ken Maynard and Gloria Shea.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
Story's bad. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).
Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard in the tropics.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
Nothing can save this one. John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Why George Raft Is Afraid of Women

(*Continued from page 41*)

I never was angry at her, not for one moment. I don't get angry with people. It was just a misunderstanding. It's okay now."

"And Virginia Pine?"

"In Chicago when reporters inquired as to whether I intended marrying her, I retaliated with what I thought was the only logical answer, that I couldn't marry because I was already married. This started things."

HE stared at me. "Look here," he said, "you and I are in a spot. Your editor probably told you to make me talk and my lawyer told me *not* to talk, but I'll say this," he leaned forward. "I never wanted to keep my marriage secret. That wasn't my idea at all. I'm new at this game . . . pictures . . . interviews. I'm a regular rookie, like in baseball. When I first signed with Paramount they asked me whether I was single. I was about to say, 'No,' when my agent poked me in the arm. 'Single,' he said. And afterwards told me it would be bad business if they thought I was married. I felt he knew more about those matters than I, so I did what I was told."

It was in 1923 that George Raft married a non-professional.

"I never had a home," he admitted. "We agreed to disagree, and we've been separated nine and a half years. Now, after all that time, this suit is slapped on me.

"If I could only get to my wife, only see her," he said. "She was always such a good pal. I know if I could talk to her everything would be all right, but she's in the hands of attorneys and I can only talk through them."

His eyes narrowed. He went on slowly, adding. "Some women finally kill the goose that lays the golden egg. I worked hard. I always have. I just refused to play stooge to Mae West in her latest picture, so Paramount said I could take ten weeks off until my next one was ready. I couldn't afford the lay-off, I have too many responsibilities. There's my mother and my wife. So I'm dancing these ten weeks. Here," he reached for a clipping, "did you see this? It appeared in yesterday's 'Mirror.' Mark Hellinger wrote it."

BECAUSE this writer feels that Mr. Hellinger has ably summed up the disgraceful alimony situation that now prevails in this country, I quote him:

"I see that George Raft is being sued for separation by a wife who suddenly popped up from nowhere. The lady is asking the insignificant sum of $1,200 weekly as alimony.

"Some day when our courts get around to it, Justice will actually be dealt out in cases such as these. Raft has worked desperately hard to get somewhere in pictures, and the success he has achieved is due entirely to his own efforts.

"Nobody will deny that Mrs. Raft is entitled to support, in spite of the fact that she has been Mrs. Raft in name only for some years. But by what stretch of the imagination she should be permitted to cut in for huge alimony claims on a man who struggled upward alone, is more than I can figure out.

"Some day, a Judge in one of these cases is going to set a precedent. He is going to lean forward and say:

"'Young woman, you have been badly advised. Had you asked for a sensible alimony, the Court would not have objected. But I am tired of women who stand aside until their husbands have met with success and who then leap forward to reap the benefits. Your request for alimony is denied.'

"And when the day comes, that Judge will be cheered to the echo by men and women the world over who believe in fair play."

George Raft resumed the conversation. "I don't suppose there's much of a solution unless they change the laws. I understand they're trying to push through a bill now. These days, if a man is at all in the limelight, he gets to be a regular target.

THIS target game is no joke. That's why I say I'm more afraid of women than ever before. I can't even answer the telephone any more. Strange women ring me and say they're my cousin, or my mother, or even Mrs. Raft. They go so far as to have cards printed with the names of my friends, and then write on these cards, 'See this girl, she's an old pal!'

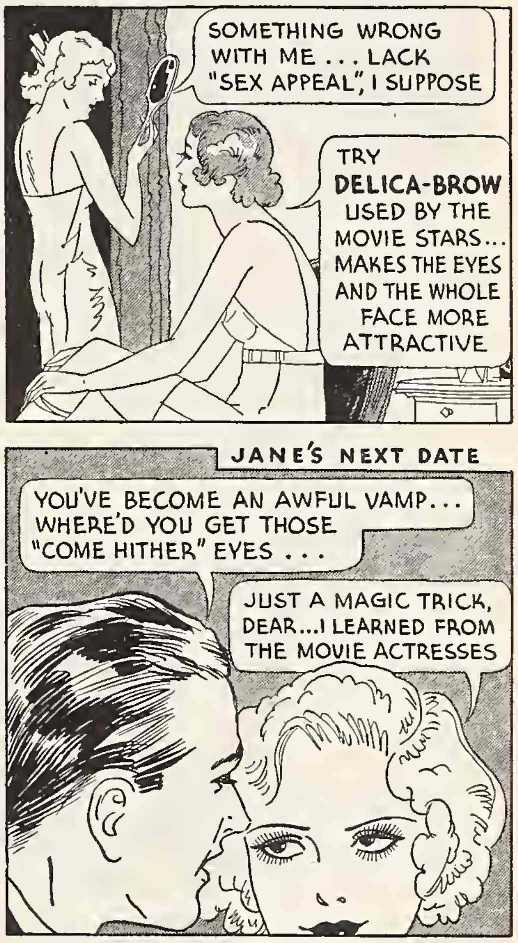
"The first experience I had of this kind was just before Jimmy Quirk died. He happened to have been a friend of mine, God rest his soul. One day a girl called and said she was an intimate friend of his and that he wanted me to see her. I invited her to dinner. It was during dinner that the truth gradually began to dawn upon me . . . the girl was an impostor. I said nothing, but I tested her with questions about Quirk. From her answers I could tell she did not know him.

"As soon as we finished dinner, I told her I had to rush to the theatre, and I promised to telephone her sometime. I never let on I knew she was a fake. That week she rang me several times, but I kept saying I was too busy to speak to her. She never knew the real reason, and she won't know it, unless she reads your article. I didn't tell her, because I hate scenes. But, think a minute, suppose my suspicions

International

"I have to have someone to talk to," says George Raft, And that is one reason why the chap on his right, whom he has jokingly dubbed "The Killer," is always with him.

JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES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TRY DELICA-BROW USED BY THE MOVIE STARS... MAKES THE EYES AND THE WHOLE FACE MORE ATTRACTIVE
JANE'S NEXT DATE
YOU'VE BECOME AN AWFUL VAMP... WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE "COME HITHER" EYES . . .
JUST A MAGIC TRICK, DEAR...I LEARNED FROM THE MOVIE ACTRESSES

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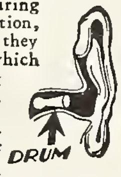

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Send generous 7-day trial package of Sem-Pray Compressed Creme. Include introductory packages of Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE
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hadn't been aroused. I might have been sued . . . and just for having dinner."

There was a knock at the door. In walked the slim young man whom Raft dubs, "The Killer."

"A note for you, George." And he handed him an envelope.

Excusing himself, Raft quickly read the message, then, "Tell her I'll 'phone at six." He grinned at me.

When "The Killer" had departed, I asked a few questions.

"Some say he's your bodyguard, some your valet, and some your secretary. What is he?"

"My pal," answered George Raft. "I have to have someone to talk to."

That reply is like him. For a man so admired by women, it is surprising how popular he is with men.

He spoke again. "I like to remember what my late friend, Wilson Mizner, once told me. 'Be nice to everyone you meet on your way up, George, for you're going to meet the same people on your way down.' "

RECENTLY, at Sing Sing prison, they told me that George Raft is rated one of the leading favorite performers. I repeated this to him.

"I sent two of my pictures up there," he said.

Then he talked about his work. He reads every line about himself, every review that appears in print. He tries to keep up with all phases of the industry.

"My next picture will be 'Limehouse Nights.' I play a half-caste. The story's by Thomas Burke. It may be one of the original 'Limehouse Nights' tales, I don't know. I won't read the book. I read a Louis Bromfield story, and then played in the adaptation, 'Night After Night.' I vowed I'd never read the original again, they change it so."

There was a knock at the door. Once more "The Killer" entered the room.

"You go on in a few minutes, George."

Raft rose. "I'm sorry if I haven't talked very clearly," he apologized. "You see, I'm sort of muddled these days. Why, I can hardly read the papers. I hope the next time I see you, I won't be under a lawyer's supervision, and I'll be able to answer your questions, one after another, like this." He snapped his fingers. "And, if in the meanwhile, you happen to interview any up-and-coming young men, and if they want my advice, tell them I say to spend their money and enjoy it while they can, because . . . when they get near the top . . . it's no picnic!"

He smiled. We shook hands.

There is something very natural about him, something trusting and honest. He says he never acts. I believe him. And I felt sorry for him . . . George Raft, sitting there in that stuffy dressing-room . . . a prisoner of success, over-worked, pestered to death with messages, lonely, and as he puts it, "muddled."

"Goodbye," he said.

"Good luck," I said. "I hope you get a break." And I meant it.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

ABOUT A POPULAR YOUNG STAR

M. M., of New York, N. Y., writes us:

This is my first fan letter—and because of Dick Cromwell! Month after month I buy the movie magazines to read what news I may chance to find concerning him. Ever since "Tol'able David" I have waited for his pictures and news of him. Best of luck to Dick and may we have the pleasure of seeing him in more good pictures. (*You'll see this handsome young man in "The Most Precious Thing in Life," with Anita Louise and Jean Arthur.*)

CONCERNING THE STARS OF "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

A FAN from California writes in:

You can have all your Garbos, Hepburns, and Crawfords (they're swell), but personally I like Claudette Colbert. I saw "It Happened One Night" and thought it was swell. By the way, is she really going to play "Cleopatra"? (*DeMille wouldn't have any one else for the role.*)

Let me say just a word about your magazine—it's fine. Even though Mom doesn't especially like for me to read movie magazines (I'm only fifteen an' have to do my algebra), I read MODERN SCREEN regularly. I like everything in it.

BETTY AND ANNE, of Trenton, N. J., were among those who stormed the Capitol Theatre in New York when Gable was personal-appearancing:

We have been ardent Gable fans for three years and think he has that certain something that puts him at the top of the list. We saw him in New York recently and found that besides his good looks, excellent physique and great acting ability, he has personality-plus. Oh, boy, did we enjoy "It Happened One Night."

A FAN from dear ol' Georgia finds the Colbert-Gable team something to write home about:

I think "It Happened One Night" is the best picture I've seen this year. Claudette and Clark make a fine team. (*There's been a lot of talk, since the tremendous success of this picture, about teaming Colbert and Gable again BUT there are complications. If Columbia—who "discovered" the team—Paramount—to whom Claudette is under contract—and M-G-M—Gable's home company—could get together and decide which one of them will have the honor of making the next Colbert-Gable starring picture, mebbe we'll see this delightful pair again.*)

Ever since I saw "Adorable," I've wondered why Henri Garat hasn't been in more American pictures. People always enjoy a clean, wholesome film like "Adorable" and I hope there will be more like it. (*Fox's plans for him are a bit indefinite, though he's still under contract to them. He's in his native France at the moment.*)

BLAME IT ON THE FANS

MOVIEGOER, of Windsor, Ont., Canada, makes a few comments:

I note with interest that Katharine Hepburn, who won the Academy Award for her work in "Morning Glory," stated in a recent interview that she deems Greta Garbo the greatest actress in

Hollywood. *(Yes, the Hepburn is frank. When reporters in New York asked her whether she would do another play, she replied in the affirmative and added slyly, "Hope I'll be better than I was last time.")*

I would be gratified indeed to see in your "Between You and Me" column more bouquets for the fair Garbo and less remarks about her feet. I have recently seen "Queen Christina" and was thrilled beyond words by the artistry of Queen Garbo. Her face registers emotion without a disgustingly soggy exhibition of glycerine tears, as most actresses do.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 14)

the ears, of course, if they don't fit into the rest of the conversation.

The above very general advice goes for meeting all kinds of people—girls and boys and older people. When you meet an attractive person of the opposite sex, naturally the manner changes a bit. That's as it should be. I think girls are wise to soften down their own personality when a man comes into the picture. Don't talk too much. One shouldn't stand there like a stick, of course, but let him do the greater part of the talking. (Another old rule, but still good.) If he's one of these strong, silent men, you can always ask questions, can't you? Ask his opinion of this local topic of interest, ask him where he works and what he does and has he seen this movie or that one and didn't he think it was a picture which would appeal to men more than women.

If he pays you a compliment—and it sounds sincere—thank him for it. If you think he's kidding—or just saying nice things because you expect it—kid back. It's all a part of the social game and one doesn't take those things seriously. If he is fresh, try to stop the freshness in a nice, gentle way. A girl can usually make a man play *her* game, you know.

If you sense that he wants to end the conversation, you be the one to break it off. Casually and naturally. Be sure to put across the idea that you have enjoyed talking to him—or dancing with him or meeting him.

A LONG time ago (when I was in high school, to be exact) I used to watch and ponder over a certain very popular girl. I tried to figure out just why she was so popular. I didn't have more than a speaking acquaintance with her at the time. She was rather sweet looking, but certainly not beautiful. Maybe she dressed well, you say? Well, that was the funny part of it. The girl never seemed to care a bit what she had on. Her family didn't have very much money and she made most of her own clothes—not very skilfully, at that. I remember one Hallowe'en dance and this girl arrived in a little thing she had run up at home. It was orange crepe de chine, made with two seams up the sides and a slit for the neck. She had pinned a couple of gardenias on one shoulder. That's all there was to it. Neither chic nor unusual. I hope I've put over the idea that she wasn't the best dressed gal in town.

Oddly enough, no one ever commented on her lack of smartness. They all said, "She's an awfully sweet girl," or "She certainly is clever. And peppy! Why she belongs to this, that and the other club. She's always up to her neck in some sort of activity."

And she was. I came to know her very well later on and she was just one of those people who are so vitally interested in so many things that she didn't have time to think about herself or her looks. I'm not saying, of course, that one way to be popular is to pay no attention to your

Very arty, eh what? The occasion was Harold Lloyd's birthday surprise party. Everyone came dressed à la Greenwich Village. Una Merkel and hubby, Ronald Burla, are pictured with the Lloyds.

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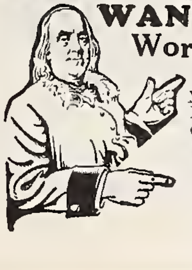

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clothes. But I am saying that if you are really interested in enough things and enough people, folks are going to like you no matter how you look.

Now, I'm going to do an about-face and mention another way to banish unpopularity and lonesomeness. I have been stressing—because the problem is most prevalent—the case of those who are shy or self-conscious or embarrassed and for that reason do not show to their best advantage. Such people lose out because they are stiff and silent and—well, just plain dumb—especially when meeting the opposite sex. But there is another fault committed in the social game. The fault of being *too* gay, too noisy, too much the life of the party. This is especially bad in girls. A dash of wit is swell—but too many wisecracks are painful. Don't sit like a stick, but don't talk too much. Sex appeal and rowdiness never went together. You'll notice that, while the party's clown may get a few laughs, it's the demure miss (who refuses to get her frock and hair mussed up in clowning) who worries the stag line.

I've given you enough "don'ts" for this time, I believe. Here are a few "do's":

Learn to play games. I remember a hostess saying once, "I'll never invite *her* again. She doesn't play bridge, she can't play golf, she doesn't know how to swim. A nice girl—but what can you do with her?" Games are socially important. You may not enjoy 'em—but learn to play some game well enough to get by in a crowd.

Read. No matter how limited your time, read enough to be able to offer a comment or two, whatever turn the conversation takes. Be sufficiently up on current events so that you need not maintain a terrified silence when the affairs of the nation are being discussed by the parlor politicians.

Learn to dance. That's a piece of trite advice, if you like, but I mean it. If you're not naturally a good dancer, balance the budget to include a few lessons from an expert.

Finally, if there is one single thing you do well—or many of them, you lucky ones—make them socially important. If you're a good cook, entertain people in your own home. If you have a knack for making a place look attractive, join some club or group where you can utilize this talent to advantage. Whatever you can do really well, you can use this gift for the enjoyment of other people and for the furtherance of your own enjoyment in life.

If you have a personal problem you would like to talk over with an understanding person, write to Alice Van Doran, in care of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. It may be a romantic problem. It may be a problem similar to the one discussed in the above article. Whichever it is, Alice Van Doran will be glad to help you. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply, please.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 45)

B: WE'RE NOT DRESSING
(Paramount)

Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Burns and Allen, Ethel Merman, Leon Errol

THIS won't help Crosby, but it gets B because of Crosby. It is true that the plot is Formula No. 23367: all about a yachting party thrown by Heiress Carole Lombard . . . shipwreck . . . desert island . . . you understand, I'm sure. Burns and Allen are discovered on the other side of the desert island, being goofey. They add very little to the film. Ethel Merman and Leon Errol have very slight parts. The dialogue is pretty bleak. However, Bing's songs and Bing himself make "We're Not Dressing" just-more-than-passable entertainment. "Lovely Little Lady" and "Love Thy Neighbor" are nice tunes.

A: SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY
(Fox)

Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll, Nigel Bruce, Heather Angel

CHARMING, happy entertainment. Otto Kruger crashes through again with an exceptional characterization and as usual the picture reflects his superb ability. All about a man-about-town whom everyone loves—especially the ladies. Henry gets along fine with the gals and the boys until he meets up with "a good woman." This picture goes out of its way to show you how important it is to be happy and how hard you should work to attain happiness. Maybe it will give you some good ideas—and even if it doesn't, you will never be able to say you weren't royally entertained. Nigel Bruce as Henry's friend turns in a beautiful piece of work and Nancy Carroll seems to have turned over a new leaf.

B: SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN
(Columbia)

Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Doris Lloyd

FINE sophisticated drama. True, one must be rather adept at subtleties to catch the import of the title, but this little matter becomes unimportant when compared to the general excellence of the picture. Frank Morgan, as the fifty-year-old millionaire, who tries to recapture his youth with a twenty-year-old actress (Elissa Landi), turns in his second astounding performance of the month—the other is the Duke in "The Affairs of Cellini." Joseph Schildkraut, well cast as the fiery young composer, finds a role equal to his capabilities. Doris Lloyd portrays the millionaire's wife to perfection. From word-of-mouth chatter, I learn that many of the critics liked Landi in her role of the actress-mistress. I didn't. I never believed her for a minute while she was playing the "hard-boiled, uncultured chorus gal" and I am wondering if you will. See this picture, though, it's well done.

B: NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN"
(Fox)

Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye, Hobart Cavanaugh

GOOD biography of a gambler. Fox studios have a seemingly uncanny knack for miscasting Spencer Tracy, and Tracy seems to have equally as much knack for giving a swell performance in spite of it. As the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, Tracy does an excellent job. Helen Twelvetrees does right well as the gambler's wife and Hobart Cavanaugh plays Tracy's right-hand man to perfection. 'Tis really the rise and fall of a high-powered gambler with action aplenty. Better set aside an evening.

B: THE WITCHING HOUR
(Paramount)

Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, William Frawley, Judith Allen

A SWELL thriller. If you stop to think this one over after you've left the theatre, you'll realize it was just a good show—but while you're sitting there, we guarantee you will have a chill or two up and down your spine. About a gambler, John Halliday, who by accident discovers that he has the power of hypnotism and thus influences a boy (Tom Brown) to murder a rival. The rest of the picture is concerned with the trial. See this.

B: SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS
(Fox)

Warner Baxter, Rosemary Ames, Rochelle Hudson, Irving Pichel, Henrietta Crosman, Mona Barrie

GOOD dramatic entertainment. A clever but touchy plot is handled with sincerity and complete conviction. Not even the obvious logical ending is here to mar its excellence. About a young girl (Rochelle Hudson) who journeys to the Big City to show her poems to a famous novelist (Warner Baxter). She makes a general nuisance of herself. When he finally tells her to go back to the small town, she can't take it because she has fallen in love with him. What happens then, we shall allow you to find out. Baxter is grand in his part and Rochelle Hudson gives her best performance to date.

B: HALF A SINNER
(Universal)

Joel McCrea, Sally Blane, Berton Churchill, Russell Hopton

BERTON CHURCHILL scores. You may have seen this play under the title "Alias the Deacon." If you did, you saw Berton Churchill play the deacon, and you won't mind seeing him again. All about a clever, old card-sharp who poses as a deacon so that he may "take in" the small-towners. Mr. Churchill plays the role to the very top and steals all the acting honors in a delightful film in so doing. Sally Blane and Joel McCrea carry the love interest well. Don't pass this picture up. It's a grand evening of entertainment that will send you away with a smile.

B: THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI
(20th Century)

Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Fay Wray

GOOD farce-comedy entertainment. But if you're expecting some heavy love scenes from Bennett and March, skip it. Matter of fact they are starred only on the title sheet; the real star is Frank Morgan. Frank executes his character of the willy-nilly, none-too-bright Duke with the greatest genius. How he managed to be so silly and not once become slapstick, I can't fathom. March, playing Cellini with a beard (far from becoming), stumbles through the picture without ever being able to raise a counter ripple to Morgan's great acting. Constance Bennett plays the wife of the Duke and that's about all. Who do you suppose takes second honors? Fay Wray. Honest! She does her role of "prospective mistress to the king" as deftly

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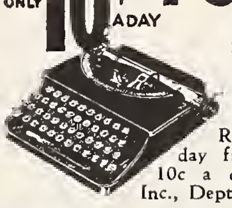

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as anything. The entire picture is broad farce-comedy and gets a great number of laughs. I can't imagine how La Bennett ever got talked into this one. She hasn't much more chance than Vince Barnett, who plays stooge to Cellini. Please see this picture and tell us what you think of Frank Morgan.

C: THE PARTY'S OVER

(Columbia)

Stuart Erwin, Ann Sothern, Arline Judge, Patsy Kelly

MEDIOCRE programmer. With a story obviously patterned after "Three-Cornered Moon" (but not well patterned), indifferent acting and only fair direction, this picture doesn't have much of a chance after the first reel. Stu Erwin has to support his entire family and all their hangers-on by doing a routine job while his soul cries to become a painter. Sound familiar? The dialogue and acting seem rather listless, but this is probably because both of these departments are sacrificed to gags. Think twice!

B: PRIVATE SCANDAL

(Paramount)

Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes, ZaSu Pitts, Ned Sparks

MURDER made funny. It is difficult to say whether this is an excellent comedy with murder and mystery thrown in, or an excellent murder mystery with comedy touches. It has plenty of both and we think you will like it. In spite of three or four other names which are billed over him, Ned Sparks as the detective walks away with the picture. The romance, carried by Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes, is just up to standard. ZaSu Pitts brings the house down with her "key to the ladies' room gag." Watch for it. Better see it.

B: WHIRLPOOL

(Columbia)

Jack Holt, Jean Arthur, Donald Cook, Allen Jenkins, Lila Lee

FOR the Jack Holt fans. Yes, while it isn't what we would call typically Holt, this picture gives him plenty of his well-known opportunities and he does well with them. But the surprise of this picture is the come-back of Jean Arthur. I haven't seen such beauty for a long spell. Jean has put on a little weight and photographs for all the world like a cross between Dietrich and Mary Nolan. When Holt goes to prison, he sends out a fake death report to his wife so that she will be free to marry. So she marries a judge. Later the judge, racketeer Holt, his daughter and wife are placed in a tough spot.

C: I HATE WOMEN

(Monogram)

Wallace Ford, June Clyde, Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page

ANOTHER picture that's just fair. In spite of a swell characterization of a newspaperman by Wally Ford and some good work by a cast that tries hard, the story is so time-worn that I don't think you will care much for this picture. Wally "hates women" because he has received so many bad deals from them. Thus, when he is forced to aid a lady-in-distress, he does it in a business-like manner until . . . you guessed it. If you've seen all the rest of the shows in town you might try this. It has some good acting to offset the trite story. Too bad the yarn isn't up to par.

C: STRICTLY DYNAMITE

(RKO)

Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan, Marian Nixon

WITHOUT benefit of spark. Yes, in spite of Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan and Marian Nixon, this little epic never jells. Easily told in one sentence, but since the picture requires over an hour to divulge it, we had better let you find out what it's all about for yourselves. Durante as the joke-maker is not particularly well cast because the audience is inclined to laugh at him instead of with him. Lupe Velez didn't have a chance. Marian Nixon and Norman Foster are both rather good but Sterling Holloway, in a small part, took the blue ribbon as far as I am concerned. If you like lots of fair jokes strung together in a row, you might enjoy this.

B: MANY HAPPY RETURNS

(Paramount)

Burns and Allen, Joan Marsh

A BURNS AND ALLEN riot. At last they have given Gracie and George a picture that merits their talents. Instead of their usual "walk on—be funny—walk off" type of role we find them carrying the picture. And very well carried it is, too. When Gracie's father offers George $10 a mile if he will marry the pest and take her "far, far away," you can almost anticipate a lot of laughs. Later the old man raises the ante to $20 and we bet you'll scream when George starts figuring how much he can make by taking Gracie to China. Nutty humor, funny situations and belly laughs galore are in store for you.

B: DOUBLE DOOR

(Paramount)

Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing

TURN backward, turn backward. The preview audience hissed the villain, cheered the heroine and generally seemed to take this offering at its face value. Yes, it's lots of fun, this movie, if only for the change that it affords from the usual. If it weren't so beautifully acted, produced and photographed, one would be almost inclined to think this page from the dim past of melodramatic thrillers was meant to be a burlesque. Go with the idea of having some fun, and you'll have it.

C: THE SCARLET EMPRESS

(Paramount)

Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Louise Dresser, C. Aubrey Smith, Maria Sieber

THE Von Sternberg ego! Gad, I wish this were a lengthy editorial so that I might tell you what I think of the manner in which director Von Sternberg is handling our gorgeous Dietrich. This picture is his supreme achievement in submerging Marlene in a mass of overpowering scenery, ringing bells, church services of huge and boring proportions and the steady noise of thousands of horses' hoofs until the audience almost goes crazy. 'Tis my hunch that the little "genius" of the camera is so afraid that the audience will forget for a moment that he is behind the guns that he also forgets he is supposed to be making entertainment. Poor Marlene suffers most because she is the "star," but the rest of the cast is forced to appear to their own detriment as well. Don't blame the actors.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

he denied all Leslie said when he took "the air" twenty-four hours later. "An actor can get just as much feeling and reality into a movie scene as he can on the stage," said Lee, "and, like Mr. Howard, I have performed on both!"

HERE'S a big thrill for all you fans who remember the days when Alice Joyce was "the first lady of the screen." Alice's nineteen-year-old daughter, Alice Joyce Moore (whose Dad is Tom Moore) has been signed for an important rôle in "The Great American Harem" to be made at RKO. And they say no one is more interested in seeing the outcome of that picture than her present step-father, Clarence Brown, director at M-G-M.

Speaking of relatives, Alice Brady's sister-in-law, Katherine Alexander, has been signed for Norma Shearer's "Barretts of Wimpole Street."

SOMETIME this summer Monroe Owsley will be married to Katharine Toberman, Los Angeles socialite and daughter of one of the founders of Hollywood and one of its richest men. It will be one of the big social events of the season and everyone is wishing luck to the young actor, who first achieved film fame as the drunk young brother of Ann Harding in "Holiday," and his beautiful bride-to-be.

MIRIAM HOPKINS says she is taking off for South America within five months to star in an important picture to be made in that country. The offer comes from the Argentine where they are just crazy over blondes and Miriam in particular.

Incidentally, did you know that the Hopkins plays the piano very well, but that she absolutely refuses to touch one because she was forced to practice too much when she was a child?

MORE ROMANCE FOR MYRNA

Everyone is getting a big chuckle out of this, but Myrna Loy's set has practically been haunted lately by none other than "Cotton" Warburton, Southern California's football hero of last season. "If Cotton isn't daffy about Myrna," inquires one columnist, "I want to know what daffy is?"

IT was one of those between-scenes gab-fests on the "Strictly Dynamite" set at RKO, and the talk had turned to painful physical experiences.

"I guess," said Jimmy Durante, "my most painful experience was a mix-up with a circus elephant when I was a kid. It swung its trunk, knocked me down under its big feet and hurt my schnozzle."

"Did it step on it?" asked Eugene Pallette.

"No," came back Durante, "it walked the whole length of it!"

BING CROSBY makes no bones about the fact that he does not think he is the best actor in the world. In fact, he doesn't think he's an actor at all. Unlike most people in his profession, he keeps no scrap book with reams of favorable comments about himself. The only two clippings he has saved (and which he prizes very dearly) are a short notice from his picture "College Humor," in which his name doesn't even appear, and a review on another crooner's picture, in which he has underscored the following line: "Mr. ——— has a good voice, but he can't act as well as Bing Crosby, who can't act at all."

CANNY CLAUDETTE!

The other day on the "Cleopatra" set, Cecil B. DeMille okayed a scene and ordered the company to move on to another. Claudette Colbert, however, came up to him and very sweetly asked if she couldn't do it over again. "I have been playing it with a light touch, and would like to give it a dramatic, serious undertone," she suggested. DeMille agreed, and when it was finished, proclaimed: "Best scene so far!"

Claudette believes in playing a scene several ways—thus being certain of a good one. Also, she doesn't leave everything to her director. She has a brain of her own—and uses it. But so sweetly does she go about getting her own way, that no one would ever think of calling her temperamental.

CLARA BOW is a "bridge nut." Indeed even Clark Gable's company means less to our red-head than a good hot game.

Last Sunday the society column carried an item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell over the week-end. This is how it happened: Clark mentioned to a mutual friend that he would like to see that ranch of the Bells, and investigate the shooting. The friend told Rex Bell. Rex spoke to Clara. "Do they play bridge?" demanded Clara. When she discovered that they did, she immediately set about arranging a meeting, at which time the invitation was extended.

AT the rear entrance of Gloria Swanson's palatial Beverly Hills home is a large sign which reads: "Beware of the children." One enters, careful not to step on the children, only to have a whole melee of barking dogs dash out—forcing a quick exit."

ONE of the strangest parties ever given in Hollywood, perhaps, was that of Adrienne Ames at the Little Club. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Irene Jones and escort. Mrs. Cooper (Sandra Shaw) went with Bruce Cabot before she met Gary Cooper. Lupe Velez was engaged to Gary Cooper before she met Johnny. Irene Jones was the beloved of Johnny Weissmuller before he met Lupe. Husbands and wives danced together exclusively.

MARJORIE KING, back in Hollywood again, denies most vehemently that she tried to commit suicide in New York over George Raft. In the first place, she declares she didn't try to kill herself—it was just an overdose of sleeping powder—and secondly, she only saw George twice while in the East. She has chosen Frank Orsatti as her companion these days, while Raft continues to pay ardent court to Virginia Pine.

WHO WAS THIS GIRL?

Expensively dressed, but crossing the continent in a day coach, her fifty-dollar purse empty one day and filled with money the next. What was it all about?

This month's novelette, "The Adorable Little Liar," will hold you spellbound. You will thrill to every word when you learn the real identity of this amazing girl and the real reason for her mad cross-country dash.

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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WHEN you see "Twentieth Century," offer up a silent prayer for Howard Hawks, its director. Hawks didn't like the first story that was turned in and demanded a new writing job. The studio was not willing to pay the fabulous price demanded by Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, so Howard Hawks paid half the price of the re-write job out of his own pocket.

MR. JOLSON'S ALL SET!

Al Jolson has decided not to retire from the screen after all. The success of "Wonder Bar" no doubt had a great deal to do with his signing a five-year contract with Warner Bros. for one picture a year. 'Tis said that Al is thrilled about the way the public is receiving his latest picture. The Jolson-Warner Bros. combination seems to be a profitable one. "The Jazz Singer" still holds the record for rolling up a gross unequalled by any other picture since the inception of Vitaphone.

POOR Karl Dane! A suicide victim. He lay in the county morgue forgotten by friends and relatives. M-G-M finally claimed the body and saved Karl Dane, one time well-known actor, from a Potter's Field burial.

That will probably be the last press notice for the heart-broken man who sent a bullet into his brain because he was broke and discouraged and out of work. A woman who had befriended him says:

"The greatest interest in Karl's life was his work on the screen. When stardom came to him after his sensational success in 'The Big Parade,' he was the happiest man in the world. Then came the talkies and to Karl, oblivion. He could not understand why he slipped and eventually lost his contract. For months he could not obtain work—then it was years. He brooded continually over his lost glory. When life became too bleak, he killed himself."

JANET GAYNOR and Gene Raymond are everywhere together. Along with Margaret Lindsay (Janet's chum) and her current boy friend they made a cute foursome at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening. Janet wore a dinner dress of blue and white print. She and Gene did a mean tango.

JUNIOR LAEMMLE is the butt of a very funny one these days. It seems Young Laemmle was terrifically enthusiastic about the studio's basket ball team and Universal was winning most of the games in competition with other studios. When the season was almost over (and it looked like the "U" team would be called "the winnah") Junior offered a huge loving cup for the champion. Before the announcement was hardly dry, Columbia sneaked over a coupla fast winning evenings and took the championship away from the Universal team. They were presented with a "thimble size" loving cup for their trouble.

Hollywood wonders what happened to the gorgeous loving cup Mr. Laemmle promised.

HOLLYWOOD stood aghast when the announcement was made: "William Gargan to play opposite Loretta Young in 'Professional Corespondent' at M-G-M." Bill Gargan, as you remember, is the unfortunate lad who made a very stinging crack about Joan Crawford's acting ability to a magazine interviewer. Joan is rumored to have laid down the law at that time that Gargan could never work on the same studio lot as she. We are all wondering what will happen the first time La Crawford bumps into frank-and-earnest Gargan in the M-G-M commissary. The result will probably cause Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter to say, "Flash!"

THE extra players in Hollywood sent up a long squawk this week about their treatment on the Mae West picture. Nothing that Mae did, understand, because they all seem to like her. But instead of putting 410 extra players to work for atmosphere in one of the scenes, an economically-minded assistant ordered 210 extra players and 200 dummies. The fact that extras are starving while sawdust dummies take their place seems to make little difference to the boys who like black ink better than red.

What the well-dressed Greenwich Villageite will wear! Helen Ferguson, Lois Wilson, Connie Baker and Marian Nixon are just a few of the merrymakers at Harold Lloyd's "Greenwich Village" party.

GLORIA'S ONE UP ON CONNIE!

Gloria Swanson turned down eight definite picture offers in one year because "she had a hunch they wouldn't be good." And when Gloria goes against her hunches, she makes a bad picture. Interesting to note that included in the "turned-down" list was one which Connie Bennett finally accepted. The Bennett-Swanson feud is of long standing, so it must have given Gloria some little bit of pleasure to know she had first choice on a Bennett flicker and that Connie took what she spurned!

LUPE VELEZ has recently added $4,000 worth of improvements to her Beverly Hills house. The living-room has been enlarged ten more feet and a new library added with an elaborate bar which Johnny won as a prize. However, the biggest improvement is Johnny's bedroom and bath . . . especially the bath which is the largest in Beverly Hills with a huge rubbing table in the center. From his bedroom is a stairway that leads directly to the swimming pool. Most convenient!

WHAT with Francis Lederer building a new home and Stefi Duna helping him furnish it, it looks more than ever like their romance may culminate in marriage.

George Raft also seems house-bound. With Adolphe Menjou building a new house for his soon-to-be-bride, Verree Teasdale, George has shown considerable interest in the mansion formerly occupied by Adolphe. If George, who has lived in nothing but apartments all his life, does break down and buy a home, Virginia Pine will no doubt answer the doorbell as Mrs. G. Raft.

JACKIE COOPER has got his first stand-in, a young lad by the name of Johnny Dunsmuir and they are having a swell time together at Catalina Island on the "Treasure Island" picture. . . . 'Tis rumored that Junior Laemmle will soon marry a society girl who is busy graduating from finishing school at the moment. . . . Warren William took last week off to hunt boars, although why he left Hollywood for the purpose few can understand. . . . A little gal named Majel McConnell won a contest in Spokane, Washington, because she looked like Janet Gaynor and she was stopped three times during her first day on the Warner lot because she looked like Bette Davis. . . . Hollywood is placing bets on the future romantic story of Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, the odds now seem to be 10 to 7 against the probability of marriage. . . . Belgium has just passed a law supervising kissing on the screen so that no youngsters under sixteen years can learn this delightful habit from the silver screen.

LEO CARRILLO certainly earned his money since signing an M-G-M contract a few weeks ago. In that time he has officiated at five civic banquets, a Breakfast Club meeting and three luncheons, all as M-G-M's representative. As yet, however, he has been assigned no picture.

THREE major studios are anxious to buy a book called "Let's Have a Baby," but Will Hays says the title is immoral. It occurs to quite a number in Hollywood that the title could be twice as immoral if it were switched to "Let's Not!"

IRENE FRANKLIN walked into the studio commissary the other noontime, all decked out for her role in "Down to Their Last Yacht," and declared, "I'm oozing ostrich plumes from every pore!"

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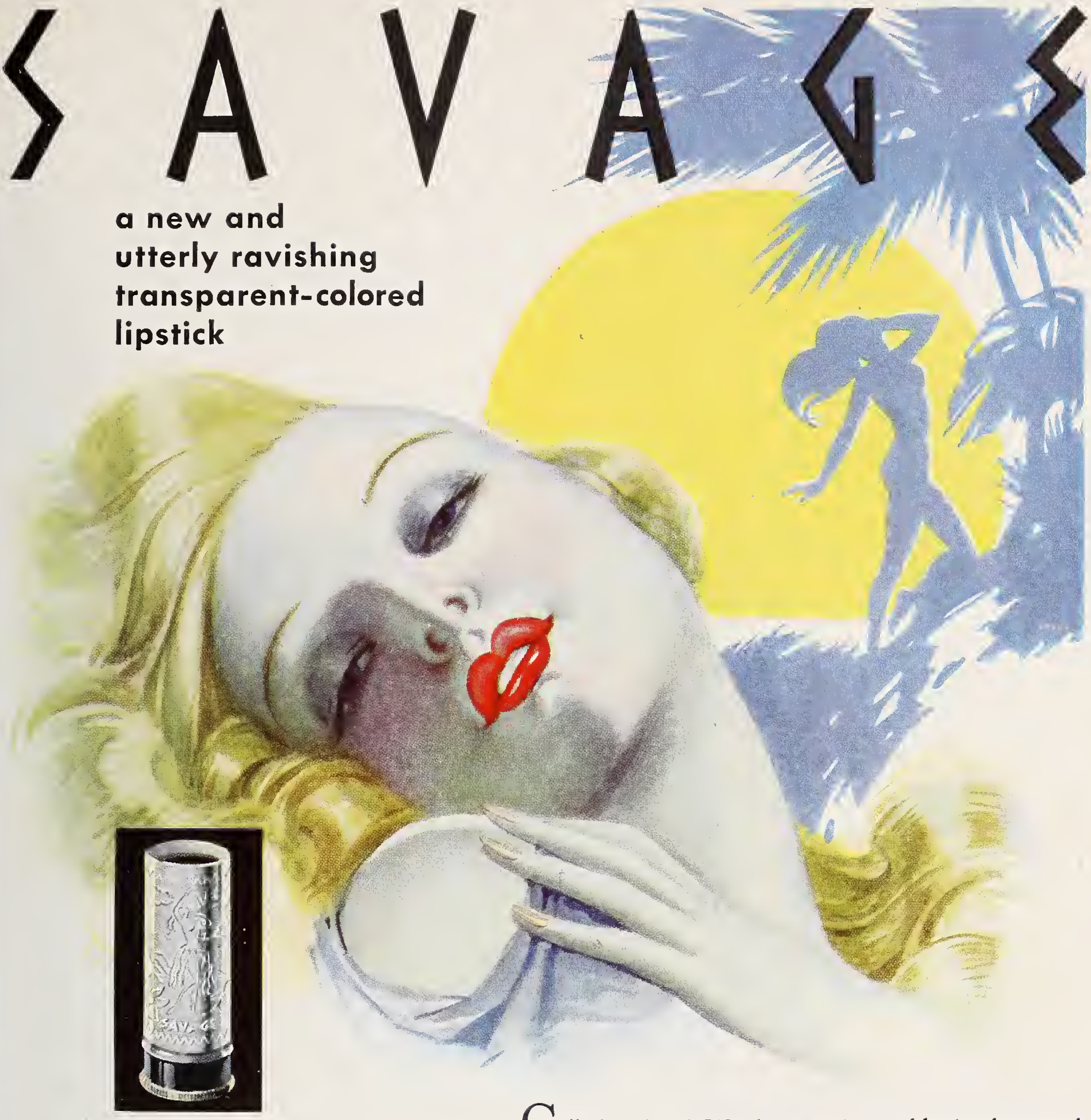

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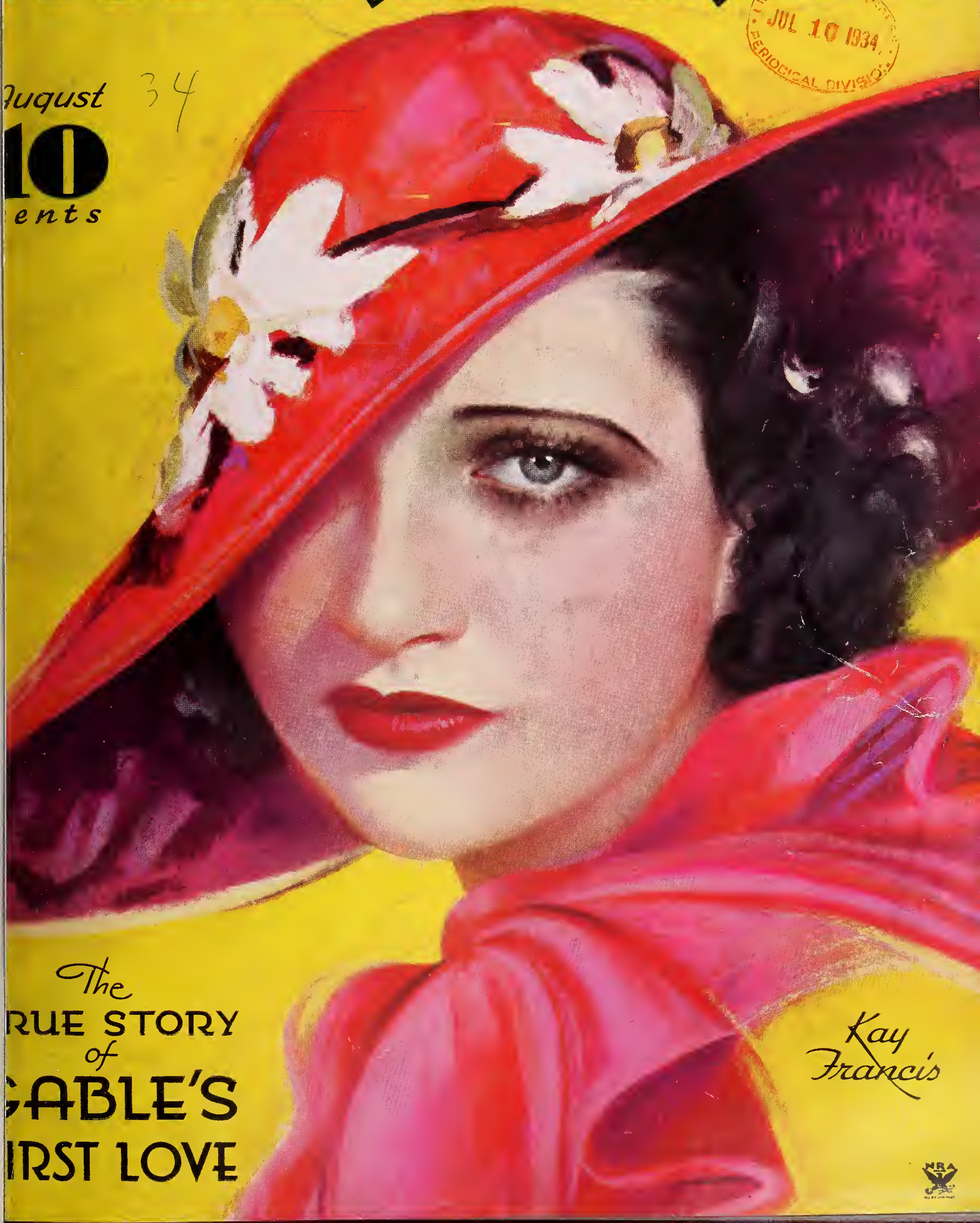

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The
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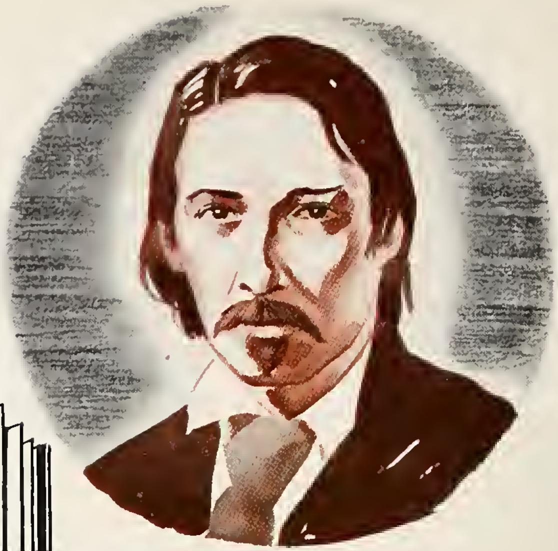
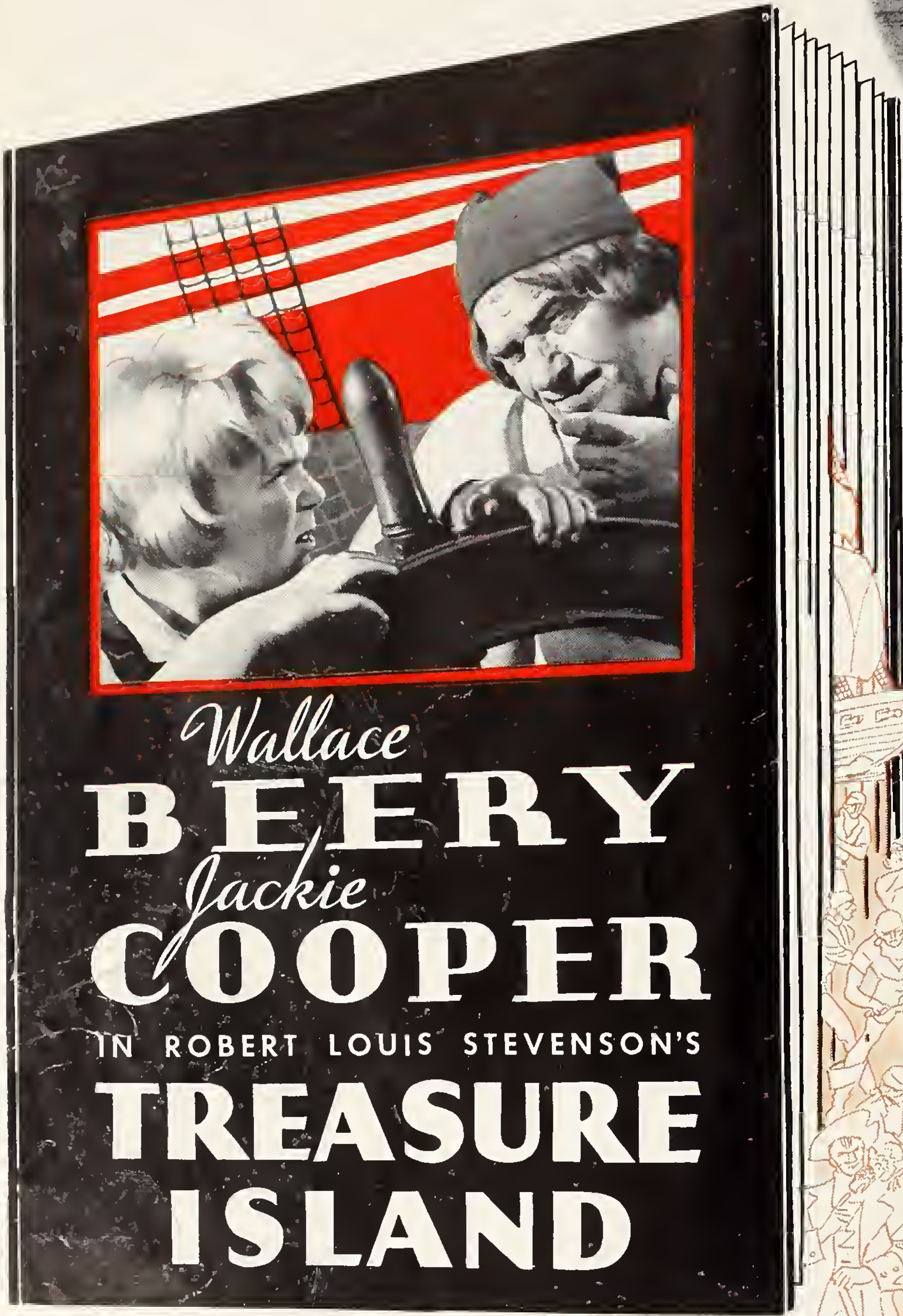
If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera . .





Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

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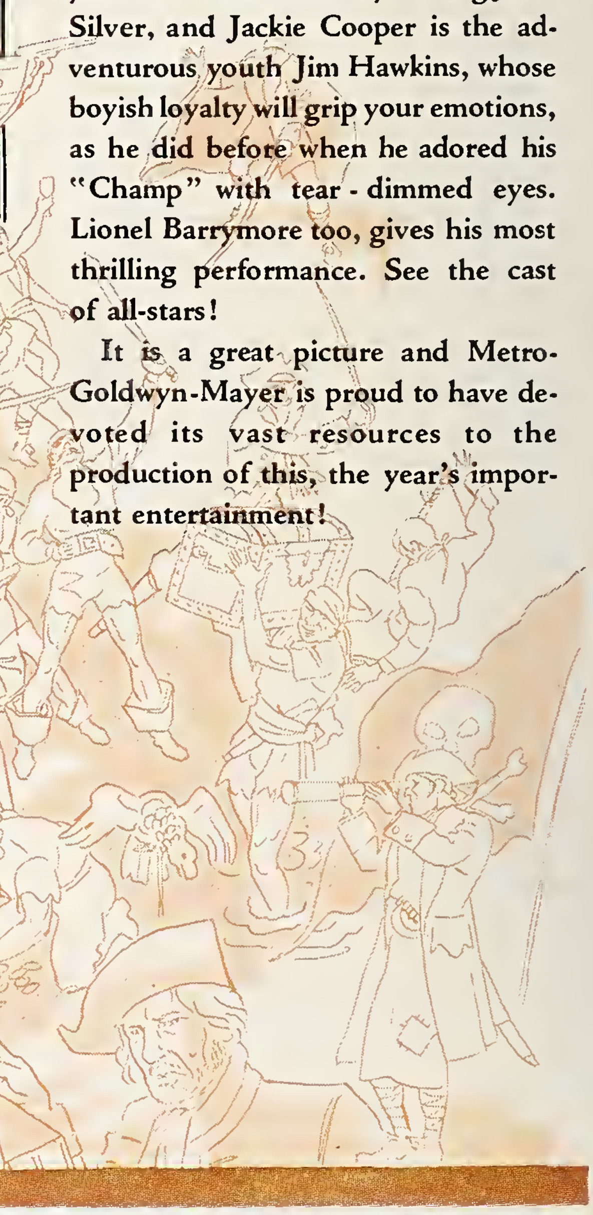

WALLACE BEERY	*as Long John Silver*
JACKIE COOPER -	*as Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE	*as Billy Bones*
OTTO KRUGER - - - - -	*as Dr. Livesey*
LEWIS STONE - - - -	*as Captain Smollett*
"CHIC" SALE - - - - - - -	*as Ben Gunn*
WILLIAM V. MONG - - - -	*as Old Pew*
DOROTHY PETERSON - - -	*as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • *Produced by* Hunt Stromberg

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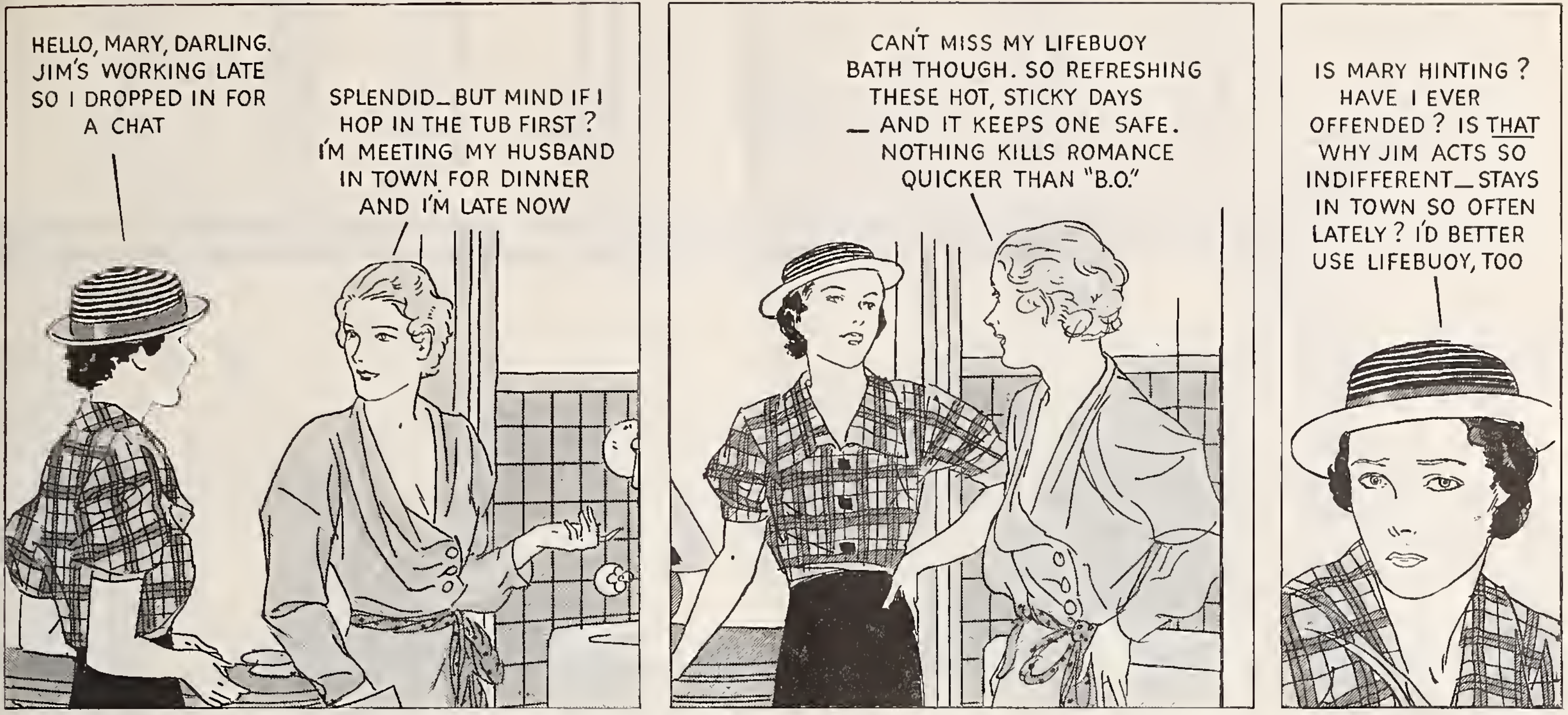
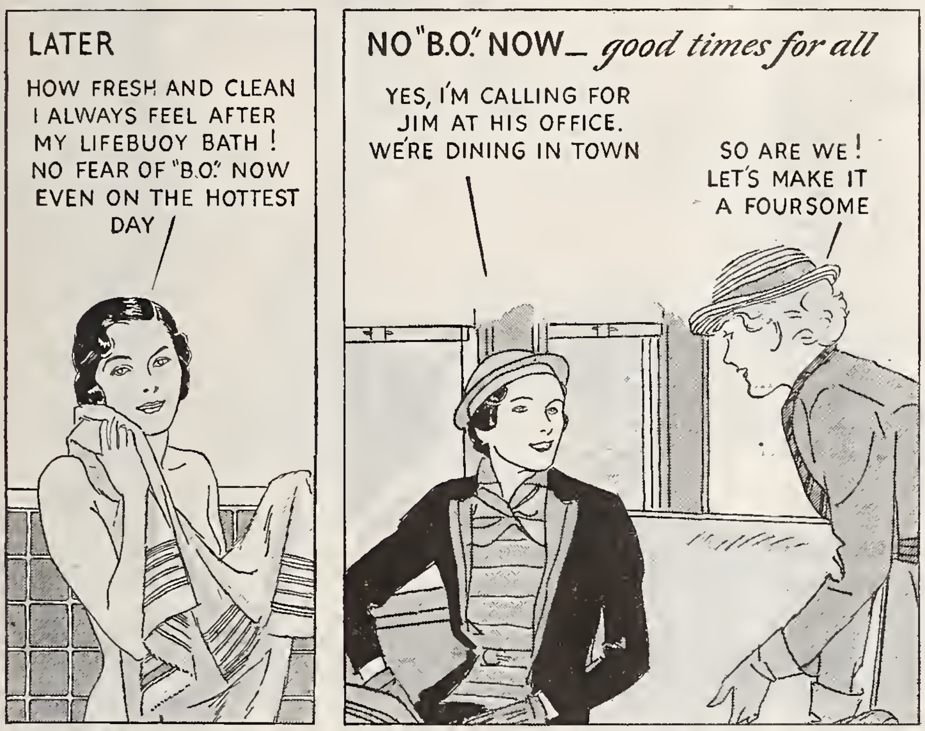

HELLO, MARY, DARLING. JIM'S WORKING LATE SO I DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT
SPLENDID—BUT MIND IF I HOP IN THE TUB FIRST? I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN TOWN FOR DINNER AND I'M LATE NOW
CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBUOY BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS — AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE. NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE QUICKER THAN "B.O."
IS MARY HINTING? HAVE I EVER OFFENDED? IS THAT WHY JIM ACTS SO INDIFFERENT—STAYS IN TOWN SO OFTEN LATELY? I'D BETTER USE LIFEBUOY, TOO


LATER
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBUOY BATH! NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY
NO "B.O." NOW—*good times for all*
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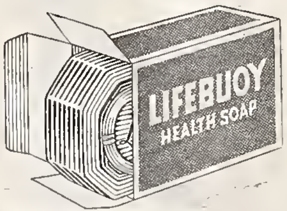
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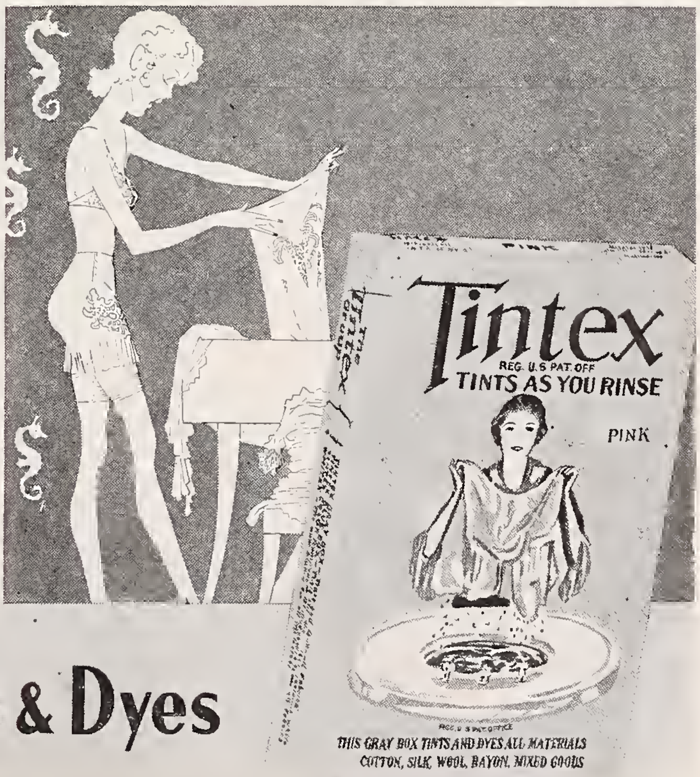
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COTTON, SILK, WOOL, RAYON, MIXED GOODS
DISTRIBUTORS PARK & TILFORD NEW YORK

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

Charles Boyer, a favorite on the Continent, has been in this country only a short while, but in that time he got himself a beautiful wife, Pat Patterson, and the lead in "Caravan."

HAS YOUR LETTER APPEARED ON THIS PAGE? IF NOT, GET BUSY AND LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

This seems to be "Bellamy month" with the fans, for everyone has suddenly become conscious of him. His excellent work in "Spitfire and "This Man Is Mine" might be reason enough.

Between you and me

Europe's Favorite

JO STARKE, of Cornwall, Eng., says:

Since I found your very attractive magazine, I look forward to its arrival each month with increasing pleasure. In fact, there's only one thing wanted to make it perfect!

Since you've taken Charles Boyer from his European admirers, will you please publish some photographs of him for us? He has more charm than any other of the men who have been snatched up by Hollywood. (*By the way, he looks a bit like our own Bob Montgomery, doesn't he?*)

From a Scots Lassie

A RALPH BELLAMY fan writes us from Paisley, Scotland:

It seems that in America the fan magazines have much influence, so could you possibly use a little to secure a role worth having for that excellent actor Ralph Bellamy?

To see him playing second fiddle to the little Cagney is rather awful, but when he has to play second fiddle to Richard Dix it seems about time somebody did something about it. I don't suppose anyone could have taken the doctor's part in "Rebecca" so well as he did, or the he-man part in "Airmail." Yet all he seems to have in recent pictures is small parts in which he does nothing but scowl—and, oh, what a smile wasted!

I think you have about the best writers and pictures in your book, and although it is expensive over here, even a Scotswoman considers that money well spent! (*Thank you, thank you, thank you.*)

ANOTHER Bellamy admirer has this to say:

The magazines practically never mention Ralph Bellamy, yet every one I know who goes to pictures is asking about him? What's behind that refreshingly masculine screen personality?

Once in a while he gets a break and gives us a performance that leaves one simply thrilled for its technical perfection, and even more for its beautiful sincerity and simplicity. But most of the time he does routine stuff.

Hollywood is cluttered up with "nice" leading men. Bellamy has something unique that reaches out from the screen and touches everything you've ever cherished in decency, straightforwardness and really thrilling manhood in a way that can never be equalled by the manufactured menace of the run-of-the-mill "he actors." *Ralph Bellamy certainly should be rated among the best in Cinemaland and if you saw him in "This Man Is Mine," you witnessed another one of his superb performances.)*

'Tain't Fair—

G. S. L., of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes us:

If there is anything that burns me up it is those people who are always suggesting Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, or someone else to play in the talkies the parts made famous by John Gilbert in the silents. Can't something be done about it before the producers follow these suggestions?

For instance, why are they giving Chevalier Gilbert's role in "The Merry Widow"? Though I'm extremely fond of that light opera, I'm not going to have it ruined for me by Chevalier, who can't sing, act or dance, and who isn't handsome. I daresay there are others who will stay away on his account, too. Also there is talk of starring Clark Gable in "The Big Parade." Surely the producers must all be blind or have cataracts on both eyes.

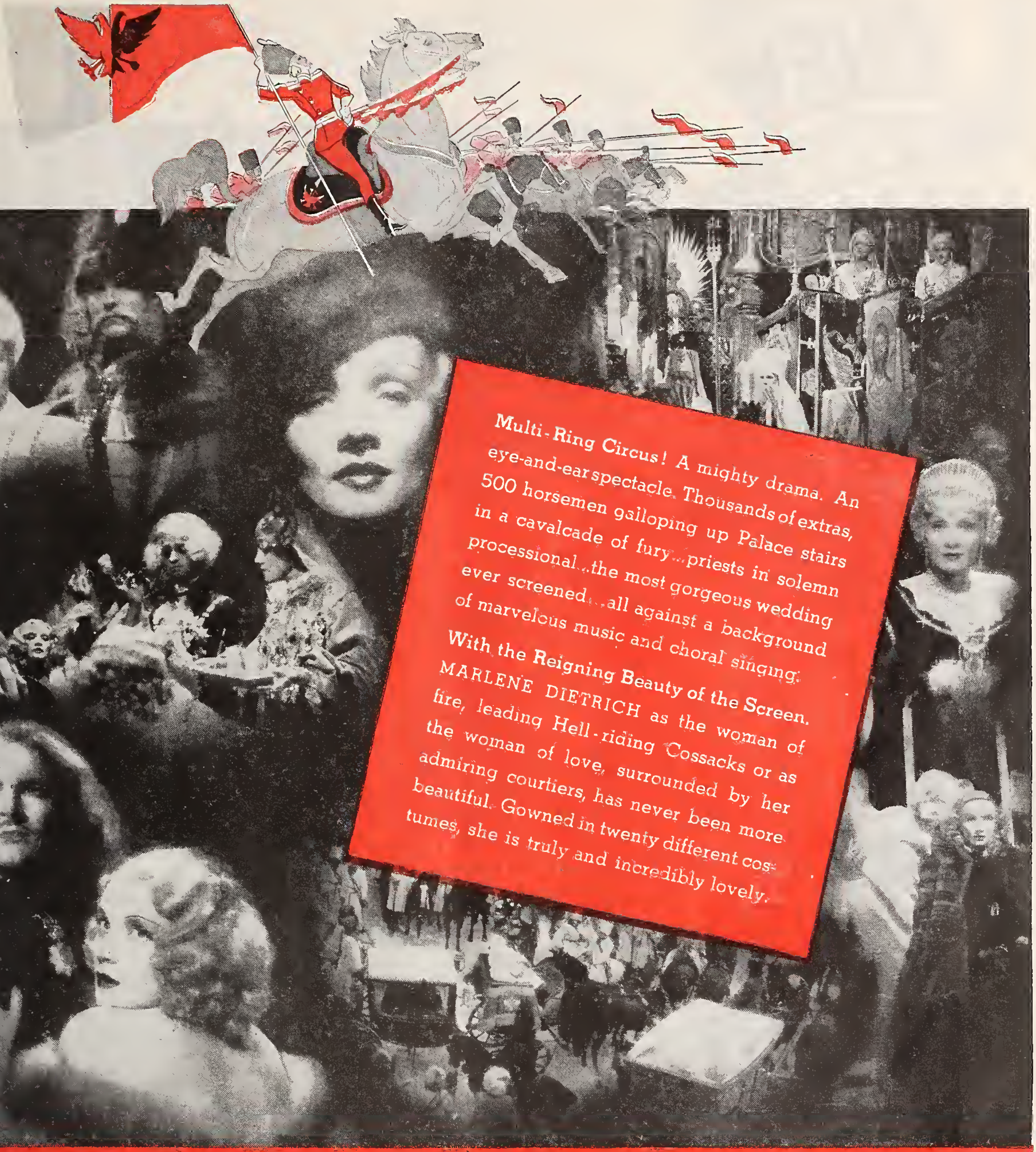
Mothers—What Do You Think?

MRS. W. FRANKLIN, Bloomington, Ill., says:

We mothers are not interested in Mae West's private life; her charities, the young actors and actresses she befriends, etc. Our chief concern is what she is doing to our young daughters with her stupid sex pictures. I, for one, have forbidden my sixteen-year-old daughter ever to attend a theatre when the performance includes a Mae West thriller.

She nauseates me with her cheap exploitation of sex. The younger generation think it clever to mimic her, in fact it seems to be quite the current "smart" thing to talk à la Mae West.

(*Continued on page 11*)



Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn processional...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

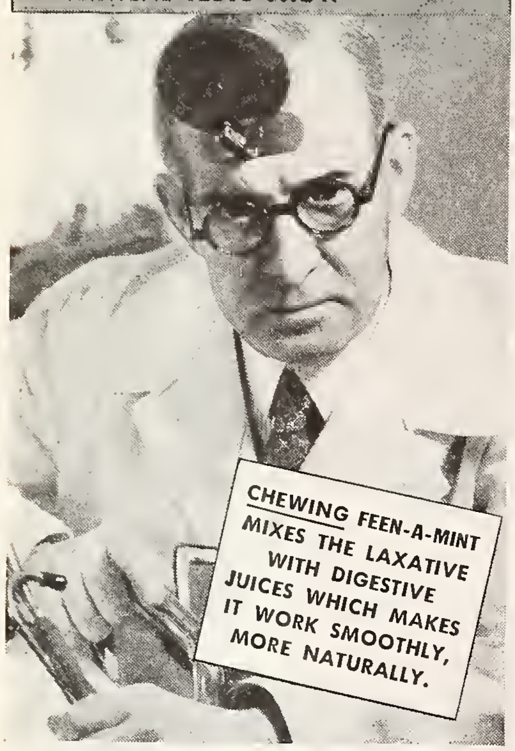
with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS FIND **CHEWING GUM** IS THE IDEAL FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—CLINICAL TESTS SHOW


CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES WHICH MAKES IT WORK SMOOTHLY, MORE NATURALLY.

The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it*, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

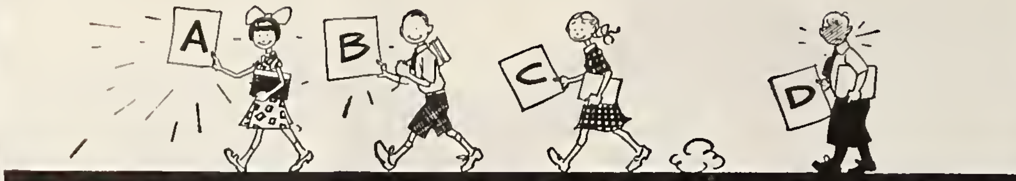
Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, *too*, will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

IT'S FEEN-A-MINT FOR ME...I LIKE THE TASTE AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES THE LAXATIVE WORK MORE THOROUGHLY.

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
One of the better musicals. With Spencer Tracy, Pat Patterson and John Boles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Swell mystery. With Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charles Butterworth.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young in a tale of the South.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Intriguing story, featuring Fredric March and Evelyn Venable.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Noel Coward's stage success brought to the screen with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Well done.

HAPPY ANDREW (Fox).
Will Rogers, the henpecked husband, turned loose at a Mardi Gras. Peggy Wood and Mary Carlisle are in it. Go, by all means.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
About the famous family of bankers. George Arliss is superb.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Don't miss this knockout picture. Gable and Colbert couldn't be better.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
Randolph Scott and Monte Blue make this one of the better Westerns.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Fine picturization of Hans Fallada's widely read novel. Beautiful performances by Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
In which little Shirley Temple wins her way into the hearts of a bunch of tough mugs. She's the whole show.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
If you haven't see it yet, do.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century.)
Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie as telephone repairmen and Connie Cummings and Arline Judge as their girl friends.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
With the gorgeous Del Rio in the title role and a fine supporting cast, including Reginald Owen and Verree Teasdale. This is fine entertainment.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
See this Bennett picture by all means. The cast includes Tullio Carminati, Franchot Tone and Russ Columbo.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical murder mystery. With Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten's first Hollywood picture.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
Very entertaining. With Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Lotsa fun. Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Garbo's latest.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Sophisticated drama with Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor.

SADIE McKEE (M-G-M).
The Crawford fans will be thrilled. Gene Raymond, Esther Ralston and Edward Arnold are all swell, too.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Delightful. With Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll and Nigel Bruce.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
First-rate musical with an all-star cast, introducing the sensational Shirley Temple.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Another Weissmuller thriller. With Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton again.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Thrilling entertainment. Don't miss it.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
It's as mad and hectic as it can be—enjoyable every moment. With John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Nice plot, good songs and swell acting by Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers and Pat O'Brien.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Exciting tale about the Mexican outlaw Pancho Villa. With Wally Beery as Pancho.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Nice musical. With Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
An intriguing murder mystery. Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams and Sara Haden.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Constance Bennett, Fredric March and Frank Morgan. Morgan steals the picture.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Charlotte Henry in the title role, and an all-star cast.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
The story is weak, but Hopkins, March, Raft and Helen Mack make the film worth while.

ARIANE (Pathé Cinema).
Elizabeth Bergner.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELOVED (Universal).
A musical with Gloria Stuart and John Boles.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's first picture.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Carole Lombard and George Raft introduce the Bolero dance.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther in a delightful comedy-drama.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
By all means go. Elizabeth Bergner and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will entertain you.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
It's rather disappointing, but the Gaynor-Farrell fans may like it. Jimmy Dunn and Ginger Rogers are in it, too.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
Very amusing. Joe E. Brown and Pat Ellis.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
The young folks will enjoy this. Frances Dee and Gene Raymond are in it.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
"Thrilling" describes it. Otto Kruger is superb.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
Fine performances by Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing make this worth while.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Marx Brothers, funny as ever.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Chester Morris and Marian Nixon in a comedy.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
Plenty of excitement in this Buck Jones thriller. Dorothy Revier is leading lady.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Good music and dancing. With Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery that's a wow. With Bette Davis, and Donald Woods.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding and Otto Kruger. See it.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Fairly good musical. With Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante.

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings as a chorus girl.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
You'll enjoy Berton Churchill's fine performance, aided by Sally Blane and Joel McCrea.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell will make you laugh.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon as a desert auto camp owner. Lyle Talbot and Glenda Farrell are in the cast.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as a newspaper reporter again.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Eddie Robinson is fine, ably supported by Genevieve Tobin and Kay Francis.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Very amusing. With Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothern and Edmund Lowe.

(Continued on page 112)

Keep COOL

YOU are a melody of vibrant vitality as you emerge from an exhilarating afternoon plunge. Your skin, invigorated by the water, is beautifully smooth and fresh in its appearance. You just know you look good because you feel so good.

If you would enjoy this comfort hours after your swim or bath, use a generous dusting of Dixie Deb Talc before slipping into your undies. It will help dry your skin and will keep it cool and dainty throughout the balance of a busy summer day.

No matter how hot it is Dixie Deb will make your clothes feel cool and soft against your skin—relieving that moist, sticky sensation that goes with warm summer temperatures.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum, sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powders. Due to large-volume production, it is sold at a very reasonable price . . . 10c . . . and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below.

GLORIFY YOUR BEAUTY WITH

DIXIE DEB *Cosmetics*

Ask for DIXIE DEB TALCUM *powder at your favorite 10c store.*

ORCHID
A fragrance from the queen of flowers

TULIP
From the tulip beds of old Holland

JOYEUSE
The exotic fragrance of Oriental lovers

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
Reminiscent of youthful romances

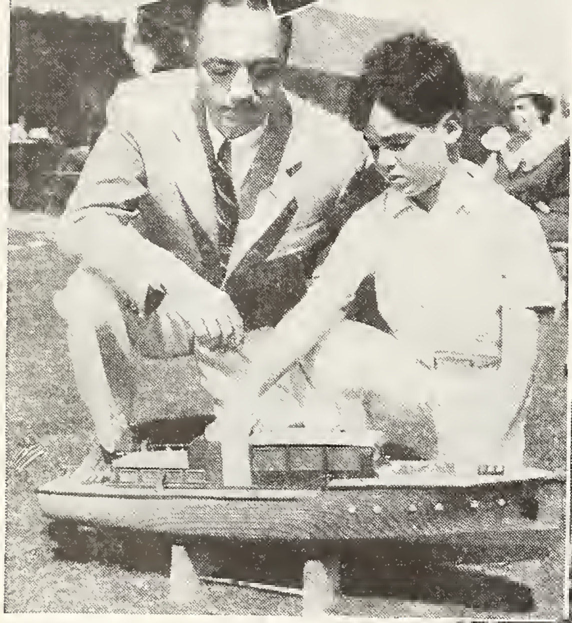
VENETIAN NIGHTS
Suggesting dreams of happy stolen hours

And don't forget there is a special talc for the deb to be . . . Dixie Deb Baby Powder.

GLADLY SHINING IN REFLECTED LIGHT—THE STARS' RELATIVES

This handsome lad is Hal LeSeur, brother of Joan Crawford. He looks as if he'd make the grade cinematically, doesn't he?

MEET THE folks



(Above) Did you know that William Powell has a son? Well, he's that proud to acknowledge Bill, Jr., on any and all occasions. Here's a little gift the young feller received from his famous Dad.

Meet Countess Zanardi-Landi, mother of the beautiful Elissa. She is her celebrated daughter's house guest now. The Countess has a few claims to fame on her own; what with being a successful authoress!

You don't often have an opportunity to see Mrs. Lewis Stone. Here is the lady with her husband seated on their yacht. She is attractive enough to face the camera, but she will have none of it.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

Of course, nothing can be done about it, but I simply had to take this opportunity to find out if there are other mothers of young, impressionable daughters who agree with me.

A Tribute to a Sweet Girl

B. BISCHOFF, St. Louis, Mo., is a Dee fan:

You can have your Garbos, Bennetts and Crawfords, but I'll take Frances Dee for mine. Is she sweet, and can she act? She has more talent than the whole city of Hollywood put together. I recently saw her great performances in "Coming Out Party" and "Finishing School."

She is my idea of a perfect person. May her absence from the screen be short and on her return may she be seen in better pictures.

Movie Goers Want a Change of Diet

H. N. JAMES, of Wanganui, New Zealand, gives the producers a jolt:

When will movie producers learn to be original? It is the greatest weakness of Hollywood, this trying to capitalize on another studio's success. Consider the cycles through which American movies pass. We are sick to death of gangster films, aviation thrillers, luxury liners, expresses, and now there's an epidemic of cross-country buses!

All fiction readers will tell you that a change of diet is essential. We must sandwich in a detective story, an adventure or a romance once in a while, or grow stale. The same with movies. One type of film soon palls on the moviegoer. And many really fine pictures fail at the box office because the public is tired of a certain type of picture. How welcome was "42nd Street" after a dearth of musicals, but now we're tired of 'em again.

It may interest you to know that after years of dominance by American films, both New Zealand and Australia are now showing as many English films as American. Britain is coming along fast and with such films as "F. P. 1," and "Henry the Eighth," she is showing her originality. Hollywood had better look to its laurels. Try a little originality, you producers, and don't run to a monotonous routine.

MODERN SCREEN sets you a fine example. In every issue there's

(*Continued on page 114*)

MY GOODNESS, DORIS . . AREN'T YOU GLAD YOUR MUMMY MADE THE 4-WASHDAY TEST!

FELS-NAPTHA

"M-m-m . . . lots of naptha! Such a clean smell! That's the first thing I liked about Fels-Naptha. So I decided to try Fels-Naptha for four washes in a row—and see what *real* naptha soap could do."

"And did I find out! Just look at this! Neckbands and cuffs, I guess, are the dirtiest parts of every wash. But the *naptha* and rich *golden soap* in Fels-Naptha loosened that stubborn dirt in jig-time."

"See what a nice discovery my hands made, too! Fels-Naptha is gentle. It's *safe* for finest things. I dipped my best stockings and undies into its creamy suds and they never looked lovelier!"

"I've got my proof now! You couldn't get me to do another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha Soap! My clothes are *whiter!* They're so fresh and sweet-smelling it's a thrill to put them on!"

See what a difference
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP *makes!*

IF *you* want the world's best proof that the soap you use matters a lot to your wash—just get some Fels-Naptha Soap—and make the 4-washday test yourself.

See what brisk, lively suds you get—how easily and quickly Fels-Naptha's combination of rich *golden soap* and *grease-loosening naptha* hustles away every bit of dirt.

You'll get a wash to be proud of—*and you'll get it safely!* For unlike "trick" soaps, Fels-Naptha doesn't make things shabby months before their time.

Fels-Naptha Soap is now selling at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars at your grocer's today! . . Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. © 1934, FELS & CO.

FELS-NAPTHA

LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

BY ALICE VAN DORAN

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in a scene from "Of Human Bondage."

This is a department for personal problems. Your personal problems. Wouldn't you like to talk them over with an unbiased and intelligent person who will treat them confidentially and give you the best advice she possibly can? If you would like to do so, write to Alice Van Doran, in care of Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

YOU will be seeing a picture presently — perhaps have seen it already—which dwells upon one of the most universal and the saddest of love problems. I mean the picture "Of Human Bondage" from the immortal story by Somerset Maugham. You know the story? It tells of a fine, sensitive, intelligent man who becomes enslaved by his love for a girl far inferior to him. That she is inferior to him socially is unimportant. But where he is fine, she is crude. Where he is sensitive and intelligent, she is common, tawdry. She has enough native shrewdness to know on which side her bread is buttered. That is all.

She isn't even pretty. Too thin. Sharp featured. Her skin an unhealthy pallor. There isn't one single thing which he and she have in common. He cannot admire or respect her.

Yet he adores her. He longs to take her thin body in his arms. He yearns over the image of her pale lips and sallow, fatal face. While he winces at her cheap little voice, his heart stands still in the vain hope that she will—just once—say something to him that is friendly and gracious. He squanders his pitiful income on theatre tickets and champagne. She accepts each invitation with a shrug and a pseudo-genteel "I don't mind."

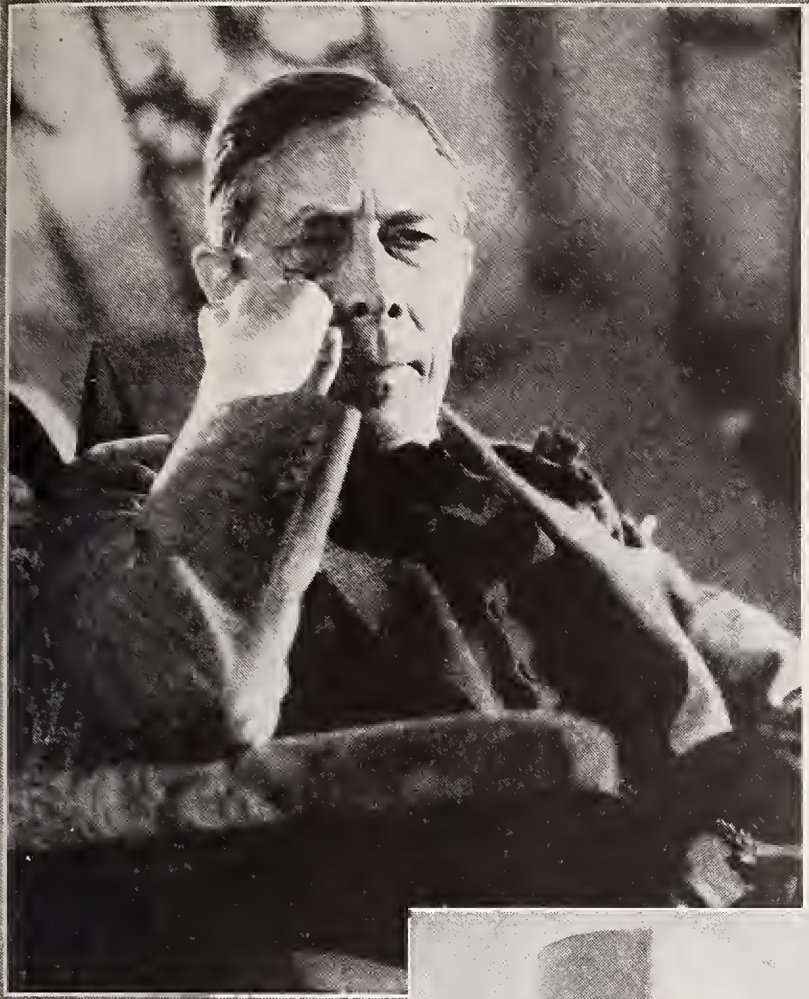
He takes care of her when she has a child by another man. He rescues her when she becomes a woman of the streets. In a fit of insane pique she destroys his home—literally. She has already wrecked his career. And she goes down to her destiny, the gutter. Out of his life, yes. But for all the rest of his life, though he later meets and loves a girl worthy of him, he knows that the image of the slavish love will stay with him. If he sees a woman on the street who walks as she did, he will quicken his pace to see if perhaps it is not she. He has been in bondage too long.

IN varying degrees—in various guises—we see this sort of love slavery in everyday life. Some of us have been through it. Some of us are going through it now. Intelligence, reason, the sincere advice of friends, are—usually—of no avail to rescue the victim of a tyrannic love from bondage. Time, sometimes, will bring freedom. But it is such a waste of life and emotion to wait while time passes by.

It is always, of course, the sensitive people of this world who get themselves into situations of that kind. The salt-of-the-earth people. The good sports. If they possessed a good, healthy dash of selfishness—or conceit—or indifference—they

(Continued on page 124)

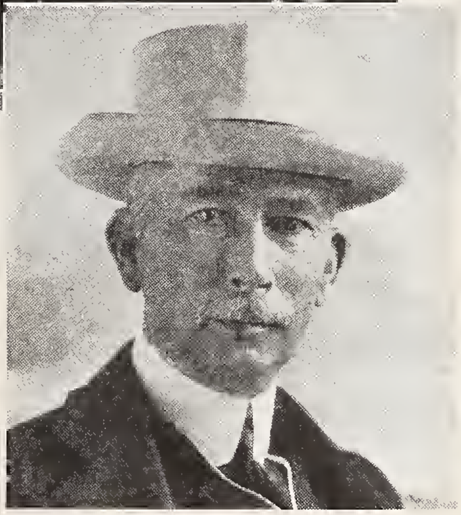
LOVE BONDAGE! EMOTIONAL SLAVERY! HOW CAN WE ESCAPE AND BE FREE?



FAVORITE OF STATESMEN

BY EVERETTA LOVE

THE WASHINGTON BIGWIGS VOTE FOR GEORGE ARLISS!



Mr. Rainey, Speaker of the House (right) likes his movies. Sees 'em whenever he can.

Of course, you need no introduction to Mr. George Arliss. Just below his portrait is one of Colonel House, an ardent picture fan.

GEORGE ARLISS would have been one of the greatest living statesmen, if he hadn't been the world's finest actor.

That's the opinion of our country's most famous movie fans, all statesmen themselves, who think there's nothing better than seeing a good movie when they can get an hour off.

They vote Mr. Arliss their favorite actor, not only because of his finished performances, but because he dramatizes and puts romantic flavor into the roles on the screen which they play in real life.

"Disraeli," "Voltaire," "Alexander Hamilton" and the head of "The House of Rothschild" were all men of great power and politics, and to play them as magnificently as George Arliss did must mean that he himself has the attributes of the statesman in real life. So say these enthusiastic fans of his.

"'The House of Rothschild' is the finest movie I have ever seen—better even than 'Disraeli'," Colonel Edward M. House stated, after viewing Mr. Arliss' latest film.

Colonel House learned to like the movies while he was with President Wilson, who had them shown often at the White House. As closest friend and adviser to the war-time President, the Colonel served the nation devotedly for years "without portfolio," and he now lives in seclusion in New York City.

But, if he never goes out, there is certainly no end to the stream of leading statesmen, economists, writers and celebrated artists of every country who come to him for advice on every possible question. His day is filled with appointments from early morning until after six o'clock in the evening. Yet the Colonel finds time to go to a neighborhood movie once or twice every week.

HE doesn't like gangster pictures or musicals. He finds pictures about the younger generation amusing—the sort that Joan Blondell plays in. His favorite actress is Greta Garbo. But it's a George Arliss film which holds him fascinated from beginning to end.

"Mr. Arliss' acting is just like his thinking—clear-cut and finished to the last detail," he told me in an exclusive interview. "He has one of the keenest minds I have ever come in contact with. What a statesman Arliss would have made!"

(Continued on page 110)

BEAUTY ADVICE

The hands, the hair, the general make-up. Lilian Harvey—and some other Hollywood stars tell you their own personal grooming secrets.

BY MARY BIDDLE

NORA was really a good bridge player. But this particular evening she played atrociously. She led a diamond when her partner's discard was distinctly a spade and even committed the unpardonable sin of trumping her partner's ace. Her reward was a glaring look from the man opposite her, which helped take away the last vestige of self-confidence and poise Nora might have had left.

"Oh, oh, oh!" wailed Nora when she got home. She knew she had played a rotten game. But it was all Mrs. Smith's fault! That woman had kept looking at Nora's nails all evening—particularly the one that was broken—until she just couldn't keep her mind on bridge. And Mrs. Smith's well-brushed coiffure made her so self-conscious about her own straggly locks. She'd get a hair-cut tomorrow or bust. And she knew she had had on too much rouge and that her lipstick was all wrong.

Poor Nora. It was a bitter experience—but one which taught her a valuable lesson: that correct make-up, a smalt coiffure and well groomed nails will remove many an inferiority complex. If you *know* you look well—you will feel better, act better and play better bridge, make a better impression wherever you are.

If you have some particular beauty problem you would like solved, drop a note to Mary Biddle, in care of Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

Incidentally, a bridge table is one place where you should always look your best. The strong lights, necessary for playing, bring out all the flaws of your make-up and get-up.

The hands and nails, particularly, come in for a rigid appraisal. They are always in the limelight—holding, shuffling or playing your cards. In attending to your nails, remember that the shape is very important. Oval-shaped nails are always best, whether your fingers be long and slender or short and pudgy. In choosing your polish, try to harmonize it with your rouge and lipstick. If you are a brunette, a dark vivid shade is permissible in the evening—providing it is becoming—but for a blonde, a lighter yellowish-red shade is preferable. Lilian Harvey, in private life, holds to a natural or shell pink polish. She believes that vivid nails are too heavy for her.

PERHAPS the most beautiful hands in Hollywood are owned by Mary Brian. They are always soft and white and the nails well shaped—and not too long. Practical Mary does not depend entirely upon the manicurist to keep her nails lovely looking. She is very deft with the paint brush and often replaces the polish herself. A medium shade polish happens (*Continued on page 111*)

WHEN YOU LOOK YOUR BEST, YOU ARE YOUR BEST. HOW TO DO IT ALWAYS

THE MODERN HOSTESS

For complete relaxation there's nothing like dashing off to the beach with a basketful of delicious sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot or cold drinks. That's what Mary Jo Matthews, Richard Heming, Geneva Mitchell and Gigi Parish, Columbia players, did after a hard day's work on the set. (Below) And for that "picnic at home," Fancy Filled Tomatoes are just the thing to serve.

BY PHYLLIS DEEN-DUNNING

PICNICS AT THE BEACH ARE GRAND, BUT READ WHAT THE MODERN HOSTESS HAS TO SAY ABOUT A PICNIC RIGHT IN YOUR HOME

THE other day I went off to the beach with four attractive youngsters from the Columbia studios and as a result I have become a staunch advocate of more and better picnics. For, after talking with these young people, I realize how extremely popular is this informal type of meal.

This particular picnic was gotten up at the last minute, on an exceptionally warm day, by Gigi Parish and Mary Jo Matthews. They were celebrating the completion of "Twentieth Century" in which they both had roles, and kindly invited Geneva Mitchell, Richard Heming and your scribe to join them. Who would think of refusing such an invitation? So off we all went merrily, and an hour or so later found ourselves on the sands with a thermos bottle of hot coffee and one of icy cold tomato juice and a hamper full of sandwiches, pickles and olives.

It was in the midst of devouring a sandwich that Mary Jo remarked:

"Isn't it a shame we can't have more picnics? This one has been such fun!"

"Who says we can't?" Gigi queried.

"That's right," I agreed. "Why you can even picnic at your dining-room table. For, if it can be said that 'clothes make the man', it can just as truly be said that 'food makes the picnic.'"

A home picnic has many advantages, too. You don't have to limit yourself to things that are easily packed and, therefore, you can serve delectable but simple salads and even something hot.

Because cold foods taste so much more refreshing than hot foods, unless, of course, the day is simply too torrid, you would be wise to include one hot dish or start the meal off with a hot soup. There are so many delicious canned soups on the market nowadays that you no longer have to worry about heating up the kitchen by making your own soup at home. I never think about making soup any more, for canned soups taste as good, if not better, than almost anything you can produce on your own stove—besides saving endless hours of fuel-burning.

FOR the main course of your "home" picnic, simplify the serving and keep everything delightfully informal by planning to have a "Blue Plate Special." If you have eaten around in restaurants at all you are undoubtedly familiar with the term "Blue Plate Special." At one time, I believe, it had something to do with the color of the crockery, but these days it simply refers to the main course of a luncheon or dinner served entirely on one plate.

Generally speaking, we have come to associate the Blue Plate idea with cold weather foods, though goodness knows why *(Continued on page 102)*

When John Gilbert and his most recent wife, Virginia Bruce, called it a day, matrimonially speaking, his bosses and the fans seemed to have had enough. And (opposite page) Swanson's divorce plans did not help her one single bit with a public well versed in her various marital experiments.

(Above) George Brent. Has his career been lost in a divorce shuffle? (Below) Alice Faye was lucky. Her innocence in the Vallee break-up was established before too late.

DIVORCE, good old-fashioned Hollywood divorce, has suddenly and surprisingly become as dangerous as that dread bugaboo, scandal, in movie town.

After years of "popular" divorce epidemics, in which last year's marriage was as casually forgotten as last month's screen role, the boys and girls are confronted by the puzzling new situation that divorce is becoming dangerous to their careers, that it is actually taking its toll in dollars and cents, cancelled contracts and lost prestige.

Here, surely, is something new in divorce-ridden Hollywood.

It used to be that the old-fashioned movie hero feared to reveal the truth of his marriage to the palpitating

ARE YOU SICK OF HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES..?

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

STARS AND PRODUCERS HAVE BECOME SCARED OF SCANDAL! ARE WANING BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS AND YOUR GROWING DISGUST RESPONSIBLE?

women who worshiped at his throne, for fear of cooling their ardor. It was considered wise to keep marriage a secret. But divorce—that was something else again. What did it matter that the newspapers played it up in three-column "heads?" More than one Hollywood actor has looked upon divorce as actually "beneficial" to his career. And as for the women, two or three divorces were regarded as mere piquant prodding of public interest in their direction. Certainly it was never considered "bad publicity," except in rare cases of mud-slinging, which has become practically extinct ever since the flood of "palsy-walsy" separations set in.

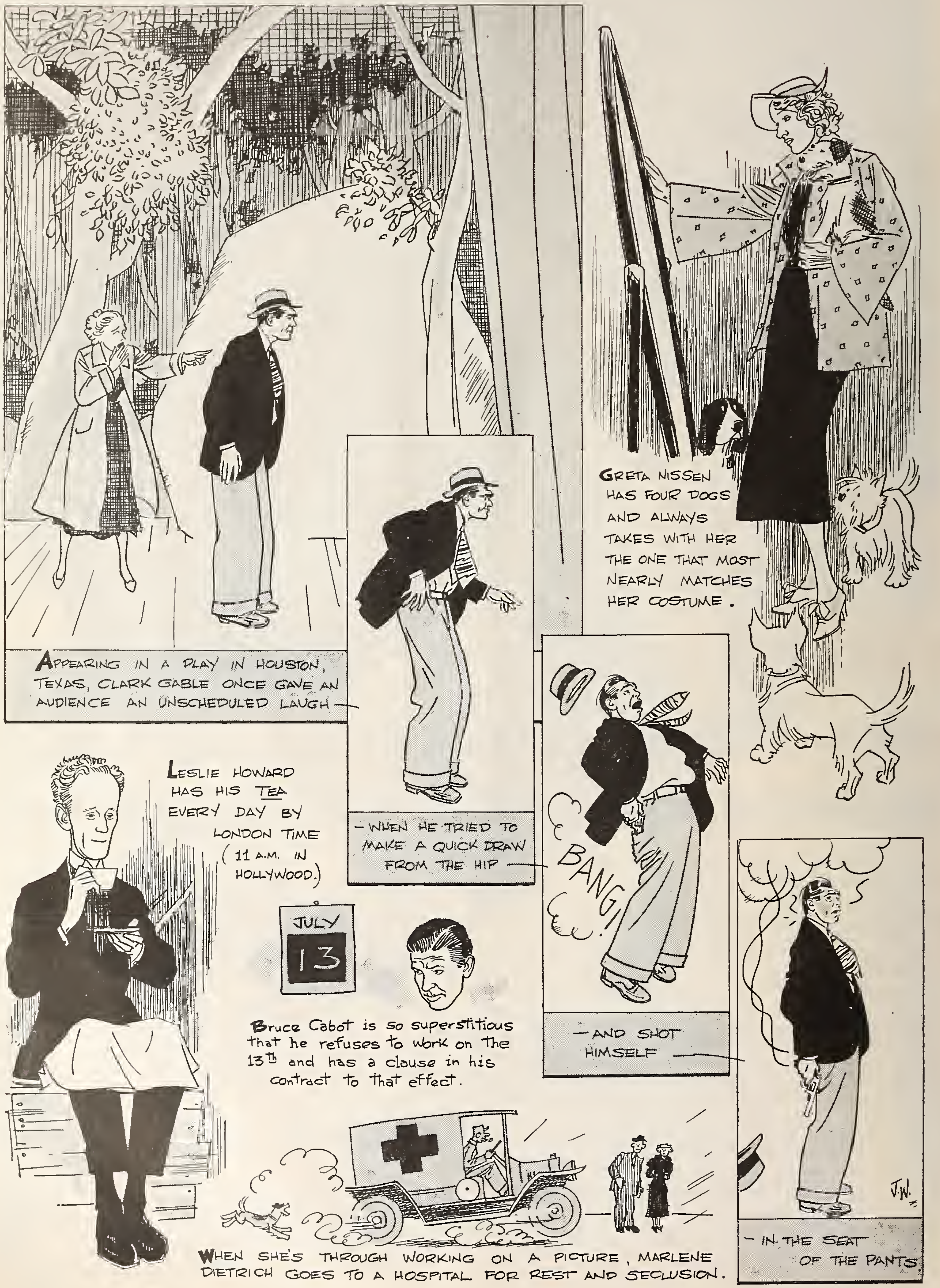
Just what has happened in the year 1934 to bring about a change in this ideal arrangement is hardly known. But the fact remains that something *has* changed. No longer are either public or producers casually shrugging off Hollywood divorces, and those who have flown in the face of this new attitude are paying heavily for their wrecked marriages in unlooked for ways.

Recently the innuendo columns of gossip papers have been filled with such pertinent musings as: Who is the popular femme star who lost out on a great comeback chance because she decided to ditch husband No. 4 at just the wrong psychological moment? And still another read: Two well-known Hollywood producers agreed that a certain famous woman star of yesterday was just about due for a revival in her career. The only point was . . . could the lady manage to keep out of sensational headlines? Apparently she couldn't . . . for just yesterday she filed divorce suit from No. 4 with attending unpleasant press implications that she might be on her way to marriage No. 5 with another woman's estranged husband! Now one producer has backed out of his bargain, and it is rumored the other will follow suit shortly.

WAS it mere coincidence that within the same week more outspoken columnists heralded the news that Gloria Swanson would not appear as a co-star with Gary Cooper in Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast," though Irving Thalberg denied he had

(*Continued on page 118*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



APPEARING IN A PLAY IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, CLARK GABLE ONCE GAVE AN AUDIENCE AN UNSCHEDULED LAUGH—

—WHEN HE TRIED TO MAKE A QUICK DRAW FROM THE HIP—

—AND SHOT HIMSELF—

—IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS

GRETA NISSEN HAS FOUR DOGS AND ALWAYS TAKES WITH HER THE ONE THAT MOST NEARLY MATCHES HER COSTUME.

LESLIE HOWARD HAS HIS TEA EVERY DAY BY LONDON TIME (11 A.M. IN HOLLYWOOD.)

Bruce Cabot is so superstitious that he refuses to work on the 13th and has a clause in his contract to that effect.

WHEN SHE'S THROUGH WORKING ON A PICTURE, MARLENE DIETRICH GOES TO A HOSPITAL FOR REST AND SECLUSION.

DOLORES DEL RIO

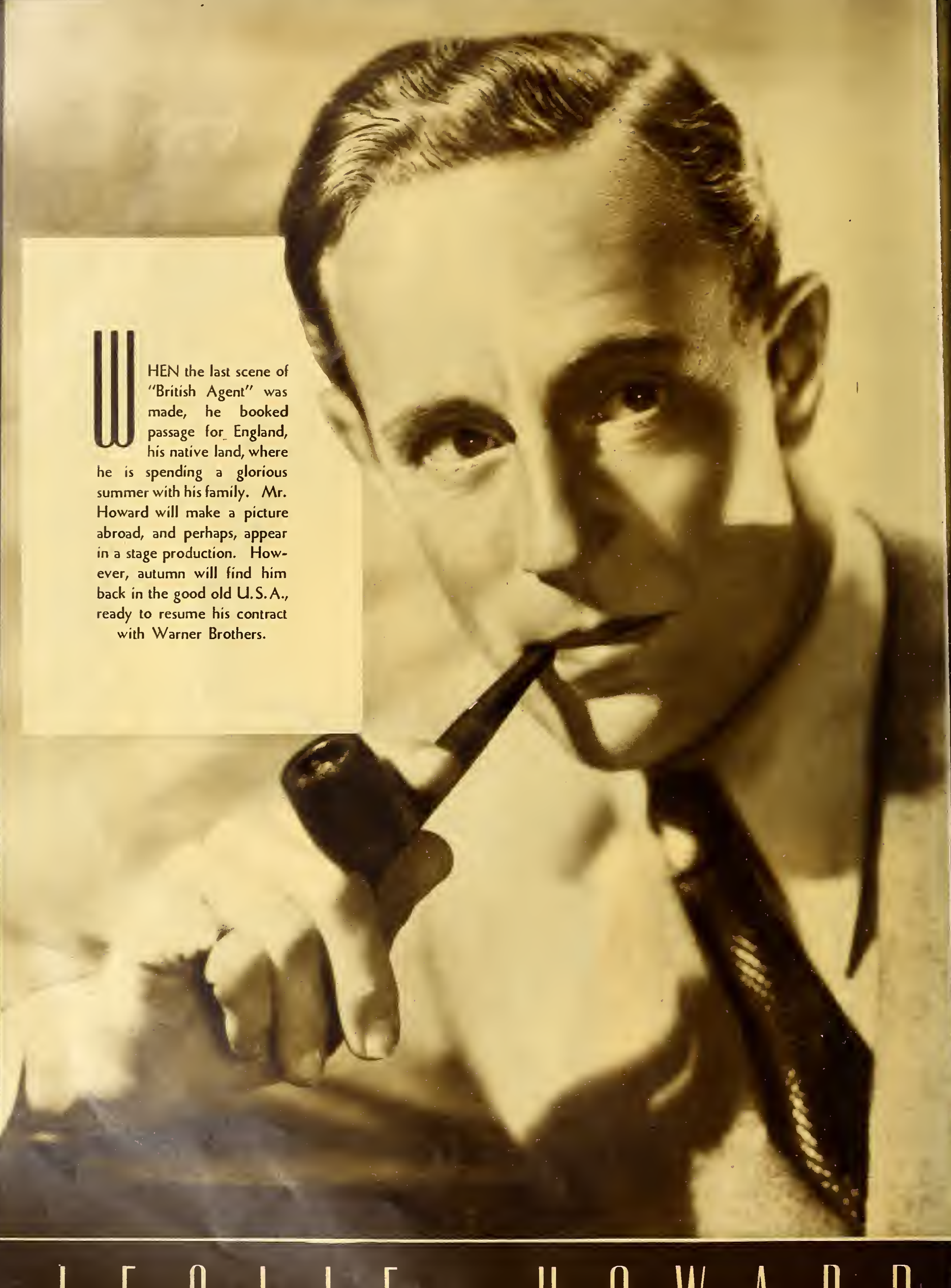
'TIS said she has the most artistic dressing-room in Hollywood, but then, since her husband, Cedric Gibbons, is a famous set-designer and director, it is little wonder! Isn't she a colorful creature as Madame DuBarry? Well, wait until you see "Shanghai Orchid." If those contrasting roles don't prove that Dolores is versatile, Warner Brothers—all of 'em—will doubtless insist upon apologizing to you. Miss Del Rio's private life is so quiet you could hear a pin drop, for she has few close friends, which probably is as she wishes it.

RICARDO CORTEZ

HE would be the first to tell you that that romantic-sounding name of his — Ricardo Cortez — was plucked, not out of the air, but from two cigar boxes. For Ric is a regular guy with no pretense. When he married last fall, he gave up his bachelor quarters for a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and, for the first time in years, he is deservedly happy. The Missus is charming and the jobs are plentiful, so why not? You will see him soon, by the way, in Warner Brothers' "Man With Two Faces."

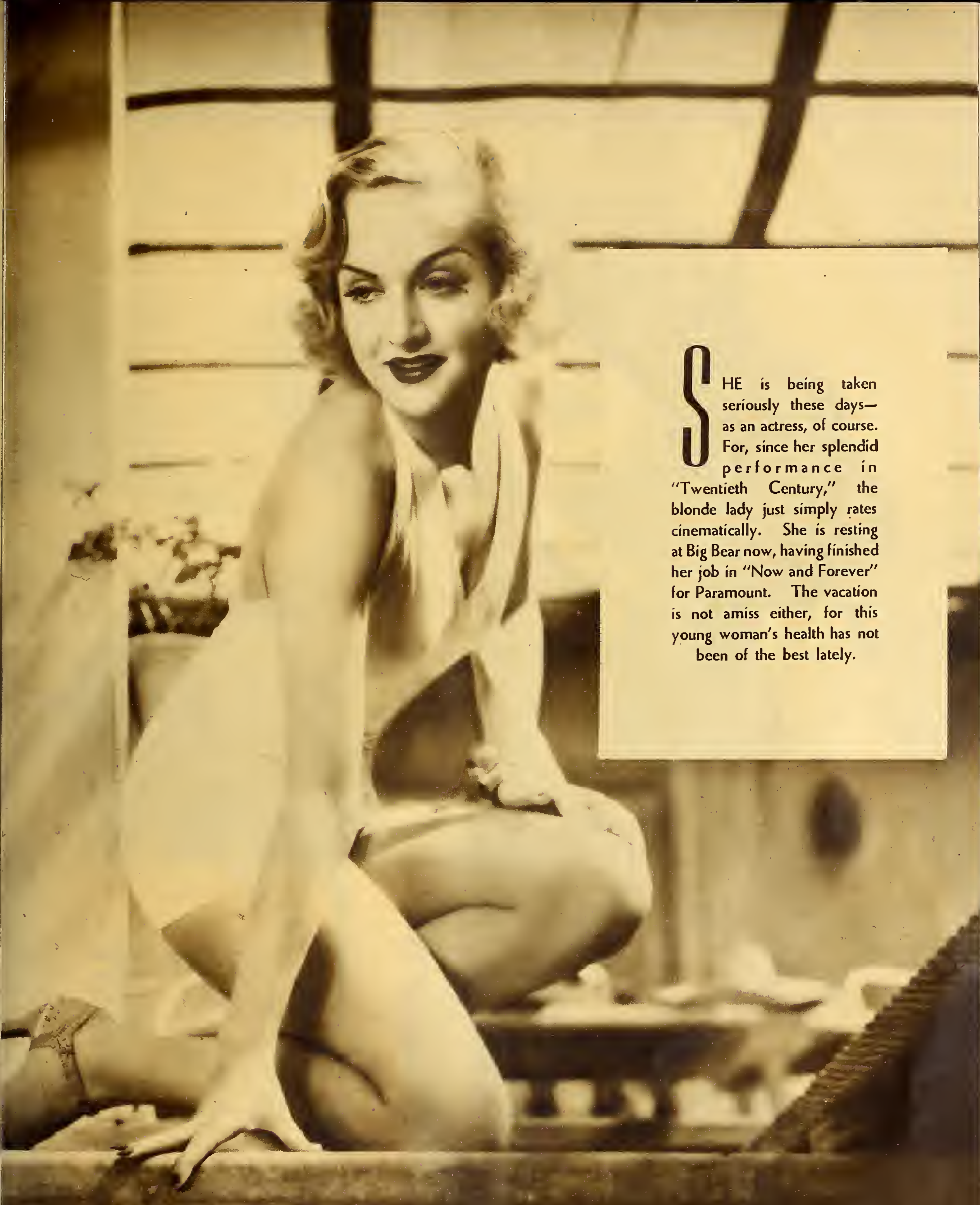
HEATHER ANGEL

SHE is as sweet and refreshing as the flower for which she is named, yet there is nothing saccharine about this little girl from across the sea. Having appeared in "Springtime for Henry" for Fox, the Angel has taken wing to Universal, where she has just signed a brand new contract. She lives with her mother, so enjoys a quiet, normal home life, and her best friend is Pat Patterson, whom she knew in Merry Ole England. The girls go horseback riding and are invariably seen at the tennis matches.



WHEN the last scene of "British Agent" was made, he booked passage for England, his native land, where he is spending a glorious summer with his family. Mr. Howard will make a picture abroad, and perhaps, appear in a stage production. However, autumn will find him back in the good old U.S.A., ready to resume his contract with Warner Brothers.

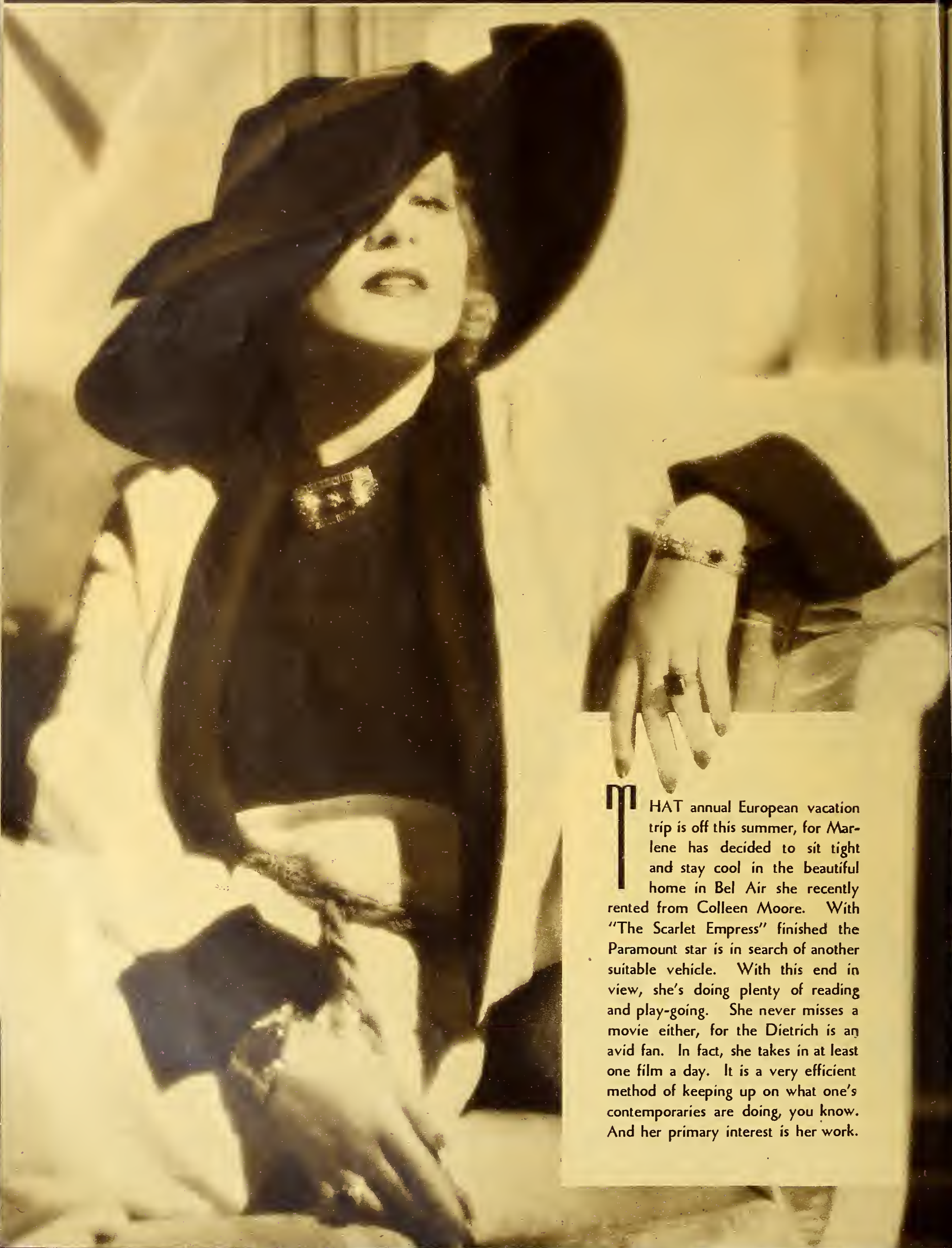
LESLIE HOWARD



SHE is being taken seriously these days—as an actress, of course. For, since her splendid performance in "Twentieth Century," the blonde lady just simply rates cinematically. She is resting at Big Bear now, having finished her job in "Now and Forever" for Paramount. The vacation is not amiss either, for this young woman's health has not been of the best lately.

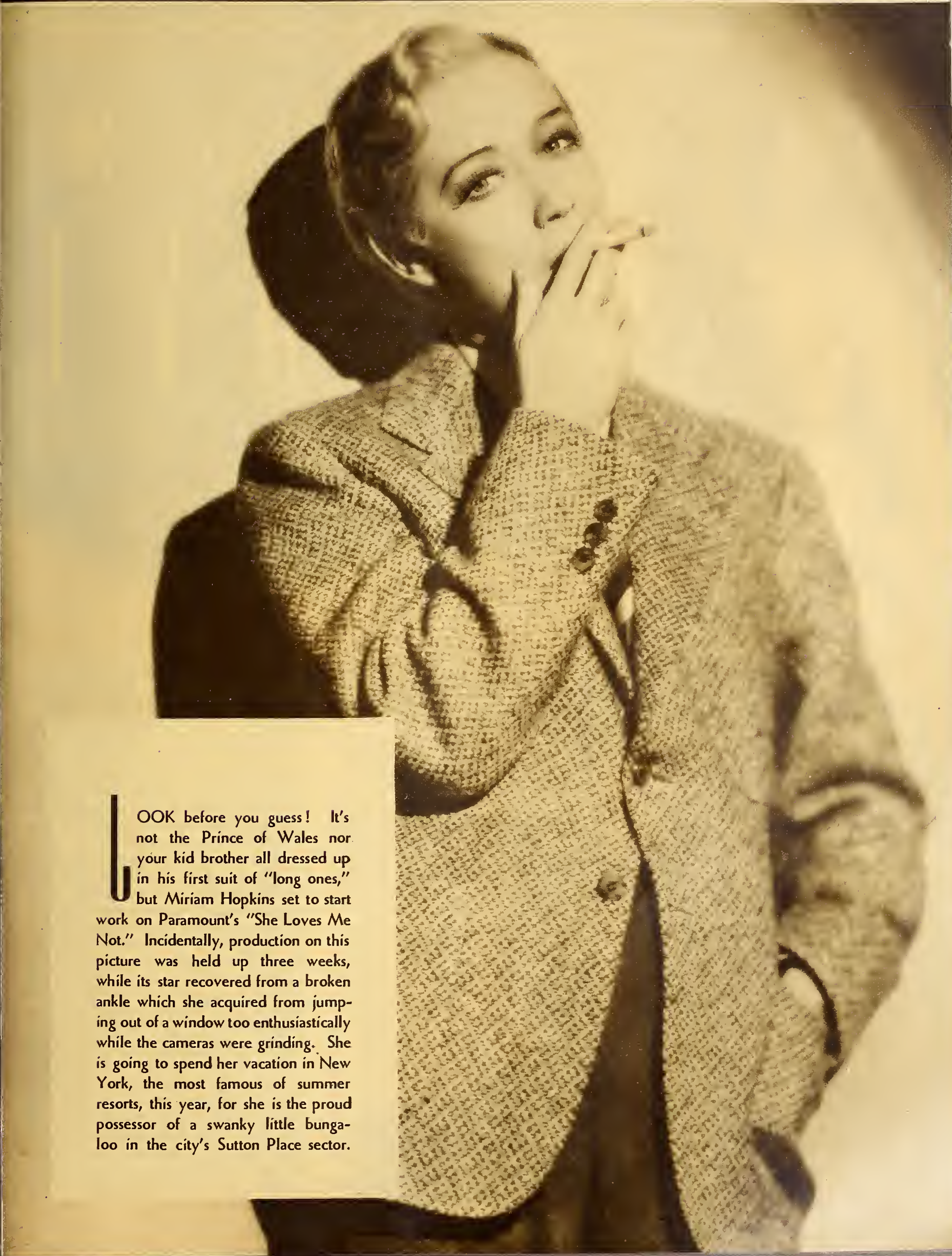
CAROLE LOMBARD

MARLENE DIETRICH



THAT annual European vacation trip is off this summer, for Marlene has decided to sit tight and stay cool in the beautiful home in Bel Air she recently rented from Colleen Moore. With "The Scarlet Empress" finished the Paramount star is in search of another suitable vehicle. With this end in view, she's doing plenty of reading and play-going. She never misses a movie either, for the Dietrich is an avid fan. In fact, she takes in at least one film a day. It is a very efficient method of keeping up on what one's contemporaries are doing, you know. And her primary interest is her work.

MIRIAM HOPKINS



LOOK before you guess! It's not the Prince of Wales nor your kid brother all dressed up in his first suit of "long ones," but Miriam Hopkins set to start work on Paramount's "She Loves Me Not." Incidentally, production on this picture was held up three weeks, while its star recovered from a broken ankle which she acquired from jumping out of a window too enthusiastically while the cameras were grinding. She is going to spend her vacation in New York, the most famous of summer resorts, this year, for she is the proud possessor of a swanky little bungaloo in the city's Sutton Place sector.

THE TRUE STORY OF GABLE'S FIRST LOVE

BY DOROTHY FOX

IN a modest studio on busy Hollywood Boulevard, a vivid and petite young woman named Franz Doerfler conducts a school of dancing. Some miles away, in the smart Beverly Hills residential section, lives the man who, twelve years ago, begged Franz Doerfler to marry him. Together, he promised her, they would be happy. What mattered their careers? What mattered their hardships? What mattered anything—compared with their love?

But Franz Doerfler, a realist as well as an artist, could not see herself nor her impassioned suitor shackled with home ties, money difficulties and job troubles. Love, she felt, could turn from a dream to harsh reality in a short time, once four walls surrounded the dream.

So Franz Doerfler refused to marry the man who, today, as Clark Gable, is the romantic rage of celluloidia. Not only did she refuse him once, but many times—twelve years ago. Their path has crossed since those days and today, they both reside in Hollywood—Clark Gable, a motion picture star; Franz Doerfler, a dancer until such time as she, too, gets her chance to act. But across the gulf that Fate ordained for these two still stretches the luminous bridge of their love idyl of yesterday.

Franz Doerfler tells this story here for the first time. She gives it to me to tell for her, lest it be related, or guessed at, by others to whom the facts are not known nor the memory of the attachment clear.

The story of Franz and Clark Gable—he was Billy Gable, then, and Billy he will be now—began in Portland, Oregon, twelve years ago. It began on a cold, dark morning when a freight train chugged into the deserted Portland station. From one of its cavernous box cars swung a tall, shivering, penniless youth who wasn't at all sure what he would do once he swung himself to the ground. Later that day, however, he found out, for he met the man who was organizing a cooperative stock company to go to Astoria (two hundred miles distant) and proceeded to get himself a job with the company. It was that job that introduced him to Franz Doerfler, the Oregon girl he fell head over heels in love with and

WHY WAS IT CLARK DIDN'T MARRY HIS PRETTY FIRST LOVE? HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEIR HECTIC ROMANCE IS REVEALED

The very young gentleman on the opposite page is Billy Gable—known to us movie fans these days as Clark. These exclusive "snaps" were taken when he was the willing slave of Franz Doerfler (right), pretty little stock actress and his devoted sweetheart.

with whom he shared many a hard-luck adventure.

BILLY GABLE and I," Franz reminisced to me, "resented each other at first, but we were both so lonely and the stock company work was so hard that we decided to bury our resentment and unite our forces against inevitable necessity. I found Billy to be intensely nervous so far as the stage was concerned. I used to memorize his lines and teach them to him, and I remember how, in his nervousness, the perspiration covered his face and hands. He was a brawny youth, even then, but he was not strong in vitality. He was given to moods and melancholia.

"We became very sympathetic and were together constantly. When we weren't rehearsing plays or giving them, we'd stroll around the docks of the town—Astoria is on the Pacific Ocean—or we'd take long walks into the hills. We discussed Catholicism and our ambitions and hopes. Billy had led a roving sort of life, but he was a lonely person with few friends and really no place he could call home.

"The stock (*Continued on page 80*)

SHE AIN'T NO

BY RUTH BIER

THE telephone rang on the desk of one of Janet Gaynor's friends. As she lifted the hook, a voice plunged excitedly into a jumble of words.

"We women of the press have gotten together and decided to appeal to you. You've just *got* to stop this flirtation between Janet and Robert Montgomery. Suppose it should get serious and Betty Montgomery (Mrs. Bob) should sue for divorce and name Janet as co-respondent. Hollywood can't stand it. The Mary Pickford divorce has shocked the world, so Janet is the last illusion the fans have about Hollywood. She must be kept wistful and sweet. You must make her see she owes it to this industry—" Not the exact words, of course, but the context.

The friend tried to interrupt, tried to explain that because she *is* a friend of Janet's, she does not interfere with Janet's business, tried to express her faith in Janet's ability to protect her own interests. (Reader, be patient! I'll tell you the real truth about the Montgomery business very shortly.)

The friend did not speak to Janet. She is not the kind who says, "Pardon me, dear, but I think it's my duty to tell you—" But a writer did tell Janet. A man. He told her that a few women of the press had swooped down upon this other woman.

Janet was dismayed. "But this has got to stop. I can't have a friend placed in this position—"

And it did. Janet Gaynor was seen everywhere, immediately, with Gene Raymond. And there is no more certain way to pulverize gossip about a Hollywood girl and boy than for the girl to be seen constantly with another boy.

I know of no incident that explains the real Janet Gaynor more quickly and accurately. She is loyal to friends and impulsive in her flirtations. But Janet Gaynor makes few friends.

WELL, I'm a member of the press and I don't want the world's illusions spoiled about Hollywood either. I make my money because Hollywood is the capital of modern illusions. *But*—what I can't understand is: Why should Mary Pickford's divorce hurt Hollywood? Why should the fact that Janet Gaynor is a modern, spritely, alluring, even slightly dare-devilish little minx injure her or the town in which she lives? Personally, I have always thought saints slightly boring. I prefer my heroines human.

And Janet Gaynor is very human. Wistful, yes. But also highly emotional, with the most dangerous type of come-hither appeal known to woman—the kind that hides behind a delicate body a sad expression that automatically says to each man who contacts it, "Protect me, darling, I need it." The same type of appeal which made Lillian Gish famous on the screen and, in life, one of the most man-sought women in Hollywood.

Janet's stepfather, the famed "Jonesy," who forced her into pictures and died when "Seventh Heaven" was completed, knew all about Janet the moment he saw her. He had married Mrs. Gaynor in Chicago while Janet was in

Winsome and wistful little Janet Gaynor is truly Hollywood's most potent heart-breaker. No, there's no catch to it! She is just that.

ANGEL

YES, WE MEAN JANET GAYNOR! FOR THE WISTFUL ONE IS, AT HEART, A FLIRTATIOUS LITTLE SEX APPEALIST

Janet and Charlie Farrell in "Change of Heart," and oddly enough the once much-in-love pair suffered just that emotion. They are still great friends.

Here is the Gaynor at the wheel of Charlie's yacht, "Flying Cloud." Skipper Farrell snapped this one. Janet's seaman's jacket and cap is right becoming.

Florida. And the very first time he met her, he recognized "something" about Janet. Her older sister, Helen, was prettier, but it wasn't Helen upon whom he concentrated. It wasn't to place Helen in pictures that he moved his family to Hollywood. It was to make Janet Gaynor the Sarah Bernhardt of the movies.

My first interview in Hollywood was with Janet Gaynor on the day after "Jonesy" had been buried. "I don't know what he saw in me." Her face was as white as the maid's frilled apron and cap she was wearing for "Two Girls Wanted," the comedy following "Seventh Heaven." "But he always said, from the moment he saw me, 'Janet has something.' "

She did not know, then, what it was. Janet was but a yearning, burning, wide-eyed adolescent who didn't know even the ABCs of life's answers. "Something," her stepfather called it. "It" was the word coined by Elinor Glyn and made historical by Clara Bow. One word was as good as another. We all know what a woman must have to create excitement. And "Jonesy" sensed the fact that Janet Gaynor was designed to create excitement.

There is one story about Janet, (*Continued on page 90*)

Eva Beryl Tree tells of the thrills and heartbreaks she encountered in her try for fame.

ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES

BY EVA BERYL TREE AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

HERE is a story that might happen to YOU!

It is the *true* story of an everyday young girl from a small town, who went to Hollywood for the one purpose of crashing the movies. In it, she will reveal, without withholding any details, exactly what happened to her in three months of effort. She will tell the inside story of her experiences, of what happened to her at the studios and in the casting offices, of the men and women she met and what they said and did for her, of the stars she rubbed elbows with, of the "passes" made at her by men she at first trusted.

She will tell of the gamut of emotions she ran, of the thrills and the heartbreaks, the delights and the disillusionments. She will tell of the famous actors and actresses she saw and met in the night clubs and the dressing-rooms and make-up laboratories.

She will tell *everything.* And every word of it will be true. Because MODERN SCREEN sent her to Hollywood for exactly that purpose! Paid her way there, gave her the money on which to attempt to crash pictures, and instructed her to keep a faithful, detailed, day-by-day diary of everything that happened to her.

Here's how it was done:

JUST WHAT MUST AN UNKNOWN

Here is Eva discussing the menu at Hollywood's Russian Eagle with General Lodijensky, its proprietor. She ordered caviar because she saw Ivan Lebedeff having some—and the stuff made her ill.

CASTING OFFICE
1439

Wearing the "cute little sweater and cap" which, incidentally, won her an entrance, Eva appeared at the casting office at Columbia Studios. She was interviewed at once and offered a screen test.

A number of months ago, the editor of MODERN SCREEN sent an assignment-letter to me, Harry Lang, one of this magazine's writers in Hollywood.

"I believe," the editor wrote, "that MODERN SCREEN readers would like to know exactly what happens to a girl who, alone and on her own, goes to Hollywood to crash pictures.

"Therefore, find me such a girl. Find me an average, good-looking girl, under twenty, who has never been in Hollywood but who would like to get into pictures.

"To such a girl, I will pay the fare between her home and Hollywood (round trip *if* necessary), and give her three hundred dollars besides, on which I want her to spend three months in Hollywood trying to crash pictures entirely on her own and with no other help whatsoever from MODERN SCREEN, yourself or anyone else, save such persons as she herself meets by her own efforts.

"No one except the girl, yourself and I are to know that she is doing this for us. Her story in Hollywood must be that she has saved $300 and is taking a chance on crashing pictures on that amount. To all outward appearances, she must, through her three months, be just another of the hundreds of lone girls who go there with the usual movie hopes and ambitions.

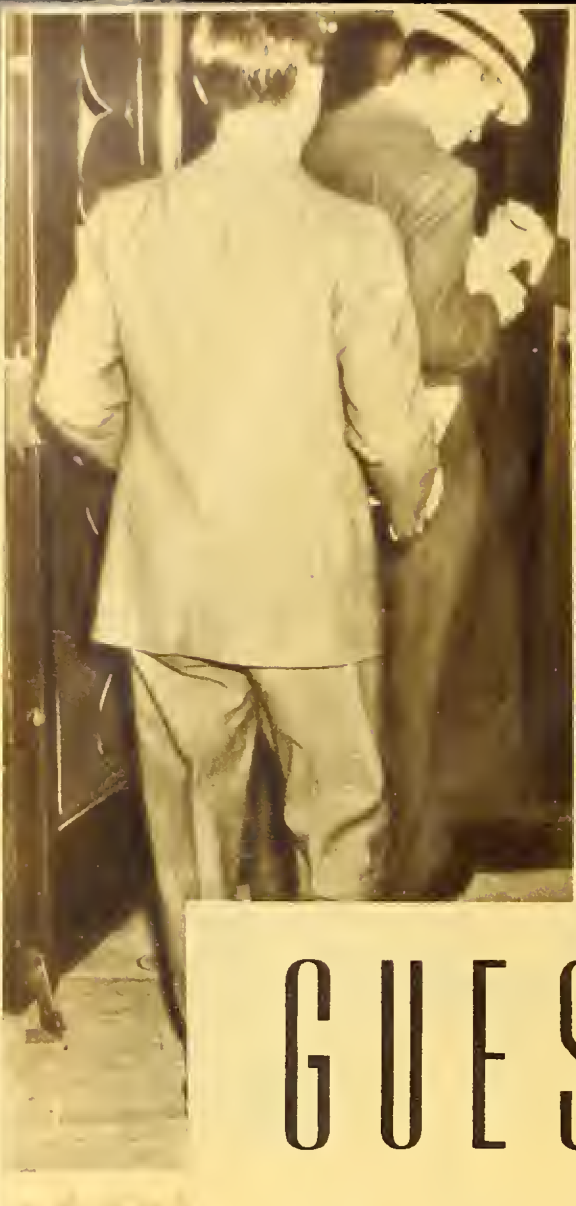
"She is to keep a faithful, detailed diary of her experiences. She is to withhold nothing.

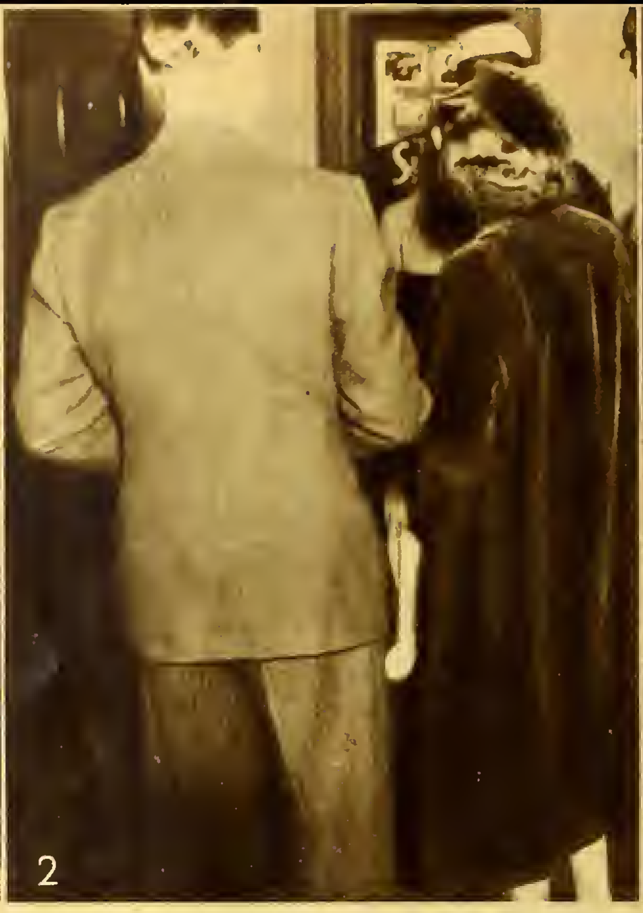
"At the end of her three months' experience then, we will print her story—regardless of whether she gets a job in pictures, or fails miserably, or whatever may befall her."

FOUR hundred miles from Hollywood is a small city called San José. There is situated a State School where girls of average family and surroundings are trained, at state expense, to be teachers. Before Professor Hugh Gillis, one of the instructors there, our writer laid the problem, and asked him to pick a girl. Our writer didn't want to trust his own judgment to make a choice, fearing that he might be too close to the Hollywood picture to make an unbiased selection. The instructor chose the girl.

Her name is Eva Beryl Tree. She is twenty years old. She's blonde, one inch over five feet tall, slender, but not thin, and not more beautiful than "good-looking." In short, an average girl whose prototype you could find by the scores all over America. She was born in San José, had never been to Hollywood, although she had once visited Los Angeles. Like *(Continued on page 98)*

DO FOR A MOVIE CAREER? EVA BERYL TREE TELLS YOU—EVERYTHING!





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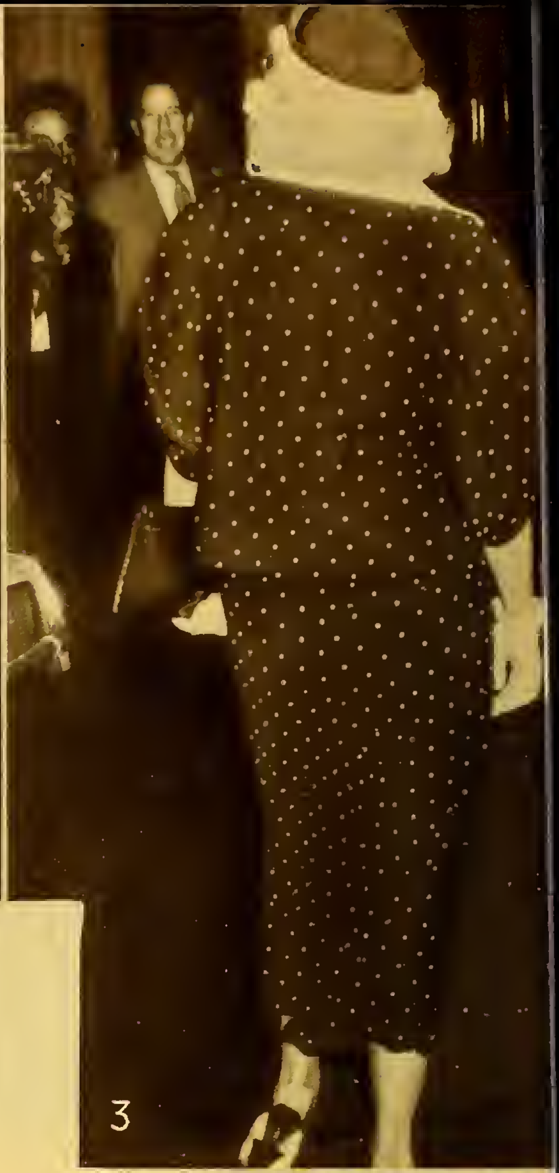

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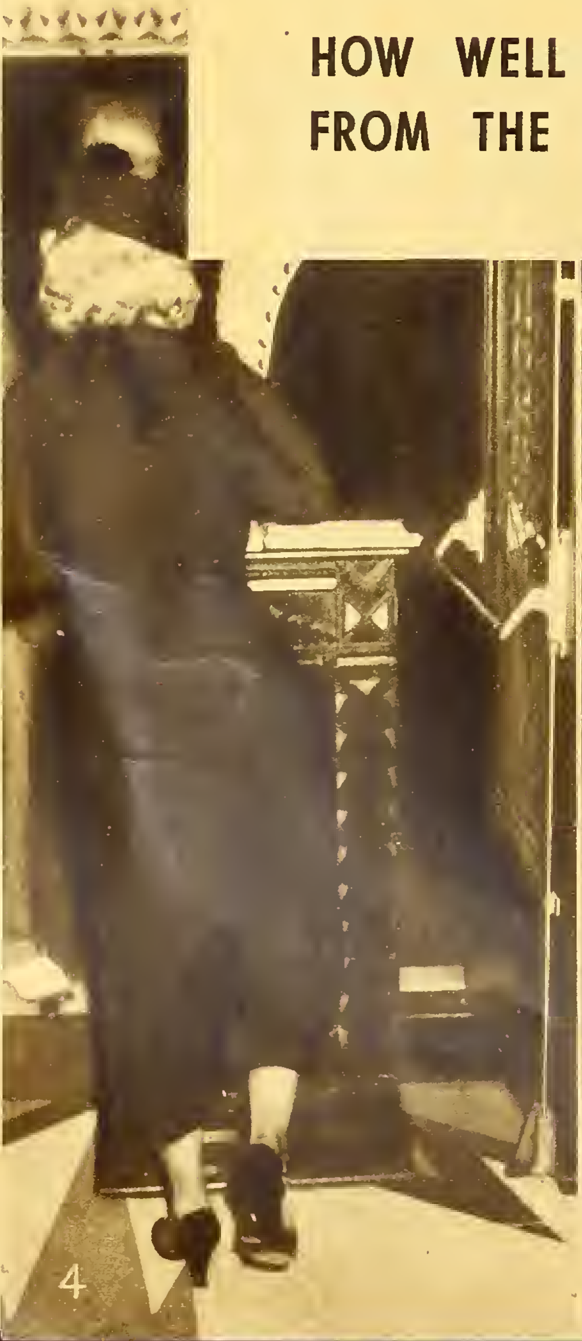
GUESS WHO!

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THEM? FROM THE BACK OF THEIR NECKS?

(Give up? Turn to page 123.)



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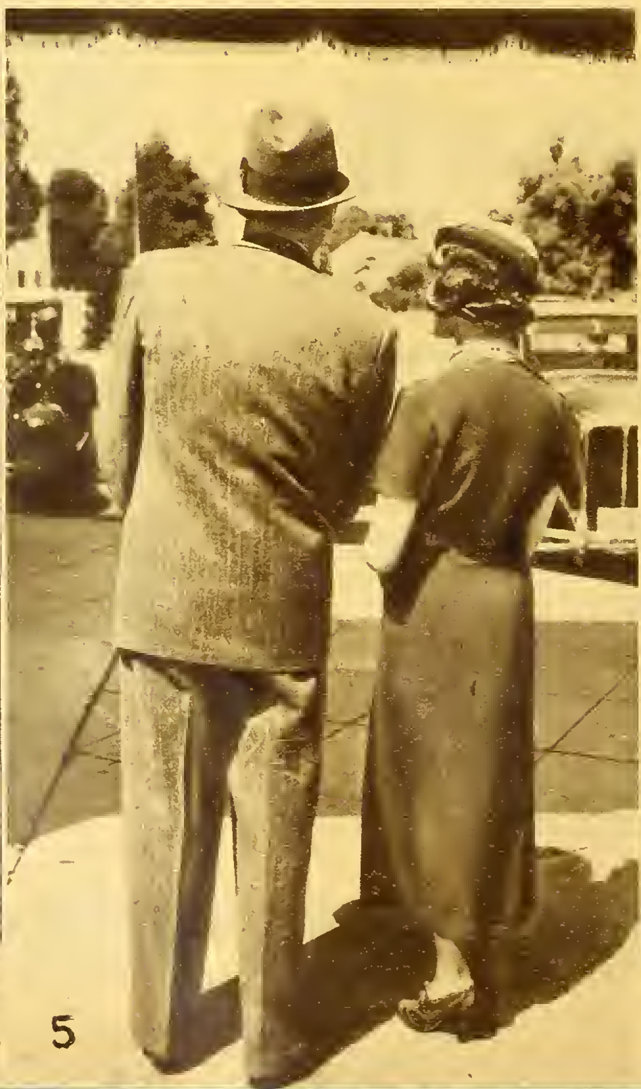

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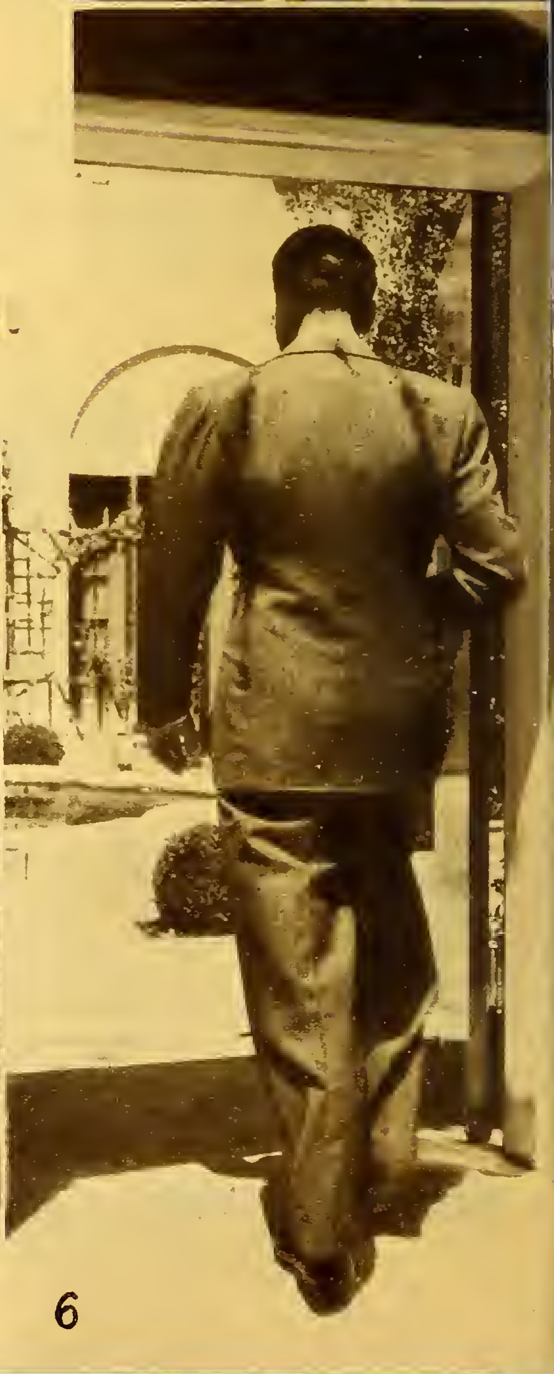

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... A WOMAN WITH A PAST—OR THE HOT-CHA GIRL? SHE'LL TAKE THE LATTER NOW!

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

GINGER, HOW COULD YOU!

HERE'S a little story on Ginger Rogers that you've never heard. The joke is on Ginger, but the thing that happened is cute enough so that I'm sure she won't mind my telling you. It all occurred a long time ago anyhow.

Ginger was a whole lot younger, when she first came to Hollywood, than anybody had any idea. She'd done some touring in vaudeville with singing and dancing acts, so she could tell the producers honestly that she'd had experience—but, just the same, she was only a kid. She looked sophisticated. Some girls just naturally do. But, inside, she was about as innocent as they make them. She was only seventeen years old, too.

Ginger had made quite a name for herself in vaudeville, but things didn't go so well, at first, in Hollywood. She'd get a small part and then nothing would happen for weeks. Not getting work worried her and she sat down to figure it out and see just exactly what was the matter.

"If I were known they'd give me parts. How can I attract some attention?"

She thought over all the ways of attracting attention that she had ever heard of. There was the girl who had thrown herself in front of a producer's car, figuring that he'd carry her into the studio and give her a contract. She'd been carried to a hospital instead—and, anyway, throwing yourself in front of cars you were liable to get all skinned up. So that was out. Others married producers.

Well—she didn't know many, and out of the ones she'd seen she couldn't think of any that she'd like to marry. That was out, too. Well, what *could* she do, then? It didn't do any good just to put on your best clothes and get taken to the Derby or the Cocoanut Grove. Hollywood was so full of girls dressed up in best clothes that nobody even looked at them. Maybe if she took a suite at a hotel and told the newspaper reporters she was a Russian countess or something! But *(Continued on page 86)*

NO LOOKS, NO "LINE," NO MONEY! YET THE BEAUTIES ADORE JACK

HOW OAKIE GETS HIS WOMEN . . !

BY JACK JAMISON

HOW does he do it?

How does Jack Oakie get all these beautiful girls?

He hasn't Raft's sleek menace or Gable's iron-willed chin or—well, we can stop right there. What he has got is a face like one of his mother's old pie plates, a nose that a herd of elephants must have walked on in his infancy, and a hair-cut that makes you say, "That reminds me, the mattress needs re-covering."

No sculptor will ever ask Jack Oakie to pose for a nude statue of Apollo. No——

But, just the same, you notice, whenever you see a picture of him at the Brown Derby or a premiere or a night club, there's always a girl with him. Always. And always beautiful. Many a lonely farm boy out in Iowa tonight, as he rolls the hogs up in their pink eiderdown quilts and tucks them into their little white cribs, is thinking, "If that Oakie guy does it, I can do it, too!"

But how? That's the question, boys, how? What has this guy Oakie got?

Four years or so ago Jack was just one more oat that had sprung up in Hollywood—and a wild oat at that. He was an unknown, while Mary Brian was featured in picture after picture and recognized as the most glorious girl on the screen. So who did Jack pick to go out with? Why, Mary Brian, of course. Just like that. Of course there were only about five hundred other men after her, out of which at least seven hundred and ninety-two were better looking than Jack, had more money, were more sophisticated, wore better clothes, and were generally much more important. But it was Jack that Mary accepted as her 'regler feller,' in spite of his charming habit of wearing a sweat-shirt under his tux.

How did he do it?

"Well, it was his sincerity," says Mary. "Jack's the most sincere fellow in Hollywood. He is also loyal, loyal not only to me, but to everyone of the people he knows. That's one reason why everyone likes him.

"And he's the most considerate boy I've ever known. If you happen to mention that you'd like to read a certain book, the very next day a messenger boy brings it to you. You have to watch yourself and be sure you don't say, 'I'd like that dress' or 'I'd like that hat,' when you're out with him, because if you let a remark like that slip Jack will get it for you. (*Continued on page 96*)

Who is crazy about Jack out Hollywood way? Ask Mary Brian, Peggy Hopkins Joyce or cute little Toby Wing? They'll each answer, "I am!"

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

BY REGINA CANNON

BEN LYON has several claims to fame, among 'em his adeptness at discovering unique eating places. In fact, we have a strong suspicion that certain beaneries open only upon receiving news that the Lyon is in town. Ben invariably says, "Howz about the little Hungarian joint in the East Forties or the Russian place west of Broadway?"

And so, you find yourself downing goulash and borscht whether you will, or not. This last time it was a Chinese restaurant downtown, and the cause for celebration was Bebe's recovery from the mumps. Yep, while they were here making personal appearances, Mrs. L. went decidedly infantile and her throat swelled like a six-year-old's. The Lombardy Hotel, where they were staying, didn't care for the idea any more than did Bebe, for a lot of cash customers who hadn't had it, might have objected. Thus the Daniels mumps, as a news item, was suppressed, but as a neck decoration, was decidedly to be reckoned with, as you may imagine.

And so, because the mumps had taken themselves off, we all started to the Chinese restaurant. The gent who drove the cab must have thought he was Ben Hur or at least Barney Oldfield—or perhaps he was merely out to collect pillars and posts. Nothing could stop him until Ben imparted the information that the ladies would like to live. Which remark seemed to surprise him no end. There's skepticism for you!

The Chinese place was swell. We took a table on the second floor overlooking the street, and for the first five minutes, all was peaceful. Then *word* got around. And, seemingly from the nowhere, sprang a crowd. It soon became a yelling mob, "We want Bebe and Ben!" Came the police—actually! And newspaper reporters from headquarters, bearing lavender identification cards. Whoopsee!

The crowd in the dining-room, meanwhile, was demanding autographs. Everything from menus to women's straw hats were being signed with the famous Daniels-Lyon names. All this time your little friend here was trying to do away with a shrimp wrapped in an egg shell, or whatever it is they serve!

One hour and several hundred autographs later, we arrived on the street. Bebe and Ben got into a cab with policemen on the running board. We got the buttons pulled off our coat.

As we drove away, Ben said, "Gosh, I wish we had brought them into the Paramount Theatre like that!"

Which crack comes under the head of a joke, for they did.

* * *

ONE of the reasons Mary Brian is in town is because an airplane company gave her a round trip ticket. "And anything," says (*Continued on page 119*)

The Charles Laughtons stopped off in Gotham en route to the coast.

Bebe and Ben Lyon arrive to make merry and personal appearances both.

And Lupe came in without her Johnny to do a turn or two in vaudeville.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE BRING CELEBRITIES TO TOWN

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford take the air—and in a very big way. For the scene from "Sadie McKee" they wafted over the ether waves made dyed-in-the-wool radio fans ardent admirers. (Right) Scarcely a week goes by that the gossip hounds don't have William Powell engaged to some fair damsel. And now it's Irene Bentley's turn.

Good News

THAT KIDNAP SCARE!

THE big news—and the big fear—of the Hollywood month is kidnapping!

During the week that William Gettle was held captive, the stars and producers of movietown were on edge. The number of guards about their homes was increased. Every protective measure known, such as electric alarm systems and barbed wire fences, were installed in many homes. There were a great many rumors that certain stars, frightened almost into hysteria by kidnapping threats, had actually "paid off" to "kidnap insurance."

Stories abounded that Charlie Chaplin had not left his Beverly Hills mansion from the time Mr. Gettle was kidnapped to the time he was safely returned to his home and family. Charlie denied this, but the story persisted.

When the Gettle kidnappers were apprehended, Hollywood drew its first free breath in a week. But not for a minute were any guards and protective measures done away with.

It was said a certain very wealthy woman star just narrowly escaped kidnapping when "two suspicious looking men" drove up beside her limousine and were on the verge of "gunning" her chauffeur to the curb. Then they noticed it was her maid, and not the star, riding in the car. However, some of the level heads in the colony are taking all these stories with a grain of salt.

Among the movie stars who stood on the Gettle lawn to join the crowd in happily welcoming him home were John Barrymore and Edmund Lowe.

Even in the newsreel shots, Max Baer proves that he learned a lot about "stealing scenes" while in Hollywood.

In a recent newsreel, taken at the time Max was in training for his bout with Primo Carnera, the camera showed the boys signing up for the bout and "shaking hands on it."

"I hope the best man wins," said Carnera politely, in the little impromptu speech they gave after the contracts were signed.

"So do I," grinned Maxie, "That will be me."

Not so long on grammar, but the comedy touch was good. And Maxie is just the one to make such a remark as that without sounding too conceited.

INTIMATE INSIDE STUFF FROM THE CINEMA CAPITOL THAT NO MOVIE FAN

All their pals saw Mr. and Mrs
Gene Markey off at the Santa F
Station when the pair departed fo
New York en route to Europe. Mrs.
Gene, as you know, is Joan Bennett.

Dorothea Wieck wanted to know if Chief Ish-ti-opi's regalia was genuine. There seemed only one way to find out, so she encountered the Indian at a broadcast. Everything's okay!

HAS ISABEL HAD ENOUGH?

HOLLYWOOD can't help but believe there is something slightly wrong in the Isabel Jewell-Lee Tracy romance. Though both Isabel and Lee continue to laugh off all gossip rumors, concerning either a rift or a secret marriage, all is apparently not well between them.

The fact that Lee was recently in a row at a golf club with a prominent director and the newspapers got hold of it, was said to have exasperated Isabel.

Lee is just safely past that Mexican trouble and if he really appreciates everything that has been done for him, it would be well for him to curb his pugilistic tendencies.

Grant Withers, who hasn't had the best luck in the world staging a comeback in the films says his theme song should be, "You Ought To Be In Pictures."

THAT HOT SPANISH SUMPIN'!

THERE is a fiery young Latin actor in Hollywood who is super-sensitive about his "friendship" with a glamorous woman star. He is constantly on the look-out for some fancied slight to either of them and this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude has resulted in several interesting events. But the funniest occurred during a recent Hollywood party.

The glamorous femme star and a certain famous Hollywood producer were sitting on a divan, and the producer was saying he wanted to engage her for a story he had just bought. For several minutes he had been raving about how no one else would fit the woman's rôle so well. Then he happened to say, just as the fiery boy friend who had heard none of the previous conversation, passed by: "I'll leave no stone unturned until I have you."

"Sir," thundered the Latin, "that is a dastardly thing to say to a lady!" Wow! Some fun! Everyone was that embarrassed!

Hollywood was much saddened by the recent death of Lew Cody. A heart attack came while he was asleep. He passed away almost without pain. The debonair, sophisticated Cody you knew on the screen was much like the real Cody. Both Hollywood and the fans will miss him.

THE Blind Bow Boy, trying to arrange some tie-ups between Los Angeles society girls and two young Hollywood actors, has certainly been treated to a cold knockout by the mammas of the young ladies in question.

For one thing, it's all off with the Monroe Owsley-Kay Toberman engagement. No sooner had it been announced by the young man himself than rumors began appearing in the society columns that no one was more surprised than the supposed-bride-to-be to read of her "engagement." Family objection, on the girl's side, is also supposed to have played an important part in this break-up.

Jack La Rue is another young actor who is taking it on the chin from Cupid.

Jack, you know, had admitted that he was seriously in love with a young Los Angeles socialite, and no sooner had done so than her mother planned a sudden six months tour of Europe for her charming dotter.

Kay Francis, looking perfectly stunning in a green sports suit, brown hat with a feather stuck in it, and brown accessories, attended the preview of "Dr. Monica" with Maurice Chevalier.

Unfortunately, the audience laughed in the wrong places at this preview. And believe it or not, no one laughed any harder than Kay. Now there's what we call a sense of humor!

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD FEUD!

WHAT'S this about Ben Bernie, the old Maestro, and Jack Oakie?

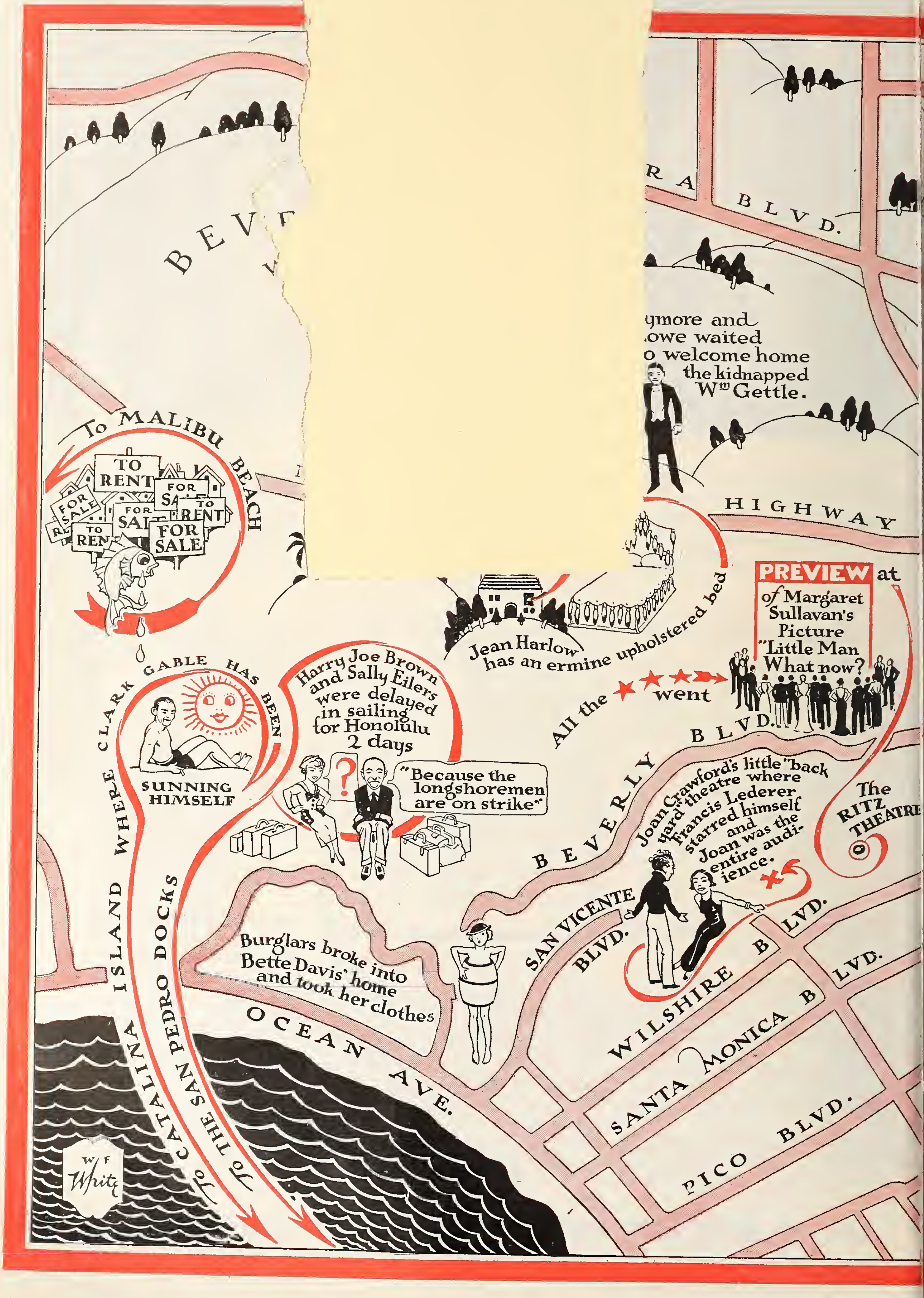
Both Jack and Ben are strutting their stuff in the Paramount picture "Shoot the Works" and everybody thought these comics would have a lot of fun together. But what happened?

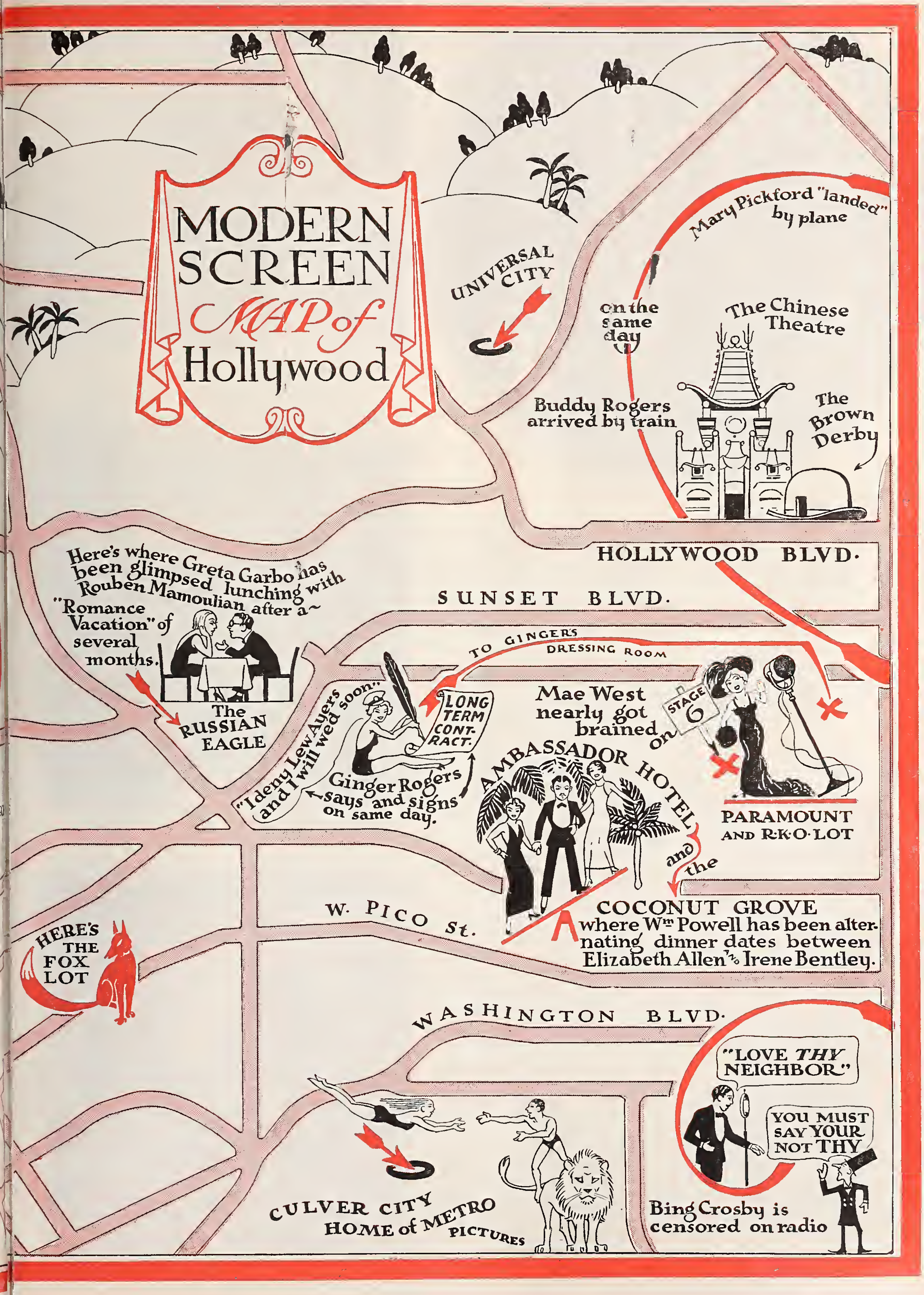
One of the rumors is that Bernie thinks Oakie is one of the unfunniest guys he ever met.

But, in spite of this little feud, Paramount is tickled to death with Bernie's work in the picture and believes he has a screen future. So, you'll be seeing him in more than one picture.

As Walter Winchell might say, "It serves you right!"

—WHO REALLY TAKES HIS FANSHIP SERIOUSLY—CAN AFFORD TO MISS!


BEV
R A
BLVD.
ymore and
owe waited
o welcome home
the kidnapped
Wm Gettle.
HIGHWAY
To MALIBU BEACH
TO RENT
FOR SALE
TO RENT
FOR SALE
TO RENT
FOR SALE
TO RENT
FOR SALE
R
Jean Harlow has an ermine upholstered bed
PREVIEW at
of Margaret Sullavan's Picture "Little Man What now?
All the ★★★ went
BLVD.
WHERE CLARK GABLE HAS BEEN
SUNNING HIMSELF
Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers were delayed in sailing for Honolulu 2 days
?
"Because the longshoremen are on strike"
BEVERLY
Joan Crawford's little "back yard" theatre where Francis Lederer starred himself and Joan was the entire audience.
The RITZ THEATRE
SAN VICENTE BLVD.
Burglars broke into Bette Davis' home and took her clothes
OCEAN AVE.
WILSHIRE BLVD.
SANTA MONICA BLVD.
PICO BLVD.
To CATALINA ISLAND
To THE SAN PEDRO DOCKS
W F White


MODERN SCREEN MAP of Hollywood
UNIVERSAL CITY
Mary Pickford "landed" by plane
on the same day
The Chinese Theatre
Buddy Rogers arrived by train
The Brown Derby
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
SUNSET BLVD.
Here's where Greta Garbo has been glimpsed lunching with Rouben Mamoulian after a "Romance Vacation" of several months.
The RUSSIAN EAGLE
TO GINGER'S DRESSING ROOM
LONG TERM CONTRACT.
"I deny Lew Ayers and I will wed soon." Ginger Rogers says and signs on same day.
Mae West nearly got brained on STAGE 6
AMBASSADOR HOTEL and the
PARAMOUNT AND R-K-O LOT
COCONUT GROVE where Wm Powell has been alternating dinner dates between Elizabeth Allen and Irene Bentley.
W. PICO St.
HERE'S THE FOX LOT
WASHINGTON BLVD.
CULVER CITY HOME of METRO PICTURES
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR."
YOU MUST SAY YOUR NOT THY
Bing Crosby is censored on radio

GOOD NEWS

Glenda Farrell can keep on insisting that her romance with Robert Riskin is just "friendship" if she wants to. But all the interviewers who tried to make appointments with her the week before Bob left for Europe have their own ideas about it.

Glenda told her press agent that she didn't want to be bothered with any "details" that would take her time from Riskin during one moment of that lost week. What does this mean? Wedding bells when Bob returns?

MRS. GILBERT "SETTLES"!

BY the terms of a recent property settlement, Virginia Bruce Gilbert will receive $50,000 in property and $600 per month from her divorced husband, John Gilbert.

Virginia insisted she would need no more than $600 monthly for the support of herself and her daughter as she would soon resume her M-G-M contract and take up her motion picture career where it left off at the time of her marriage to Jack.

Virginia has won a great deal of Hollywood admiration for the fair and square divorce settlement she accepted. It is not very large, considering the wealth Jack Gilbert is supposed to have.

Few people believe that movie stars economize, but Richard Barthelmess, who is one of Hollywood's richest stars, was about to trade in his small home for a Bel Air mansion, when he stopped to consider the upkeep. So the deal fell through. Dick and his wife decided they would rather travel than break their backs financially to keep up a white elephant of a home.

IT is an amusing situation that Claudette Colbert has been signed to play the leading feminine rôle at RKO in a picture called "By Your Leave." It is a story of a young married couple, who, becoming fearful that their happiness is waning under the humdrum routine of every day married life, decide to live under separate roofs and take a "marital vacation." Does that sound at all familiar to you? Right the first time! The plot might have been drawn from the true life experiences of Claudette, herself, and her husband, Norman Foster.

Too bad Norman wasn't signed to play the "vacationing husband." But Nils Asther draws the lead in this one. Maybe they didn't want it to look like a biography of Norman and Claudette.

Dick Powell certainly has a yen for girls named Mary. Now that Mary Brian is out of town, Dick has been seeing plenty of little Mary Carlisle.

IT was a right royal welcome Academy Award victor Charles Laughton received when he slipped onto the Norma Shearer-Fredric March set of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The moment Norma and Freddie realized Laughton was on the set, they stopped work and led the entire crew in a great burst of enthusiastic applause. Both Norma and Freddie won Academy Awards in previous years, Norma for her work in "The Divorcee" and March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The gossip columnists insist upon saying that Joan Crawford is interested in Francis Lederer. But don't worry that Franchot Tone is being left out in the cold. Those who know Joan and Franchot best say

Irving Thalberg at the Carmelita Geraghty-Carey Wilson wedding with two beauties, Jean Harlow and wife Norma Shearer.

Leo Carrillo, Eddie Cantor, May Robson, Will Hays at the Davies benefit. (Below) Ann Harding with Screen Guild Frolic tigers.

Big Boy Scout, Victor McLaglen, and Lewis Stone talk over the campfire business. (Right) Joan and Marlene at the Tingel Tangel.

(Above) Kay and Chevalier at "Dr. Monica" preview. (Below) Will Rogers and Spencer Tracy at the Davies Foundation Fund.

they are both friendly with Lederer because of their mutual interest in the theatre. 'Tis said Francis is going to put on a one-man, one-act skit which he wrote himself as the opening performance for Joan's little theatre.

One person who is not excited about these rumors is Steffi Duna, star of Hollywood's Tingel-Tangel Theatre. When Francis moved into his new home, it was Steffi who selected the furnishings.

LUPE RETICENT?

FOR the first time in the memory of the oldest Hollywood gossip writer, Lupe Velez is refusing to talk for publication! Lupe, who has "spilled" everything in her life from her love affairs to her beauty secrets to the avid press, has suddenly gone reticent and absolutely refuses to give out interviews on her friendship with Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw.

The fact that Garbo won't talk has always been news! But a Garbo-like silence from Lupe—this is headlines!

Here's a compliment for Genevieve Tobin.

No less an authority than Irene Castle McLaughlin chose Genevieve as the "best dressed woman in California." Not merely in Hollywood!

"Certainly if there is any screen actress to fill the shoes of the late Lilyan Tashman, Miss Tobin is that one. Her clothes both off and on the screen are flawless."

MIRIAM HOPKINS has turned radio fan and it's playing havoc with her rest.

During those wee small hours, when Miriam should be getting her muchly needed sleep, she's busily turning the dial on her new short wave length radio, tuning in on programs all over the world.

Her newest brag is that she got a symphony concert being broadcast from Russia and it came through perfectly.

The newest whisper is that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell will not be co-starred in any more pictures. No particular reason. So if you want to see these two sweethearts for maybe the last time, be sure not to miss "Change of Heart."

ALL Hollywood's expectant mothers are planning elaborate summer tours before returning to town in the Fall to await the "interesting event." Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown), whose name is on the stork's calling list for sometime in September, is heading, with Harry Joe, for a long cruise through the South Sea Islands.

Joan Blondell (who is hoping it will be a George Barnes, Jr.) will be on her way with her husband for a six months' jaunt to the Orient as soon as they can both finish current pictures.

Clara Bow (who doesn't have to be back in Hollywood before December to keep her date with the stork) is leaving immediately for Honolulu with Rex Bell. This interesting stork news should certainly put to an end those divorce rumors between Clara and Rex!

A certain theatre owner recently had the "bright idea" of bringing little Joan Robles, of the famous Arizona kidnap case, to Hollywood as the featured attraction in one of his prologues. But the supposed to be sensation-loving movie colony turned thumbs down on the deal.

Such a terrible thing as kidnapping has no place in the entertainment world. (Continued on page 124)

HAS HOLLYWOOD'S

Is Jean a clever dare-devil—or a reckless one? Is all that notoriety, all the scandalous gossip, just so much good publicity or—?

IT was the third day after Paul Bern's suicide. I chanced to be entering the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as a bewhiskered, bleary-eyed young man dashed out and grabbed a newspaper from the boy who had just received his new editions.

"Hello," I greeted him.

His hand went to his stubbled chin. "I know I look awful. Haven't slept for three days and nights. This Jean Harlow thing!" His anxious eyes turned to the headlines.

I laughed. "For once I agree with a publicity department. It would be a shame for Jean's career to be spoiled now. If you can only get the public to sympathize with *her*. She shouldn't have married Paul anyway. This kind of thing killed Clara Bow. It would be a sin to have Jean——"

He was gone, dashing madly toward his publicity office. I wondered what he had read to send him away like that. Even

SEXIEST PLATINUM HANDED ONE TOO MANY BLOWS TO PUBLIC OPINION?

Hal Rosson. He and Jean were—oh, so much in love one day—and the separation was announced the next! What's the answer?

HOW LONG WILL HOLLYWOOD PROTECT HARLOW?

BY RACHEL BENSON

as I was talking he had been scanning the black words hungrily as a father reads a letter from a long-lost daughter.

I had meant it, then. It was right for Hollywood to protect its platinum blonde. It should have protected its red head. When Hollywood failed to defend Clara Bow, it failed to support its single, biggest source of income as well as its most glamorous personality. Jean Harlow might make us as much money as Clara. She has the same kind of appeal.

And Hollywood should still protect her. *If it can!* But now, we are wondering just how long we can protect Jean Harlow.

Jean is a curiously interesting problem, a distinctly unique human proposition. One to make not only Hollywood think, but an entire world. For in a way, she belongs, like all public personages, to each one of us.

At first, we in Hollywood, believed Jean's escapades were adroit bids for international fame through international publicity. We approved of that. We realize fully how publicity can create glamorous personalities that an entire world will pay to see. We are willing to help any girl who can do that because each one makes more money and more fame for Hollywood collectively.

WHY, only a few weeks ago Jean seemed to prove that idea when she told me, "I think Hollywood is getting away from the very thing that made it famous. I remember the first opening I attended. I was visiting California with my mother. When Pola Negri swept into the foyer of Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, my heart stopped. So did everyone else's. She was a queen. Bowing to right and left. Even throwing kisses. I was just a little subject, crazy to get one glimpse of this exotic, different woman. Hollywood's lost a lot of that showmanship. It's too bad. A motion picture star should dare to be completely different."

But there is a great difference between professional daring and personal carelessness and thoughtlessness. It takes keen intelligence and shrewd common sense to direct glamor and beauty so that it will be admired rather than questioned. Hollywood can protect the clever daredevil forever. It can do only so much to prolong the admiration for the reckless one!

At the very first, Jean Harlow was a big question mark with us. We could not make up our minds as to whether she was extremely clever or extremely silly. I saw her first at a cocktail party. She was in black velvet, cut so low that—well, every man in the room left his partner to hover around her. She chose a corner in which she was completely barricaded from the rest of the room by an impregnable wall of masculinity. Low, confidential murmurs and intimate laughs floated forth to taunt the rest of us. We were dressed in impersonal, typically Californian sport clothes. She went Paris one better. We were content to hold the interest of one man. She was making a successful bid for all men. We were jealous and contemptuous.

And, just at the point when (*Continued on page 77*)

WHERE DO PICTURES

(Left) Remember that red hot love thriller called "The Sheik"? Of course you do. It definitely established the late Rudolph Valentino and added fresh laurels to Agnes Ayres' cinematic crown. Here they are in one of the picture's most beautiful scenes. (Below) the forlorn-looking gentleman, parked in the midst of the snowy waste, is Charlie Chaplin and the film from which the picture was taken was called "The Gold Rush." It made the star a million dollars.

BY ROBERT EICHBERG

ARE they forgotten, these stars of yester-year, these Rudolph Valentinos, George Walshes, Marie Prevosts, Priscilla Deans and others whose names once shone in lights over the entrances of countless movie houses in the pre-talkie era?

No! Their films live on, and the stars we have forgotten still thrill thousands all over the world. It is true, their names have vanished from your town and mine, from the columns of the daily papers and the film publications. But up in Harlem at a theatre catering exclusively to negro trade, in a civic center just off the Bowery, in a Long Island madhouse, a school for the deaf, several hundred cross-road stores throughout the south and midwest, in South America, the Philippines and a dozen tiny European cities, even in Paris, the capital of sophistication, silent pictures which you enjoyed ten or fifteen years ago attract crowds of people who take the old films just as seriously as you and I do the latest epic production.

Visit some of these theatres. Though the pictures are old, they're so different from the talkies that they seem like something new, and the audiences are even a better show than the screen.

The pictures themselves seem odd enough. The first thing you notice is that all the cast seems to be over-acting. They're always in motion, gesticulating rather wildly. But after the first couple of reels you grow accustomed to it; you realize that pantomime is an art—a lost art since the talkies have come.

I went to a number of theatres to find out something about the heaven of the films—the place to which good pictures go when they die. I expected to be amused, to get a laugh out of seeing people who could find interest in antique movies. There were a few laughs, but there was something else, something that squeezed the heart.

Definitely on the serious side are the showings given at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes

GO WHEN THEY DIE?

WHAT EVER HAS BECOME OF THE FILMS YOU USED TO LOVE?

(Above) Charlie again, this time with the adorable Jackie Coogan. "The Kid" was the film in which they appeared together. Its release put Jackie on the movie map. (Left) Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel," still going the rounds. (Below) The late Lon Chaney as "Mr. Wu." Here is an actor whose silent films prove to be hits today.

every Tuesday at 7:00 P. M. Dr. Harris Taylor, the principal of the school, invited me to attend one of the performances. The picture was Paramount's "The Vanishing Pioneer," featuring Jack Holt.

SOMEHOW one expects kids to be noisy and excited when they're going to a free movie. And there were 257 kids here, ranging from six to twenty years old, lined up in the corridors and waiting to go into the big room where camp chairs had been set up to accommodate them.

Well, they were excited all right, but they weren't noisy. The only sound was the restless scuffle of feet. The silence hit you in waves. It got you. Kids have a right to make a racket when they're happy, and these youngsters *couldn't!*

George Fairhead, one of Dr. Taylor's assistants, took me into the impromptu theatre. We stood where we could watch the audience as well as the screen. The youngsters were so thrilled they could scarcely stay in their chairs. Although the school teaches them lip reading, in their excitement they forgot, and their fingers flew incessantly as they talked together in the deaf-and-dumb sign language. All were discussing movies, Mr. Fairhead translated. They're real movie fans, for the joys of concerts and radio are impossible for them.

They go to the talkies, but find no great pleasure in them, for the speaking screen *(Continued on page 115)*

REVIEWS

BY WALTER RAMSEY

MODERN SCREEN *Recommends*

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back
Change of Heart
The Circus Clown
Happy Andrew
The Last Gentleman
Let's Talk It Over
Little Man, What Now?
Madame Du Barry
The Merry Frinks
Murder At The Vanities
Operator 13
Sadie McKee
The Thin Man
Thirty Day Princess

A: SADIE McKEE—M-G-M

Crawford scores as Cinderella! Or, in spite of it, you might say. It's the old story-book plot, but the dialogue conceals it so cleverly that you may not be able to recognize it. You'll rave about this picture, and one of the best reasons for your raves will be the fact that Joan gets a real chance (at last) to show her acting ability. Miss Crawford is billed as the star, and the fact that when the picture ends she is still the star (in spite of some excellent acting on the part of Edward Arnold) is a credit to her artistry. Surprise! Did you know that Gene Raymond could sing? Then it will delight you to know that he can. Franchot Tone does well with his role and Esther Ralston is capable and lovely. Don't ever admit to anyone that you missed this one. Put it down now!

Crawford scores in "Sadie McKee," with her devoted Franchot Tone.

A: LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal

Here you have it—that drama of the everyday things which are tragic and tearful, that saga of the commonplace—made supremely moving and effective by the acting of Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery and a perfect cast, and by the direction of Frank Borzage. It is the story of a young couple in pinched and poverty stricken Germany. They marry and have a baby and the young father has a pitiful little job. He mustn't let the boss know that he is married, because the boss' daughter, you see, has set her cap at him. Of course, the boss finds out. There is a benevolent roué—Alan Hale plays him with such finesse—and Margaret Sullavan can never be sure whether this roué is on the level or not. It's all very real and sad—and funny in spots—and a picture that you must all see. Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery prove themselves the sensitive young players we believed them to be. And the other players—notably Hale, Muriel Kirkland, as the boss' wife, Catherine Doucet as Montgomery's mother, De Witt

(Right) Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"

Jennings and Christian Rub—are to be honored for their teamwork. And speaking of teams, Sullavan-Montgomery is tip-top.

A: LITTLE MISS MARKER—Paramount

A new favorite for you. If you haven't seen Shirley Temple, Hollywood's newest, four-year-old sensation, you have a treat in store. In gambling parlance, a "marker" means an I.O.U., and little Shirley is left as a "marker" by her father for a gambling debt. Papa fails to show up and the gamblers take the baby into their fold. In their attempt to protect her childish innocence, the gamblers decide to throw a story-book party. Can you imagine Adolphe Menjou as King Arthur and a bunch of tough mugs doing a "Round Table?" This scene alone is worth the price of admission. Menjou is swell as the big shot and Charles Bickford gives a good performance as a tough guy. Dorothy Dell does nicely, too. We'll bet you won't think of anyone but little Shirley, though. See it.

A charming doll is Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou. Dorothy Dell is in it, too.

A: BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—20 Century

A swell mystery with laughs. I hope you're as glad to see Colman as I was. His new picture is one grand piece of entertainment and I recommend it to you for an evening of chilly laughs. Of course, you saw the first "Drummond," so you know what type of picture this is. Charles Butterworth runs away with the show in certain spots, merely because of his splendid delivery of his sideholding comedy lines. Loretta Young plays a beautiful heroine well. Una Merkel is good. Warner Oland holds down most of the villainy and C. Aubrey Smith does his inspector to perfection. But with all the grand acting, marvelous photography, laughs and chills, the best news is that Colman is back again. See this picture by all means. It's a wow.

A: HAPPY ANDREW—Fox

Will Rogers at his best. If this doesn't make you roll in the aisle and tear up the seat, we've got another guess coming. In spite of the fact that it is a typical Rogers picture, with nothing particularly new in the way of a story, the situations are so hilariously funny that we have a hunch the whole town will turn out. Will is the henpecked husband again, whose wife wants him to retire from his corner drugstore business. He retires. After much boredom, Will decides to show his wife (Peggy Wood) he can really "go to town," and proceeds to do so at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Can you imagine good old Will doing an Apache dance with Conchita Montenegro? Wrap a lion's skin around Will and put a club in his hand while you are picturing it. You don't want to miss it, do you?

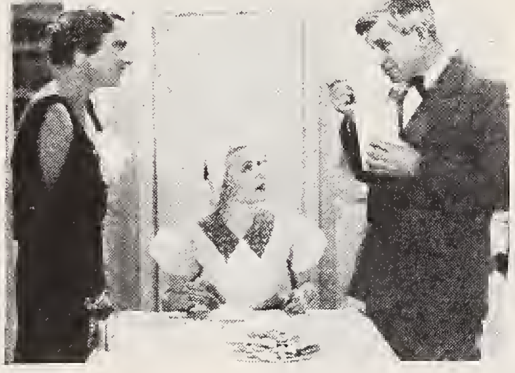
A: MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Paramount

Colorful, exciting, musical murder-mystery. Gorgeous gals, lilting tunes, funny comedy and exciting mystery join hands to make this backstage opus very swell entertainment. Intermingled with positively beautiful dance ensembles is a plot dealing with a couple of murders, suspicion falling on the leading man of the show. All very exciting and thrilling. The lady who sat next to me claims that Carl Brisson (dimples and all) will become a rave with all the femmes. Look for him and see if you agree. Jack Oakie and Vic McLaglen carry the comedy in grand style and Kitty Carlisle's voice is good. Besides all this you have Duke Ellington's orchestra and some excellent dancing. Don't miss it.

Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Ronald Colman in the thrilling "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

A: THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

Extra swell. You're sure to like this flicker. A story that's a honey, a cast that is brilliant, and dialogue that crackles with smartness and wit, all spell ace entertainment. William Powell gives a suavely humorous and colorful performance as detective Nick Charles, with Myrna Loy running a close second in histrionic honors as his wife, whose insatiable curiosity leads to the solution of the crime. Minna Gombell is swell as the neurotic ex-wife of the murdered man, Edward Ellis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Wadsworth provide the love interest. Other supporting players who deserve mention are Nat Pendleton, as a police lieutenant, Edward Brophy as loud-mouthed Morelli, and Porter Hall, as the killer. A bouquet to W. S. Van Dyke for his smooth direction. By all means see this one. If you enjoyed the book, you'll enjoy the picture even more.



You'll enjoy the latest Will Rogers opus, "Happy Andrew." Peggy Wood and Mary Carlisle play opposite him.

A: MADAME DU BARRY—Warners

Grand movie entertainment, even if it isn't true to history. They strove for gayety and fun rather than for authentic history in filming this picture, and the result is a lavishly beautiful and amusingly clever talkie. Dolores Del Rio is altogether captivating as the King's favorite, who almost upsets the French Court with her whims. She brings charm, beauty and delightful freshness to her Madame Du Barry. Reginald Owen is priceless as the King, Verree Teasdale, Osgood Perkins and Ferdinand Gottschalk are all excellent. Gorgeous gowns and beautiful photography add to the excellence of the film. You'll enjoy it thoroughly.

The handsome Gary Cooper and the beautiful Marion Davies are co-starred in "Operator 13."

A: THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS—Paramount

A squawk-proof picture. Combining hokum with excitement, and romance with good acting. Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant give us one of the good movies of the month. True, this is one of those "mythical kingdom" plots, but the action is so exciting and the dialogue so brilliant that we know you will like it. Sylvia Sidney does a dual role—a princess one minute and an actress the next—and while you may like the princess, we liked the actress. Cary Grant does just about his best work to date as the New York publisher whom Sylvia is told to vamp. And Edward Arnold is fine, as usual. If you are looking for real good entertainment, go to this one. It's well worth your money.

B: THE LAST GENTLEMAN—20 Century

Lighter Arliss entertainment. While this picture will never be compared with "The House of Rothschild," it still remains a good evening's entertainment. As usual, Mr. Arliss is almost the entire show, but you may be glad to learn that he has returned to his "crabby old man" characterization. Having more money than he knows what to do with—and knowing that his life is soon to be over—Arliss calls in his relatives to decide about the distribution of his wealth. We can't tell you about the last part of the picture because it is so enjoyable in itself that rehashing will only spoil it. Rest assured,

(Continued on page 103)

SCREEN GU

BIGGEST
SHOW
ON
EARTH
TICKETS
HERE

The Screen Guild, having disposed of all unfinished business, decided to go Ringling one better and have a circus. It ran for five days and nights, with five prominent picture stars nominated queen for each of the nights. (Left) Doesn't Queen Miriam Hopkins look cute, arriving in her chariot? (Above, left and right) Joan Blondell decided to wear her or'nary clothes on the night she held the sceptre. That's Kenneth Thompson, the Guild's secret'ry with her. Ann Harding made a very legal ruler. Victor McLaglen was her guard of honor. (Below, left and right) She made the best queen of them all—May Robson. And Mary Astor, doing the honors during the hot spell, didn't see why a queen shouldn't wear a filmy frock and a shady hat. That's Chester Morris with her.

ILD FROLIC

(Left) Otto Kruger set some "guess your weight" apparatus in the Midway. Ralph Morgan is on the scales. (Below) Also on the Midway was Mr. Dick Powell, dishing out hot dogs.

(Right) Fredric March, in "Barretts of Wimpole Street" hair-cut, took to the bleachers for a seat next to his wife. (Below, left and right) They had a ferris wheel, scenic railway and everything. You'll recognize the handsome Mr. John Boles. And that's his daughter with him. The other picture has a little story attached to it—and the biggest laugh of the year thus far. It seems that those three bad men of the screen—James Cagney, Chester Morris and Eddie Robinson—took themselves a turn on the ferris wheel. And the darn thing got stuck 'way up in the air. Scotty snapped this picture while they were stuck. And were those three tough babies scared? And don't their smiles look pretty sickly? They were asked to go up again for more pictures? Would they? They would not!

(Above) Shirley with her adored Jimmy Dunn in "Baby, Take a Bow."

BABY TAKE A BIG BOW

. . . THAT'S WHAT AMERICA IS SAYING TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE—AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY

BY WILLIAM FRENCH

SIX months ago, a song writer stumbled over Shirley Temple in the lobby of a Hollywood theatre. Today, major studios are—and have been—fighting for the privilege of borrowing her, at fancy figures, for their productions. Audiences know the real meaning of "stand up and cheer." And the whole country was combed for stories for her. Her sketch, "Baby Take a Bow," in "Stand Up and Cheer," was such a tremendous hit that her new picture is being called "Baby Take a Bow."

And here is the story of Hollywood's newest sensation.

She is just a little five-year-old, with a funny little misplaced dimple, a rippling laugh, a pair of mischievous dancing eyes, a notion that picture-making is all a game "an' lotsa fun," and a little brain as sharp as a needle's point.

Not a single dollar was spent to put her over. The public never dreamt that there was such a tiny tot as Shirley Temple a half hour before she appeared to bowl them over.

Here, then, is proof of a simple fact every movie producer should learn by heart: (*Continued on page 88*)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

EVEN now, Baby LeRoy is looking to his histrionic honors, for little Shirley is going places cinematically with lickety-split speed. She's stealing pictures and enslaving leading men right and left. Just now, Jimmy Dunn, with whom she plays in "Baby, Take a Bow," is head man, for he is the gentleman who buys the lolly pops. Of course, it's a shame to see the little lady so material, but then you know how those Hollywood gals are! On her fifth birthday, Fox presented their tiny starlet with a contract and a doll. Guess which she preferred? Well, you can't play with typewritten paper!

RICHARD CROMWELL

COLUMBIA Pictures is giving three cheers and a couple to spare for this attractive young man. In "The Most Precious Thing in Life," he marries the gal, which is a real, adult step for Dick, who is usually just a bit too juvenile to contemplate wedding bells; that is, when the cameras are grinding. He's in "Criminal Within," too. When he isn't at the studio, he is down at the docks sketching and the fishermen there know him well.

ROCHELLE HUDSON

SHE is stepping along fast, this luscious little lady from Claremore, Oklahoma. When Fox wants a competent ingenue, they give her a ring and Rochelle appears with make-up kit and acting ability. They say that she does her best work to date in "Such Women Are Dangerous." As a reward of merit for this bit of histrionics, the Hudson found herself cast with Mr. Will Rogers in "Judge Priest," an adaptation of Irvin Cobb's story.

GUADALUPE VELEZ

HEY, hey, here comes Lupe! Having completed "Hollywood Party" and "Laughing Boy" for M-G-M, she has started a personal appearance tour. Which is good news to both the fans and the exhibitors. Johnny is not on the trip. Does this mean trouble with his famous frau? While Lupe is away, a busy architect is planning a sumptuous new beach home for them, and when it's ready, the Weissmullers may move their seventy canaries into it. The rest of the menagerie goes, too, which makes it one big happy family.

ROBERT YOUNG

IN
ETS
HE
A PAPER

YOU'LL see him soon in "Whom the Gods Destroy," and Columbia is that proud of his work in it! Bob has his troubles—yes, even movie actors do. In his case, it's that old debil, Weight. First, he was too thin to photograph. Then, he put it on, and oh boy, it's been pineapple and lamb chops ever since. But, since it is in the "cause of art" he goes through with the wearisome business of dieting like a little major. Just recently he moved his family into a new home. Seems as if everybody in Hollywood's doing it.

SHE BUNGLED ROMANCE AND MADE A
EXPERIENCE FINALLY TAUGHT MIRIAM
PASSES THEM

IF I SHOULD

WOMEN shouldn't marry," Miriam was saying. At which point Austin Parker, ex-husband and current best friend, or one of them, smiled amusedly and drifted off to the Hopkins pool for a plunge, muttering something about "when women talk this way" and said he would rejoin us when luncheon was served.

Miriam's small adopted son, Michael, appeared, wearing a diminutive pair of bathing trunks, a shock of curly blonde hair and a sun tan. Miriam, with maternal pride, had me know that Michael has never had a doctor in his stalwart little life, never wears any more clothes than I was now beholding him in, is even sturdier when in New York than he is now and that she fixed his formulas herself for the first eight months of his life. Michael bowed from the waist to each of us and Miriam remarked that Michael has the makings of an elegant floorwalker. He toddled beamingly off to his nap shouting, "Good-nap, Maw-Maw," and Miriam laughed.

"He *would* call me Maw-Maw," she imitated, "with that beautiful tenement accent. He wouldn't call me Mumsey or something nice and Galsworthy. But isn't he sweet? Ah, it's a shame for him to be alone—without another child. He won't be, long. I want to adopt another boy, name him Peter—Michael and Peter. I may adopt two more, or I may have one of my own next year. But we were saying that women shouldn't marry, weren't we?

"Of course I mean that professional women shouldn't marry; that is, at the beginning of their careers, anyway. My whole argument is really just that. It is, I think, a new chord struck on an old theme. Once women have the wreath of laurel in their hair—or think they have—and once men know how they're going to look in it and what it is going to do to them, then it's different—and safe. I know what I am talking about. I've tried it twice. I'm a professional, I am feminine and I am afraid that because of these perverse and unfortunate characteristics,

Miriam Hopkins now knows the thrill of seeing her name in electric lights. But she didn't when she was first married. That, and two or three other things, caused love to fly out the window. However, if she can lure Cupid once more; well—

MESS OF MARRIAGE, BUT BITTER
HOPKINS THE ANSWERS—AND SHE
ON TO YOU

LOVE AGAIN

BY GLADYS HALL

Bing Crosby and Miriam in a scene from "She Loves Me Not," in which the star plays an impulsive chorine who knows what she wants. (Below) Austin Parker, Miss Hopkins' one-time husband and now her best friend. Divorce turned the strange trick.

I shall have to live in perpetual sin surrounded by adopted babies.

YOU observe Billy and me (Austin is known as Billy to his friends, including friend ex-wife). We are friends, the best in the world. It took a little time for the vaccine of marriage to wear off and friendship to 'take,' but once the first reaction fireworks of I'll-show-you-how-attractive-I-am-to-others wore off, a delightful relationship took place.

"There is nothing for Billy to learn about me, nor I about him, that can disillusion or dismay. And there *is* a perfected freedom for all of the traits and tempers that brought us together in the first place. But, it's friendship, not marriage nor love. It is not marriage because it began too soon in my career. Billy didn't marry a woman. He loved a battleground, with the feminine on one side of the line and the professional on the other. I think if we had waited until—oh, a year or so ago—we would still be together as husband and wife.

"You see, when the feminine woman marries, she wants to be a *wife*. I did. After all, I was a woman before I was an actress. To me, the man was by training, precept and example, the important thing. Marriage was the important thing. I wanted to bring to Billy the feminine things, the things my mother and grandmother had brought to the men they loved and married. I wanted to count his laundry, sew on his buttons, order his meals, bear his children. It was an instinct with me to consider him and not myself.

"But I had eaten of the fruit. I had taken the first test nibble. I was that hybrid growth—the feminine-professional. Balanced precariously on that little hyphen did I go down to defeat! I was in the brambly, scratchy part of the beginning of my career when it absorbed almost all of everything in me to haunt managers, be on the job, worry about parts. (*Continued on page 107*)

CLARA

BY RUTH BIERY

For seven years she reigned as Queen of the Movies. Her fan mail came in by the train-load. She was offered, at one time, $10,000 a day for personal appearances. Why won't the producers, for whom she made so much money, do right by our Clara? When you read this, you'll wonder!

SHE ASKED FOR A GREAT STORY OR—SCREEN OBLIVION. FOR CLARA BOW, WHOSE FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE LET HER DOWN, IS DETERMINED TO KEEP THAT SAME FAITH WITH HER FRIENDS

I HAVE just received the following letter from my friend Clara Bow:

Dear Friend Ruth:

I intended seeing you tomorrow about that little chat of ours, but I must again disappoint you and hope you will forgive me once again. Our ranch foreman came to town yesterday and Rex and I must leave immediately for Nevada, lots of things must be attended to right away to protect our interests. I talked to Jewell last night and she thought you might want to know about my plans for the future, so here goes, and I hope her hunch is correct.

As everybody knows, and I think you do also, I've been most disappointed with my last two pictures, "Call Her Savage" and "Hoopla." Before making these pictures for Fox, I told the late Mr. Sam Rork that if they were not excellent stories and box office hits, I would not make any more pictures regardless of contracts with him.

As you know, Ruth, I have always been a most frank and honest person, and I had made up my mind that if these pictures were not what they should be, I would not burden the public with any more trash, and lose my prestige and self-respect to boot. I am not a wealthy woman, neither am I poor. I could use more money easily, but all the money in the world would not compensate me if I lost my, I should say public, but I'll say my friends' respect and love, and I certainly would do just that if I helped force down their throats any more trashy nonsense like "Hoopla."

I hope you are getting the idea and agree with me, because I know I'm right. People think I'm crazy and say I'm silly to worry about great stories. Just get the money while you are young—that's all I hear, but I'm not built that way, Ruth. I just can't take their advice. You remember all the nasty publicity I received over a period of four years—about enough to ruin a picture star forever. Well it didn't ruin me, and why? Just one reason. My loyal fans refused to believe the things that were said about me and staunchly defended and supported me when they didn't have to. It would have been so much easier to have thrown me down and turned to some new idol, but they didn't. I call that downright friendship and loyalty plus, don't you?

I OWE all these people something in return and that is a great story with a great part, a great cast and the greatest director in the business behind the camera, and if I don't get just that, I shall never make another picture. If I do, just watch my smoke. I'll turn out the best damn picture Hollywood has seen in a blue moon. This is not boasting, but just plain facts and you know I can do it, if I ever get a chance. I'll show those loyal fans of mine that their support and belief in me has not been in vain. Paramount days are over forever. I'm not the easy-going little fool I used to be for them—"Let Clara Bow do the story, she can carry it. Give the good story to our other stars, they can't afford to make a bad one, but Bow can do anything. We'll give her the junk

SPEAKS FOR HERSELF

and get rid of it that way."

Paramount thought I was infallible and I might have been for a long time if they had given me any breaks at all, but such was not the case. They just kept on giving me the skimmed milk and the other players the cream. So, of course, they got fatter on the cream and I naturally declined, but believe me, Ruthie, those days are gone. From now on I get the cream for a change or else I don't play and that's final. Either you'll see me make a smash hit one of these days or I'll just retire gracefully.

I would like to go on in pictures for the sake of my family's comfort in later years and to prove to my thousands of friends all over the world what I can do with the right material to work with, but if it is not in the cards to be able to do so I won't weep or pine away. I'll be happy in the knowledge that I was able to, at least for a period of years, give the public a few laughs and a few tears and to hope that they will give Clara Bow a thought once in a while in years to come, and to at least know that I played the game squarely with them, even if my pictures didn't please them, and that I always did the best I could with the little I had to work with.

This letter is not meant to be a sob story, Ruth dear, (I think you know me well enough for that), but just plain truth and facts. I mean every word of it and I've tried to be as honest as I know how. I'm not bitter or cynical about anything. I've just always seemed to get the tough breaks. I guess it's partly my fault, I don't know sometimes—but let's hope it all ends happily and that I shall get the great story I want and the public will get the great Bow story they want. If not, it's all right, too. I have Rex, I love him (*underscored many times*) and am happily married, you know.

RUTH, we can't have everything, and I think if I had my choice of a career or Rex, I'd take Rex—no foolin'!! After all, I've had seven years as a star and one can't go on forever. No matter how great or clever a person is, there is always somebody else to take her place and I'm not going to feel badly about being just Mrs. Rex Bell. After all, why not give some other little girl a chance to make good. We established favorites should step aside once in a while and give some new girl a break.

Well, Ruthie, old girl, I've about unburdened my heart and I hope you'll be able to glean a little sense out of this letter. If not you'll just have to wait until my return from the good old outdoors. Please excuse this miserable handwriting. You know, I haven't written a letter in four years and I'd rather take a beating, so be easy on me.

I hope you are feeling well and give my regards to your husband. If you happen to get a little story out of this letter, don't forget to thank my fan friends and give them my love, too. Tell them to look forward to seeing a knockout Bow or to say goodbye, forever, to the "Brooklyn Bonfire"—

All my love to you, Ruthie—
I'll be seeing you!
Just,
CLARA.

AT first glance, there does not seem to be much to add to that letter except a tear and a prayer that Clara will find her great story. But I have two things to add. First: Because a year ago Clara could not have written that letter. She said, then, "My life is over at twenty-six." And she thought she meant it. She believed her life was finished at an age when most women's lives are just beginning.

But today she has just hired an extra secretary to help answer the fan mail which continues to be delivered in huge bundles. Fans still write more letters to Clara Bow than to any other star in this business, they tell me. And those fan letters and (*Continued on page 108*)

SUPERIORITY HAS KEPT ANN HARDING FROM GAIETY; IT HAS THWARTED

The happy pair in the 1910 vintage gas chariot are John Boles and Ann Harding. No, they're not out to attract attention on Hollywood Boulevard via the spectacular route. This is merely a scene from "The Life of Vergie Winters," their latest opus. And, right, is Ann, ready to try out her rock grotto pool.

HANGING around the walls of an office in the publicity department of the RKO studios are pages clipped from magazines. Each actor has his own wall space. The stories and photographs that have been printed of Ann Harding wave gently from their clips; those about Katharine Hepburn tumble jig-jaggily from theirs.

I never enter that office but I wonder if Ann Harding has noticed these clippings. There are perhaps a dozen sheets in her space; there are hundreds upon Hepburn's. So many that they are always falling down from their own weight and scampering wildly about the floor. Katie's madcap, bony face looks up, from every possible angle, at Ann's powerful, beautiful one. And even in reproduction, Katie's seems to unwittingly taunt Ann's, saying:

"You have been in pictures since 1929. I have been here only a year. I've run away with the Motion Picture Academy Award at the very beginning. I make the covers and front pages of the magazines and newspapers day after day. I am the reigning queen of the movies now. What's the matter, Ann Harding, that you let me come right onto your own lot and get away with it?"

Ann's face does not smile. Its strong dignity does not seem to notice. But at times I imagine I can see a hurt look, deep within those fine eyes that stare so straight at the world, over the heads of those who wittingly or unwittingly try to taunt or even to make friends with her. And I find myself feeling a little sorry for the majestic woman who has touched fame in motion pictures for five years and yet who has never clasped it securely to her.

In fact, I felt an instinctive stirring of sympathy for Ann the very first time I met her, when "Paris Bound" was released, when she was being hailed as Hollywood's amazing new discovery in *her* first picture as Hepburn was in "Bill of Divorcement." I could not foretell then

DESTINED FOR

HER IN LOVE AND BROUGHT HER SORROW. YET, SHE CAN'T BE OF THE CROWD

Here are Miss Harding and Jasper Deeping, the man who started her in acting. Her appreciation for his help is so great that she returns to play in his Little Theatre in Pennsylvania each summer, when she could be collecting large salaries for appearing on Broadway, as so many actors and actresses do.

BY MARTHA KERR

that she was not going to follow "Paris Bound" as Hepburn did her first with a "Morning Glory" and "Little Women." I could not know that Ann was going to just miss being recorded as the greatest screen personality of the day and be recorded merely as "one of Hollywood's best actresses." No one could. And yet, knowing nothing about her future, I felt, even then, a swift, undefinable sympathy for her.

I BELIEVE I know now why it was. I always feel an instinctive, perhaps unreasonable, sympathy for superior men and women. For those who were born just a little more intelligent and thoughtful and understanding than the others with whom Fate forces them to mingle. For a man or a woman who is chiselled out of fine, white marble rather than cast from common, easily molded clay.

We spend much time sympathizing with those who do not feel as great as those around them. We call them "inferiority complexed" and turn learned doctors over to teaching them to realize they are as good as other people. Personally, I think we waste our sympathies on them. Nine cases out of ten, they are merely folks who are inferior and spend their time worrying about God's injustice in making them so—instead of learning, frankly, from those who are a little more intelligent.

The people we should pity are our Ann Hardings—who cannot help it because they are of marble rather than clay and cannot do anything to help it. You cannot learn to become less intelligent just to get along better with those who are around you. You can break or chip marble, destroy it. You cannot bend it.

Hollywood has been chipping away at Ann Harding for five years. When it took away the husband she loved as only a superior woman can love—with intelligence enhancing womanly passion, as intelligence always does—it nearly broke her into small (*Continued on page 78*)

LONELINESS

WHO IS HOLLYWOOD'S

According to Willy Pogany, Ramon Novarro is very beautiful. And Clark?

John Barrymore's "perfect" profile just isn't, and John Boles' face registers—what?

BELIEVE me, it is no half-baked, obscure posturer who here chooses Hollywood's Handsomest Man, its Most Beautiful Man, and the ten also-rans who just miss being handsome. It is a man of world-wide reputation in the field of art—Willy Pogany.

Born in Hungary fifty-five years ago, Pogany has lived a romantic life. Today, he is a member of the Society of Mural Painters, the Beaux Arts and the Institute of Design. He holds gold medals from Budapest, Leipzig, New York and the Panama-Pacific World Fair. Mr. Pogany is now working in Hollywood as art advisor to the motion picture studios and painter of portraits to the biggest stars.

So, if this story doesn't raise ructions both inside and outside of Hollywood, then I'm a poor prophet.

For, as though it weren't foolhardy enough to name Hollywood's handsomest man, this noted artist bravely goes on to name the ten also-rans who fail to achieve handsomeness. And he tells, with brutal frankness, why they flop.

It'll start things *in* Hollywood, because, while "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," have you ever been around when a man who thinks he's handsome is told that he isn't? And have you ever heard how these heroes of the screen have their beauty shop appointments, their hairdressers, muscle builders, masseurs, and all the others of that horde of beauticians who—believe it or not—purvey as much beautyware to the men of the screen as to the women?

And it will start something *out* of Hollywood, because thousands of women are going to read it and say, "That fellow, Willy Pogany is an idiot. What does he mean, Gable is *not* handsome? Why, if I had him here, I'd show him!"

Well, okay, girls! You've all got your favorites, and your sisters in Hollywood have, too. Yet Pogany says Gable's just a squarehead with a chin as weak as water. And as for Joel McCrea and Freddie March—well, maybe you'd better plunge right into Pogany's ideas and see how you react. Here they are:

CLARK GABLE has a weak chin and square head!

That famous "perfect profile" of John Barrymore's is too confounded sharp! It reminds one of a battle ax.

Leslie Howard's face is entirely too long. Joel McCrea's is too utterly average. Franchot Tone's is too "pretty."

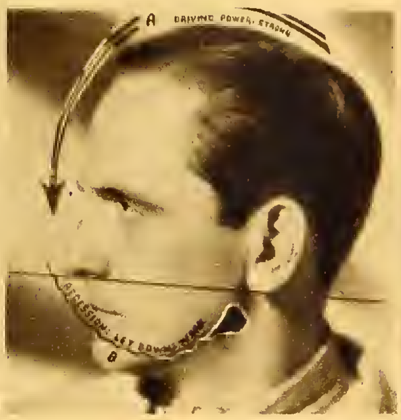
There's too much masculine conceit in John Boles' countenance. And Freddie March's face is split in half between

And here is Warner Baxter who, again according to Mr. Pogany, is well-nigh a knockout when it comes to downright handsomeness.

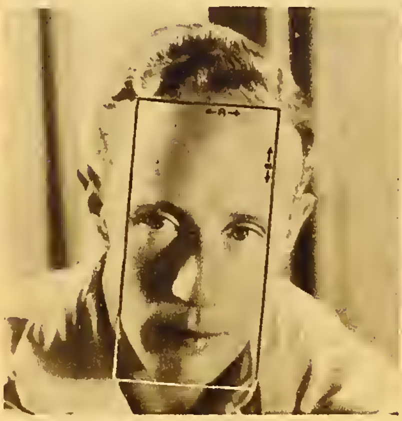
WHEN IT COMES TO MA

HANDSOMEST MAN...?

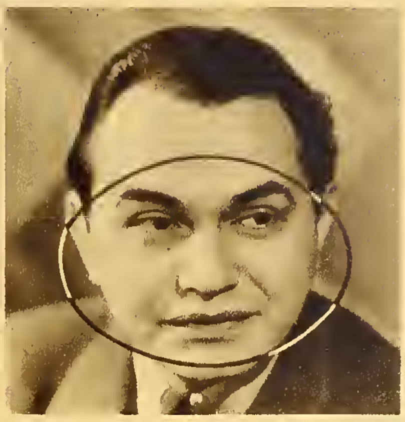
Joel McCrea is too utterly average.



Fredric March is only "half" handsome.



Leslie Howard's face is entirely too long.


Edward G. Robinson's is overly broad.

BY HARRY LANG

forceful he-mannish determination and weakly indecisive recession.

And so none of them wins World-Famed Artist Willy Pogany's crown as The Handsomest Man in the Movies.

Instead, Pogany turns to Warner Baxter and decides: "There, in Warner Baxter, we have the Ideal Hero, the answer to a maiden's prayer, the dream man of ninety-nine women out of a hundred, the personification of the swashbuckling, heart-smashing, perfect male every woman pictures in her imagination as she reads Laura Jean Libby or Willa Cather or whomsoever her favorite romantic author may be. He's Sir Galahad in a sports-twin-six, he's the modern, 1934 version of the Ideal He!

"He's not the Arrow Collar Boy; he's not the aesthetic emotion-tickler; he's not the thrillingly mysterious type. He's simply and obviously and plainly the thoroughly handsome, ideal type male human animal."

Having delivered his verdict, then, Pogany, with the full courage of his convictions, sits back and admits that he's ready for the deluge.

"I know," he grins, "that from far and wide, as soon as this pronouncement of mine has been published, I will be reviled and condemned and differed with by women old and young. Which, after all, is as it should be. For, thanks be, while I still insist that Warner Baxter is the Ideal Handsome Man, nevertheless many women will disagree with me.

"I'm quite sure," he goes on, "that several thousand women will demand to know by what insanity I rate Baxter above Clark Gable. Or Fredric March or John Barrymore, or George Raft or Ramon Novarro.

"Well, I'm going to tell you. Those fellows are all also-rans. They're handsome enough, in their way, but to the sensitive artist's eyes that I have developed through years of painting and face analysis, each of them presents certain definite defects. All, that is, except Ramon Novarro, whose face is quite different from the rest.

FOR, just as I've chosen Warner Baxter the handsomest man in pictures, so I'll concede that Ramon Novarro is the most beautiful man in movies! And I'll explain what I mean.

"Look at the studio portrait of Novarro. You will see that on it I have marked four lines. The lines enclose, in a rectangle, the Novarro features. Now take four sheets of paper and lay them along the lines so that the whole portrait is covered with the exception of the space within the square. And behold, there gazes out at you the perfect woman's face! Don't take my word for it, look for yourself. Envision those features framed with a woman's hair and woman's clothes, and what have you? You have a very good-looking girl. I don't mean a pretty girl or a cute one or a pert one. I mean a beautiful girl in the academic sense.

"Novarro, you see, is obviously the aesthete. There is in his face not one feature which I would call in artist's terminology, a 'strong' feature. It is utterly feminine. Even the chin, which in a full-front view gives the illusion of strength, is revealed as obviously feminine in the profile. It is an intelligent face and a beautiful face—but not a strictly masculine one.

"And now," Pogany spread before him another handful of portraits of the screen's famous heroes, "for these also-rans."

Ten pictures lay in front of the artist. They were portraits of Clark Gable, John Barrymore, John Boles, Joel McCrea, Fredric March, George Raft, Franchot Tone, Leslie Howard, Eddie Robinson and James Cagney.

"Every one of them is handsome in a way," smiled Pogany, "or pretty. Yes, even Cagney and Robinson. In their way, they're aesthetically beautiful, the faces of those two so-called 'hard guys' of the screen. I'll tell you about them, later. But every one of them has one defect or more, to the trained eyes of the artist.

"Take Gable, for instance, Gable, that hero who set the hearts of feminine film fans so (*Continued on page 94*)

CULINE BEAUTY, FILMDOM'S LOVERS LEAVE PLENTY TO BE DESIRED!

A DRAMA OF THE DAYS WHEN KINGS WERE IMPORTANT, AND A FIERY BEAUTY NAMED DU BARRY MADE ONE KING TOE THE MARK

Enter

You probably know some of the historical facts in the case—that is, how Louis XV ruled France, and Madame Du Barry ruled Louis. She enslaved him with her matchless beauty and, not only that, but her sharp wits were behind many a bit of successful statecraft and wiley court intrigue. Below, you will find Du Barry, played by Dolores Del Rio, efficiently vamping Louis, played by Reginald Owen. On the opposite page, you may enjoy the spectacle of the Emperor of France reluctantly toting his lady's lapdog. Also, on the opposite page you will find Victor Jory, who plays D'Aiguillon, with Du Barry. Is he the real romantic interest, you ask? Well, you had better see the picture. To your right is the stately Verree Teasdale, another featured player in the entrancing Warner pageant called "Madame DuBarry."

MADAME du BARRY

HER HUSBAND CURED HER OF *lying*

Joan admits she's a romantic liar.

... ONE OF THE CUTEST, MOST NATURAL AND HUMAN STORIES WE HAVE EVER READ ABOUT THAT VERY NATURAL PERSON, JOAN BLONDELL

George Barnes, our Joan's devoted spouse.

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SHE still kicks like a healthy colt because Warner Brothers, her employers (who have rushed her through thirty-five films in three and one half years), will not bill her as "Joan Barnes," her name by marriage, instead of the box office magnet "Joan Blondell."

Blonde, curvy, twenty-five-year-old Joan Rosebud Blondell now has a two-fold reason for wanting to assume professionally the name of her ace cameraman-husband, George Barnes, who has photographed five of her Warner pictures. It was love-at-first-sight when they met on "The Greeks Had a Word For It" set, she doing one of the gold diggers, George heading the camera crew.

In October of this year, following a month's trip to Tahiti, Joan and George Barnes plan to present Hollywood with a special Barnes production.

"There's still a little trouble about the baby's name," says Joan, in May. "I want him, if he's a boy, to be called George Scott Barnes, Jr., after his father. If the baby's a girl, I'd like to call her Georgia Barnes, maybe Georgia Joan Barnes.

"To me, it seems awfully early to announce a thing like an autumn birth, but you can't keep a secret in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, it was news to me that we were blessed eventing. George and I went on a vacation to a hot springs near Los Angeles, and in the sulphur baths, the girl attendant told me that I could expect an interesting event in the fall."

Frank, breezy, tolerant, whole-hearted Joan Blondell, off-screen, is as much like the Cinema Joan Blondell as two peas, and as full of rounded curves. Five feet four inches tall, one hundred fifteen pounds in weight, she lowers her ultra-long lashes over her ultra-large round blue eyes, lifts the lashes, and from her wise red lips come sentences of salty wisdom.

"I'm grateful to my husband for marrying me. I've never had much education, picked it up 'catch as catch can' when I wasn't working in vaudeville with my parents and my brother and sister.

"I consider George Barnes well-educated, refined and a craftsman. A wife should have that kind of respect for her husband.

"A young man writer came to me one day and said, 'How does it feel to be a fourth *(Continued on page 92)*

MULTIMILLIONAIRE! SO WHAT?

...COSTLY ESTATE. SWIMMING POOL. GOLF COURSE. GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS. AND ONLY ONCE DID HAROLD LLOYD REALLY PRAISE HEAVEN FOR HIS MONEY

BY JACK JAMISON

The Lloyds. Peggy, Harold, Buddy, Gloria and Mildred.

ONCE when I was sitting in on a press agent's conference in Hollywood I asked, "Who is the richest man in Hollywood?"

"Harold Lloyd," my friend promptly replied. And before I could say anything he went on, "And he's the unhappiest man in town, too."

"I don't see how you figure that," I objected.

"You don't? Have you ever been up to that castle of his? Must have cost him a million! The golf course alone cost a couple of hundred thousand. Servants all over the place. Cars. Royalty coming to visit. Swell? Not for Harold! What is the guy? Just a country boy. His dad sold sewing machines and dragged Harold all over the country when he was a kid. He never had a home, and a home is what he wants. He and Mildred don't know anything about swank. And there they sit, up in that forty-room castle! You know what they do? They live in two rooms of it!"

And so, I found myself wondering whether Harold was the unhappiest man in Hollywood and if so, why.

As a kid, he used to steal horsehair out of sofas to make moustaches for the impersonations he was always giving. Except for the coaching of a forgotten actor who rented a room in one of his many childhood homes, Harold had no dramatic experience at all when he arrived in Hollywood fifteen years ago. He was just one more stage-struck kid. But he was honestly interested in pictures for pictures' sake, not just to make money out of them. He never dreamed he *would* make any money out of them.

In his first extra work, he played an Indian. Then he happened to have the good luck to sell Hal Roach, who was just beginning to produce comedies on a shoe-string, on the idea of a comic character to be known as Willie Work. Those were the days when all comedians played hoboes for some unknown reason. Stan Laurel and a dozen others were imitating the newest rage—Charlie Chaplin. It was to keep folks from accusing him of copying Charlie that Harold thought up the horn-rimmed spectacles. The one reel (*Continued on page 84*)

TAKE A LEAF FROM M

BY JACK GRANT

IF YOU FEEL THAT BEAUTY HAS PASSED YOU BY, READ THIS STORY ABOUT JEANETTE MacDONALD AND TAKE HEART—AND A FEW HINTS

(Below) When Jeanette was doing musical comedies on the stage. Learn of her childish ambitions to be an actress—and her despairing belief that she was "too homely."

THERE are volumes of scrapbooks in Jeanette MacDonald's library, all kept with loving care and justifiable pride by her mother. Some are large enough to accommodate a full-sized newspaper page; others are of expensive hand-tooled leather. But the one occupying premier position on the library shelves is a little paper-backed composition book. In it are pasted the first clippings Jeanette ever received.

Glancing through it, I happened to note that the words "beautiful," "lovely" and their synonyms had been underscored in all the reviews of Jeanette's early stage shows. A particularly striking bit of underscoring brought out a sentence in a review of "Yes, Yes, Yvette." It read "Jeanette MacDonald, in dancing, displays as lovely a pair of legs as your critic has ever seen."

Now the beauty of Jeanette's legs is not an issue for debate, as anyone who has viewed them in a Lubitsch boudoir scene can attest. Why, then, the necessity of underscoring the mention of lovely legs in a now-forgotten newspaper clipping? Why, as a matter of fact, should notice of her other undeniably attractive features have been given similar prominence in this ancient scrapbook?

It happens that I am a curious cuss. Consequently I lost no time in asking Mrs. MacDonald the whys and wherefores.

"You must ask Jeanette," her mother said. "There is a story concerning that particular book, but she may not want it known. As it is her secret, she will have to tell it."

A secret, eh? The proverbial red flag waved at the proverbial bull cannot cause greater excitement than the suggestion that anybody is harboring a secret in Hollywood. Jeanette was, of course, immediately requested to tell all.

"I should have known better than to leave that old scrapbook where you could find it," she laughed. "And mother's cryptic remark didn't help matters either. So you might just as well have the whole story.

"As a child, I grew up much too fast. I was always

JEANETTE'S BOOK

The lovely person at the right had, when she was "growing up" the skinniest legs you ever saw. She admits it. How did she acquire the beautiful underpinning she possesses today? She tells you. (Below) A scene from "The Merry Widow."

several sizes larger than my classmates in school and, as a result, I had to play with older girls or seem mountainous among those of my own age. Naturally I chose the older ones.

"Being the youngest in a crowd of girls often helps to make advancement more rapid. But just as often it develops an inferiority complex and causes a child to become self-conscious. I was frightfully self-conscious, particularly about my physical appearance.

"I was gawky and no amount of dancing lessons seemed able to cure my awkwardness. My face was long and horribly freckled. There were wide spaces between my teeth and I thought my nose too large. But worst of all were my legs. They were veritable pipe stems, no shape—just length.

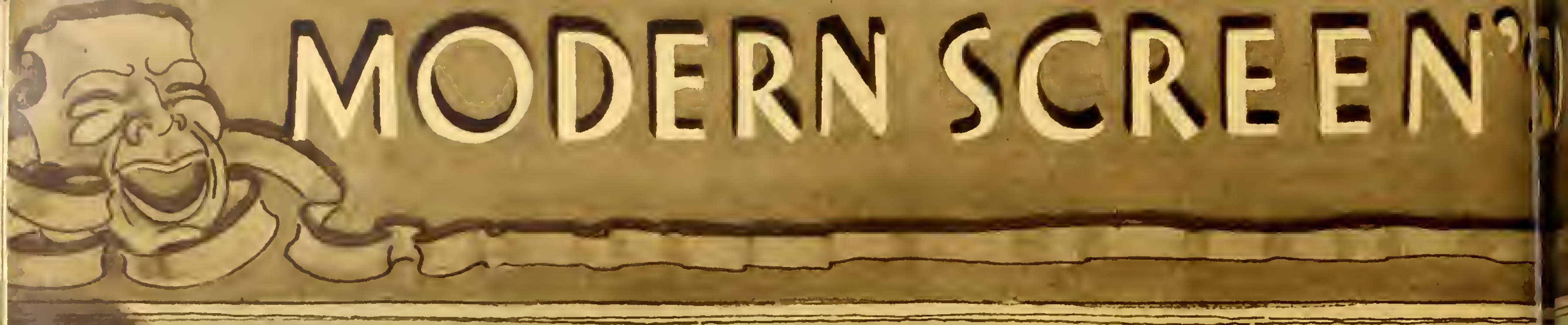
"Some of these defects I outgrew without effort. My teeth, for example, closed of their own accord. I never had to wear braces. But I didn't outgrow my bad legs. I was in a constant state of embarrassment about them.

"You must understand that bad legs were more than a matter of personal vanity in my case. Since early childhood I had been consumed with only one ambition—to go on the stage. At the age of four, I gravely informed neighbors that I would some day be a 'great singer and take care of mama.' At six, I was talking about what I would do with my first earnings. It seemed, then, I would use the money to buy mother a gold bed and myself a pony. A few weeks later I was thrown by a pony and my desire to own one vanished. Mother has never had a golden bed either.

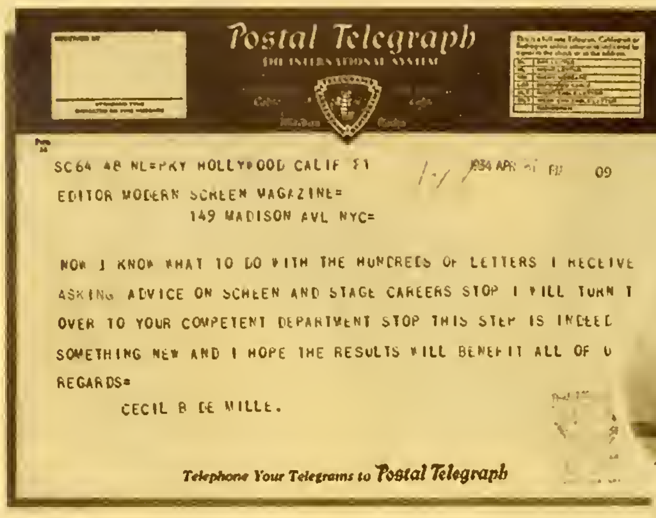
"I can't remember as far back as when I first began to sing. Nor is it known where I picked up the word 'opera.' I sang in all languages, at least, what I fondly imagined were many languages. The operas did not exist any more than did the words I invented. Yet wearing mama's apron to help with the dishes or sitting on the front porch banging away at a toy piano, I always sang at the top of my lungs.

"Some of my songs were taught me by my older sisters before I could read the words and music. Others I picked up from listening to a neighbor's (*Continued on page 95*)

MODERN SCREEN'



A NEW DEPARTMENT! A LOT OF FUN! A LOT OF VALUABLE INFORMA-



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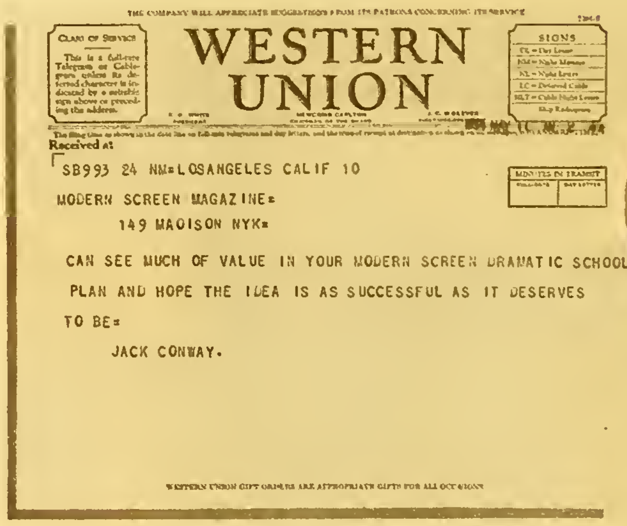
NOW I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS I RECEIVE ASKING ADVICE ON SCREEN AND STAGE CAREERS STOP I WILL TURN T OVER TO YOUR COMPETENT DEPARTMENT STOP THIS STEP IS INDEED SOMETHING NEW AND I HOPE THE RESULTS WILL BENEFIT ALL OF U REGARDS=

CECIL B DE MILLE.

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Our Dramatic School has had a big send-off from a number of Hollywood's leading directors. On these two pages, you'll find telegrams from some of the top-notch megaphoners. (Reading top to bottom on this page) Mr. DeMille threatens to keep us busy! Mr. Conway, thank you most sincerely. And—you, Mr. Lubitsch, with your cigar—mebbe we have. Who knows?



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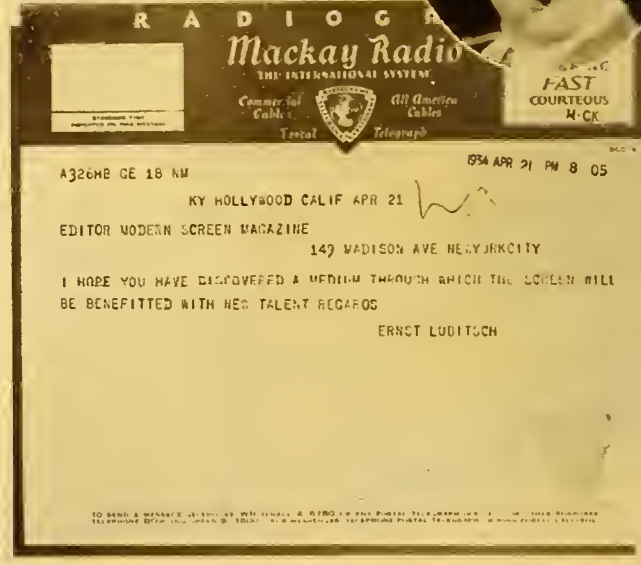
CAN SEE MUCH OF VALUE IN YOUR MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL PLAN AND HOPE THE IDEA IS AS SUCCESSFUL AS IT DESERVES TO BE=

JACK CONWAY.



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I HOPE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THE SCREEN WILL BE BENEFITTED WITH NEW TALENT REGARDS

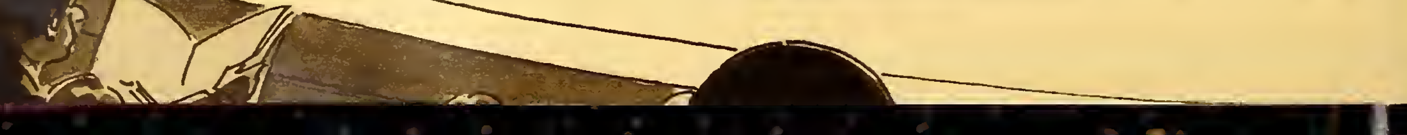
ERNST LUBITSCH

HONESTLY, I haven't been so thrilled since, years ago, I got my first assignment to interview Mary Pickford. Now that I come to think it over, it seems to me that this is just about the biggest thrill of my life—my sitting here at my typewriter to begin the first article in MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School.

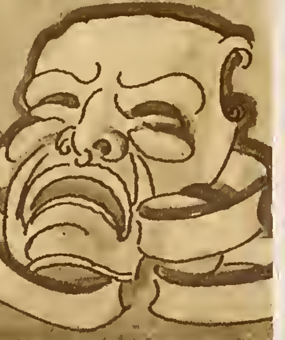
This is a venture that is completely revolutionary and utterly different from any department in any other magazine. Briefly this is the purpose of it:

Young people study art, literature and music in school. Dramatics are included, too, but it always seems to be a side issue. Yet a knowledge of dramatics is a part of everyone's education—or should be.

In Hollywood there are the most capable people who could give first-hand,

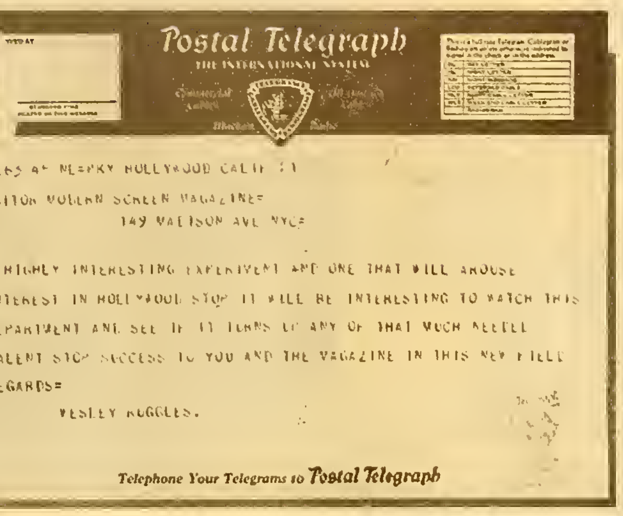


RAMATIC SCHOOL



TION. WANT TO JOIN? IT COSTS NOTHING. JUST READ THIS.

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT



Postal Telegraph

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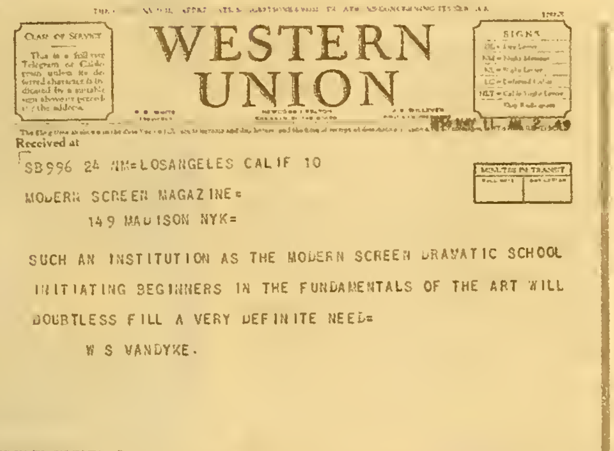
A HIGHLY INTERESTING EXPERIMENT AND ONE THAT WILL AROUSE INTEREST IN HOLLYWOOD STOP IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO WATCH THIS DEPARTMENT AND SEE IF IT TURNS UP ANY OF THAT MUCH NEEDED TALENT STOP SUCCESS TO YOU AND THE MAGAZINE IN THIS NEW FIELD REGARDS=
WESLEY RUGGLES.

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

(Top) Wesley Ruggles, we're glad to know you like the idea. (Below, right) That's W. S. Van Dyke, who is good looking enough to be an actor and smart enough to be a director.



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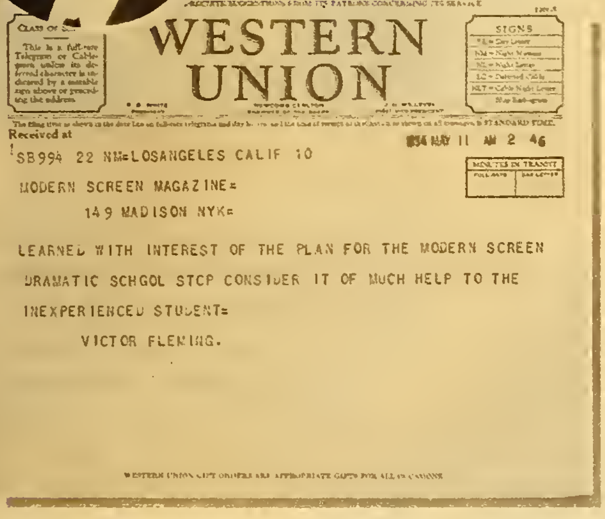
SUCH AN INSTITUTION AS THE MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL INITIATING BEGINNERS IN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE ART WILL DOUBTLESS FILL A VERY DEFINITE NEED=
W S VANDYKE.



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LEARNED WITH INTEREST OF THE PLAN FOR THE MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL STOP CONSIDER IT OF MUCH HELP TO THE INEXPERIENCED STUDENT=
VICTOR FLEMING.

That's what we aim to be, Mr. Fleming. "A help to the inexperienced student"—and some value to everyone who wishes to join our school.

practical advice. The directors, make-up experts, wardrobe people and stars *know* their stuff. Wouldn't it be swell if we could throw the pages of MODERN SCREEN open to these people and let them give you readers a real, workable course in dramatics? Well, why not?

And, should dramatics—as such—not be your chief interest in life, the information these experts can give you could most certainly be used to advantage in everyday life. Right? Right!

Whenever I'm excited about anything, I start to talk about it. I started to talk about this idea to everyone I saw and discovered that all were equally enthusiastic. You can see for yourself the wires on these pages. Here are some more glowing send-offs:

From Harry Beaumont: "Congratulations on the

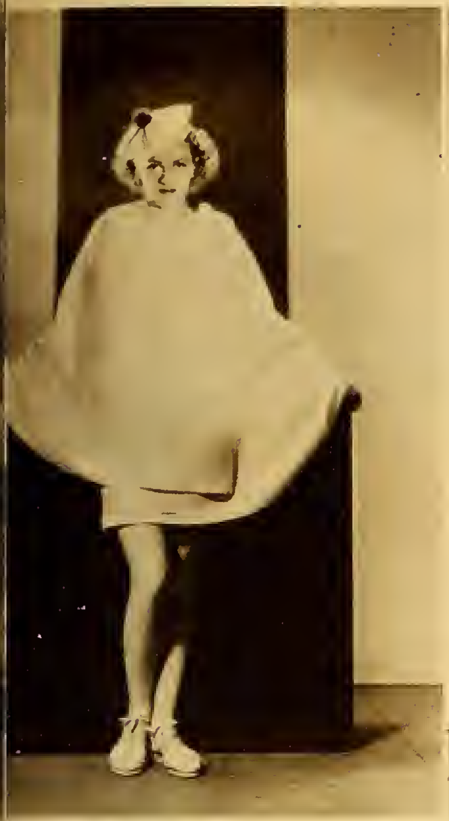
(*Continued on Page 105*)

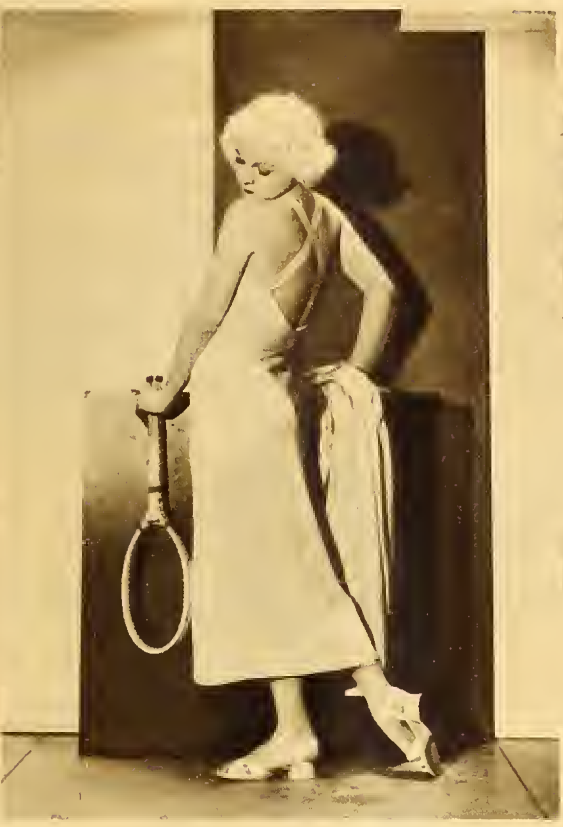
Join THE

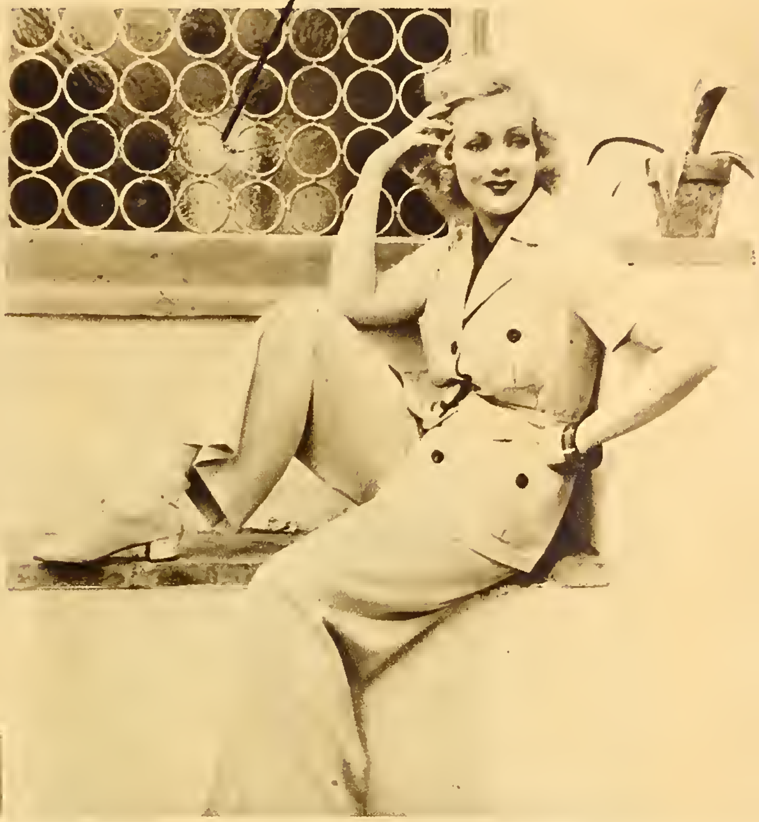
(Above) Under the vine-clad wall, over the cool, clear pond, lies Jean Harlow, taking her sun bath. Her choice for a swim suit is white, with bandings of brown to bring out the subtle tints of her blonde coloring. (Left) Alice Faye has on a Jersey suit, with not so much sun space as Jean's. Rather, a shirtwaist type of thing.

When she wants the sun to tan her face, Carole Lombard pushes back the wide brim of her piqué-beach hat. And then again, when she wishes shade, down goes the bonnet all around.

BEACH *vamps*







(Above) When a towel becomes a cape, it does something like this one worn by Betty Furness. It covers her bathing suit from edge to edge and is made from white chinchilla cloth, just like the sailor beret with the bright red pompon. Her sandals are crocheted from heavy white cotton thread and have rubber soles for sandy beaches. Betty says that her cape sops up the water most efficiently after a good swim.

(Center) Symphony in yellow. Knit dress in yellow and white sunback straps with yellow buttons, yellow belt, yellow flannel coat and yellow canvas sandals—all worn by Muriel Evans with yellow hair. (Right) Slacks in flannel, and beige-colored at that, are worn by Ann Sothern in "Blind Date." There are big brown buttons on the matching flannel coat and a contrasting shirt of brown.

WANT TO KNOW HOW TO BE ALLURING THOUGH SWIMMING? WANT ALL THE MASCULINE EYES TO BLINK ADMIRINGLY? HERE ARE A FEW POINTERS!

BY MARGERY WELLS

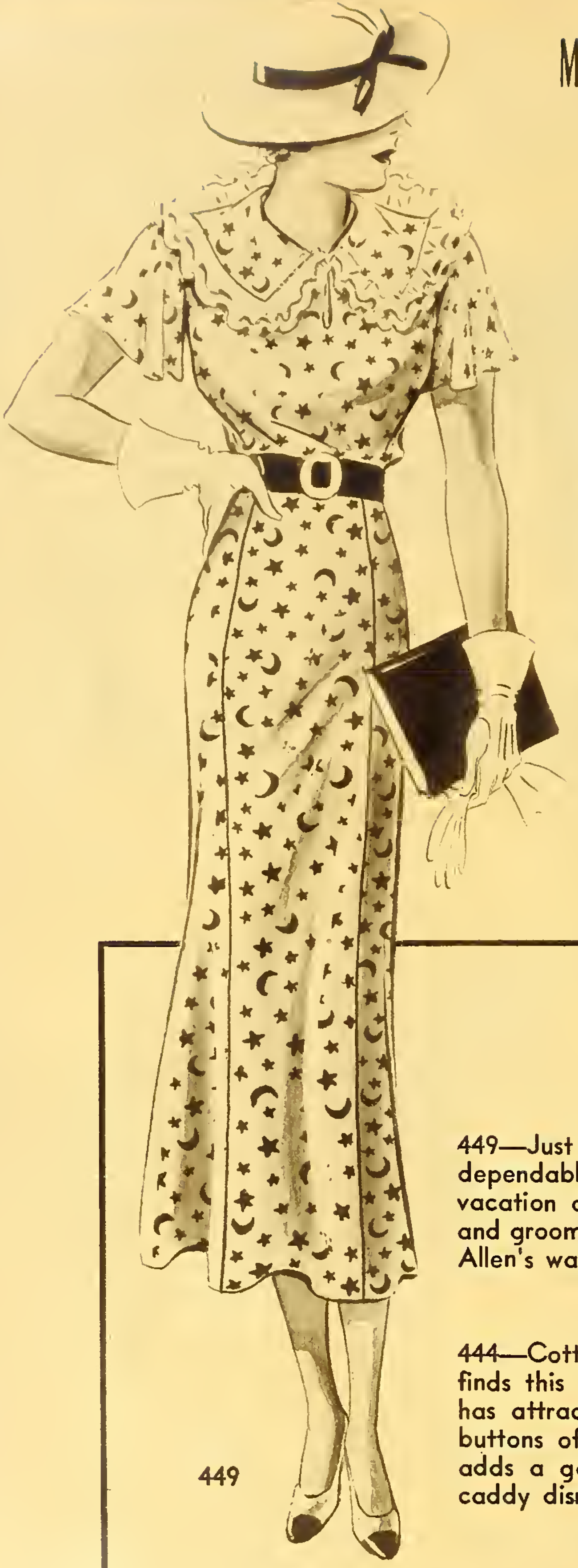
SWIMMING, or beaching or lolling in the sun? How can you do it happily and becomingly? Well, hark to what the screen stars say on the subject, for they know what they're talking about when it comes to sports, just as they do for any other smart occasion of life. After all, that is their business. They know how to make themselves attractive.

Jean Harlow insists on her one-piece bathing suit of white. She knows that it flatters the color of her skin and the shimmering whiteness of her hair.

Just to be contrary, and also understanding her own particular type of beauty, Alice Faye dons that mannish shirt-short costume. She wears it in dark blue, for that's a summer color. She's not going to run the risk of tanning her skin in a deep V in front and back, for she says she knows what havoc that stunt would work with her evening dresses, when the necklines don't match the lines of the tan. So she buttons her swimming shirt close under her chin and lets it go at that. (*Continued on page 98*)

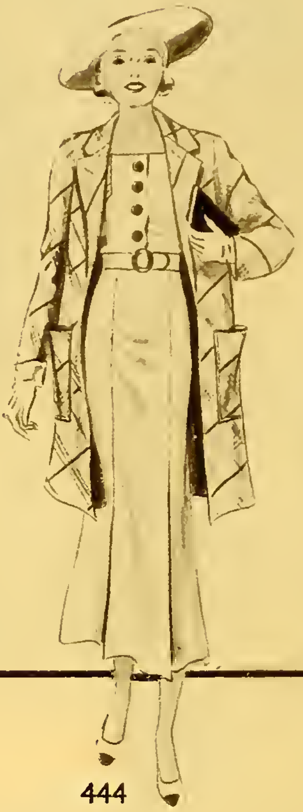
MODERN SCREEN

Patterns



449

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



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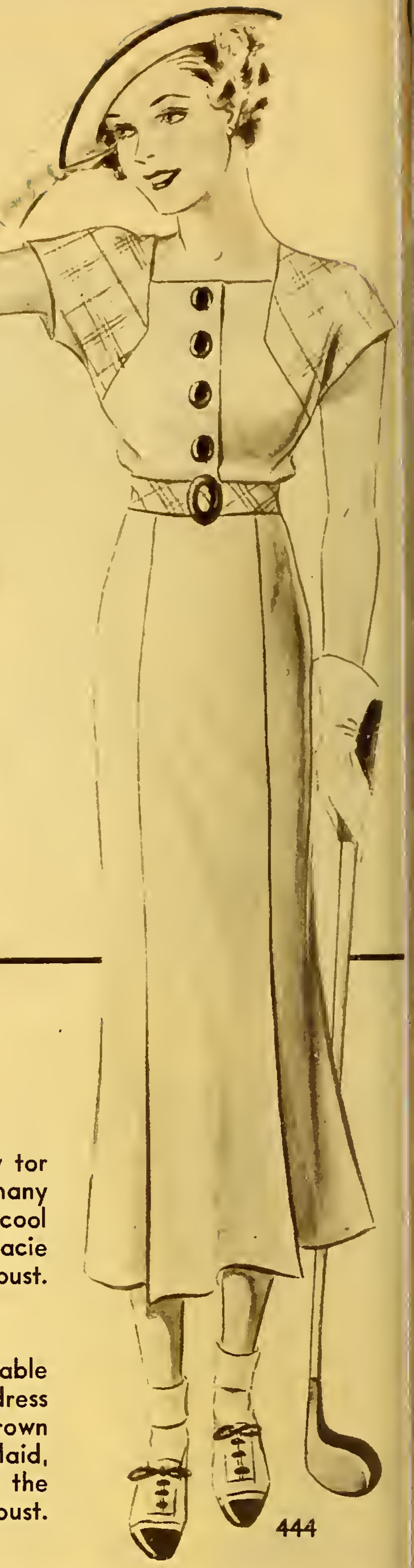

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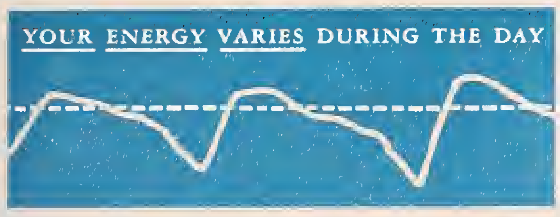
449—Just the sort of printed frock you need, not only tor dependable summer wear, but especially for those many vacation occasions when you want to look trim and cool and groomed—but not too dressed up. This is from Gracie Allen's wardrobe. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

444—Cotton for smart sports fashions! Evelyn Venable finds this a grand golfing outfit. The white cotton dress has attractive plaid treatment as to bodice, and brown buttons of carved wood. The jacket, of the same plaid, adds a gay note when the clubs are put away and the caddy dismissed. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!



Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy...a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

CAMELS can literally relieve fatigue and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*

TOO TIRED FOR FUN...and then she smoked a Camel!

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

CAMEL
TURKISH &
QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels — a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

SURPRISING COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN PRODUCE

Remarkable Change in Powder Shades

OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN

Grass Green IN BRUNETTE

NEW SHADES GIVE "LIFE" TO ALL SKINS...

(from left) Mrs. William T. Wetmore uses Brunette. Miss Charlotte Young and Mrs. Hal Fitzhugh Lee use Pond's Rose Cream.

DO YOU KNOW that there is now a face powder that actually contains the hidden colors in human skin?

A delicate machine has made this possible!

A machine that discovered bright blue in blonde skin . . . vivid green in brunette. Hidden shades that give transparency to blonde skin . . . creamy charm to brunette.

Pond's tested over two hundred girls' skins with this scientific machine. Dazzling complexions to wan, dull skins . . . we tested every one.

New shades freshen skin

From all of this study we evolved the six perfect powder shades that will enhance—enliven—any coloring.

NATURAL...perfect for very fair blondes Brightens the face . . . ROSE CREAM is for most blondes and for fair-skinned brunettes. Adds fresh luminous quality to the skin.

LIGHT CREAM for ivory-skinned blondes and brunettes. Adds a velvety radiance to skin . . . BRUNETTE (Rachel) for brunette and "creamy" skins. Gives them life!

ROSE BRUNETTE, a warmer shade . . . gives sparkle to sallow skins and tones down ruddiness . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for brunettes of pronounced coloring. And for sun-tanned skins.

And Pond's—in these heavenly new shades—spreads with such marvelous smoothness that you *stay* powdered all day long. The perfume is very French—very expensive! Yet Pond's is amazingly reasonably priced. A glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as many $1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and Variety Stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

POND'S Face Powder
POND'S FACE POWDER

Made of the finest Ingredients

ONLY 55¢

10¢

★ *Send 5¢ for Two Special Boxes* of Pond's Face Powder and an extra sample . . . three different Light or three different Dark Shades, with directions for choosing *your* shade.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept.H, 94 Hudson St., New York
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Face Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

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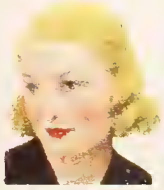

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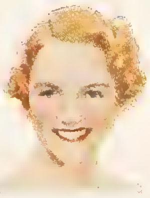


ROSE CREAM

LIGHT CREAM

BRUNETTE

ROSE BRUNETTE

DARK BRUNETTE

How Long Will Hollywood Protect Harlow?

(*Continued from page 43*)

we were ready for mutiny, she broke through that male cordon and swept us all into the bedroom where she entertained *us* with the naughty stories she had been telling our men—and hearing from them. She was completely captivating."

Another party. Jean's mother telephoned the hostess to make certain the gathering was "all right for my little girl." Of course, the hostess told the crowd. We roared—but we watched the front door for the arrival of Jean Harlow. When she finally came, hours late, her face was half hidden behind enormous, dark glasses.

"Klieg eyes. I don't see how I got here at all," she explained. She went from one guest to another, her long fingers caressing cheeks, easing through short hair, lingering over eyelids. "Let's see if I can guess who you are. I can't see a thing, you know." Eventually, she wandered into the kitchen. From the door, she cried to the servant, "Oh, what lovely biscuits. May I have some?" The biscuits were on the stove across the room. Enough guests saw this to whisper, "She can't see people, but she can see biscuits."

THE fact remains that no other woman in the room—stars included—was as much watched and talked-about as Jean Harlow. If this was showmanship, it was clever. If it wasn't . . .

And Hollywood continued to shrug a shoulder until she married Paul Bern.

Jean has told me she never played in one of Paul Bern's pictures. "If he did anything to help me professionally, I don't know it," she said. Which was Paul Bern, truly. If he was responsible, as has been said, for her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract and her lead in "Red Headed Woman," he would never tell her. And if he asked her to become his wife, because he understood what the dignity of his name could do to help her in Hollywood at that time, he wouldn't have said that either.

And Jean Harlow did need protection. Hollywood's shoulder-shrugging was followed by a definite criticism when "Hell's Angels" was released. "All figure. She can't act. Good for seduction shots only."

She told me herself, "I couldn't get a decent role. Howard Hughes was loaning me out for $2500 a week. I was getting $150. But he was loaning me for cheap parts only, where I didn't wear any clothes. I packed our trunks while mother was in the hospital and made up my mind to get out of pictures forever. I accepted personal appearances because I thought I might as well pick up that money."

Paul Bern was in New York when she appeared there. She was breaking personal appearance records—even Jack Dempsey's. A personality that flamed similar to Clara Bow's, but a girl who could not act, was the verdict of picture producers. Only one producer realized she could learn to act. He was clever. Attorney Rubin told Jean when she signed her contract, "We don't think you can act, but we can't get around the record you've made on this tour." His opinion plus the salesmanship of Paul Bern?

She faced Hollywood once again. Rightly or wrongly, her personal reputation was now exactly as her professional one. She was granted to be the kind of woman she had played in "Hell's Angels." And Hollywood was giving Paul Bern full credit for her new opportunity in pictures. "Paul's just helping another kid in trouble." In other words, Hollywood did not take her seriously and Hollywood's opinion was likely to be the world's opinion. It would gossip and laugh and insinuate about Jean Harlow. But not about Mrs. Paul Bern.

Shortly after Bern's suicide I chanced to travel in several countries. Everywhere I went, people said, "Now tell me the real lowdown on Jean Harlow. Was it really suicide? Was he married to Milette? Oh, come on. You must have heard some gossip."

I shook my head, as everyone from Hollywood was doing. Hollywood was again protecting Jean Harlow, even to the point of using at least *inferences* against the man who had died.

By the time her husband died, Mrs. Paul Bern had become a truly valuable piece of Hollywood property. Any wealthy, powerful concern is entitled to protect its real assets. Of course, there was gossip. Everything from the tale that the police were not called until a publicity man had been located, so he could be present at the investigation to handle the reporters, to the servant who ran down the hill *before* help arrived and told of *two* notes he was supposed to have found beside the body. One juicy tale after another, but tales which no one really wanted investigated.

And Jean certainly acted like a very wise little girl at this moment. She placed herself in the hands of her well-organized and powerful studio and did exactly as it told her. She recognized her need for protection and did nothing that might upset it. And the sympathy was craftily turned from the dead man to the living woman. Which was as it should be. And the woman lived quietly and unobtrusively as a woman who has faced great tragedy, not of her own making, should live until—headlines announced she had eloped with Hal Rosson.

THIS time, the gossips were not so kind. I heard a newspaper woman claim she had letters in her possession that involved the names of Jean Harlow and Max Baer. She further stated that Dorothy Dunbar Baer was so angry at the attempt to link her husband's name with Jean's that she had at least considered suing Max—naming Jean—rightly or wrongly—as corespondent.

Of course, this was one woman's word. But the gossip spread. And when the gossip was the hottest, Jean married again. I repeat, the dignity of marriage is woman's greatest protection.

Again, Jean was docile about advice. She gave out stories about this great romance, this final, always-yearned-for happiness that had come at last. When she told me how she loved him, there was no denying that light in her eyes.

And we breathed a deep and sincere sigh of relief for Jean. And decided she did have common sense as well as daring and beauty. Undoubtedly, Jean breathed a sigh of relief for herself and decided she'd been very lucky. In fact, she told me only a few weeks ago how lucky she had been and how happy she was about it.

And then? Well, she fought with the studio that had protected her so shrewdly. Somehow, she started being *not so docile*. She had won sixth place in a popularity contest held among 12,000 motion picture exhibitors and was second, among the women, to Janet Gaynor. Almost any woman would think herself secure.

I am quite certain that the wise men who had directed her thoughts and her words, when trouble had overtaken her, did not advise her to tell one writer after another how happy she and Hal were. "We sleep in a big, old-fashioned bed. We're going to take a long honeymoon as soon as we can get away together. We're living with mother because it's easier. I haven't the time to be a good housekeeper, but any gossip about our not being divinely happy is simply ridiculous."

No, I'm quite certain Jean's own impulses to have romantic stories printed about her must have instigated these gushing interviews, printed up to the very day she announced her separation. Because the studio must have known what someone, who watched Jean and Hal come to the studio each day, told me a long time ago. "They never come down together. They come in separate cars. He hangs around and waits until she goes in first. He's a swell guy and he makes good money on his own. He doesn't have to bother about being the husband of a celebrity. He's too quiet to really like it. But he's a gentleman and chivalrous. However, that's going to bust just as soon as it's pretty certain the publicity won't hurt Jean Harlow."

AND then when she announced the separation right on top of all those lovey-dovey stories on which she had been quoted, Hollywood laughed. It couldn't help it. Especially did it laugh when it learned she had told the truth to one journalist two months before, with the understanding the writer would not release the story until the separation actually happened. "Jealousy on the part of Hal," was what Jean said.

"Oh dear, do *you* understand Jean Harlow?" is Hollywood's question now. "Why did she say she was happy if she wasn't? What's back of this? Was it true about Max Baer? Is she going to marry him now? *Was* this last husband just another protection? What are we going to do about her? How explain her to the public? Is she really doing all this for publicity or is it *just Jean Harlow?*" It certainly is a problem.

Of course, I can't answer those questions. No one can. Perhaps not even Jean herself! Everyone who knows her, likes her. She is a beautiful girl. And it is natural, perhaps, that beauty like that should draw trouble exactly as high explosives upon earth draw rain from the heavens.

But it does look as though Hollywood has hit an impasse in protecting her from that beauty.

Perhaps it is up to the rest of the world, now, rather than Hollywood. The world knows by now that Jean is a natural headliner, that she will always be in escapades and excitements. That her beauty and alluring body are gifts which will always bring her masculine protectors. Some man said, "No man can help but want to see more of Jean Harlow. That's the way she and men are constructed and neither can help it."

And she *is* different. As different as Barbara La Marr and Gloria Swanson. More different in person than any character she may play on the screen. I don't see why a world should not protect such a girl by a true understanding and appreciation for the thrill she gives them—whether it be wittingly or unwittingly. Jean was right when she said we need some of that glamor such as was Pola Negri's. And since Jean, herself, is giving it to us, I, for one, hope that the world will take over the job from Hollywood of protecting this interesting person from herself, as Hollywood has done until this moment.

Destined for Loneliness

(*Continued from page 61*)

pieces. And human marble, broken into pieces, ends in insane asylums.

Why, all of Ann's early troubles in this business were due to the fact that she was more brilliant than those around her and she could not learn to be less brilliant. You probably remember the terrific battle she waged with E. H. Griffith when they were making "Holiday."

Like most superior people, Ann has a startling temper. When she saw things she thought were wrong, she could not keep still about them. When the studio paid little or no attention to her suggestions, she could not understand. She had owned her own stock company, had supervised her own stage productions. Could there be a business so blind as not to listen to opinions? Ina Claire stormed into Sam Goldwyn's office and asked this question. And Sam was the one who answered. "Actresses are paid not to think!" Ann did her storming on the set and did not get such a frank answer.

But she did get reams of publicity. Publicity that annoyed her. "Temperamental, indeed! Can't a woman have an opinion without being hailed as cheaply temperamental?"

ANN had great "personality fame" closer to her then than at any other time. For to be called temperamental in Hollywood is to be granted a great personality. Negri, Swanson, Hepburn, Garbo—but you know the list! If Ann could have been persuaded to talk then; to have damned those around her with common, easily understood language; if she could have been influenced to go home and refuse to work until she was thoroughly publicized as sulking! If she could have resorted to any of the crazy, impetuous, emotional stunts that have made Hollywood the most interesting city in the world!

But Ann Harding said instead, "I am not temperamental. If this is the way you do things here, well, I'm intelligent enough to know I'm in a new business." And she retreated within herself and behaved like any truly intelligent woman would have done under the circumstances. Only there are so few who appreciate superior intelligence.

Her interviews. I'll wager you have seldom read an interview with Ann that did not mention the name of Jasper Deeping. Yet you have probably forgotten who he is. He started her in acting. She was working in an insurance company during the days and reading books for Paramount at night. She was lonely. Superior people are always lonely because there are so very few big enough to understand them. Even her studio biography reads, "she went to join the Provincetown players because she sensed an opportunity for the sort of intelligent companionship she was hungry for." Deeping was directing these players. He was another "superior one." He asked her to play the lead in his next production.

And Ann Harding never talks without mentioning his name. Big men and women feel forced by their very bigness to give credit to those who have helped them. Ann's appreciation for his help is so great that she returns during her vacations to play in his Little Theatre in Pennsylvania, refusing huge salaries to appear on Broadway in order that she may do this for her friend.

They wanted me to talk to Ann before I wrote this story. But I said, "It won't do any good. She'll talk about the Little Theatre movement or what women should do to prevent the next war. She'll talk so intelligently that I'll be simply fascinated, but she won't say a down to earth thing about the real Ann Harding."

I was basing that upon a statement she once made to me. "I can't. I'd like to. Really I would. But I can't!"

She told the truth. There is a natural reserve of super-intelligence that absolutely forbids her to talk about her real self.

One story of Ann brings a tear to my eye more quickly than all others. And it is not of her divorce from Harry Bannister. That brings the tears to her eyes.

Ann wore a red wig to an opening. She disguised herself so she would not be recognized. She was gay! She was chummy. She was like the others. Just a normal, kidding, not-too-bright, not-too-dumb woman. Everyone adored her because everyone understood her. She was even offered a test in pictures. I have no doubt men, many men, tried to make love to her.

She was acting a part! She did not look and therefore did not feel like Ann Harding. But she was acting, as she must have wanted to act in Hollywood many times from the very beginning. Like the others. She could not become one of the crowd as herself, so she became it in another person.

Another thing. Truly intelligent people are never snobbish. They know they are just more people, here for a brief visit, that their intelligence is God's gift, not their own creation. So Ann is just another person, even on the set, to herself and therefore to others. Her co-workers swear by her. They swear *at* Hepburn (secretly) and do their best to get into her next film.

And Ann's friends include her secretaries or, as at present, her stand-in girl, Phyllis Yates. Miss Yates has brains. Ann recognizes them. These two women consult on dialogue, camera positions, clothes—all things essential to the actress. Phyllis doesn't just stand-in in Ann's place before the camera to take the heat from the lights and then slink away. She is a companion. She has the intelligence to recognize Ann's bigness and Ann has the common sense to appreciate it. It is not a matter of a workman "yessing" a star. It is strange, but people like Ann Harding often have to find their real friends among those who work for them.

WHEN Ann Harding discovered she could not be of Hollywood, she built a house on the top of Hollywood's highest hill. Not to look down upon the rest of us, but to be away from those she could not emulate. And I think she also hoped to keep Harry Bannister's love because of the height of that hill. She said once, "He likes heights. He is always in an airplane."

It is strange, but really superior women seldom find the right mate. And this, in spite of the fact they have more real passion to give him. They even respond more to passion because of that innate fear that a greater intelligence will make them less emotional than the average woman.

Until their divorce, Ann could not give an interview without talking about Harry. She was always telling us what a marvellous actor he was. Better than she would ever be. Trying to make us believe he was her superior. That was the great love of this woman trying to sell herself, as well as others upon the greatness of her man.

She said to a writer, while she was making "Her Private Affair," in 1929: "I love it out here. Harry Bannister, my husband, and I have the same kind of contract with Pathé. We can have a home with a front yard with grass in it. The baby plays out there in the mornings. It's hell to go to the studio. I'll never worry about leaving the stage or screen. I'll be just a wife and mother. Harry says I'm a very good one." And, furthermore, Ann was a good wife and is a good mother.

Ah, Ann. Perhaps if you'd remained in Pasadena in the little cottage and been just the wife and mother as you were when Mr. Bannister came to Los Angeles to play in "Strange Interlude," if the theatre publicity man had not happened to get it printed in a story about Bannister that *you* were in Pasadena and started the producers rushing that way—perhaps, if you had not become a star. . . .

How hard you tried to keep that divorce dignified. Those notes, written with so much care, given to the press, trying to make a world understand in a few words what many could not understand because they could not understand you, Ann. How Hollywood laughed at you. It said, "You either talk or you don't. You can't talk and be still at the same time, as Ann is trying to do in those formal announcements."

And the times you've tried, since then, to be like the rest of us. A play-trip to Florida. Headlines throughout the world. But even there you couldn't be like others, not even to protect yourself. You kept your mouth shut, took the rap to protect the weakness of another woman. You were big enough to do it.

THE thing that's the matter with you, Ann Harding, is you're just one of those unfortunate, really superior women. You can't stoop to smallness and petty gossip and average feminine relaxations. You can't mix with sham and publicity stunts, even though you know the publicity stunts, at least, would be to your advantage. And since you can't, you must live, alone and lonely, on your high hill with your own bigness. You can't help this. You couldn't as a young girl. You once told me you couldn't remain in the home of your army-captain father because, "All I saw in the army was marrying some second lieutenant." You did not stop to analyze, but you instinctively knew you were too big to be just the social wife of a second lieutenant. You knew instinctively that you could not have stood the petty round of army-post life.

Sometimes I wonder about your daughter. You keep her in pigtails and simple dresses; you protect her with armed guards because it is necessary, but you are fighting to raise her as "just a normal child." Your entire ambition seems to be, now, to make her as unaffected as though she were not the daughter of a famous mother. But if she remains as simple and therefore as great, as thoroughly herself as her marble-chiselled mother, she will have a lonely life, too, like that mother. For she, too, will be a superior woman, and the faces of the Hepburns, the exciting women, will grin up from pictures upon the floor. And they will be asking her, too: "Why do you let my stunts get me what your intelligence and character cannot get you in the way of personal fame?"

PIMPLES
"She had blackheads, boils, itching of the skin," Dr. Pulay relates.

INDIGESTION
"Her stomach was upset, she felt distressed after meals," Dr. Pulay adds.

CONSTIPATED
"A victim of 'self-poisoning.' When examined, her intestines felt toneless."

"Every one of these ills was corrected—*in 30 days*"

reports DR. PULAY, noted Vienna specialist

If your skin is broken out . . . stomach upset . . . bowels sluggish—this "case history" can help you!

● **Dr. Pulay is the famous author of 120 important medical articles; eminent member, Austrian Society of Dermatologists.**

NOTE how similar your troubles are to those in the case illustrated above and described here by Dr. Pulay:—

"This patient's skin was greasy, full of pimples, itchy. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

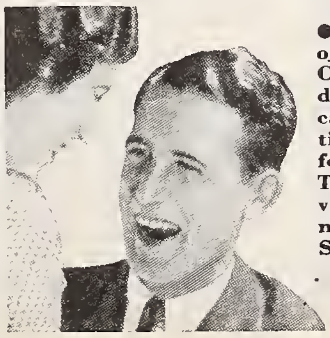
"She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed 'self-poisoning.'

"I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly . . ."

Fleischmann's Yeast makes your stomach juices flow faster . . . strengthens your bowels . . . softens waste so it passes easily from your body.

As Dr. Pulay explains, it is "so much better than cathartics, which are weakening and so harmful to the delicate tissues of your bowels."

Won't *you* take advantage of this great doctor's experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the label. Get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today.*



● **Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Cal., *writes:* "I developed a bad case of indigestion, was 'all in,' felt 'headachy.' The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I felt fine."**

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The True Story of Gable's First Love

(*Continued from page 27*)

company was fun for a while, but it soon began to undermine our sense of humor. You see, we made scarcely enough money to pay for our bleak rooms at the second-rate hotel where we stopped. Some weeks our salary wasn't more than a dollar and thirty cents! Those were the dismal days indeed. We didn't have much to eat and what little food we managed to get we ate right out of the can. On those rare occasions when our salary reached almost ten dollars a week, Billy would splurge and take me to a restaurant where we'd revel in pie and coffee.

"After about nine weeks, the stock company gave up the struggle, and there we were—miles from home, penniless and half-starved. We didn't know where to turn until one of the girls in the company, Lucille Schumann, suggested that Billy, Earle Larrimore (who today is a popular stage star), another girl and myself come home with her and 'recupe.' Lucille lived in Seaside, twenty miles from where we were.

WHEN we got to Seaside, we discovered that Lucille's mother didn't have room for us in the house, so we turned beachcombers. At night, we'd all lie on the beach, wrapped in blankets beside a dubious fire and stock up our courage with dreams of the future and big arguments over nothing. I remember that Earle and Billy ceased all communication for days as a result of one argument they had as to whether Oregon rain was a mist or a cloudburst.

"Now and then, Billy and Earle were given an odd job or two around the Schumann place, for which they were paid and at which they took turns. I'll never forget one that Billy did during our beachcombing days, nor his wrathful expression when he stalked away to do it. It was pouring rain. There was a log in the backyard that Mrs. Schumann wanted split. It was Billy's turn to do a job, so he put on sea-going boots and an ulster and stormed off in the direction of that log. He must have whacked it up in short order, for he certainly was in a temper over it! But he came back with the fifty cents he'd received for his efforts and we all celebrated by buying sausages and cooking them that night over the fire.

"After a while—when we felt we were up to the long trip back to Portland—Billy and I decided the best and cheapest way to get home was on a milk boat up the Columbia River. That was an experience! It was the prize incident of that epochal summer. Billy was the proud owner of a top coat, which of course accompanied him on the milk boat. And a good thing he had it, too. There weren't any cabins. We had to sleep on a bench on deck. While I slept, I wore Billy's top coat and he walked the deck to keep warm. When it was his turn to sleep, he wore the top coat and I walked the deck. We must have almost walked the two hundred miles to Portland trying to keep warm!

FINALLY, we arrived at Portland, more dead than alive. I wanted Billy to come out to my parents' ranch near Portland and really get rested and in shape to take a new job. He was proud about accepting hospitality when he knew he couldn't repay it, but I induced him to come out.

"For weeks, Billy and I didn't bother about anything. We both wore denim overalls, ran around the country like half-grown heifers, and had a vacation from worry and hardship. Billy's affection was most demonstrative, yet there was almost a calf-like quality in his wooing. He always called me 'Hun,' to which I would often reply: 'You are a big calf.' And he looked like nothing else with his large eyes, ears, and big hands and feet.

"Some weeks after we'd come to the ranch, I began thinking about getting a job. There was nothing to be had in the theatrical line at the moment, so Billy and I left the grease-paint in our make-up box and applied for work as hop-pickers on a large ranch near-by. That was really a test of true love. Billy became a muleteer. I shall never forget the picture of him atop the wagon, swinging a whip and shouting at the indifferent animals while he threw me kisses as he drove by. I caught a cold, shortly after I started work, and developed tonsilitis. Twice a day, Billy came to see me and lovingly swabbed my throat with undiluted iodine. Since then, a physician told me it is only by the grace of God that my throat still functions, for undiluted iodine is an heroic measure. But Billy meant well, and he certainly was a faithful nurse.

"At night, Billy and I would get together—despite my illness—and study. I had a set of Shakespeare's complete works and this we perused diligently, playing different parts and serving as each other's stage director? It seemed that the hardships of sleeping in the community tents, the cold nights, the hot dusty days, bathing in a bucket, and excavating yellow-jackets out of the jelly only served to bind Billy and me the closer in affection. He wanted me to marry him. He was so sure he would make me happy, but I didn't think we should marry. Life was so unsettled, so uncertain.

"Even the hop-picking job didn't last very long. When it ended, we returned to my parents' ranch, but Billy didn't stay long this time. My brother Fritz knew of a a gang building a logging camp railroad seven miles away and suggested to Billy that they apply for jobs. They did and were successful. I stayed on the ranch. Every Saturday night, Billy walked the seven miles home to see me. I used to count the days from one blissful week-end to the next. When Saturday night finally came, there I was, hanging on the gate—waiting. Then Billy would come pounding up over the hill under the autumn moon and enfold me in a tight embrace.

"That job of Billy's didn't last long either, for the heavy November rains put an end to the work. About this time, I got a job with a traveling stock company and Billy went back to Portland where he landed with a newspaper (the Oregonian) as a want ad solicitor. He disliked this.

IT was about this time that Billy began to take vocal lessons. He always liked to sing, and he often did when we went hiking together. But now, he was becoming serious about it. The high point of Billy's excursion into the vocal field was the song recital he gave with his teacher at the Hotel Portland in June, 1923. I was passing through town and went to hear him. The hall was crowded. All the charming old ladies were thrilled when Billy walked onto the platform and sang 'Mighty Lak A Rose' and 'Mother Machree' in a lush baritone voice. He wasn't bad, either.

"I stayed in Portland a few days before

(*Continued on page 82*)

Sun and wind dry your Outer Skin

"Skin getting leathery last summer—like satin this year!"... Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Mrs. Drexel says: "Last summer my skin was beginning to look positively leathery.

"A friend told me she never went out without a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream on. I got results with the very first application. My skin seemed to lose all its little roughnesses at once.

"Then I tried the Cold Cream. What a rich cream—and a wonderful cleanser! Those Two Creams gave me a skin like satin. I have been using them ever since!"

---

lines start deep down... in your Under Skin

use a *different cream* for each of your Two Skins!

UNDER SKIN
OUTER SKIN

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

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For your UNDER SKIN—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream. Or Pond's new Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For OUTER SKIN—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

Those glorious skins that stay satiny all summer . . . have two reasons behind them!

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It's extremely simple! A different kind of cream for each of your Two Skins! Two Creams—and only two—are all you need.

Oil-rich Cream smooths out lines

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Before this happens, look to your face cream! Pond's Cold Cream is composed of very rich oils that penetrate deep and replenish the oils of the shrinking under skin. Use this rich cream to keep the Under Skin full and firm. This smooths the Surface Skin . . . keeps lines away!

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Greaseless Cream for Dryness

For your Outer Skin, enjoy the special protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream. A special ingredient in this cream keeps the moisture in the skin from evaporating—actually restores moisture. Your skin remains soft, moist.

Your powder stays smooth—long—in itself an added protection.

Try this simple Two-Skin Care! See what triumphs it will bring *you* this very summer!

Mrs. Drexel says:

1. "*Every night,* I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's new Liquefying Cream. Pond's Tissues remove it.

2. "*Then* for overnight, Pond's Vanishing Cream on hands, elbows, face and neck.

3. "*Every morning,* the Cold Cream, followed by Vanishing Cream. Nothing holds powder and rouge so fast."

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I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all three Pond's Creams and two special boxes of Pond's *new* Face Powder and an extra sample as checked—three different shades in all.

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No more squinting at the sun . . . with Verichrome you take people at their best . . . relaxed, natural. Forget about posing . . . just snap the picture.

VERICHROME *gets the picture*

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

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4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

(*Continued from page 80*)

I continued on the road with the stock company, and Billy and I were together every moment we could be. He was becoming more and more fed up with soliciting want ads and shortly after I left, through reading one of the want ads himself, he got a job with the telephone company as 'trouble man.' About this time, too, Josephine Dillon, a New York actress came to Portland to open a little theatre. Billy met her. He had never given up hope of becoming an actor, but necessity had made him take what job came his way. Here was a new theatre movement right in Portland and run by a woman who knew the theatre. Billy became terribly interested in it and in improving himself as an actor.

"I had no notion that Billy was becoming serious in his attentions to Miss Dillon—not until Christmas Eve of that year (1923). Then I learned what Miss Dillon had come to mean to him. Billy and I had spent a lovely evening together and later, in a raging snowstorm, I walked with him to the car-line. On the way, he told me he didn't love me any more. He said he had thought that love could never die, but he guessed it did.

"That unexpected confession was a horrible shock to me. It was the first inkling I had that things weren't as they had been for over a year with us. I couldn't eat for days. Then Billy telephoned me a week later. Apparently he had been wretched, too. He said he couldn't get along without me. We made up, but it was the beginning of the end. He continued to see Miss Dillon and she continued to instruct him in stage technique. Our last appearance together was with the F. Taylor Stock Company, but it wasn't the same. We were both sad and dejected. I sensed we were pulling away from each other and Billy must have known then that he was going to marry Josephine Dillon. He did marry her in December, 1924, in Los Angeles.

"It seemed strange and impossible that Billy was married to someone else. We had been through so much together and for each other. We loved each other, too. Some day, we believed—at least, I did and I was sure Billy did, too—we would marry. But—well, Billy married Miss Dillon and that was the changing point in his career. It was in mine, too. Billy eventually began to get parts in plays, finally attracted the attention of motion picture producers and eventually became a star.

I WENT to San Francisco where I became a dancing teacher in a successful studio. Billy—now known as Clark Gable—came to San Francisco in 1926 in 'The Lullaby.' He phoned me and we went out several times. We remained friends, which is as it should be. I didn't see Billy again for four years, not until the summer of 1930 when he was again in San Francisco playing the lead in 'The Last Mile.' I believe it was in this year that he and Miss Dillon were divorced. Anyway, that was the last time I saw him until I moved to Hollywood, after the dancing studio I was with closed."

Soon after the closing of the studio in which Franz had been teaching, she, like everyone who has stage aspirations, went to Hollywood. After all, the chances for an ambitious person are there and Franz was ambitious. With two former Portland, Oregon, friends Franz shared a bungalow on Gower Street, the most typical of all the streets in the cinema center. Here Franz settled down to vocal study and the teaching of dancing; always with the idea that some day she would again be back on the stage.

All was going smoothly, if a bit uneventfully, when Billy Gable again appeared upon the scene. It was nearing the holidays and it evidently reminded him of old friends, for he invited Franz to have Christmas dinner with him at the Brown Derby. There were no presents. Billy wasn't much for gifts in those days—but there was a good dinner and much talk of old times and future ambitions. On that Christmas of 1930, the future for Franz looked as promising as it did for Billy. Could they have foreseen the amazing success due Billy—how different would have been their conversation, what help might Billy have promised!

Billy had been in one picture at this time, and he wasn't at all sure that he had made good in it. It was "The Painted Desert" and, unfortunately for Billy, he was obliged to ride horseback much of the time, and his equestrian ability was somewhat limited. Between the terrific heat of the Arizona desert, and the uncertainty of his horsemanship, he found himself falling off the horse much too often for his own personal comfort and certainly much to the disgust of the directors. So on that Christmas day Billy's mood was much as it had been during the depressing stock company days, and in all Hollywood Franz was the one person who understood.

But after the holidays, Billy Gable, now definitely known as Clark Gable, found himself with an M-G-M contract. It was natural that he should seek out Franz to break the good news to. So to the pumpkin-colored bungalow on Gower Street drove Clark Gable in his new Ford. "And I'll have you know, Franz," said Clark, "that my car is paid for, which is more than you can say for most of 'em sailing around Hollywood."

FOR three months, Clark Gable was a frequent visitor at Franz's bungalow. He was cast in "The Secret Six" during this period, and the evenings were spent discussing the events of the day at the studio. Clark would fling himself on the davenport in a most informal manner and immediately talk of his new life, through all of which was a great note of animosity. He thoroughly disliked everyone with whom he came in contact and the work did not please him either.

"I hate Hollywood and everyone in it and nobody seems to like me," he said on one occasion. "I haven't a friend here but Franz, and as soon as I can make a quarter of a million dollars I'm going to clear out and go to Germany and study medicine. I'm going to stick it out until I have accomplished my goal, as much as I hate it. Then I'm going to leave and never come back." And such was Clark Gable's attitude for many weeks. Then things started to break for him, the future took on a different aspect and the present was more than satisfactory.

Simultaneously with Clark's good fortune, came misfortune for his friend Franz. The depression was being felt and with it a diminishing of her dancing class, and the occasional work at the various little theatres stopped completely. Positions of any kind were scarce and Franz had no entrée to the moving picture studios. Times were getting hard for the many, and good for the few, and Clark Gable was among the few. He was now on his third picture for M-G-M, "Dance Fools Dance" with Joan Crawford. His visits to Gower Street became less frequent. Still, when he wanted to be heard and understood, he would drop by. Joan Crawford's name was frequently mentioned, and one could feel an impending storm of some kind every time it was. But that is another and well known story and has no place here.

(*Continued on page 84*)

"Try and get this snapshot back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

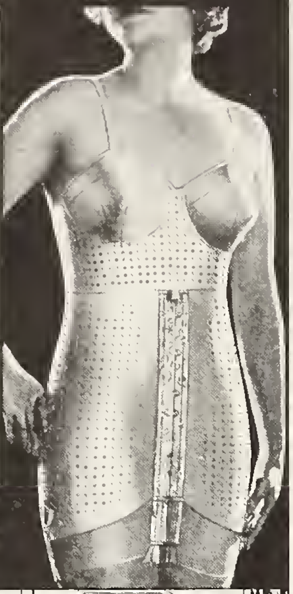
The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

"TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" ...writes Miss Healy.

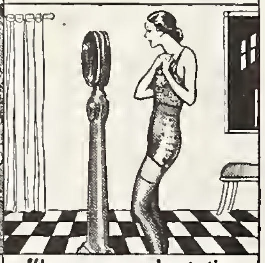
WHY MARY! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?"



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ... and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."


"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Detachable Brassiere

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 538 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

(*Continued from page 82*)

Clark Gable paid his last visit to Franz Doerfler in the spring of 1931. Since that time Franz has had many discouragements, including poor health, but today she is staging a comeback not only in health but in optimism and hopefulness. Hers is an indomitable spirit and she smilingly tells me that she still expects to make a name for herself in Hollywood.

"Have you seen Clark since then?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes. About a year ago, I was on the M-G-M lot. I went out to the publicity department seeking work."

"The publicity department?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why not the casting department? Or weren't you trying to get an acting job?"

"No," she replied. "I wasn't. There are so many girls in Hollywood trying to get jobs, and if you aren't known—"

"Oh." I started to ask if Clark Gable had introduced her to anyone in the studios. After all, he knew her talents and a word from him, now, would mean a great deal to this unknown. I did ask the question.

"No," Franz answered briefly. "He didn't volunteer to introduce me and naturally I wouldn't ask him to."

"Oh," I repeated ineptly. I never have been able to understand why people aren't kind when kindness is needed, especially if it costs them nothing. Then, "You were saying you went out to the M-G-M publicity department looking for a job. Did you get it?"

Franz shook her head. "I didn't, but after the interview I walked back to the gate and someone called to me from a terra-cotta colored car. It was Billy—Clark Gable. He spoke as if we had seen each other every day for years. He was very ingratiating. He can be, so much so that I almost forgot all that has happened since those days when we were immersed in young love and high ideals."

And now you know the love idyl of Clark Gable's young life.

Multimillionaire! So What?

(*Continued from page 67*)

comedies soon became three-reelers and then features. Success. Money. Shrewd investments, and the money grew. Years went by, and today Harold, the richest man in Hollywood, is making "The Cat's Paw," a picture altogether different from any he has ever made, he says, in which he will say goodbye to the mama's boy characterization upon which his whole career has been founded.

AND that makes you wonder a bit, too. Chaplin has never dared to change his style of comedy. Buster Keaton never changed his. Of course Harold has gambled on every picture he has ever made, putting his own money into them. But this change is the biggest gamble he has ever taken. Is he taking it because he realizes that he's getting along in years and ought not to play boys any longer? Or does he want to make a change because he is disappointed in what he has done until now?

Is his restlessness a sign of unhappiness, too? Joe Reddy, his publicity man and friend of long years' standing, says he can outwork and outplay any three men and have reserve energy left. For one stretch on this new picture he worked ten days without stopping, with only three hours' sleep a night.

He is continually becoming interested in a new game or fad and thinking of nothing else until he has exhausted all its possibilities. That is restlessness in the other sense of the word—and restlessness of this sort can often be a sign of unhappiness.

Harold himself has an explanation for his continual activity and his ever-changing interests. "People in Hollywood need activities to make them forget the studio grind," he says. "This is a place that can make you lose your perspective if you let it. A home and children are the best guarantee of happiness, and next come sports and hobbies."

You can take that as an excuse—something he just tells himself to cover up the fact that he is dissatisfied—or you can take it to mean what he says. Perhaps there's a little of both in it. Harold is a pretty smart guy. If he weren't, he wouldn't be where he is today. You don't stay on top of the heap all those years without making use of what God gave you in the way of brains.

BUT it is undeniably true that, for all his luxuries, he lives with a simplicity that is incredible. "You'd think he was a monk," a friend of his once said to me. He neither smokes nor drinks, for example, though he keeps the best in liquor in his house for his friends. About those friends—he really entertains very few, although he turns over his golf course and an especially built guest-house near it for acquaintances. Lew Cody, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller and Marie Prevost are about the only picture people for whom he feels enough warmth to let it deserve being called friendship. He doesn't like actors much. Mildred's friends come to the house oftener than his do.

Thus, so far as his actual day-to-day life is concerned, he might as well be living in one of the four-room bungalows that line the residential streets of Hollywood, and earning $25 a week as, say, a street-car conductor. Yet here the Lloyds are, surrounded by luxury, living in a house many a European nobleman would be proud to call his ancestral castle.

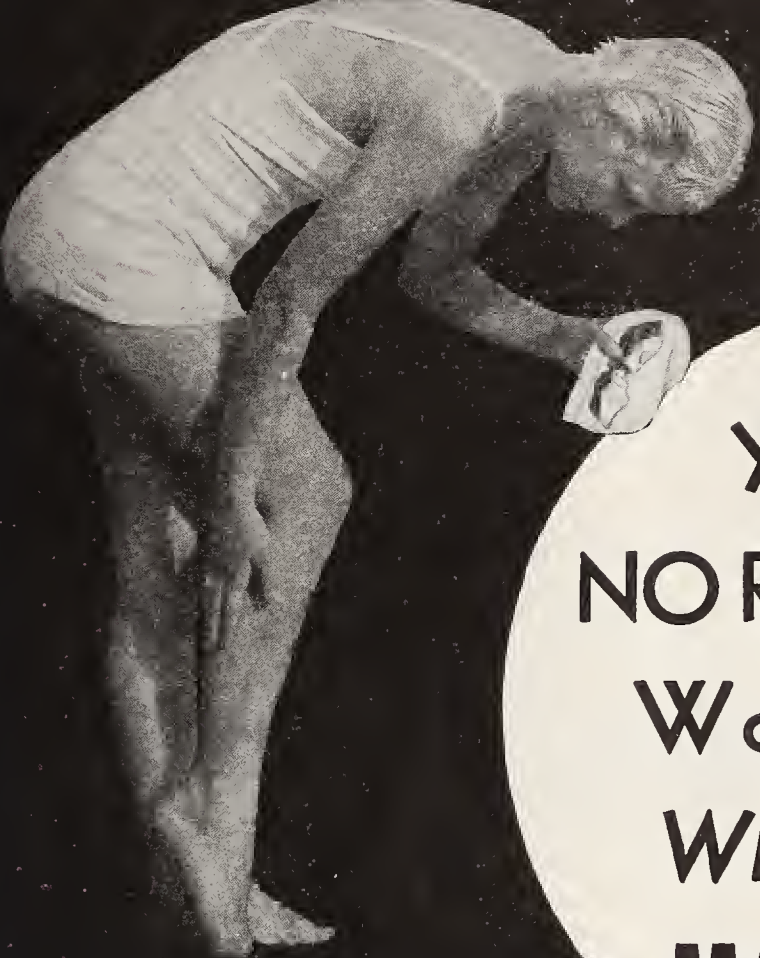
The golf course deserves a word or two in itself. Bobby Jones calls it one of the best laid-out courses in America. Bobby and other professionals have played regular tournaments on it. It has eighteen water hazards, which are part of a continuous winding canoe course that curves around the estate like the moat of a mediæval castle. The grounds are landscaped with acres of rare shrubs and flowers. Then take his swimming pool and handball courts. There they are, costing nobody knows how much money, and, now that he has the children, Harold hardly so much as looks at them. Do they make him any happier? I'm sure they don't. That is to say, he could be just as happy if they never existed.

Why did he ever build up such an enormous estate in the first place, then? Is he just trying to put on dog? Not Harold. It simply isn't in him. I think the thing was that, when he was crazy about canoeing, nothing would do but that he must have a private river of his own to canoe on. When he decided to build a house for

(*Continued on page 86*)

You're Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show!

and



You Have

NO RE-GROWTH

Worries at All

When You use

MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations.

Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive. Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening.

Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical — be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. MM834.
Name..................................
Address......... City......... State....

VACATIONISTS!

Don't forget to pack in the most important thing of all!

THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page 84*)

Mildred, nothing would do but that it must be the grandest house in the world. And the same for the golf course. Whether he wishes he could get rid of 'em all, now that he has them, is another matter.

BUT the story of "Yahbeel" shows how far he will go, when he sets out to accomplish something. It's a sad story. When Harold was a kid he had a mongrel pup which seemed to be half Great Dane and half St. Bernard. The dog was named Bill, but when Harold called him he yelled, "Yah Bill, Yah Bill," and so the pup came to answer to the name of "Yahbeel." But there are people in the world who hate dogs, and one of them left a piece of poisoned meat where Yahbeel could get it. The dog died. Harold has never forgotten him.

Lots of us never forget our dogs when they die. Sometimes we try to find another dog like them. But Harold went further. He installed a kennel of St. Bernards and Great Danes on his estate and cross-bred them, trying to produce a dog that would look like and be like Yahbeel. At one time he had fifty-seven dogs in this forlorn attempt of his to reproduce the pal of his boyhood. Finding that no other dog could take Yahbeel's place, he finally gave it up. But that will show you how far he'll go. There are no half measures with him in anything.

I think he went on investing his money—after he made the first bit of it—for about the same reason. If he was going to be rich, he felt he might as well be rich, and not near-rich. Money makes money and, after he started and the investments turned out well, the thing went along by itself. But I would bet anything I own that Harold never sat down deliberately and said to himself, "I'm going to be a millionaire." He never scrimped towards that end, for he firmly believes that money is to be spent. Get pleasure out of it if you can. That's all it's good for. That—and to make the children's lives happier.

Now that he has the children to consider, Harold is more of a home-and-fireside man than ever. Little Gloria is ten and Peggy nine. They look alike, although—as you know—Peggy is adopted. They are given every bit of freedom they can be given, up to the point where too much might spoil them. The baby, his son, is Harold's chief idol. I think that when the little boy was born prematurely and had to be cared for in an incubator, was the only time in his life when Harold was really glad he had money. Without the special care which money could buy, the baby would not have survived. Now he is well above the average in health. For that, and for the fact that he can give all of the children a good education and pleasant surroundings, Harold is duly thankful.

Ginger, How Could You!

(*Continued from page 33*)

how can you pose as a Russian countess when you talk with a Texas drawl?

That was on the right track, though, Ginger felt. The way to attract the producer's attention was to create a personality for yourself.

But—what sort of a personality? There were all kinds of personalities. Marlene Dietrich had one, Greta Garbo had one—ah, that was it! Glamor! The thing to do was to be a Woman of Fate. A woman with a past. Be wicked. Be sinful. Be violently unconventional. Be shocking—terribly shocking! Be a woman of many loves!

THE idea of Ginger, at seventeen, being a woman with a past, is pretty funny in itself. She was quite tall and gawky, with that coltish look, you know. But it never struck Ginger herself as funny.

She knew the publicity men out at First National, so she put on her slinkiest dress and went out to see them. Picking the one she knew best, she glided glamorously into his office. He was sitting in his shirt-sleeves at a desk piled high with publicity releases, his hair rumpled, trying to talk into three telephones at once.

"Good afternoon," Ginger said formally. "I have some new material I'd like to give you about me—about my past."

"Go away, kid," he said.

"Kid!" Ginger laughed bitterly, making it sound throaty and sinful. "You call me a kid! You don't know how I've suffered."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece of one of the telephones. "Now, listen, Ginger, I haven't any time to clown around today. You're a nice kid and I like you, but I'm busy. You get out of this office or I'll heave a wastebasket at you."

Hurt, and very much on her dignity, Ginger swept down the hall to the next office. She tried another attack. Her friend in this office wasn't working so hard. He was sitting with his feet up on the desk. "Hi," he greeted her.

"Hello, Charlie."

"What's on your well-known mind?" Charlie asked. "Where'd you get that dress? Looks like you swiped it out of the prop room."

Ginger gulped. "Look—I need some publicity. All that anybody ever says about me is that I'm a hotcha girl and I've won some dancing contests. *That's* not personality.

"I mean, it hasn't any glamor. It isn't dramatic. It isn't wicked. I think I ought to have some publicity along another line. I mean, something about my past."

The publicity man took his feet off the desk and sat up straight. "Your what?"

"My past. I think you ought to give the newspapers a story about my loves."

"Your loves! Ging, you don't happen to have an idea you're kidding me, do you?"

"Something about my illegitimate child."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Yes. Now, that'd attract a lot of attention, a story about my illegitimate child."

The publicity man was laughing so hard by that time that he almost fell into his typewriter.

But all Charlie could do was wave his hand, he was so weak from laughing. "Go away," he said. "You and your illegitimate children—go away."

MAD as a hornet, Ginger swished out of his office too. She'd show 'em! If they wouldn't print the kind of stories about her she liked, she'd spread them herself! She'd go all over Hollywood telling people about her past! She did tell a few people, too, which probably explains what happened next. Otherwise it was just coincidence or else Wally Ford playing a joke on Ginger. Ginger never found out.

Anyhow, this is what happened. Ginger came home one day and her mother—Lela Rogers—gasped, "Ginger, what on earth have you been up to?"

"What?" said Ginger.

"Why, a dozen people have been telling me today that there's a little girl in town who goes around saying you're her mother!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Ginger. "Now maybe I'll get some publicity."

"Ginger! What on earth!" exclaimed Lela in return. "Publicity! Why, actresses have had their whole careers ruined by having things said about them that aren't one tenth as bad as this!"

That put an altogether different light on it. Ginger hadn't thought of it that way at all. She began to wonder what could have happened. Had her friends in the publicity department started the story for her after all? She phoned them. No, they said, they certainly hadn't; did she think they were crazy? That let them out. And it was too pat to be just a coincidence. After all, there was no reason why, just at the very moment she decided to start the story herself, a mysterious little girl should suddenly pop up with the same idea. Then how?

Beginning to get scared, or at least to wonder if she was going crazy or something, Ginger began to ask around among her friends. Had they heard of the little girl and the story she was telling? Yes, some of them said, they had. But they couldn't remember who she was. Did they know where she lived? Yes, she lived right in Ginger's own neighborhood. That narrowed it down. Ginger began to ask around her own neighborhood.

"OH, yes," somebody at last told her, "she's an awfully cute little thing. She lives right around the corner from you on Los Feliz—in that pinkish, Moorish sort of house."

"A pinkish, Moorish house," mused Ginger. "Wally Ford lives on Los Feliz Boulevard in a pinkish, Moorish house."

And, all at once, she knew the answer! Wally and his lovely wife happened to be friends of hers—and she knew their little girl! Wally is Irish, and his little daughter has inherited all his romantic Irish imagination. She is still young enough to have a nurse, but already she's leading her daddy a life! Ginger dashed to Wally's house.

"So," she said to Wally, "I hear your child is going around telling everyone I'm her mother."

"I know it," admitted Wally. "What can I do? She gets these ideas. We can't get 'em out of her head."

The little girl herself came into the room.

"Hello, darling," Ginger greeted her.

"Hello, Mother," said the little girl.

"Now, let me get this straight," entreated Ginger. "Why am I your mother?"

"Because I like you, and so you're my mother," said the Ford infant gravely. "You gave me to Wally for a present. That's how he got me."

Ginger swept her into her arms. "All right, I'm your mother," she agreed. "I'm flattered to have you pick me."

So they had a laugh over it and the story had a happy ending after all. "Out of the mouthes of babes," Ginger learned how silly she had been. A few days later, simultaneously, Wally's child prodigy decided to belong to her own mother again, and Ginger began to get good parts—not as a wicked woman, but as a hotcha girl. And that was the start of her Hollywood career.

These days Ginger seems to have forgotten her lurid, seventeen-year-old past. But I hope she gets a chuckle out of this when she remembers it.

Why IS SALLY such A POPULAR SUMMER DATE?

On hot summer nights, when other girls wait for the telephone to ring, Sally's out having a grand time. Don't you want to know her summer secret—the reason for her popularity?

Yes, Sally's a summer heartbreaker. But busy as she is, she never omits her odorless Ivory baths. For she knows that even a popular girl has to take extra precautions to keep dainty in hot weather.

Just bathing frequently doesn't do the trick—if you use a perfumed or "medicated" soap. For, on a sultry night their odor may linger unpleasantly on your skin for a good many hours. And soap odors are every bit as unappealing to many people as is the odor of perspiration itself!

If you want to click with your next date, be sure your bath soap is pure, *odorless* Ivory. Ivory doesn't cover up perspiration odor with a die-hard soap smell. Its odorless lather rids you of grime and perspiration *instantly* and rinses away, leaving your skin clean . . . sweet . . . velvety soft.

You'll be doing your complexion a favor if you wash your face with Ivory, too. Ivory treats your skin as tenderly as it does the tender skins of tiny babies. It won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin young and alluring to men.

Hurry, hurry to your nearest grocer and order your supply of Ivory today. A few pennies is little enough to spend for a baby-clear complexion and a whole summer's popularity!

IVORY SOAP

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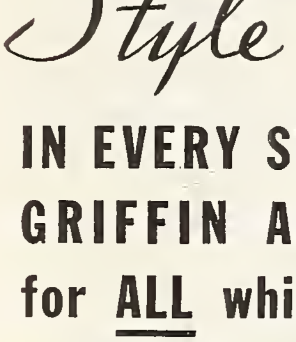
Style

IN EVERY STEP *with* GRIFFIN ALLWITE for ALL white shoes

GRIFFIN ALLWITE gives a "new shoe" finish that *lasts.* Doesn't cake, crack or discolor . . . will not rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and actually cleans as it whitens.

Step out smartly with GRIFFIN ALLWITE. Use it on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10c . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y

Baby, Take a Big Bow

(*Continued from page 50*)

spending a million in advertising won't make a star, but personality and ability will—over night.

To a charm equal to Baby LeRoy's and a personality as individual as Jackie Cooper's. Shirley Temple adds a talent comparable to that of our outstanding stars.

For that child can act—and how!

Only Menjou's superb work in "Little Miss Marker" prevented her from running away with that picture. And how utterly different was that from the baby soubrette part she played in "Stand Up And Cheer."

And how different again, is the picture she did with Jimmy Dunn for Fox—"Baby, Take a Bow." And her rôle in "Now I'll Tell," with Spencer Tracy. And, once more, her comedy and pathos rôle for which Paramount has signed her to play with Gary Cooper in "You Belong To Me."

SHIRLEY did not get into pictures via the usual route of a mother haunting the studio casting offices. Instead, a scout from Educational Pictures saw her in a dancing school, went to her mother and asked if they could give Shirley a screen test—with a view to putting her in the Baby Burlesque pictures which they were featuring. Shirley was not quite four at that time, yet before the year was out she was playing opposite Junior Coughlan in other Educational pictures.

It was while attending a neighborhood theatre in Hollywood that Jay Gorney, a Fox song writer, saw a preview of one of the pictures in which Shirley was playing, and then stumbled over her in the lobby of the theatre.

Fascinated by her, he insisted that the mother bring her to Fox for a test—which resulted in a small part in the picture "Carolina," and then a sketch in "Stand Up And Cheer."

"She was like a vivid, dainty little picture," explains Jay Gorney, "and yet just like any other kid—sort of shy and friendly and amazingly inquisitive."

Once in big time, Shirley just naturally soared. It seemed that each new part suited her better than the one she had just completed. With each succeeding characterization a new vein of ability was discovered in the child.

"She's the greatest natural dancer I've ever seen," exclaims Jimmy Dunn, "and has the most marvelous sense of rhythm I've ever witnessed. Yet the directors say she is a better actress than she is a dancer—that she can do more with her expressions than she can with that grand little voice of hers.

"She's absolutely uncanny—and yet she's just like any other kid; and as full of fun and mischief. Honestly," and he threw up his hands and grinned the famous Jimmy Dunn grin, "she's got me stumped."

And that is exactly the attitude of every one on the Fox lot. If you ask out there what her limitations are, they merely join in Jimmy's gesture of futility—for the child has never stumbled, faltered or been nervous in any work yet given her. She seems a double personality, one instant a normal, playful, happy child; the next a seasoned trouper.

The instant a bit is finished, whether in rehearsal or in actual shooting, the child is gone off somewhere to play, on a tour of investigation or up to some deviltry with Jimmy Dunn. Considering that the particular bit seldom takes more than five or ten minutes—sometimes considerably less—and that the delays in between bits are lengthy, it is evident the child has ample opportunity to relax and drop back to being her normal self.

THIS flight back to playland was at first a distressing problem for Director Lachman in the making of "Baby, Take a Bow," for Shirley is possessed of the normal childish instinct to cover ground. The various assistant directors and Mrs. Temple debated the advisability of bicycles for themselves or a picket rope for Shirley.

The youngster's ability to discover simply gorgeous hiding places in the enormous sound stages is second only to her elusiveness when located.

Director Lachman, however, solved his problem in a manner novel enough to strike Shirley's fancy. One morning he brought to work with him a little tin horn that made a quacking noise.

"Now, Shirley," he said, "this is going to be your private and individual cue. It is for you alone—and if anybody else answers to it there is going to be trouble. When I blow it like this," sounding it once, "that means, 'Come on, Shirley, we want you to help us.' But when I do this," giving two sharp blasts, "that means come-a-running, that the camera's hot and waiting for you."

Shirley's eyes opened wide, and her golden curls literally danced from the violent nodding of her head. If there is one thing in the world that fascinates Shirley it is a "cue." That means more to her than anything else. She is always alert for it, and woe to the actor who misses his or hers, if they are playing with this little lady.

So all was well on the Fox front, till one day, during an important and difficult sequence, Shirley went on one of her excursions.

The camera was grinding and Lachman and the players were sweating.

"Get Shirley—and for God's sake hurry!" ordered the director.

An assistant director, a couple of extras and Shirley's mother were off instantly. They found her—hidden behind a pile of scenery. They couldn't get at her, though. And Shirley wouldn't come out.

"Come on, Shirley," called the assistant director, "they're waiting for you. It's a take." Shirley, however, merely glanced toward them, and kept about her own affairs.

"Hurry, dear," added her mother, "everybody is waiting for you. They need you right away."

"Just who is this woman?" asked Shirley's impartial glance.

"I got some candy," put in one of the extras.

"Shirley!" Sharply from her mother, this time.

"Aw," argued the assistant director, "come on, kid, the director's waiting for you."

"I didn't hear *my* cue," was the retort. Clearly Shirley intended that when they started anything with her they were going through with it.

"Oh, we can't give that. The director lost the call," blurted out the other extra, thereby winning a healthy kick in the ankle for his stupidity.

"That's too bad," returned Shirley from her vantage point, with an expression that would have done Hollywood's most heartless vamp proud. As far as Shirley was concerned it was too bad—and nothing else.

And don't think Director Lachman didn't

turn his pockets inside out and the script girl's desk upside down hunting for that duck call. He found it, blew it, and the show went on.

Speaking of cues, that is where Shirley shines. She knows every cue to every line of every part in every picture she plays. Every director or actor who has ever worked with her will swear to that.

To miss a cue would win Shirley's disgust, if she were not such a friendly little soul. But as it is, when another player misses his cue or twists a line, Shirley will slip him a surreptitious wink, a nudge or an irrepressible "oh," depending upon the gravity of his offense.

SHE learns her parts with a fifth the effort required by the older players and on one occasion, where a sequence taken on a Friday had to be re-shot on Wednesday, Shirley refused to brush up on her lines—she remembered them perfectly.

She is eager for each new script—and when her mother stopped with her at Paramount to get the script for "You Belong to Me," Shirley insisted that she start reading it to her in the car on the way back home. "And," says her mother, "she actually learned some of her own lines from that single reading."

One day she was in a rehearsal hall, rehearsing a new and difficult song and dance number. There were present Shirley's mother, Sammy Lee, Fox's dance producer, a piano player and one or two others. At the far end of the piano, his arms resting on its top, stood Jimmy Dunn.

The music starts, and Jimmy flashes through some steps. Sammy Lee leans forward and they consult a minute.

The piano sounds forth again and Shirley, who has come over to say hello to us, is across the floor—and suddenly her little arms begin to wave and her pink legs to twinkle.

The music takes new life, and the piano player has twisted around on his stool and is watching Shirley.

"Doggawn," says Jimmy, "look at that little brat, stealing my stuff." And there is Shirley, off all by herself, doing every step of Jimmy's number, and doing it perfectly.

But Jimmy doesn't mind. They're pals. And co-mischief-makers.

ON one occasion, when Director Lachman was stewing through an exceptionally difficult sequence, Jimmy took Shirley into the corner. Then, when things were especially tense, Jimmy thumped a piano and Shirley started an impromptu dance and began to sing "Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Lachman," with the result that a loud laugh released the tension and restored the good fellowship that is so valuable in the exacting work of picture-making.

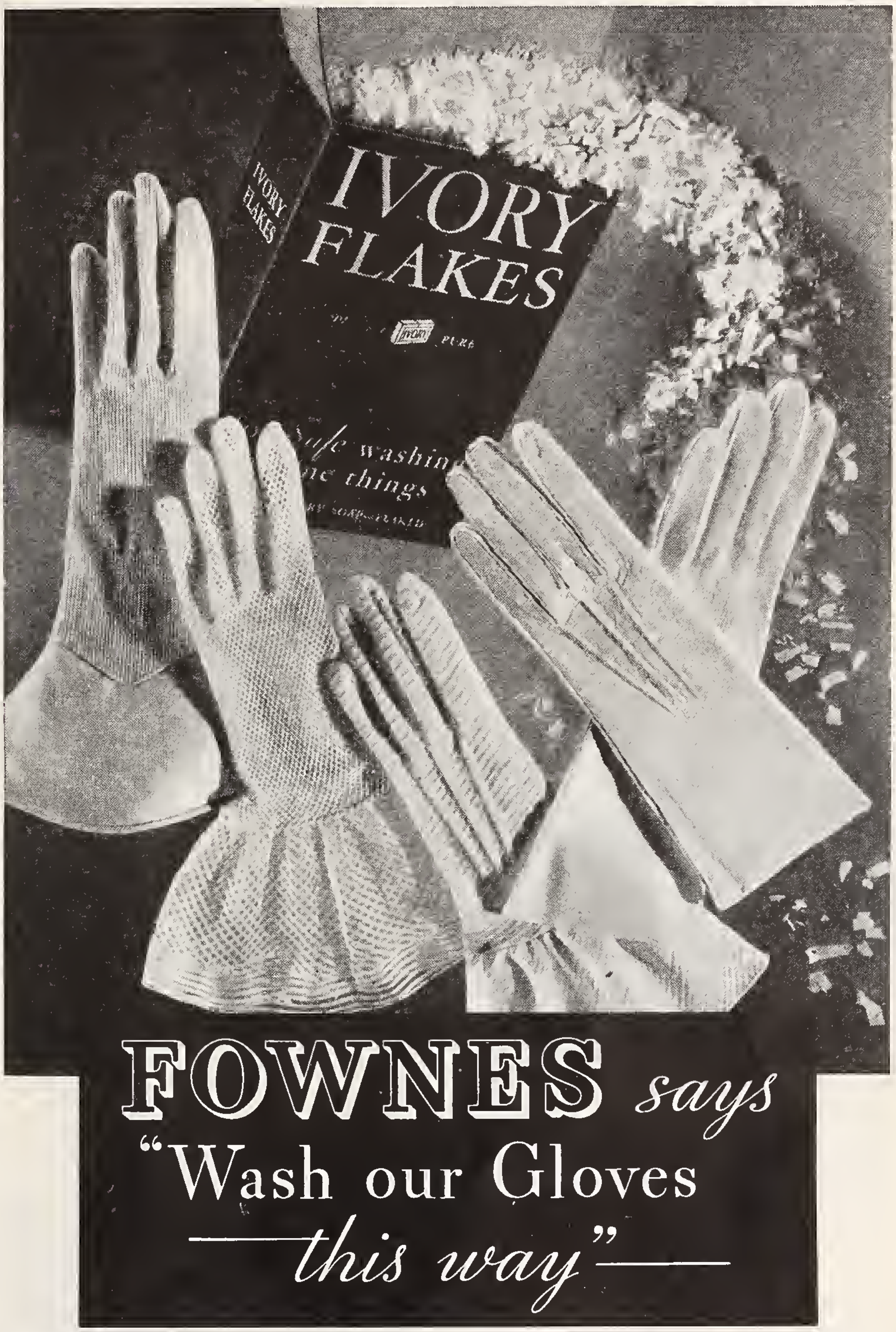
Shirley wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth, nor yet in abject poverty. Her father is branch manager for a large Los Angeles bank and she has two older brothers, one in high school and one in junior college.

There are no great actresses, warriors or statesmen in the limbs of her family tree. She is just a normal kid—from a normal American family.

"She never amazed us with any uncanny gifts," confides her mother, "and the only way she was different from the other children was in her very light and airy carriage and love for mimicking. Her face was always expressive, and she quickly learned which expressions got the best results.

"Because of this rather flitting walk of hers, the neighbors used to watch her, and occasionally passers-by would stop and comment on it. Because of that I put her

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doeskin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.



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3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

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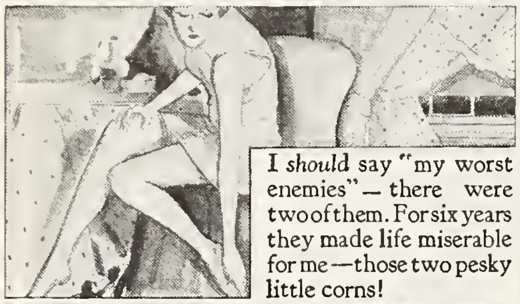
"How I removed my WORST ENEMY"

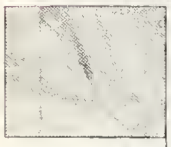
—a sad story with a happy ending

Life was a failure to me until six months ago. I quarrelled with my friends, fussed at home, and then finally lost my job. All because of my worst enemy!



I *should* say "my worst enemies"— there were two of them. For six years they made life miserable for me—those two pesky little corns!

But one day I learned how to deal a death blow to those offending members —with Blue-Jay! Did I do it? *Here's how:*



1. I soaked my feet for 10 minutes in hot water and wiped them dry.

2. I applied Blue-Jay, centering the pads over the corns. The pain stopped.

3. After 3 days, removed the plasters, soaked my feet, lifted out the corns!

Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover —used by millions for 35 years. Corn pain stops instantly—corn is gone in 3 days. Invented by a famous chemist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house, whose products are used by doctors everywhere. 25c at all druggists — special size for bunions and calluses.

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A is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once.
C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

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in a dancing school—but I never lent any particular significance to it. Neither my husband nor myself had ever thought of getting her into the movies."

Regarding that remarkable expressiveness of Shirley's, studio workers say that movie fans will never see her most pathetic expression, which, they claim, would melt the heart of a stone gargoyle. That expression is seen only on those rare occasions when she misses or jumbles a line. Then she will stop dead, say "Aw gee!" and let a look steal across her face that would make an assistant director weep.

Shirley held her fifth birthday party on the Fox lot April 2, outside the city limits of her home town of Santa Monica. She still resides with her parents, Mrs. Gertrude and Mr. George F. Temple. She is not engaged, she likes cereals and eats spinach with relish—they say. She can't hear music without dancing or singing—and since she has gone into the movies she has not had a single privilege more than she enjoyed before fame knocked at her door. Her family lives exactly as they lived before, and her mother claims she would rather have the child out of movies than rob her of her childhood.

Shirley loves motion picture acting and adores Jimmy Dunn. Up to the present time no boy friends are calling for her at the studio and she still answers the old duck call.

She Ain't No Angel

(*Continued from page 29*)

handed down from year to year, since one of her earliest pictures. She was on location. When I first heard it, it was told this way: "We didn't get through with the shots, so Frank Borzage said we must stay over night. Janet raised an awful fuss. Wanted us to send for her mother. You know that kid's so innocent she didn't think she could stay on location without her mother." There was awe in his voice as he talked about it.

TODAY, I heard the story repeated. It was told this way: "Here's a good one on Gaynor. She pulled that innocent, baby stuff from the very beginning. Raised hell about staying on location in one of her early pictures because we wouldn't send for her mother!"

Both versions were right, taken from a time element viewpoint. Janet Gaynor was a child, ignorant of her own power, then. She was truly innocent and frightened of "the big bad wolf." The men of the company respected that naiveté and spoke with awe about it.

The story as told today refers to the Janet of today. She is no longer a child. She's a mature woman. She's been in love with men, married, divorced. She has learned about that "something" which Fate instilled in her—in a different make-up than Fate handed it to Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow or Clara Bow. And she's learned the power it gives her. Every woman learns that. And uses the knowledge, if she's clever. And no woman who isn't clever has been voted the most popular star in pictures, year after year.

Undoubtedly, Janet's first lesson about this indefinite "something" came from her sweet, puppy love for Herbert Moulton, Los Angeles newspaper man. Janet was playing in Universal comedies then. Not an easy life. She'd trailed from studio casting director to studio casting director. We had no Central Casting Bureau then. She'd learned the trick so common to Hollywood's ambitious youth—substituting cardboard for shoe leather. And to this child, the man, who was clever and good-looking and who could put her name in the newspapers, was what the first Lochinvars are to most of us. I have heard Janet criticized for dropping her fiancé, Mr. Moulton, the moment she signed her long term contract with Fox. I think that unfair. We cannot control either love or ambition.

One of Janet's early directors told me then, "She is like the string on a delicate violin. I can play upon it and get the exact tone I require."

As Director Frank Borzage played upon them in "Seventh Heaven" in one way, Charlie Farrell did in another. Not designedly. That love between Janet and Charlie was one of the most natural and beautiful any of us have imagined. And it was the turning point in the life of Janet Gaynor.

ABOUT a year ago, the Fox publicity department engaged a new writer. He was assigned to handle Janet Gaynor. I chatted with him a few days after the assignment. "I'm going to create an entirely different Janet Gaynor. I'm going to make her warm and human and emotional. What she really is. I'm going to let her talk about her divorce and the fact she suffers from every-day troubles, even matrimonial, like others. I'm going to tear off the veneer and show the throb of the real woman—"

I asked for the first interview with the *real* Janet Gaynor. I checked with him a week later. "No can do. They won't let me. Say it would spoil her appeal at the box office. She's to remain 'Diane' forever."

For publicity purposes, Janet Gaynor must remain the girl she was in her first big release. I wondered about it then; I wonder now. "Seventh Heaven" ended when Chico came home and took his Diane into his arms. It ended on the old, honored theme, "They married and because they married, they lived happily ever after." But you didn't see the rest of Diane's and Chico's lives. You couldn't know whether they lived happily ever after, or not. I wonder whether even continual "happiness ever after" might not become monotonous.

Perhaps if Janet and Charlie had married when that picture was finished—when they were sizzling in that great flame which burned them as honestly as a rip-snorting fire does a wooden building—they might have lived happily ever after. I doubt it. I remember what Clara Bow told me once. "Women who are created with that something which makes 'em do things, never live smoothly and happily like women who haven't got it."

I repeat, Janet Gaynor has it.

What separated Janet and Charlie? Waiting too long. A familiar conclusion to engagements that drag on and on and on. They waited, first, for one reason. *Would it be professionally wise for them to marry?* I talked with both, many times, in those days. And "those days" were the era when studios contended stars should not marry. The youngsters debated and debated. And each day they waited, each became a little wiser. That gambling emotionalism of young adolescence slipped into more thoughtful youth; more thoughtful youth began to slide into most thoughtful maturity.

Janet was learning the potentialities of her power. She met Lydell Peck, an "outsider" from Oakland, a popular hero in his homeland. He tumbled to the "something."

Charlie was jealous. Not only of the woman, Janet, but the actress, Janet. It was a strange anomaly of fate, but "Seventh Heaven" gave Charlie the bigger part and Janet the bigger fame. Long after he had married Virginia Valli, Charlie told me, "After that first picture, each production was chosen with her in mind. I was simply her leading man. I kicked, but it didn't do any good. Each one was essentially a woman's picture."

IT took Charlie six years to leave Fox, but he left, according to his own explanation, because he refused to continue as just a leading man to Janet Gaynor. He lost $63,000 and was off the screen nine months. And he has returned, now, because his part is equal to hers. Incidentally, if Charlie were the kind who wants revenge, he has it. The world so insisted that these two be reunited, that he was able to write his own financial and choice-of-story ticket when he returned to play again with Janet Gaynor.

Both Janet's and Charlie's marriages to "others" were called spite ones. That's the wrong word, I believe. They were—relief ones. Emotions boiled and re-boiled come to have a weary taste like meat treated in the same manner. Janet could not be expected to relinquish this newly-weighed power. A famous director had fallen in love with her. Lydell Peck had fallen in love with her. Another director was attempting to catch her most wistful expression. Also a producer. Charlie had found he could be king and the only king in another woman's affections.

Janet attempted to make a success of her marriage, an earnest attempt. Only she wasn't used to being told how to settle her contracts, what to wear, where to go. Ah, why does marriage make man so possessive?

As her marriage was one of relief, so was her Hawaiian home one of retreat. I have talked with people who knew Janet Gaynor over there. The life of the party—and many parties. A clever little trick flashing long looks from longer lashes at the men who literally stampeded around her. Life had become pretty serious in Hollywood. It became a game in Honolulu. You played it much as you played your ukulele—for the nice, pert little sounds that made you feel excited and free from responsibilities. And Janet had played the ukulele since the days when one of her school teachers called her "such a tomboy."

As she made more and more trips upon the Pacific, she began to play more and more in Hollywood. A cunning little elf, dancing in dainty, clinging chiffons, her head snuggled upon big men's warm shoulders. I remember a Mayfair dance when she came over to Charlie's table (immediately behind me) and whisked him away. They didn't return until much, much later. Mrs. Farrell twisted and untwisted her handkerchief. Yet it was all so natural and human. Two almost-grown-ups dancing and dancing together, just to discover if they could feel as they did when they were not so grown-up.

AND at another Mayfair party, Janet dancing with the director. Undoubtedly hunting for what Janet and Charlie were hunting at the earlier party.

And suddenly, we awakened to find Janet—our Diane who hadn't married her Chico and lived happily ever after—the belle of

● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*

● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and* OVER, *baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery* —CAREFUL!"

● "OUCH*—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't* hurt, *but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*

● *"There's a big difference in baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. No orris-root or zinc stearate in it!"*

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many parties. A flirtatious, self-confident, little butterfly now, assured of her power to charm and be charmed. Sophisticated, but looking as innocent as she was when she demanded her mother be sent for if she must remain overnight on location.

And then, one night, at the Cocoanut Grove, she waltzed away, her aureate head snuggled against Robert Montgomery's shoulder. And they danced and danced and danced.

And Hollywood talked. It didn't approve of this because—well, one expected excitement from Clara Bow and forgave it because it was expected. Hollywood only refuses to forgive the unexpected. It demands everyone to live according to pattern. If Gloria Swanson should stop getting married, Hollywood would feel cheated. If Jean Harlow should stop getting into headlines—. And here was Janet Gaynor cheating, because she was not doing what was expected. She must be naïve rather than flirtatious.

Even the studios got excited and scolded, even threatened their human properties, a little. But what is the fun of a flirtation if there is no opposition? Mrs. Montgomery alone held her head. She alone seemed to understand about the little minx who is Janet.

And now, I'm curious. The studio told the publicity man the public wouldn't like the real Janet Gaynor. She must continue to live unlike other women—only that part until she met and *didn't* marry Chico. I don't feel that way. I may be wrong. But I am wondering if the rest of the world doesn't love vivacious, tempting, even daring women more than ethereal ones, for the world doesn't like to realize that only very human women can act. And Janet Gaynor is, first of all, an actress. On the screen and off!

Her Husband Cured Her of Lying

(*Continued from page 66*)

wife?' My husband had three wives before he met and married me. I looked at the boy and then I said, 'How many girls have you tried to "make"?' The boy blushed and didn't answer. 'Listen,' I said, 'my husband doesn't go in for that sort of sport. He happens to ask them to marry him before he makes any overtures like that.' The boy had no comeback.

"I'm grateful to George for a lot of things. But, mostly, for one of the strange things that ever might interfere with the happiness of a young couple. Lying. My husband cured me of lying.

I WAS an incorrigible liar. All my life I had been. Nowadays with all these psychoanalysts running about, I suppose they would say that I had a 'complex.' When I was a child, and when I grew up, too, I was simply a fibber. I couldn't tell the truth.

"George cured me of it. It's not absolutely cured, of course. I sometimes feel the urge to lie. It's inexplicable and annoying. Even about the most simple things, I'm tempted to tell an untruth. But nowadays it's different. My respect and admiration and love for my husband have made me think before I lie. I see George's face, without a smile, looking gravely at me, and I see his dark eyes looking straight through me, right through my soul, and I stutter and pause a moment, and tell the truth!"

Married two years last January fourth, the Blondell-Barnes marriage seems to be one Hollywood match that is safe to comment on without knocking on wood. A warm, affectionate heart beating under a brittle, self-protective shellac, plus a domestic quality that was surprising to discover in the theatrical Miss Blondell, have combined to bring them happiness.

But despite the tranquillity of the Barnes domestic scene, there was that one quality that might have disrupted their contentment.

"It was never a small automobile accident with a damaged fender when I told about it," continued Joan. "No, it was always a brutal affair with ambulances, broken legs, arms and collar bones.

"In New York when I was making the rounds of the booking offices, before I came to Hollywood, I'd apply to an agent and he'd say, 'Let's see what you can do.' Well, maybe I'd give him part of a sketch that I had rehearsed, or done, and he'd say, 'Come around sometime next week. We may be casting then.'

"Down on Forty-second Street I'd meet a friend and she'd ask me what I was doing. 'I've just been signed for the grandest part,' I'd come back with. 'They're writing it in for me.' Five minutes later I'd meet another friend and he'd say: 'What's new?' 'New?' I've just been given a lead in that new thing they're putting on at the Morosco. More fun! They're talking about starring me next season.'

"Of course, my two pals would get together and roar with laughter at what I had told them. Just nuts, I guess . . . but it wasn't that, either. I was a born liar.

I CAN remember the first day at a school I attended. I was always attending new schools, jumping around the country the way the Eddie Blondells did. I have a sister, Gloria, who is seventeen, and a brother, Eddie, Jr.

"This time I had a good reason for wanting to leave the room, but I couldn't figure out what the teacher's code was. In some schools, I knew, you waved your hand at her. In others, you raised one or two fingers. This was a new system to me. The pupils had to take a piece of paper from the corner of her desk, and only one child was allowed out at a time.

"Well, I finally got the paper, performed my chore . . . I was only a little kid in a plaid silk dress . . . and got lost returning to the class room. The school was very big, and strange to me. I kept wandering around the halls, afraid to stick my nose in at any of the doors, and finally the teacher sent one of the monitors for me.

" 'Joan, where were you all this time?' the teacher asked me when I returned. I could easily have told her that I was lost. But, no. Not Blondell. Instead of telling her the truth and being excused because I was a newcomer, I told a cock-and-bull story about being lured from the building by a strange woman with a stick of candy, and how I finally escaped by running away from her. You can imagine the stir that caused.

"Even when I reached maturity and had dates, I'd be asked to dinner by some new acquaintance, and then my imagination would begin. 'Supposing,' I'd say to myself, 'he's married! Supposing, instead of John or Jack or Dick, my apartment door opens and his wife comes in! Comes in with their little child in her arms!'

"By the time my date finally arrived, I was really disappointed that he came alone, unaccompanied by wife or child, and was really a nice unattached boy.

"Someone has said that I'd be a good fiction writer. I almost believe that I might, had I not met and married George. There is something about his quietness, his sanity, his slowness, that stops me before I begin to tell a lie. I respect him so, you know, and admire him—his mind, his ability. I'm grateful to him, you can well imagine, for helping me fight this thing."

French and Irish, with the strong domestic and marital traits of each race dominant in her, it is obvious that the only man in the world to be Joan Blondell's husband is George Barnes. Together they live in a seven-room Hollywood hilltop home, cared for by two negro servants, Clarence and Chalmett (male and female, respectively), guarded by Teckie, a German police dog, and Cupcake, a Pekinese. Recently Cupcake was awarded a playmate, Popover.

WORLD-TRAVELLED (she has trouped in China and in Europe, crossed the United States by train some fifty-six times), Joan is happy now to have a home (with George) in which to settle down, but not to rest. She is so accustomed to rushing from town to town, from the end of one picture's shooting to the beginning of another (with a week-end's rest) that she has lost the ability to relax.

Full of nervous energy, but outwardly calm, Blondell is maternally solicitous over those few fortunate souls who attract her. For the others—well, she just can't be bothered. At intervals the studio attempts to promote, for publicity's sake, star feuds in the manner of the famous Gloria Swanson-Pola Negri wars. They attempted one between Genevieve Tobin and Blondell. Maybe it began of its own accord, but the feud did not flourish. "I should bother to speak to her if she doesn't want to speak to me," said Blondell with a shrug of her expressive shoulders. "Life is too short to quarrel. Just ignore it."

She was solicitous about George Barnes when she first saw him quietly peering through the blue of his cameraman's finding glass at the "Greeks" set. So self-effacingly, so expertly, did this ace photographer work, that Joan immediately thought he was being imposed upon, and immediately began to feel sorry for him. In his resemblance to the handsome Ronald Colman, she did not know that he had also been Mr. Colman's chief cameraman and was quite a fellow in his profession.

"'Poor fellow,' Joan said she told herself. 'So quiet and mouse-like. I shall try and be nice to him.'"

It was unusual, it might be said, for Joan Blondell to give second glance to anything but the furniture on her motion picture sets. This nearsightedness included, also, assistant directors, et cetera. She found herself being "nice" to George Barnes and then she found herself in love, for the first time.

Blissful in their complete rapture in each other, although they would rather take a long motor trip, camping out, than attend a Hollywood premiere, they also share their joy. With them lives George's mother, invalided for some years. For her, they have built a separate room, glassed on two sides to permit a hilltop view of Los Angeles' farflung reaches and the green beauty of San Fernando Valley.

With the October event in the offing, they will undoubtedly add a nursery for the sometime domestically-inclined Joan to dust. And Joan will, doubtless, go back to her career afterwards, managing it and motherhood with characteristic ease.

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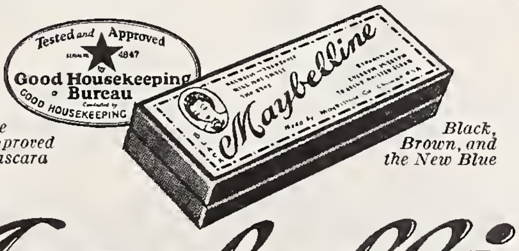

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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Who Is the Handsomest Man in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 63*)

violently aflutter when he crashed into their vision a few years back. Here's what's the matter with Gable:

"Gable is what the French call a '*tete-carrée*.' That sounds very mysterious, but it isn't. It translates, very simply, into 'square-head.' True, this very squareness, accentuated as it is by those ears, does convey an impression of massive strength—like a strong, cubical block of stone. But, while it may have the force of a primitive brute, it's not artistically handsome. And besides, even this effect is spoiled by Clark's chin. That chin is definitely weak, and made even weaker by that dimple-like cleft in it. No, ladies—Gable's square-head may thrill something atavistic in you; his intellectual mouth and soft chin may appeal to something else in you. But he's *not* handsome!

"And now Barrymore. I think John is a fine fellow and he's one of my very closest friends. But when they rave about his handsomeness and his perfect profile, I say pish and tosh and twaddle. Oh, yes, even though he is over fifty, Barrymore is good-looking in his way, but there's too much sharpness there. It's probably the reflection of that keen wit and humor that's his—but in his face, it's too uncomfortably sharp to be handsome. Look at the profile photograph of Barrymore. You'll note I've superimposed an outline sketch of an old-fashioned battle-axe. And look how the outlines of that murderously keen weapon follow the famed profile. Interesting, eh? And significant?

"Now, for John Boles. Boles is a rather good-looking man, to be sure. But look at his picture. Look at those eyes, look at the self-pleased quirk of the mouth, look at the whole meaning of that expression. It all amounts to what I'd call 'manly-conceit.' Rather a frank awareness of his own attractiveness. Not swell-headedness, but merely a realization that he is good-looking. But it's just that realization, reflected in that face of manly-conceit, that detracts from true handsomeness there.

"That brings us to Joel McCrea. Joel is a lovely he-animal. He's got a fine body, a splendid head, a face that's easy to look at. But it's all so gosh-darned *average!* His face is too perfectly regular and balanced. I'd call him 'the perfect Arrow Collar boy' because, although the face is not hard to look at, there's nothing distinctive and individualized enough in it to make you look at it twice—and so you'd look at the collar it's wearing. The face suggests that Joel possesses an average mentality, average emotional qualities, average manliness; in short, average everything.

NOW, Fredric March. Here's a queer sort of face, on analysis. Maybe you feel it, too. You somehow can't quite put your finger on what's wrong with March's face, can you? Look at his portrait and what I've marked on it. See the line across the face? That line divides his face into two distinct personalities, as far apart as the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde roles he played so perfectly. The top of the March face conveys, to the discerning artist, a sense of force, driving power, strength—which adds up to masculine handsomeness. And then, the bottom of the face destroys it all. The mouth, chin and jaw-line all convey a sense of weakness, let-down, recession. If Freddie's mouth and chin and jaw matched his upper head, he'd be so handsome that he'd approach beauty.

"George Raft—yes, he's good-looking in a mysterious, sinister sort of way. But for one thing, he's too short. That shortness militates against the aggressiveness that makes his face attractive. His face doesn't match his body. It's the face of a fighter, a big business man. But his small stature belies it, and the whole effect is incongruous enough to definitely drop George into the also-ran class.

"And now, here is Franchot Tone. For one thing, Franchot is almost too 'pretty' to be handsome. The Tone face is, far more than most faces, an index of the man. There are humor and wit in it; there's intelligence, but not intellectuality. There's sophistication and there is a whimsicality which dominates it all. These characteristics, playing on the surface of the face like colors on a screen, are interesting, but they do not constitute handsomeness.

"Leslie Howard. Leslie is strong, with a force which has been called sex appeal. There is in him that animal magnetism which makes women rave about him. And so, with the charming inconsistency of the sex, women snap to the conclusion that he's 'handsome.' He's nothing of the kind. His face is too long, by far. Why, look at his portrait and see how I've marked it.

"I've enclosed the face in a rectangle and you can measure it to learn that it's amazing in its disproportion—almost distorted, for it is twice as long as it is wide. This indicates a tremendous spirituality and sensitiveness, but it is not handsome. It's the face of an aesthete, the man who dominates women rather by his mind than by his face or body. And if you don't believe me, ask the women who know him.

AND that brings me to two men whom I do include among the first ten runners-up in the race for the crown of the handsomest man on the screen—Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. I know that most of you will hoot at me in derision for including these two in that classification. 'What!' you'll scream, 'those tough mugs?' And I answer yes.

"Both of them play tough-mug rôles on the screen. They bash women's faces; they act exactly like brutes. And you confuse this screen character with your estimation of them. In other words, you are blinded by your preconceived notion of them, and so you can't see what I, looking merely through the coldly analytical eyes of the artist, see in them—a real beauty, a real handsomeness. And the reason? The reason is that both of them, despite the roles they play, are actually sensitive, spiritual souls. Cagney and Robinson, I insist, are men who'd far rather talk of art, philosophy, abstract and spiritual things, than bash a grapefruit into a girl's face. Underlying their facial characteristics is a sense of gentleness and humor that leaves them, clearly analyzed, spiritually attractive. Even though, in the superficial sense, they're not truly handsome.

"Before I dismiss them, I want to call your attention to the picture of Eddie Robinson and the oval I've marked on it. I've done this to demonstrate a point—that Robinson's face is one of the most unusual I have ever seen. Contrary, for example, to that of Leslie Howard, Robinson's face is almost broader than it is long. I'd call him the 'male Sylvia Sidney,' for both of them have that strange facial characteristic. Robinson's facial distortion is so great that it's almost as though you were seeing it in one of those distortion mirrors you encounter in amusement parks. You know, Robinson's face is like the face that looks back at you out of the mirror that makes you short and fat, and Leslie Howard's is the face that looks back out of the 'tall-and-skinny' mirror, eh? But, they're not beautiful, are they?

"Well, there you are. I've told you who, from the purely artistic viewpoint, is the handsomest man on the screen and who's the most beautiful. And I've told you why the rest of them aren't. And now, let the deluge come!"

Take a Leaf from Jeanette's Book

(*Continued from page 69*)

gramophone while hanging on the fence. The majority, however, were of my own improvising.

"When we finally had a gramophone of our own, my joy knew no bounds. I played for hours old cylinder records of great stars of the day—Galli-Curci, Schumann-Heink, Tetrazzini—singing along with them. The records were worn out with playing long before I heard my first opera when I was almost seventeen.

I FULLY expected to entertain whenever visitors called. Knowing I would be asked, I was prepared. I faced my small audience in the parlor with greater assurance than I have been able to muster for any audience since.

"It is my belief that we all suffer more intensely in childhood than we do in maturity. Fortunately our sorrows and disappointments are not lasting, for young minds forget easily. Yet the suffering, while it is endured, is more poignant than anything most of us encounter again in later life. I know that I have never experienced such tragic doubt as the fear that my physical defects might keep me out of the theatre.

"As I have said, it was playing with older girls in school that brought me my first realization of self-consciousness. Even today, I hesitate to do anything that I do not believe I can do well. Is that too frank an admission?

"Growing up was torture. I shot up like a weed, all at once. It seemed I would never stop. Every day I measured my height. I was so afraid I would be too tall. I had heard somewhere that actresses must be small. It was a relief when, at five feet, four and a half inches I stopped growing.

"Being teased about my size was no help to my feelings. I never let on that I was hurt. Then, when they began to point to my 'skinny' legs and tease me about being awkward, I nearly died of shame.

"I tried to hold my tears but sometimes I couldn't. Mother wisely allowed me to believe I was keeping a secret from her. She consoled me only indirectly for fear too much pampering would make me vain and conceited. She preached that everything would come out for the best, without letting me know it was a doctrine.

"My first chance for a stage career was as a chorus girl in Ned Weyburn's 'Demi-Tasse Revue.' That this was my start was unfortunate in one respect. My sensitiveness was increased by the necessity of dressing with the other girls. Accustomed to their pretty silken lingerie, they laughed at my school-girl bloomers and cotton vests. I could not afford expensive things

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and rather than face the scorn of my companions, I came to the theatre early that I might undress alone and left late for the same reason.

I SHALL never forget another embarrassment. One of the girls learned that I was covering my lack of chest development by rolling up stockings to bulge out my bodice. She told the others and I was subjected to cruel teasing.

"Yet, worst of all were my legs. My body was developing curves and my freckles could be covered with grease-paint. But my legs remained abnormally thin and straight.

"After two chorus jobs, I went on tour with 'Irene,' my first singing role. I was thankful to be able to wear long dresses in the part, for by this time my legs had become an obsession.

"Then, somewhere, I heard of an exercise that was supposed to develop leg muscles. It consisted of placing three or four books upon the floor, and in stockinged feet, stepping upon the slight elevation to balance upon tip-toes with as much heel over the edge as could be managed and yet retain balance. By alternately dropping back so that your heels almost touch the floor and rising as far as possible on tip-toe, all of the leg muscles are exercised. It is more strenuous than it may sound.

"For months, I carried books with me wherever I went. In hotel rooms, dressing-rooms, anywhere that I was by myself, I exercised for hours and hours. Aching leg muscles kept me awake at night but I was bound and determined to give the exercise a fair trial. Did I notice a slight improvement? The belief that I did, only set me to working harder.

"Five long years, I exercised daily, doing the routine a hundred times each morning and another hundred each night. There was no question but what I was improving the shape of my legs and I no longer avoided a part that called for dancing and short skirts.

"Then 'Yes, Yes, Yvette' and a review of the show actually mentioned my legs—said they were 'lovely.' Can you understand my elation? I hope I do not seem vain in being pleased. It meant that my five-year battle against ugliness was won at last.

"I want to explain, though, that the underscoring in the scrapbook is mother's work, not mine. After she had pasted the clipping, I confess seeking it out to re-read. It was the first time I had read any review of a show after it was in the scrapbook. But I wanted to make sure I hadn't dreamed this one.

"I saw the underscoring the moment I picked up the book. I saw, too, that mother had similarly accentuated any reference to beauty in other clippings. It was her wise way of telling me that I wasn't as bad as I had imagined myself to be.

"And now you have the story I have never told before and doubtless wouldn't have told now, if you hadn't found this little scrapbook."

How Oakie Gets His Women

(*Continued from page 34*)

Will you believe it—he even remembers my mother's birthday, and sends her a gift every year. How can a girl help but admire a man like that? It's just the little thoughtful things that are dear to every woman's heart."

Well, there's *one* answer—sincerity, loyalty, thoughtfulness. Hm-m—— Maybe we're going to find out some things about this boy, Jack, we didn't know before.

FOUR years have gone by and Mary and Jack are still pals. Mary was at a party recently when Jack came with another girl. (Beautiful, too!) Knowing how well Jack likes his parties, Mary began to snicker, along about 2 A. M., when she noticed the other gorgeous damsel beginning to wilt and yawn and look at her wrist-watch. At 3 A.M. the girl was coming right out with it and saying, "Jack, for heaven's sake let's go!" And Jack was still saying, politely, "Why, sure, in just a minute, now." At 5 A.M., in desperation, the girl sought out Mary. "I'm simply dying, I'm so tired," she said. *"Please,* how do I get him to leave? They say you're the only girl in Hollywood that knows how." Mary was laughing so by then that she couldn't tell her. Her own recipe is merely to say, "Jack, I'm leaving," sail out the door and call a taxi. Jack stands stunned for a minute, peeks out the door to see if she really means it, then goes into a panic, dashes for his hat and coat, and jumps into the cab just as it's pulling out.

Well, there were a couple of 'em in between, but we can skip to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Now, there's a name to conjure with! And no bum wisecracks about Conjure Hear Me Calling You, or Let Joyce Be Unconfined, either. Peggy had been married to half a dozen millionaires before she ever hit Hollywood. All of you knew, right from the start, that she'd start running around with some man the minute she got there. A town is only a town to Peggy, but men are something she has to carry around with her the way other people carry aspirin. The only question was, who was the man going to be? Surely he would be, at the very least, another millionaire!

And who did it turn out to be?

Why, little Jack Oakie, with his fife and drum!

Figure that one out. If Jack didn't have a million dollars to intrigue Peggy, what *did* he have?

Peggy's very name is a synonym for pearls and ermine and orchids and bank accounts and marriage. Not one of 'em did she get handed by Oakie-Pokie. She is the ultra-ultra-ultra sophisticate. Jack is about as sophisticated as a hog-caller. It was the very contrast between them that lured Peggy into the net set by Jack, the Vampire!

Here was a guy who slapped you on the back and called you "Sis," who didn't care what your social or bank rating was just so you had fun out of life, who didn't go moo-eyed at meeting her, the way the Miami and Palm Beach playboys did, who didn't soft-soap her with cloying flattery, who was as fresh and earthy and hardy as a head of cabbage before it's washed. And did Peggy go for it!

AND after Peggy it was Toby Wing. Toby was the newest Hollywood rage. Every man in town was after her. And what did she say? What did little Toby say, in her nest at break of day?

"I'd break a date with anybody any time to go out with Jack Oakie!"

Oakie treated Toby rough, too. When

he calls for a girl he expects her to be ready and gives her the cold stare if she isn't. Toby never can get ready on time. Moreover, Jack had a most ungallant way of not seeming to give a darn whether it was Toby or her sister Pat that he took out. Whichever girl got to the phone first got the date. Now, we ask you, is that any way to treat a lady?

Nor has Jack ever put on any dog with Toby. He leaves his big car in the garage and calls for her in his old Ford, known as The Old Oakie Bucket. They go for a ride and the big feature of the evening's entertainment is to drop into a roadside sandwich joint in order to let Jack guzzle his favorite drink. That drink happens to be—Oh, Shades of Wicked Hollywood, Oh Shades That Are Never Pulled Down, we just have to tell you, free ad or no free ad—hot Ovaltine, the potion that is supposed to put you to sleep. Gallant? Is it gallant to go out with a blonde and imbibe steaming drinks guaranteed to furnish you with sound slumber?

"Why do I like Jack?" asks Toby. "Well, there are two perfectly good reasons, if you must know. First of all, not many people have an idea of it, but it happens to be Jack who 'discovered' me. Two years ago I visited a set he was working on, and when he was introduced to me he said, 'I'm going to be your Columbus.' I thought he was handing me a line, but two days later he made appointments with Samuel Goldwyn and Mack Sennett for me. Not only that, he called for me himself and drove me out to see both of them. That's how I got into pictures. A girl doesn't forget a fellow that makes good on his word like that.

"The other reason—well, a lot of girls will understand this one, I guess. It's just that I've known Jack for more than two years, and not once has he tried to kiss me or get rough in any way. 'Nough said!"

IT isn't fair to say who the next girl after Toby was, because Jack still sees Toby, just the way he still sees Mary Brian. He always stays friends with his girls. (There must be a pretty good reason for that, too!) Anyhow, speaking strictly in point of time, the next after Toby was not one but *eleven* girls, and the same old story all over again. For "Murder at the Vanities," Earl Carroll brought eleven of his most glamorous show-girls out to Hollywood from New York. Every man in Hollywood was after one of them. And who was the little lad who got all eleven?

Oakie! Gr-r-r!

Blessings on thee, Little Man!

They all made him their pet, but he picked two of them to date regularly—Ernestine Anderson and Ruth Hilliard, Ernestine a red-head and Ruth a brunette. He took 'em out singly and he took 'em out doubly. No other living male can get away with stunts like that, but Julius Caesar Oakie can do it and make 'em like it. The Clyde Beatty of the Chorus, that's what they call him.

"Jack treats me as if I were his kid sister," said Ruth. "And maybe you think it isn't a relief not to have to think up coy answers!"

Sincere. Loyal. Considerate. Thoughtful. Natural. Sticking by his word. Never acting rough. Having fun. Thinking up things to amuse people.

Those are pretty nice things to have said about you, by the girls you date.

Maybe some of the rest of you boys should take lessons from the Old Maestro.

Maybe it isn't so hard to understand after all.

Maybe Jack is just a swell, decent fellow.

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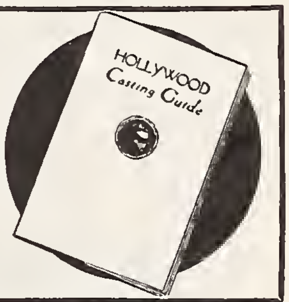

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By entering this contest you will receive a ***Personal*** "Casting Report" of your own screen classification and a "Hollywood Guide" that tells you how to photograph your personality! Your snapshots will be studied by Casting Directors and made available to studio "scouts" and directors who are constantly looking for new types.

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Pretty As a Picture...
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THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her "eternal powder puff." She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was —well, not well cared for!

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Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. L-202, Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock
Face Powder

Golden Peacock
FACE POWDER

Join the Beach Vamps

(*Continued from page 73*)

Then Frances Drake comes across with her ideas on this sun-bath, ocean-bath idea: "The new wrap-around beach frocks," she says, "have caught my fancy. I plan to discard pajamas entirely for the beach this year and to equip myself with several gingham and linen wrap-arounds and some slip-on beach frocks that are backless, with skirts ending halfway between my ankles and my knees. One of these frocks I shall have in red and white, and another in green and white. My bathing suits are already purchased. One is a one-piece black affair for serious swimming, another is brown and white, and still another is aquamarine blue. All, of course, are backless."

Frances has the right idea. Wrap-around skirts are as good as slacks this year, and moreover they are becoming to so many more types of people. It takes the girl with long thin legs to wear trousers well, whereas skirts look well on anyone.

Dorothy Dell says she is ready for the beach this summer with a really different outfit. "It is a play suit of white piqué," she says, "with an anchor embroidered in blue on the front. The 'different' touch is found in the wide mesh cape of rope net, worn carelessly but effectively over the shoulders." (You know it must be effective if she does it.) "I am also fortified against freckles," she tells us, "with one large, crownless hat that ties firmly beneath the chin with a bandanna tie of brilliant red. As for bathing suits, I prefer mine to be two-piece—trunks and uppers. I am stocking up with many different color combinations."

You can knit your own trunks if you are handy, and wear half of a large handkerchief for the top, tied around the neck and again around the waist. This is one of the most popular bathing outfits of the year.

Ann Sothern clings to her slacks. She looks well in them—that's why. This year she is using beige with a coat to match, and brown sweaters or shirts to repeat the accent of the brown buttons and belt buckles. For swimming, she says, she likes the Hawaiian shorts in beige or white, striped with blue, and backless handkerchief tops. Her shorts are made of very heavily corded material, proof against becoming water-logged.

Muriel Evans knows her stuff when she says, "I keep my beach paraphernalia quiet as to color and simple in design." She realizes that her figure, with its perfect lines, shows to full advantage when it is not too much dolled up and decorated. She says that her ideal suit is a knitted one. Her skin is dyed by the sun to a deep brown tan, and white with yellow tones does set off this coloring miraculously. Over this yellow and white suit she wears a yellow flannel coat. Muriel likes tiny knitted caps for the beach to keep her hair sandless and under control.

These hints from the fountain of fashion, from the girls in the know, will help you to assemble your bathing suits and beach clothes so that they are correct and sure to flatter your good points. There is no happier costume known for summer than the one to be worn on the beach. We're lucky because fashion today lets us do the thing so becomingly.

One Girl's True Hollywood Experiences

(*Continued from page 31*)

thousands of others she, too, had often dreamed of being a movie star. Like thousands of other girls, she had played parts in amateur theatricals—at the Teachers School and elsewhere.

MODERN SCREEN's proposition was laid before her and her widowed mother and her brother, "head of the family" since her father's death. Of course they were surprised. The proposition was, to say the least, unusual. But eventually, they accepted.

Eva Beryl Tree finished her school term, and at the end of January of this year, packed her clothes, kissed her mother goodbye, and began her adventure.

Our writer met her at the station in Los Angeles. He reports that she looked scared to death. "Believe it or not," she told him, "but this is the first time I have ever been away from home alone!" He drove her to the heart of Hollywood—the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue. There he set her down and said, "Here you are. Here's your three hundred dollars. From now on, you're on your own; it's up to you. So long. And good luck."

The only times he saw her after that were the brief contacts at which she turned over her reports of what had happened, and her diary as she kept it from day to day. And here, in her own words, is the story that diary tells.

I'VE been in Hollywood three months now, trying to crash the movies. Three months—and I feel five years older.

Whether or not I'll ever succeed, I don't know. I'm still trying. I've had interviews galore. I've had screen and voice tests at the biggest studios. I've talked to casting directors and producers. I've even had tentative contract offers dangled before me. It's been busy and exciting and thrilling, but as yet, I've not worked a single minute in any actual production. But I'm still at it and it's a grand fight.

I've promised MODERN SCREEN to tell it all. And I'm going to—without reserve. I'm going to reveal everything that happened to me, as well as I can in words. I'm going to write this story from the diary that I've kept day by day. But even now, as I look into it and see some of the things I wrote, I wonder how I could have changed so much in such a short time.

Here's the first entry in my diary: "Jan. 30—Found an apartment and moved in. Norma Shearer used to live here."

How that recalls that first awful moment when I was set down in the middle of Hollywood, alone, and told that from now on, I was on my own. I was terrified. Strange city, strange people, first time in my life I'd been really "away from home" alone. I'd already decided on an apartment so as not to be hampered by the mealtime rigidity of a boarding-house, or the cold unfriendliness of a hotel room. I didn't know how to find the apartment, though, so I just started walking. Lady Luck must have guided me. I saw an "Apt. To Let" sign and rang a doorbell and a nice woman answered.

"Alone?" she asked. I nodded. "Movies?" she smiled. I nodded again. She led me to a rear bungalow divided into four one-room-kitchen-and-bath apartments, with those beds that come out of the wall. "Thirty dollars." I hesitated. Thirty out of my hundred-a-month seemed so much. "And Norma Shearer used to live here," she added.

I gave her the thirty on the spot. I always did play hunches. Getting my trunk and luggage, stocking up with groceries, getting settled—these things took up the day. Then, here it is in my diary; I wrote it that night: "—and now I'm going to bed and am I frightened! I know I'll never sleep." The "know" is thrice underlined. It was the first time I'd ever slept anywhere where my mother wasn't within whisper-call. I got into bed and trembled, wide awake.

"Jan. 31—Went to Paramount . . ."

My first movie studio! I'm used to them now—so used to them. But what a kick that first sight of one was. A long two-story building, and grill-iron gates. Inside, movie set after movie set. Down the street, a long line of people in make-up—extras, I told myself—filing by a window, getting green slips of paper.

Somebody told me where the casting office was, and I stepped into a side show. Dozens of girls whose hair ranged from mustard-green to pink. Mexicans, negroes, whites. A dwarf. Pompous old men and bulbous ones and skinny ones. And all of them looking weary, tired, sick of it all. I wondered in a flash of terror if I'd become one of these. "Waddaya want?" asked a girl at a desk. "Mr. Datig," I said. He was casting director; I'd learned his name in advance. "Sign here an' sitdownandwaittillyercalled." I looked for a chair, and a big woman beckoned to me.

"Sit here, dearie," she said. "What's yer name?" I told her. "Where ya livin'?" I told her. "Alone?" I said "Yes." She squeezed closer to me on the bench and said, "You're a nice girl. Hadn't ought to live by yourself. Whyn't y'come an' live where I do?" Something in me curled up and tried to die at the touch of her body squeezing against me. She dragged a scrapbook from a case under her arm. It was filled with character makeup pictures of herself.

She moved even closer and she flung her arm across my shoulder and shoved the album into my lap. I heard some girl in the room snicker, and felt ill. I was never so glad in my life when I heard my name called. I jumped like a spring and never saw the woman again. Somehow, she got my telephone number; probably from the address I'd given her. She called me up again and again. But I never saw her. I'm under twenty-one, but I'm not an ignoramus.

THEY led me to a second ante-room. "Mr. Datig'll see you in a minute," said a lad. Two other persons sat there. One was a character actor I'd seen often but didn't know by name. I was thrilled. The other was a sleek sheik with patent-leather hair, pasty white face and eyes that sliced through my dress, it seemed, and saw every square inch of my legs. I'll swear by the time my name was called again, I actually felt his eyes on my legs. I'd been "eye-undressed" before; every girl has. But never so thoroughly as this time.

"Mr. Datig'll see you now." I took a deep breath and prepared to meet my first Casting Director. I was ready for any-

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"
"He's swell! But is he human? He never looks at me!"

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—*but is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.

PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!

①
JACK THINKS I'M DULL... I DON'T SEEM TO "SPARK" WITH HIM...
DEAR, YOUR EYES ARE THE TROUBLE ...GET SOME PEPPY "NEW" ONES... USE DELICA-BROW

②
AFTER SHE USES DELICA-BROW
GOSH, WHERE DID YOU FIND THOSE STARRY "NEW" EYES? THEY TRANSFORM YOU! YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE, PEG!
...SAME EYES, JACK, REALLY—JUST DONE OVER WITH SOMETHING AT THE 10¢ STORE

Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's *Tonight*

You can make your eyes wells of *allure*... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible.* "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight.* It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, *DELICA-BROW*. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

Delica-Brow
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The Original Waterproof Liquid

NEW "COLLOIDAL" TREATMENT FOR BAD SKIN!

DOCTORS working in many localities have been obtaining wonderful results, treating eczema, pimples, boils and similar skin outbreaks with a new, non-irritating "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) preparation. A typical group of cases reported in one medical journal, showed that 95% of eczema cases and 100% of boil cases so treated showed decided improvement—results were called "spectacular!" Marvelously effective also for cuts, burns, wounds, poison ivy. Astounding how *quickly* it allays itching and pain!

Now you can get this "CAC" treatment at your druggist's, under the name HYDROSAL. In liquid or ointment form. Remember—ask for HYDROSAL today.

Hydrosal

thing. I'd heard all sorts of tales of what goes on in Casting Offices.

It was brief, that interview, but somehow this man packed into it a richness of hope. I told him honestly what I was and what I wanted. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had kicked me out. Instead, he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Tree. All our pictures are fully cast now. But don't let that discourage you. I want you to come back in a few weeks, and maybe I can give you a chance." He took my telephone number. I went out singing.

Next day, I walked to Columbia studios and smack up against a sign: "No Casting Today." I know better now than to let a thing like that stop me, but then I was too new. I started back home. A long black car hummed by and Jack LaRue sat at the wheel. He was the first movie star I'd seen since I'd arrived and I smiled at him. A few moments later, tires squeaked along the curb beside me and a long, black auto hood rolled into my vision.

"How do y' do?" asked a deep voice and I looked up, fully expecting to see Jack LaRue there. But it was a blonde youth with pimples and a smirk. "I'll drive y' to the next studio, sweetheart," he said.

"Sir, I prefer to walk," I retorted in my best melodramatic style. He told me a word that's not at all nice.

IN my diary, that night, I wrote this: "You've been a foolish coward, EBT, and tomorrow you're going back to Columbia and get in!" And I did.

The "No Casting Today" sign was still up. I think it's fastened there permanently. I've never been there without seeing it. This time I paid it no heed, and banged on a window. It flew up and a pretty blonde looked out. "I want to see Mr. Kelly," I said (I'd found out Kelly was the casting director's name here), "and my name's Eva Beryl Tree."

She looked at me for a moment and amazed me with: "My, what a cute little sweater and cap. Did you make it yourself? C'mon in; I want to see it better."

Of all things—to crash a studio on one's cap and sweater! In I went, and a door was open with the name Mr. Kelly on it. The girl looked at me and winked and I knew that one person in Hollywood, at least, had a heart.

A blue-eyed man grinned a grin that wrecked all formality. "You're Mr. Kelly, aren't you?" I said, and rattled on before he had a chance to tell me to get out. "I'm Eva Beryl Tree and I want to start in motion pictures and I'm an entire stranger here and I'm coming to you for help and I don't know much about pictures." but—"

My breath ran out and he grinned. I grinned back. We began to talk as though we had known each other for years. He asked me what I thought of Hollywood and I said the streets were too full of girls trying to be Garbos and Crawfords and Harlows. He agreed and looked me up and down.

"How tall are you and how much do you weigh?" Five one and a half and 98 I told him. "H'm, not as bulky as I thought," he said, to himself rather than me. "Living with your folks?" he asked. No. "Does your mother approve?" I wondered what difference that made, and figured he was getting too warm with his questions.

"Mr. Kelly," I said, "I'm living alone and my mother doesn't exactly approve of that or my trying to get into movies, but I know everything I'm supposed to know and my mother just trusts me, so there."

Mr. Kelly laughed again and told me to follow him. We went to another office. "Here's a new girl for us, North," said Mr. Kelly. I felt like a slave at auction.

"I see you don't wear much," he said. I tugged at my skirt. "Much make-up, I mean," he snapped. I blushed.

"I think girls here wear too much, Mr. North," I said. "I believe in being natural." I waited for questions about my experience, training, ambitions, and such. They never came. We just talked of Hollywood, its people, even about Shakespeare and Browning. I quoted them both, and was amazed when he recognized the quotation. I'd always supposed movie producers were ignorant men who spoke with an accent. This man was intelligent and well educated. All the time we talked, he watched me keenly. Never did his eyes leave me. I know now that it's not one's experiences they base judgment on; it's what they see in you when you're talking to them, like that. Kelly asked, "Well, what about her?"

"H'm, till you see 'em on the screen, Kelly, you know you can't tell." Silence, and my heart beat so I'm sure they must have heard it. "But—well, the only thing to do is to give her a chance. Maybe she's got what it takes. If she can project on the screen the personality she's shown here, she's all right."

That was all, but my heart did three flip-flops and I wonder why I didn't faint. I shook hands with him and discovered my cap was tangled up in the handshake. I was so excited I'd forgotten I was holding it. Kelly took my address and phone number.

"All right, Miss Tree. I'll call you at any moment, for a test," he said. And I went home, running every step of the way, and parked beside the telephone.

Looking back, with what I know now, I wish I hadn't gotten that "break" at Columbia; I look at what I wrote in my diary and in every line runs a cocksure feeling that at any moment the phone would ring and I'd be called over to Columbia for the test. I know now what I didn't know then—that there's many a slip 'twixt the interview and the test. It cost me hours of anguished waiting; days of valuable time. I hardly dared leave the house for a second, lest I miss that all-important call.

DAY after day there's nothing in my diary but:

"Stayed at home, waiting for Col. to call."

Lonely? I nearly went mad! Thank heaven that they didn't call me some mornings. My eyes must have been like puff-balls, from homesick crying.

I should have taken these days to go to the other studios. But I didn't dare leave the house and miss that call. It was only at night I dared go out. One night, I went to the Russian Eagle Café, hoping to see stars. I saw Ivan Lebedeff there, with a gorgeous creature. "What are they having?" I asked the waiter.

"That's caviar," he said. I ordered it, too.

I'd never tasted it in my life; didn't even know, until it arrived, that it was fish eggs! Never was anything so hard to take. They popped and squished and tasted awful in my mouth, but the waiter was watching me and I was afraid Lebedeff would laugh if I did what I felt like doing, so somehow, I swallowed it—and left in a hurry.

I called Columbia several times, during that awful century of waiting. The girl got to know my voice. All she ever said was, "Just be patient, Miss Tree. Mr. Kelly tells me to tell you he'll call you at any moment now." So I waited.

One evening a young man, who knew my family in San Jose, called and took me to dinner. It was an oasis in a desert of loneliness. We went to a Hollywood restaurant. A man at a nearby table recognized my friend and came over. I was introduced—"Miss Tree—Mr. Brown."

"Sid," said my friend, "Miss Tree is trying to get into pictures. Your profession keeps you in close touch with studios and movie folk, and besides, you know most of them by their first names. Can't you sort of help her along?"

"Of course." Brown smiled a warm, friendly smile. He gave me his business card. An office in Hollywood's finest building. He took my telephone number.

"Sid's a swell guy," my friend said. "He's all white. You can trust him and he'll be like a father to you here. He knows everybody and he can help you a lot."

THAT night, I wrote this in my diary. I see it now, before me, the very handwriting dancing with hope:

" . . . a stroke of luck today. Fred introduced me to a Hollywood man who seems to be just what I've been needing, a sort of adviser-guardian-father sort of being to whom I can take my troubles."

My, what a little fool I was! And how little men know each other in Hollywood. Certainly I didn't know then what Mr. Brown was going to do to me—and I'm sure Fred didn't.

Next day the phone rang. Yes, Columbia. "Be here at ten-forty-five sharp, Miss Tree," said the girl. I was there at ten-fifteen, all ready for my first movie test. But it wasn't that. Mr. Kelly called me in and handed me a script—a thick, typewritten book with the lines for all the characters in a picture they were going to shoot. He pointed out three pages—dialogue between a boy and girl. "Learn those lines, Miss Tree," he said, "and I'll call you, in a day or two, for a test for this role."

I took it home and studied until I could say those lines forwards, backwards, sideways, and in my sleep, I swear. Several times, the phone rang, but never Columbia. Once it was the woman I'd escaped at Paramount. Twice it was Mr. Brown, asking me to dinner. I told him I didn't dare, that I was learning a part and wanted to be fresh each morning. He laughed, like a grand sweet thing, and said he understood.

"How nice to have a friend," I wrote in my diary about him one of those days. I was to learn different!

And then, one morning, two calls in bang-bang succession.

The first from Columbia. "Come over at ten, Monday morning, for your screen test, Miss Tree." I actually turned a cartwheel on the floor after I'd almost shouted yes into the phone. It rang again.

"Eva?" Sid Brown was calling me that by now.

"How about dinner together Monday night?"

"I'm having a test that day," I said.

"Fine! I know you'll make good, my dear. We'll have dinner then, in celebration." I couldn't say no.

And so, in five minutes, I'd made dates for two of the biggest experiences of my Hollywood stay—and two experiences at two ends of the emotional gaumut.

* * *

In next month's installment of this fascinating story of a young girl in Hollywood, Eva Beryl Tree's adventure gets hotter and hotter. She has her test at Columbia and strange things follow. The man she trusted takes her home one midnight and follows her into her apartment, and she tells what happened then. Other Hollywood men enter her story in odd ways. She tackles other studios and finds elation and heartbreak. She gets a contract offer from one and runs up against a taboo in another because she's "too much like" a famous star who's "that way" with a great producer. Many other things happen to her as she digs and digs further into the inside of this amazing Hollywood system.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET OFF AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY?
I SAY NO! ASK ME LATER AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY I SIMPLY COULDN'T!

Frankly... *when napkins harden they hurt!*

HERE is the straightforward explanation of why some sanitary napkins chafe and rub: *They harden in use.*

When there is delay in changing them, their rough cut edges harden, and rub until every step is painful.

Years ago, when disposable napkins were first put on the market, this seemed a fault impossible to correct.

But today, there is a radically different type of napkin. One that is soft to begin with—and that stays soft! Its filler is fluffy. Super-absorbent.

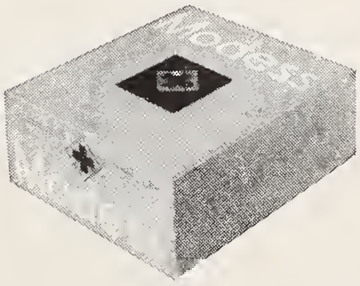
Then around this fluffy filler is a downy-soft wrapper—as soft as the finest facial tissue. It rounds every edge. There's not one sharp edge to invite hardening.

Modess: That's the name of this different-type napkin. And women who use it once, ask for it every time!

Modess is better—and costs little! Finer materials put together in a better way make Modess softer and safer. Yet you'll find that Modess sells for an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. Press the pad between your palms and see how thistle-down-soft it is. Feel that downy layer just beneath the silky gauze. That's Zobec—exclusive with Modess—and further insurance against chafing. Look at the special protective backing and forget your old fear of "accidents."

Finally—wear Modess. You'll learn how delightfully true it is that . . . MODESS STAYS SOFT *in use!*



MODESS STAYS SOFT IN USE!

Try Modess Free. If you have never tried Modess, send your name and address to The Modess Corporation, Dept. 22, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. An unmarked package will be sent you, containing a Modess Napkin, for you to try without charge.

A COMPLETE WAVE FOR ONE CENT

NOW you can quickly and easily wave your hair at home for one cent or less! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, makes full pint of professional wave set for 10 cents. You make your own wave set. Just mix powder with water. Dries quickly, leaves no white flakes. Keeps indefinitely. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug and five and ten cent stores.

WILDROOT
CONCENTRATED PROFESSIONAL
WAVE POWDER
MAKES ONE PINT HEAVY WAVE SET

10c SIZE MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

Relieves summer teething in 1 minute

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".
—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 15*)

because the saving in labor which one-plate meals represent makes them an even greater boon in preparing summer meals than in serving winter ones. Blue Plates are divided into compartments so that gravies or sauces can't mix with vegetables. But you don't have to have the divided plates in order to adopt the one-plate meal idea, for you can accomplish the same general effect by using your large dinner plates. However, I have noticed that the popularity of this type of service for summer meals has increased greatly since the advent of cool-looking glass plates divided into sections, and paper ones, too. Paper plates of course are ideal for your picnic style meal, giving an informal but festive air, especially if you get paper napkins in harmonizing colors. And they certainly save worry about wreckage, cut down dish-washing and simplify serving. You just arrange the main course of the meal on the Blue Plates in the kitchen, put the plates on a big tray and carry them to the spot where the meal is to be eaten. Next to the buffet type of service where everybody helps himself, this idea is certainly the simplest solution of the serving problem I have ever discovered.

One of the very nicest features of a home picnic is that everything that should be served cold can be thoroughly chilled and the one hot item can be really hot. Prepare the cold things well in advance. They can then be packed away in the refrigerator to attain the desired state of frigidity. This is a grand idea because it means that you will have no last-minute preparations, for even your hot dish or soup should come, ready prepared, from a can. Then, ten minutes in the kitchen before meal time will be about all it requires to have your one-plate meal ready to serve.

Since summer meal hours are apt to be uncertain, you will find this informal picnic style meal a genuine blessing because it is ready when, as, and if you want it. Should you take a longer trip in the car than you had planned, or stay longer at the beach, nothing will spoil and you can enjoy yourself without rushing, secure in the knowledge that everything will be ready in the twinkling of an eye when you do get home.

ANOTHER situation in which the one-plate meal is a big help is when there are members of the family who are apt to arrive with an indeterminate number of companions—all in a famished condition. A trip to the refrigerator and the supply cabinet, a little work with the can opener and the bottle opener, a portioning out of this and that onto a plate divided into sections, and presto a satisfying and attractively served meal is produced. It gets you a reputation for being magical.

There are some of these one-plate meals which I am particularly keen about. Because I also think they will go over big with your family and your friends and because I hope they will prove to be a source of inspiration to you, I am giving five of them here. You will notice if you study these menus that each one includes one substantial dish, a vegetable of some kind, a condiment and a bread, usually a hot biscuit or roll. Also, as on a regular picnic, no foods requiring the use of a knife should be included. Even cold meats, if cut into nice, thin slices can be broken with a fork. The cold dishes get their delicious flavor from combining rather than from any advance cooking and the hot dishes and soups are ready to heat in a jiffy and serve as is. Here are the menus:

Fancy Filled Tomatoes
Devilled Eggs — Potato Chips
Buttered Finger Rolls — Stuffed Olives

Mixed Vegetable Salad
Pork and Beans — Dill Pickles
Corn Bread

Mystery Meat Salad
Hot Canned Asparagus on Toast
Currant Jelly — Baking Powder Biscuits

Cold Sliced Meat — Spaghetti
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
India Relish

Cream of Tomato Soup
Tuna and Vegetable Salad
Beets Marinated in French Dressing
Ripe Olives — Cheese Biscuits

RECIPES for four of the salads in the above menus are included in this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder. These have been carefully tested and reduced to level measurements, which means perfect results for you the first time you try them. I'm sure you will often want to make the Fancy Filled Tomatoes, for instance, for not only are they elegant looking, but they have the added virtues of being filling and delicious. With the centers hollowed out and filled with kidney beans and whatnot, they are a sort of glorified tomato surprise.

Then there is the Mixed Vegetable Salad which is one of the few salads I have ever seen men really go mad about, doubtless because it includes a couple of items not usually found in vegetable salad and is so superbly seasoned that it appeals particularly to the masculine taste. Seasonings are all-important in a salad. So you should be sure always to have on hand such salad-making ingredients as oil, vinegar, mayonnaise, chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, onion and celery salt, and paprika. And because you want to have uniformly good results, be sure to purchase a reputable brand.

The Mystery Meat Salad tastes like Chicken Salad but is much less expensive. And the Tuna and Vegetable Salad is my idea of a perfect Sunday night salad the year around.

All these recipes you may have free by filling in the coupon below and mailing it to me.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for August, 1934.

Name.......................... (Print in pencil)

Address....................... (Street and Number)

.... (City) (State) serves to bolster the entire film to a higher rating. Pat Patterson and Charles Starrett carry the romance and Pat sings several songs. It's really all Mundin when you come right down to it, though. We wouldn't recommend this.

C: MERRY WIVES OF RENO
Warners

Not so merry, really! No matter how hard the excellent cast worked, they couldn't pull this one out of the "fair" class. True, there are some chuckles, but they can't compensate for the dullness that envelops the remainder of the film. It's a jumbled-up affair concerning three couples who get into the wrong apartments . . . with the wives eventually going to Reno. The husbands (and some more wrong apartments) follow. Margaret Lindsay performed to advantage but seemed a bit miscast. Donald Woods shows promise, but needs a much better vehicle. Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Ates all try hard, but the funniest of all is Hugh Herbert. Don't say you weren't warned.

C: THE KEY—Warners

Not so hot. The action is laid in Ireland during the Revolution and it's really too bad that the obvious plot was allowed to ruin the chances offered by a new background. Bill Powell plays a soldier-of-fortune who mixes war with women, always managing to receive a decoration in place of the firing squad by some clever scheme at the last moment. Edna Best doesn't have what it takes to create the illusion of an actual feud between William Powell and Colin Clive. Watch for Powell's swagger—you'll laugh as hard as the preview audience did no doubt.

You'll find short reviews on page 8

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 71*)

MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School plan. Can see where it will be of vast benefit to those desiring to learn."

And this from Norman McCleod: "Your new department is indeed a novel venture. I will be interested in following the results of your idea. Sincere wishes for its complete success."

Robert Z. Leonard believes: "Your MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School idea could be built into something very valuable, I believe. May I congratulate you on it?"

SINCE I hate dogmatic lessons as much as you do, I'm going to give you only practical advice. Not advice from myself, but from the people who really know what they're talking about, from those who have put their theories into practice and have discovered that they *work*.

You'll find from month to month on these pages an accurate course in the art of make-up, from Hollywood's greatest experts. Everything you need to know about that subject.

These directors who already are so keen on the idea, as well as many other megaphone wielders, will tell you what acting really means and will give you practical advice about dramatic technique.

The best costume designers in Hollywood are going to speak to you—through these pages—about "dressing the part," and

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!

No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name..
Address..
City.......................................*State*...................

This offer is not good in Canada (5)

Aching
CORNS
INSTANTLY RELIEVED

STOPS
PAINFUL
SHOE
PRESSURE

Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

You'll have relief the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads *remove the cause*—shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters from new or tight shoes. It's a *complete* treatment—consisting of pads to end pain and separate *Medicated Disks* to quickly, safely

Remove Corns and Callouses

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Try this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

REMINGTON
ONLY 10¢ A DAY **PORTABLE**

A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free*. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 808. Buffalo, N. Y.

★ Alice White petite film star says:— Let's go barelegged this summer—in cozy comfort with PEDS!

It is distasteful to wear shoes next to bare feet when going barelegged! PEDS—give sanitary protection for the entire foot; invisible when worn. Or, if wearing stockings use PEDS—under or over them! Stops wear and mending. All sizes: MER. LISLE, 20c and 25c a pair; PURE SILK, 40c; "WOOLIES," 50c. Buy PEDS at hosiery and notion counters of 5-and-10c Stores and Department Stores.

Or, send correct stocking size with coins or stamps to
RICHARD PAUL, Inc.
COOPER BLDG., LOS ANGELES.
Dept. M-3

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Styled in Hollywood

for cozy feet with bare legs!
ELASTIC EDGE
NON-SLIP HEEL

Wear PEDS for
- the beach
- sportswear
- street wear
- around the home

tell you how you can plan your own wardrobes—not only for actual dramatic performances, professional or amateur, but for private life as well.

Voice teachers will give you exercises on how to place and pitch your voice.

And the stars themselves will recount their own experiences in acting, telling you how to manage difficult scenes, how to overcome self-consciousness and stage fright.

Daily, hundreds of inexperienced girls and boys, men and women are turned away from the Hollywood casting offices. They are untrained, untried. That is why, if you sincerely want to become a screen actor or actress, you must have a knowledge of screen technique. You simply must *not* go to Hollywood without it.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School can teach you the rudiments of acting technique.

And now are you ready to start our dramatic course?

The first thing for you to do is to immediately analyze yourself carefully so that you can discover just how much good it will do you. So this month I want you to answer a set of thirty questions about yourself. They will reveal facts of your character and will show you what chances you have of dramatic success. These questions have been carefully compiled for me by ten of the best casting directors and actors' agents in Hollywood—people who know of what stuff theatrical talent is made. Sit right down now with your pencil. And answer these questions absolutely honestly.

If the answer is definitely "no," give yourself "0." If the answer is "moderately," give yourself a score of "5." If the answer is emphatically "yes," give yourself a score of "10." Score each question in this way and, above all, be honest.

HERE are the questions:

1. Do you unconsciously imitate the mannerisms and voice intonations of your friends?
2. Do you like to mimic people?
3. Do your friends tell you that you mimic people well?
4. Do people tell you their troubles?
5. Do you cry easily at the theatre, over a sad story or book?
6. Do the troubles of other people hurt you as much as your own troubles?
7. Is it easy for you to tell your troubles to your friends?
8. Do you confide in many people?
9. Would you stop whatever you were doing to help someone in distress?
10. Do you memorize easily?
11. Would you prefer a career to marriage?
12. Can you give a pretty accurate description of the last five people (present company excepted) you've seen?
13. Would you rather have fame than happiness?
14. Is there a vague unrest within you which seems to demand expression?
15. Do you have spells of extreme melancholy for no reason?
16. Are you sometimes ecstatically happy for no reason?
17. Would you rather have fame than money?
18. Are you interested in studying people?
19. Do you often wonder why people behave as they do?
20. Would you be so curious as to wonder about a man (or woman) sitting next to you on a street car that you would strike up a conversation to find out what sort of person he (or she) is?
21. Do your friends consider you unconventional?
22. Will you go through any amount of trouble to get what you want?
23. Do people often say that you are "different" from the rest of your set?
24. Is it hard for you to keep definite beliefs about religion, morals, ethics?
25. Are you above the average in good looks?
26. Is it easy for you to speak in public?
27. Are you free from self-consciousness?
28. When you walk into a restaurant or before a group of people do you like to be looked at?
29. Are you a bit of a show-off?
30. Do you wear your clothes well?

NOW, when you have answered each of these questions absolutely honestly, scoring each question: a "0" for no, a "5" for moderately true and a "10" for definitely yes, add up the entire score. If your score falls somewhere between 300 and 250, then you possess to a remarkable degree the traits which characterize a born actor or actress. In this case, you must follow every word written in Modern Screen's Dramatic School and you must supplement this by taking every dramatic course you can. You should guard your health well, and if such is your earnest ambition, definitely prepare yourself for a dramatic career because you have the beginning of real dramatic talent. But you *must* prepare yourself. Don't be foolish enough (as so many are) to dream of Hollywood until you have had experience, because as I have said before, without experience no amount of talent will get you by. You should have actual experience on the stage to learn all the tricks of the trade.

If your score falls between 250 and 100, you may or may not become an actor or actress, but certainly you have dramatic ability. You can be a leader in amateur theatricals. You can derive much fun and satisfaction by following Modern Screen's Dramatic School each month, for you are above the average in theatrical talent. You should go out for school theatricals and should organize little acting groups among your friends. Modern Screen's Dramatic School will tell you how. You can have great fun acting and should not neglect this side of your education, for you will be amused and interested by all the things you are able to learn from these pages.

If your score falls below 100, then I'm afraid you should give up any secret yearnings for a theatrical career, either professional or amateur. I would nevertheless, advise you to read Modern Screen's Dramatic School each month, for in it you will find valuable tips upon how to acquire poise, to overcome self-consciousness, etc. But apply that only to your daily life. You would suffer too much if you attempted any form of theatrical work. Choose another life profession.

Naturally the closer your score approaches the highest score of these rough divisions, the more you can heighten what I have said. For instance, if you're *almost* in the first class a little work and study might put you there. And if you're almost in the second class, the same is true.

And now, prepare yourself for the most fun and help you've ever had. You will find both on these pages every month.

If you have personal questions you would like to ask in connection with this department, address Modern Screen's Dramatic School, in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

If I Should Love Again

(*Continued from page 57*)

And such being the case, I was very unattractive. When Billy and I were first married we went to the south of France. We were all playing. We were with Billy's friends. It was all casual, effortless, charming. Came the fall and it came to *me*, darkly, that my world was also a workshop and that the theatres were opening in New York and plays were being cast and I was not there. I dared not stay away. I dared not let my little name, just beginning to peep over the wall of anonymity, be forgotten. So what did I do? I began to regard, gloomily, the antics of Billy and the others. I began to say hollowly, "But I am an actress. I must go back. I must think about my work!

"Billy and the others urged me to relax, to live. But I couldn't. And I was really very uncivil about it. The professional part of me and the feminine part were at each other's throats. You see? But now, today, I would not be like that. I wouldn't have to. I could be in love and married and go to the south of France and I could play, and if the season started and I felt like going back I would go, pleasantly.

BUT you do see what I mean? I can take my profession, now, in stride. It is like a flier who, when he first begins to fly, is strained and stressed. He must concentrate doggedly upon his ship and his manipulation of the ship. So, feminine-professional women must learn, figuratively speaking, to fly before they can liberate their social instincts and become adequate wives.

"There is another element to contend with in the beginning. It is the jealousy of the male. No man enjoys, and few men can endure, looking on while the woman he loves concentrates all of her thoughts and energies on something entirely apart from him.

"When Billy and I were first married, he never attended an opening night of mine. On every occasion he would be stricken down with a cold. I remember one night, having reserved seats for him and some friends, being called to the phone at the last moment to be told that Mr. Parker had fainted in the hotel lobby. He didn't want to be there, you see. He didn't know that he didn't. It was the normal and perfectly legitimate male instinct, working subconsciously.

"Today, if we were married, he would know how I react to openings, to censure or applause, to publicity. He would know whether the sight of my name in electric lights would make a different woman of me, or not. We are only afraid of the unknown. Once the elements are resolved, there is nothing left to fear.

"When I was reading for a new dramatic part in those beginning days, and being very upset or distraught if my lines were not good, Billy would say to me 'Why worry? What if they are poor? The show is a turkey, anyway.' Now, there are certain words that people in the theatre simply must not use to one another. The expression, 'it's a turkey,' is among them. It's an old Broadway cliché and means that the show is a shoe-string, won't last more than a couple of weeks or something of the sort.

"What I needed and wanted was someone to say, 'The lines may be insignificant and stupid, but it's the way you read them that matters.' I needed encouragement because I was beginning, you see.

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Science shows they equal $1 to $3 brands in Quality

America's loveliest women have come to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids. For no smart woman pays $1 to $3 for face creams, powder, lipsticks or other cosmetics when *for 10¢* she can buy Faoen products—scientifically *proven* to be of the exact same purity and quality. Read the report of a famous testing laboratory:

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Be satisfied with nothing but the best—your loveliness demands the best. You can have it, now, for 10¢ in Faoen Beauty Aids—the very finest science can produce.

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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

Peg Gets REALLY Kissed

SATURDAY
GOOD NIGHT . . . SEE YOU NEXT WEEK
PECK!
~THOUGHT~ HE KISSES ME LIKE I WAS A POST. . . AREN'T MY LIPS ATTRACTIVE?
SUNDAY
JEAN SARGENT, THE BROADWAY STAR SPEAKING: "FOR ALLURING LIPS THE MOVIE & STAGE STARS USE A SPECIAL LIPSTICK CALLED KISSPROOF...THEY COULD PAY ANY PRICE—YET YOU CAN GET IT IN THE 10¢ STORE TRY IT!"
SHE DECIDES TO TRY KISSPROOF
NEXT SATURDAY
OH, I COULD EAT YOU UP...YOUR LIPS ARE IRRESISTIBLE TODAY...
WELL, DEAR, THEY'RE THE KISSPROOF KIND...

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

NEW KIND OF SEAL

FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

A WHOLE PACKAGE OF 25 FOR ONLY 10¢

JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams or preserves. Just think of being able to seal any type of glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. Jiffy-Seals give a perfect sealing job every time. Yet amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals — the new transparent film invention. Only 10c for package of 25.

At All Woolworth and Other 5c and 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

"And so I mean that only when a woman has got her feet firmly on the back of her profession can she give time, consideration to love and marriage. Such a woman, in such a position, relaxed and eased, can make the man feel what all men must feel in order to be happy—that he is the important one. Such a woman has absorbed her career into the texture of her life so that there is not a stronger pull on one part of the material than on another. It is only when the career has to matter so terribly that love is liable to disappear and marriage to be wrecked.

"Today, it would be something like this. If Billy and I were married now, or if I were in love again and married to someone else, a producer might call me on the phone and say, 'I have a play I think might interest you. May I drop by this afternoon?' And he would come and my husband would be there, too. We would have tea, the three of us, and discuss the play.

"And if my man were really important enough," Miriam leaned closer and her blue eyes were serious, "if I should meet a man important enough, I could give it all up for him, if he wanted me to.

"Now, I have my life arranged. The pattern is worked out. I have bought my house on Sutton Place. I shall live there six months of the year, doing a play if and when one presents itself. I shall spend three months of the summer in Hollywood and, when my Paramount contract is at an end, I'll hope to do the pictures I want to do. Into this life of mine now, love and marriage could share and share alike. I have seen my name in electrics and whatever transmutation took place, it is done. In the meantime . . ."

Michael's jolly chuckle drifted down to us, Billy sauntered back, one or two other men came in . . . Miriam's house-guest joined us . . . Miriam's eyes met mine. . . . "In the *meantime*——" she said.

Clara Speaks for Herself

(*Continued from page 59*)

the loving care of two people and that greatest healer of all—Time—have made this last year the one which she may recall, some day, as the most momentous in her life.

I suppose all of our lives progress according to cycles. We are up through certain years and *down* through others. And when we are at the end, we must look back and realize that each cycle was, after all, essential to the other.

Billy Bow, Clara's cousin, came out to see me the other day. We fell to discussing the cycles of her life. And Billy is the other person besides Rex whom Clara trusts, who had used his devotion to encourage her. "No one can understand this last year of her life unless he understands the truth of the years which preceded," he told me.

"The truth about her childhood has never been told. I was raised with Clara, lived in the same house with her at number 33 Prospect Place, Brooklyn. Her mother was never insane as has been printed. She had pernicious anemia and did not have the strength to handle the knife with which she was supposed to have tried to kill Clara. She would fall to the floor from exhaustion from the least effort. But her mind was absolutely clear. And I can prove that. That story was made up so Clara's early life would sound more dramatic for publicity purposes.

"No, as a child, Clara had hardships but she was just a natural kid. We used to save our pennies to see Wally Reid's pictures. We'd talk about *our* chances of getting into the movies. 'If you get there first, you send for me, Billy, and I'll do the same for you.' And she kept her word. She brought me to Hollywood and I lived in the same house again until I married two years ago.

CLARA always kept her word and the great thing about her, until four years ago, was that she believed others kept theirs. She had the greatest faith in human nature of any person I have ever known. Her faith in others simply flamed from her—

"That word *flame* is funny," I interrupted. "That's the first word I heard to describe her on the first day I met her."

I told him about it. She was descending the stairs behind the reception desk at the Paramount studios. My husband stopped me with a sharp grip of one hand, while he pointed at her with another. When she had passed by, her laugh trilling through the halls with the inspiring gaiety of a robin greeting a spring morning, he said, "That is the only girl I ever saw who actually *flames.* Who is she?"

Billy Bow nodded. "And that was not just sex appeal or beauty. It was that great faith and trust and belief in the world and everybody in it. Did you know that the government had a special train to bring Clara Bow's fan mail into Hollywood at about that time?"

"And don't you see that Clara believed in the whole world that gave so much to her! Adored everyone in it! I should say the secret of Clara, until the Daisy Devoe affair, was flaming faith.

"And then she lost it!" He paused for several moments. "We weren't afraid for Clara's career during those years after this happened. We didn't care about that. We were afraid for Clara. When she lost her faith, her trust, her belief—everything went with it."

From a flame, Clara Bow turned to ashes. It seemed for three long years as though nothing could reawaken even ambition. After that trial, she was offered $10,000 *a day* for personal appearances. The highest offer in history. A radio company urged ten thousand dollars for five moments of chatter, the microphone to be hung in her ranch house in Nevada. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proposed $175,000 for "Red Headed Woman." She refused to even listen.

She had, at that time, $500,000. "Call Her Savage" added $150,000; "Hoopla" $125,000. As she says in her letter, she could use more money. But money, without faith, had become unimportant.

"The first cycle was *faith;* the second absolute loss of it!" Billy decided. "We had tried to warn her. She wouldn't believe one word against Daisy. Wouldn't let us bring proof. And then, one day in New York, she accidentally saw a letter showing that Daisy had sent $500 to her father in a prison. Where had Daisy, on a $75 weekly salary, gotten that $500?

SHE investigated. But even when she had the proof, it wasn't *she* who went to the district attorney. Someone felt it was a duty.

"Rex Bell, just a friend, took the matter to the authorities. And when that trial was actually started, she refused to let any of the rest of us testify. Rex or myself. 'This is between Daisy and me. There is absolutely no reason why your names should be messed in it.'

"And when the trial was over and the Clara we knew had disappeared, she went to the judge and begged him not to make the sentence hard on Daisy. And it was Clara who tried to get her paroled, but was unsuccessful."

Two cycles. And it looked as though the last one was going to last forever. The first—a child who loved life and life loved her in return. The second—a woman who found a world fickle and lost all desire to live in it.

At twenty-six, she said it was over. At twenty-seven—

In that one year, Clara Bow has seen the glimmering of a very old truth, which no experience in either previous cycle could teach her. That family and one or two loyal friends are worth more than the devotion of a nation. And during the past year she has turned to her family. She is gradually bringing all of her relatives to California and retiring them. "Uncle Don" and "Uncle Harry" and Billy Bow's little brother, Clara's cousin, are already here. At first, Uncle Don refused to come. Three times, she bought him a ticket; three times, he slipped away from the train to return to Brooklyn, penniless. Finally, Clara had relatives kidnap him and start him on a bus, in charge of officials. She met him—and immediately took him to a tailor—one of the most expensive—and had three suits fitted. Then she escorted Uncle Don to a dentist where she ordered the most elegant set of teeth. He doesn't like to wear them and Clara watches him, like a mother hovering over a wayward child, to see he doesn't forget. Each uncle and each other relative is in a separate apartment.

"The Bow clan," she calls them. And this last Christmas, she had them all together. And they called her Queen and she named each one with some royalty title. And when she dies, her will reads, that no one can ever inherit permanently the money, unless their name be Bow. They must have the name of the clan which she is now collecting around her.

She has turned to her own. And in doing this, she has found herself beginning, gradually, without conscious realization, a new cycle. She does not *expect* from life now, and she gives only to her own rather than to those who chance to have faith in her. Even Rex Bell is not all her own. She loves him as the one outsider whom she can trust. And she loves him because she can trust him.

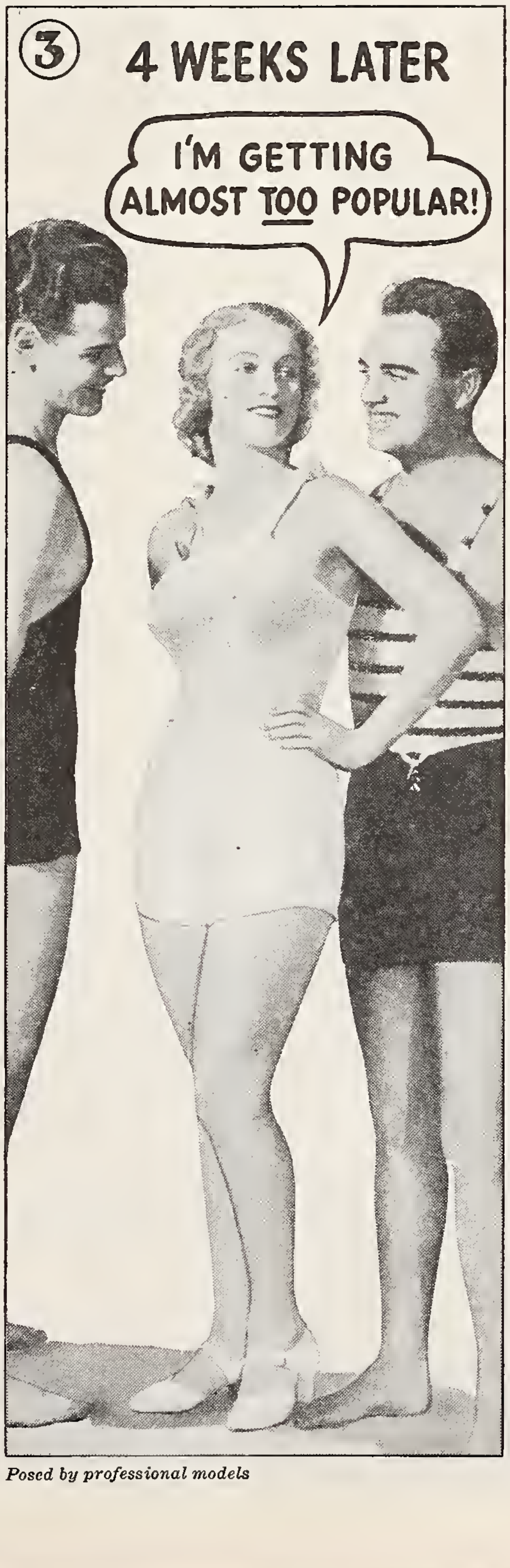
And she has just announced the greatest proof of that love and trust. Clara Bow is to become a mother! Her wire confirming this report says that this great, new adventure does not change one line of her letter. She will not make a picture, of course, until the baby is born but she still means each word she wrote me. Perhaps motherhood may change her will. Or will she have the little "fellow" named Bow instead of Bell? Will she make her child a legal member of the beloved Bow clan?

And now, I think you can understand her letter, the first she has written for four years.

And all she asks from the world that created those first two cycles is one great story, a chance for an outlet for the first glimmerings of a completely new ambition. And I cannot but wonder if the Hollywood producers are really going to let the one who made them more money than any other single person—ever feel again that her life is over at an age when the rest of our lives are just beginning, when they can so easily make it worth living?

WINNIE'S WORRY —by Gil

①
NOBODY TALKS TO ME AT THE BEACH
②
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IRONIZED YEAST? THAT'S WHAT BUILT ME UP


③ 4 WEEKS LATER
I'M GETTING ALMOST TOO POPULAR!

Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny figures —*quick!*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. and lovely curves in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU CAN BUY BACK YOUR YOUTH

Youthful Hair Free from Gray

If your hair is off in color no charm of face can make up that defect. **FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR** will keep you younger looking than your years; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair natural-looking, lustrous, soft and fluffy. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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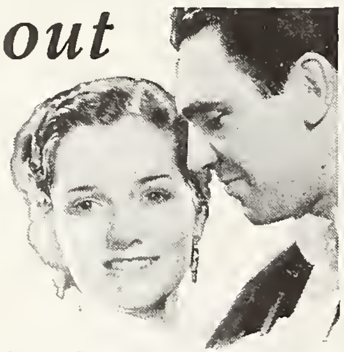

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Favorite of Statesmen

(*Continued from page 13*)

The Colonel and Mr. Arliss are firm friends, have been since the days of the World War. A photograph of Mr. Arliss, inscribed, "To my friend, Colonel E. M. House, with affectionate regards, George Arliss," has an honored place in the Colonel's study. It is beside the pictures of President Wilson, President Roosevelt and Paderewski. And when Mr. Arliss came through New York recently on his way home to England, Colonel House was one of the few friends he visited.

Taking Colonel House for a model, you might say that George Arliss would have made the perfect statesman. He has the same type of mind as his distinguished friend, keen, penetrating, never missing the slightest detail. He has the same sly humor, the same soft-spoken, imperturbable manner, the same inscrutable "poker" face that is so essential to the diplomat. It has even been said that their features are a great deal alike.

Another famous movie fan who admires Mr. Arliss is President Roosevelt. Remember the days when you sort of apologized for liking the movies? Well, times have changed when even the President of the United States is an ardent fan.

Here's what happens when the President orders a movie to be shown at the White House.

Stephen Early, one of the presidential secretaries and formerly associated with the Paramount-Publix Corporation, telephones "Joe" Johnson of the Navy Department. Joe looks over the preview production reports from the motion picture exchanges of Washington and selects a picture which he thinks will please the President, or, perhaps some member of the White House family has requested a particular movie. Sometimes Joe has only an hour's notice, but he always delivers.

PLEASING "F. D." is not such a difficult task, it seems, for he is such a human person that he can find pleasure in seeing almost any good picture. But, his preference runs to stories with absorbing plots, of the sort that Mr. Arliss appears in, so that his attention will be held to the end and he can forget the cares of his office. Of course, he is very fond of the news reels and he likes musicals fairly well.

Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphony characters, the Three Little Pigs, are as popular with him as with "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, Mr. Early said.

Dinner is served at seven-thirty at the White House and, at eight-thirty, if there is no pressing matter at hand, the President is ready for his evening movie. It is shown in the long hall directly outside his room. Usually there are guests to enjoy the hour of relaxation with him, and they see the President in his most charming and informal moments. But, after that hour of the movies, he is ready again for affairs of state. Many evenings at 9:30, after seeing a movie, the President holds conferences until a late hour.

"I believe it is true that he sees more films than any President ever has, and is more genuinely fond of them," Mr. Early stated. "They seem to refresh him more than any other diversion."

Mr. Hoover, it is said, could not sit through a feature picture. He would always walk out after the news reel.

I broached the subject of censorship of the movies to Mr. Early. Certainly the President could find nothing in Mr. Arliss' films to be censored, but, well—some of the others! What did the President think about them?

"Just between you and me," the secretary said, "he enjoys them all. He's very charitable in his attitude. He does think, however, that the motion picture producer has a definite responsibility to his public, that he ought to give the audience something definitely constructive to carry away, after seeing a picture—enlightened spirits or something deep to think about."

BUT, if the President will not have his views on censorship definitely known, Mrs. Roosevelt has gone on record as being emphatically opposed to censorship "in any form or fashion." The President's wife believes that, if left to itself, the public will eventually reject what is worst in any entertainment field and select only the best. No doubt, the President is influenced to some extent by the First Lady's attitude in the matter.

At a certain neighborhood movie house in Washington, many afternoons or evenings, if you looked closely you would be sure to discover a cherubic, white-haired man, with a flowing tie, sitting alone in a corner, absorbed in the picture—or peacefully asleep. That would be Mr. Rainey, Speaker of the House.

One busy day at the Capitol, I waited outside the Speaker's office to ask him what he thought of the movies. Congressmen and other harassed-looking persons waited, too, for the few moments when Mr. Rainey should leave the House floor. I began to give up the idea of an interview, but, when my time came, the genial Speaker talked with seeming real enjoyment of his favorite recreation.

"I like to go to the movies," he said. "I'm always tired when I go in. The room is dark, and I can relax—and go to sleep, if I want to. Or, if I don't like the picture, I can leave when I please, without fear of offending anyone—something you can't do when seeing a stage play. I'm very fond of the stage, but the movies are more convenient for me."

There's one type of movie that Mr. Rainey always stays awake to see—that's the mystery thriller.

"What are those Chinese mysteries—Fu ——"

"Fu Manchu."

"Oh, yes," and his face brightened. "I never miss one of them."

George Arliss is his favorite star. Every Arliss picture is a masterpiece, he thinks.

"It couldn't be otherwise, with Mr. Arliss in it," he said. "It's especially interesting to me to watch the fine working of Mr. Arliss' mind as shown in his flawless acting. He has the subtle mind of a diplomat."

WHEN statesmen see Mr. Arliss' performances, they see themselves as they hope their public sees them, Mr. Rainey said.

Eddie Cantor's pictures are always ace-high with the Speaker, too.

"I saw 'Roman Scandals'," he said, "and thought it was a wonderful production. I didn't go to sleep in that one. Do you remember the dance in the bathroom scene? That was very beautiful."

"Mr. Rainey, do you believe in censorship of the movies?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," he replied. "I have never seen anything immoral in the movies. It's all in the interpretation of the individual."

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when I was finally able to have a word with another of Washington's well-known movie fans. That was Jesse Jones, chairman of the government's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Jones is one of the busiest and most important men in Washington.

"I haven't been to a movie for a month," Mr. Jones told me, regretfully. "In Houston, I used to go three times a week because there were three movie theatres and I could see a different picture every time.

"Now, I haven't a minute for recreation. 'The Life of Henry the Eighth' was at my neighborhood movie last week, but I didn't get to see it."

"Who is your favorite star?"

"George Arliss," was the prompt answer. "There's one movie I'm going to see if I have to take a holiday to do it, and that's 'The House of Rothschild'!"

He wanted to see Mr. Arliss play the part of a man who settled national financial crises.

"So that you can imagine yourself in the role, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I might take a tip from him," he laughed. Arliss, he said, would have been wonderful in any governmental role in real life.

"How do you like Mae West?" I asked.

"Never heard of her," Mr. Jones replied.

"What, you didn't see 'She Done Him Wrong'?"

"What was the name of that last one she was in—something about an angel? Oh, yes—'I'm No Angel.' I saw both of them," he said, with a sudden twinkle of the eye.

Which gave me the thought that between George Arliss and Mae West, there should be inspiration enough to run any country.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 14*)

to be her favorite. Many of the stars prefer more exotic effects for evening wear. Myrna Loy, for instance, has adopted the new "cellophane fingernails." The effect is obtained by giving the nails two coats of a dark polish and finishing them off with a single coat of platinum. Very striking, and suitable to Myrna's personality.

Frances Drake has also introduced a new fad in fingernails. The other evening I spotted her in one of the popular late spots in Hollywood all decked out in a black formal gown and sporting "mirror" fingernails. These tiny mirrors come in various shapes to fit every nail and are fastened on with an adhesive mixture. Made a most glittering effect, but perhaps a bit too glittery for a bridge table!

To acquire a becoming coiffeur, it is necessary to spend a little time studying yourself before your mirror. A correct hairdress can do wonders to enhance your beauty. If your face is long and narrow, arrange your hair in soft waves brought forward on the cheeks. Do not slick the hair down, but let it fluff softly about your face. The round face requires a higher but not necessarily severe coiffeur. To slick the hair back from a full face only accentuates its fullness. And do not expose your ears unless they are worth exposing. Small, shell-like ears are a pleasure to behold—but ears can be large and ugly looking. In that case, cover them.

As for make-up, it might be well to remember that it isn't *what* you use so much as *the way* you use it. Don't misunderstand me—of course it is important that

Her one price was marriage

THE only way to marry a rich man is to stay "100% Pure." At least that was the determined idea of Eadie, a provocative young lady, who set about getting herself a wedding ring. She found the road of purity pretty rough going at times but after eluding dozens of counterfeit offers she finally found the man of her dreams. He was rich . . . . he was handsome . . . and best of all he wanted to marry her.

You can imagine this girl's emotions when on the verge of her great adventure she is framed by her prospective father-in-law.

You will thrill to her subsequent experiences as she revenges herself. You will laugh and weep at the same time as she rushes before a gathering of dignitaries clad only in her scanties and calls her fiance's father "Daddy." And of course you will smile contentedly when this hectic round of excitement comes to an end. Only then will you learn if purity really pays.

"100% Pure" is the title of MGM'S new super-feature, starring Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone.

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you use the correct shade of powder and rouge, but even more important is the way you apply it. No man will object to a woman using make-up. He only objects when the woman *looks* made up.

NO doubt, the most misused article of make-up is rouge. Keep in mind, when you are applying your rouge, that it should never be definite (the "ball of flame" is absolutely *out*) but should be only a faint flush of color. And it must never end perceptibly. All the edges must be smoothed to blend into the skin.

The placement of the cheek rouge depends a great deal upon the shape of your face. For instance, if you wish your face to appear less round, start the rouge under the center of each eye, work it back high on the temples to the hairline and bring it down well below the ears, always being careful to keep it away from the entire center of the face. This gives a slender "ethereal" contour to a full face. For a slender face, start the rouge fairly close to the nose, work it out high across the temples and make almost a triangle, with the point at the center of the cheek.

We all know, of course, that "cupid's bow" lips are no longer in vogue. They went out with yesterday's short skirts. Today one's lips should be made up to accent their natural contours. Apply your lipstick to the center of both upper and lower lips. Then with your finger tip, carefully follow the natural line of your lips, being careful not to rouge the lips entirely to the corners, as this gives an artificial look. Then, as a last touch, add another "dot" of rouge to the center of the upper lip—thus giving an accent line.

Joan Blondell has a clever way of adding eye shadow that I'm going to let you in on. She starts it at the center of the eyelid, working it out to the outer edge of the lid. The secret of this is that it gives the eyes the illusion of being far apart. Joan personally prefers a shade the exact color of her eyelids for daytime wear. This does not give the made-up look that a blue or brown shade would.

Now, I am going to go into something that is just as important, if not MORE important, than make-up or coiffeurs or manicures. It is important not only at the bridge table—but in everyday life as well. That is body fragrance. So often we have seen a woman immaculately groomed but guilty of body odor. Daily baths are necessary and sufficient in some cases, but for a woman gadding about all day they do not suffice. Here I advocate the powder sachet idea. After your morning bath, perfume your body with a fine powdered sachet. You may not be conscious of the fragrance at first, but during the day the heat of the body will bring out the perfume and you will carry a delicate fragrance about you that will be a joy to everyone you meet. These sachet powders come in various scents and can be purchased very reasonably.

Adrienne Ames is a great lover of perfumes from natural flowers. Heavy perfumes annoy her. Instead, before going out, she tucks a gardenia or even leaves of lemon geranium inside the bodice of her dress. Thus there is always a delicate fragrance about her that is dainty enough to be in good taste.

So—next time you are invited to a bridge party—or any kind of party—give yourself a "once over" before you attend. Notice particularly your hands. Are they clean and well groomed? Is your hair becomingly arranged? And is your make-up correct? And if you have no sachet, do as Adrienne Ames does. Tuck a flower in your bodice. Then, if your mirror reflects approval—go to your party and see if you don't play a better game of bridge!

Would you like Mary Biddle to send you a personal letter about your own most pressing beauty problem? She will be glad to do so. Drop her a note, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The Report Card

(*Continued from page 8*)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Dixie Lee turns in a fine performance.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
Clark Gable and William Powell in love with the same gal, Myrna Loy.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
Francis Lederer.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
A Burns and Allen laugh-riot.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Lanny Ross and Ann Sothern.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
About the medical profession. With Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
These three, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins, couldn't be funnier. See it.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess as a gangster. With Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen together again.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy as the gambler, Arnold Rothstein. With Alice Faye and Helen Twelvetrees in the cast.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
Hospital drama. Ralph Bellamy and Walter Connolly.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont-British).
Poking fun at Hollywood. With Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton make a fine comedy team.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts in a comedy-murder mystery.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding as a woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Larry "Buster" Crabbe and the Paramount beauty contest winners.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
With the inimitable Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
The story of a woman in her thirties, starring Aline MacMahon. Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak are featured.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton and Pert Kelton will amuse you.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan make this drama interesting.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Those four funsters Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns and Allen are nuttier than ever.

SMARTY (Warners).
If you want to laugh, see Joan Blondell. Warren William and Edward Everett Horton in this.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
Talkie version of Warwick Deeping's famous novel. With H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Hepburn gives a convincing performance. Sara Haden's work is worthy of praise, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
About a novelist (Warner Baxter) and a poetess (Rochelle Hudson). Nicely done.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Drawing-room drama. With Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
About the trials and tribulations of a family. With Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clark and Tom Brown.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Not up to the usual high standard of a Joe E. Brown picture.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
The Crosby fans won't want to miss this.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Slow-moving, but an excellent cast will keep you interested. Diana Wynward, Clive Brook and Billie Burke.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
If you're a Jack Holt fan, don't miss it. And it's

Jean Arthur's first picture in years.

WILD CARGO (RKO).
Another Frank Buck animal film. Good of its kind.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
Concerning the powers of hypnotism. With John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing and Tom Brown.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Hollywood locale. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
Fair comedy. With Wynne Gibson, Charlie Farrell and ZaSu Pitts.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees in the picturization of Ernest Hemingway's novel. Rather disappointing.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi are in it and it's very, very gruesome.

BLUE STEEL (Monogram).
A John Wayne Western.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Continuing the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland.

COME ON MARINES (Paramount).
Rowdy. With Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Fay Wray and Paul Lukas do their best with a mediocre story.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a gambler again.

DAVID HARUM (Fox).
The Will Rogers fans will like this.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Light comedy. With Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Good performances by Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
Different from the usual run of pictures. With Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland and Herbert Marshall.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck in the title role.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
Hal LeRoy as Harold Teen and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums of the famous comic strip.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lilian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to par. Cagney and Blondell.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Another Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. Okay if you like this pair.

I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
A very weak yarn about Greenwich Village. John Boles and Rosemary Ames are in it.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Newspaperman Wallace Ford plays his role nicely.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest.

LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez can't overcome a weak story.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
Boris Karloff, Vic McLaglan and Reginald Denny head an all-male cast.

MASSACRE (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Not very funny, in spite of the presence of Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Rambeau can't make a go of this.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram).
John Darrow and Mary Brian.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce in a murder mystery.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Dull mystery with Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders or rival gangs.

OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox).
El Brendel.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
A mystery with Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge have a poor story to deal with.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
A hospital yarn. With Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
Very spooky murder mystery. With Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and John Halliday.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
The latest Dietrich opus is a disappointment.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
An unsympathetic role for Bob Armstrong. Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen here, too.

SOCIAL REGISTER (Columbia).
Colleen Moore in another picture that doesn't click.

STINGAREE (RKO).
Disappointing yarn. Irene Dunne and Richard Dix are good. Dunne has a chance to sing.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez can't make a go of this one.

Wheee! "Boiled Dressing" without cooking!

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ECONOMY SALAD DRESSING

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Blend thoroughly Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand a few minutes to stiffen. Makes 1¾ cups.

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THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
Claudette Colbert as a night club singer.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
Another weak yarn for Raft.

UNKNOWN BLONDE (Majestic).
An insight into the divorce racket. With Helen Jerome Eddy as co-respondent.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
A fine cast saves it. Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
Starring W. C. Fields.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National).
Bette Davis and Ricardo Cortez, exposing the cut-rate drug racket. Boring.

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
Dull mystery.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
Weak story, featuring Charles Farrell and Charlie Ruggles.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden do their best with this weak opus.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
Walter Huston is wasted here.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis can't save this picture.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in a yarn that's just too incredible.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
All about a couple of song writers. Very dull.

SMOKING GUNS (Universal).
A Ken Maynard Western that's not up to par.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Poorly directed. With Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
The story is unconvincing. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).
Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard in the tropics.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
Boring yarn with John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 11*)

something delightfully new, different and novel. Keep your public on tip-toes and you'll keep your public. (*You forgot to mention "Catherine the Great," another English picture that wowed them over here. If England keeps up the standard set by those pictures, Hollywood will have to sit up and take notice.*)

A Bit Wordy, or Something

H. D., of Yonkers, N. Y., gives us something to think about:

In Lynde Denig's article, "When Is A Woman Most Alluring?" in the May issue, he describes Marlene Dietrich as, "An exotic product of a fortunate combination of beauty and brains, lighted by the torch of sex."

I think that the last phrase about sex is totally inaccurate. It is only in the minds of such perverted persons as voyageurs and Yahoos that that element enters into consideration.

I should like you to read a certain little known description of Marlene Dietrich: "She is the prodigiously exquisite criterion of the apogee of secular human pulchritude, the eonian incunabula of enchanting quintessential beauty from which sacrosanct presence even the most confirmed misogynist goes forth as an enraptured proselyte of philogyny."

That description may appear a bit like a dithyramb, rather prolix or verbose, but as an epexegesis, let me add, there is an old Roman proverb, namely, "*Veritatis simplex oratio non est*," which, translated, means, "The language of truth is not simple."

Personally, I think that a better description than yours could have been found for the reigning beauty of the screen. (*Puh-lease, H. D., pity the poor reader—not to mention the editor.*)

Lederer Is Acclaimed

SALLY KAY, of New York, N. Y., has fallen victim to his charms:

Hail the new screen idol! I've just seen Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds," and I've completely lost my heart to him. Isn't he perfect? I don't know when I've enjoyed a performance so much. What charm! What a colorful personality! What marvelous acting ability! Eskimo or no Eskimo—he fascinated me thoroughly. He might so easily have overacted his part. But he made it the most charming, the most delightful, the most appealing bit of acting I've ever watched.

Welcome, Francis! You rank with Colman in looks, with Chevalier in personality and with Barrymore in ability. Hail the rising Lederer star! (*We'll say he's grand. And we can't wait till we see him in "The Other Passport," his next picture.*)

Is LaRue Jinxed?

JENNY MARTIN, a Manhattanite, wants to know what's wrong:

If I met Jack LaRue, I would ask him why: he does not flatly refuse to play gangster roles when he can play "good" roles just as well; he consented to play that bit role in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" when any inexperienced extra could have done it; he does not use those gloriously passionate eyes of his to charm women on the screen, instead of to menace them. (*Yes, Jenny, friend LaRue seems to be slipping. A year ago he was near the top and now . . . Well, let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that he will soon get the break he deserves. We don't think the two pictures he made for Liberty recently, namely, "No Ransom" and "Take the Stand," will help him much.*)

TUNE IN ON "HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS"

Hear MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood reporter, Sam Taylor, every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 p.m., over WMCA, New York City.

Where Do Pictures Go When They Die?

(*Continued from page 45*)

relies so much on dialogue to carry the plot. There isn't enough action for people who can't follow the lines.

Suddenly the room went dark and a beam of light from the projector struck the screen. Gradually the kids quieted down and sat rigid and enthralled, gazing at a film which at first seemed like a burlesque of a motion picture, with its accentuated action and highly dramatic subtitles.

A WAGON train wound slowly across the American desert. Men, walking beside horses or oxen, staggered and fell. A woman picked up a canteen, shook it, then uncorked it and held it upside down to show that it was empty. A subtitle clinched the idea that thirst was beginning to take its toll of the pioneers.

In the audience, faces reflected a deep concern. This was something they could understand. They could *see* what suffering the pioneers were undergoing.

Then the scene shifted. Off in the distance you saw a pool, with a few straggling trees growing around it. One of the pictured pioneers saw it, too. He ran forward a few halting steps, then fell to his knees, raising his arms and eyes to heaven. You didn't need the subtitle to tell you he was thanking his Maker for deliverance—that he felt much as Moses must have felt when the stream gushed from the rock.

And the kids? They didn't have to wait for the subtitle either. You knew they got it, for it was then that they made the first sound which came from them all evening. A great sigh, like a rush of wind through the tree-tops, went up when they realized that the caravan was saved.

Not only are dramatic pictures favorites with the deaf children, but Westerns, too. Charlie Chaplin continues high in popularity.

Occasionally, during an exciting moment, one or two of the children become vocal for a moment, giving a little, formless, strangled cry, more pathetic even than the silence because of its very incoherence.

They're not as interested in stars as in plot. They'd rather see a film with a lot of action than almost anything else. Some of the pictures they saw and which you may recall are "David Copperfield," "Old Ironsides," "Nanook of the North," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Swim, Girl, Swim," "Molly Make-Believe" and "Casey at the Bat." A Bill Hart picture is always welcome, by the way, for he gave his fans action a-plenty.

BUT we must be moving on. There are too many odder places for us to linger here.

Suppose we make a long jump, say, to the Ghetto in New York's lower east side, just a few blocks from the Bowery. There's a large building on the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson Street—the Educational Alliance, where boys and girls and their parents come in quest of knowledge—foreigners who want to learn to become good Americans.

The building is a social center, with Mothers' Clubs, Fathers' Clubs, gymnasiums and an assembly room equipped with a stage and real theatre seats. Every night the assembly hall is used as a movie theatre, housing the strangest audience that I have ever seen.

Tonight the feature picture is "The Greatest Race," produced in 1925, and a photographic record of Captain Ronald

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Amundsen's trip to the North Pole. The admission charge is a nickel, if you have it. If you haven't, you can come in anyway. The nickels pay for the night's rental of the film which amounts to about two dollars.

The audience begins to get there about seven, though the show doesn't start until eight. They sit and talk, and it's pretty deafening. All that is spoken is Yiddish and a few phrases of Russian or Polish, with an occasional burst of Ukranian. It's hard to believe that you're in America, for the people who come here are the real immigrants.

Isidore Miller gets up on the platform and there is an immediate outburst of violent "shush-ing."

THE old picture flickers into life. Miller speaks. He tells the crowd what the title says about the gallant Norwegian, and then mentions Peary. America always gets its full share of the credit here, for our immigrants have already begun to feel a pride in their new home. You can see the bent shoulders straighten whenever America is mentioned.

They like serious problem pictures. Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," was one they enjoyed. But, even better than the standard pictures, they like films dealing with Jewish life, or containing Jewish characters.

With that feeling, it was rather a surprise to know that they had liked Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel." I asked one of the ushers to explain this, for I thought that Hitlerism would have set them against all German stars. "Why shouldn't they like her?" he said. "To them she's just another actress. They don't stop to think whether she's German or not."

Harry Houdini's old picture, "Haldane of the Secret Service," got a rousing welcome after Mr. Miller had explained that the great magician was "one of our boys," and another old film, "Just a Mother," touched a high spot for the year.

They understand simple tales of family life, but pent-house parties are alien, dealing with locales which they will never see and types of people they will never meet. Life in America to them is not a round of parties—it's a serious struggle to keep food in their children's stomachs, clothes on their backs and a roof over their heads.

AND now for some comic relief. Let's go to Harlem, where the carefree high-yallers and chocolate browns put on their finery and step out to the Renaissance, premier theatre for the colored, on a Saturday night. The feature is Rudolph Valentino, the greatest lover of the screen, in "Blood and Sand." In the supporting cast are two other old favorites, Nita Naldi and Lila Lee, who enact the roles of his temptress and his wife, respectively.

A little colored girl eating an ice cream cone sold me a ticket for twenty cents. A colored usher led me to a seat. Negroes of all sorts surrounded me. Giggling girls, a white-haired couple, a truck driver, wearing a sweater, and a brown Beau Brummel with padded shoulders, carefully balancing a pearl-gray derby on his knee, sat near me. The theatre showed a true cross section of Negro life.

A talkie cartoon of Popeye was on when I arrived. The picture was "I Eats My Spinach," and the climax came when Popeye, floored by a bull, quickly crammed a handful of the horrendous vegetable into his mouth and knocked the beast into a string of sausages. "Mm-mm," said Sam, sitting behind me, "see whut spinnidge does fo' you!"

"Yeah," drawled his companion, "but is it wuth it?"

Then the feature came on. It was old and scratched in spots. You could tell that it had been frequently broken and patched, because there were parts missing which caused various scenes to end suddenly. But it was still a good picture. You didn't miss the voices of the cast, for Spanish phonograph records supplied an acceptable musical background.

This particular audience and theatre were much like any other, save for one or two things. For example, all during the showing men selling pop and peanuts wandered up and down the aisles, crying their wares. Also, a half-dozen pickaninnies got into a squabble over some entry blanks in a contest the theatre was running.

During intermission, the manager of the theatre made a contest announcement. After getting the audience's attention, he said, "You can win a cash prize by guessing nearest the number of people who attend this theatre in a year. We have 850 seats, and four shows a day, 365 days in the year. Now keep that in mind when you're writing your answers. I don't know what you people are thinking about, because one old woman wrote 'Three bundles' and a man wrote 'A lot of kids and six dogs.' I don't understand it."

SAM and Will, the two fellows behind me, had a grand time. When Valentino was playing around with Dona Sol (Naldi) a subtitle said, "The last place to hear of a man's amours is his home," and Sam remarked, "Oh-oh! Does I hope he's right!" Sam, apparently, was something of a sheik.

The vamp, though, is definitely outmoded as far as Harlem is concerned. A shot of Miss Naldi reclining on a couch and smoking cigarettes in a long holder while an Indian slave strummed a mandolin brought chuckles; Rudy's arm around herself when she unrapped resulted in hearty guffaws, and when she bit his hand and he threw her to the ground, where she lay panting with passion, Sam remarked, "Uh-uh. Dat man don't cooperate a-tall!"

A bit of superstition cropped up at the end, when Valentino was gored by a bull in the arena, and died. "See," said Sam, "it's bad luck to play dead. They he is, daid on de screen, an a little while later he's daid in his coffin."

Another Valentino favorite was "The Sheik," with Agnes Ayres.

Now, before we go to the mad house—yes, literally to the insane asylum, for a look at another picture audience, let's consider a few more places where the old films survive.

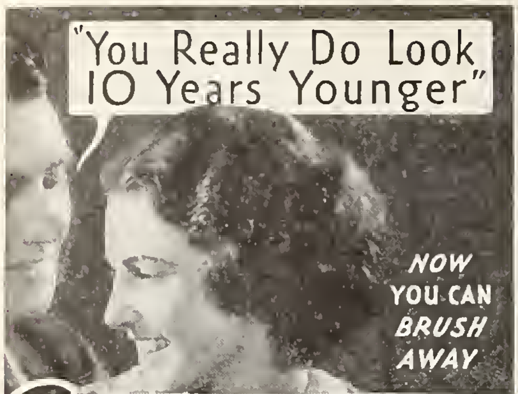
Home movies are one. If you have a projector, costing anywhere from $4 to $400, many of the better known features are yours to command, and can be rented for a few dollars a night. One film rental library lists William S. Hart in "The Grim Gunman," Rudolph Valentino in "The Wonderful Chair," Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in "Try and Get It," Hoot Gibson in "Home Run Swat."

Another lists Harry Carey and Kathleen Collins in "Border Patrol," Alan Hale and Renee Adoree in "The Spieler," and Robert Armstrong and Carole Lombard in "Big News."

AND these are only two out of nearly a dozen companies specializing in prints of by-gone features, reissued in smaller size for home use.

Down in Georgia particularly, and throughout the South, little cross-road stores push back the cracker barrels of a Saturday night, put some planks across some boxes and convert the store into a Palace of the Cinema.

The charge is ten cents a head—no children or colored folk admitted, much like the days of which Mark Twain once wrote. The negroes and kids are allowed to stand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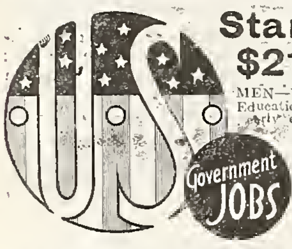

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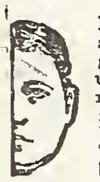

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outside the doors and windows, craning their necks to catch what they can of the films.

The outlands, oddly enough, seem to go for the more sophisticated subjects; that is, within reason. A woman who sins is interesting only if she pays the penalty, and the storekeeper hears some unpleasant remarks if she doesn't suffer.

They like their sophistication to have a strain of tender young love running through it, so they can feel that "These rich people are human, like we are."

Throughout Europe there are similar showings. I cannot speak for the whole continent, for the only theatres I visited were in the little towns outside of Paris. There the ancient American films were no novelty. They were an accepted fact, looked upon as being as much a part of life as our talkies are to us. Raymond Griffith, Harold Lloyd and, of course, Charlie Chaplin were the favorites. The theatres didn't even have to put their last names on the signs. A big banner bearing only the magic word "Charlot" was always enough to pack a theatre.

THE audiences at these theatres were of the peasant, artisan class.

You pay your few francs at the window where the proprietor's wife or daughter presides. The theatre owner himself takes your ticket at the door. One of his sons is an usher, the other runs the projection machine (and, if the film breaks, as it often does, shouts for Papah to come and help,) and other assorted relatives act as ushers.

The theatre is so small it doesn't really need ushers, but in France the usher *must* be tipped, and it would break a true theatre owner's heart to have a sou or so get out of the family. The music is played by another daughter, who pounds out "Hearts and Flowers" on the piano, just as the girls used to do in small American theatres, before the pictures learned to speak for themselves.

Even more informal are the showings in Puerto Rico and South America. In both these places the theatres are barns. This, of course, does not apply to the larger cities, many of which have some really fine modern theatres, but to the backwoods districts.

To these cinemas come the few Europeans and Americans whose business compels them to be there, and hordes of natives. The natives take the pictures so seriously that they even try to take part in the screen performance, shouting advice to the hero and abuse at the villain.

Now, back to America. By the way, did you know that a number of colleges and universities are in the moving picture business? Well, they are! In Iowa, Texas and California leading institutions of learning make a little extra income by buying films and renting them out to rural exhibitors. Most of the pictures in which they deal are educationals—but the old silent features are found here, too. They are largely shown in the cross-road stores previously described.

I told you, at the beginning of this article, that silent films were still shown in mad houses. I intended to describe such a showing to you. But I've changed my mind.

HORROR pictures are seldom popular, for they are sometimes so gruesome that they give us a feeling of mental nausea. A visit to an insane asylum is like that. You wake up at night in a cold sweat afterwards. You're filled with horror and pity for the unfortunates who must end their days there, alive only in body, mentally dead and in hell.

I will tell you this. The Brooklyn State Hospital for mental diseases formerly showed its patients old pictures twice a month. Since then these showings have been discontinued. The accommodations for the audience, it was explained to me, were inadequate, resulting in too much disorder. The hospital on Ward's Island recently installed sound equipment, and shows the most modern talkies it can secure.

The patients at an asylum in remote Long Island are shown old silent films every other week and enjoy them very much. They recently witnessed "His Foreign Wife" and "Aisles of Glory." At a similar institution in New Jersey the feature was a Western—"Saddle Mates."

For the most part, the patients are orderly as the pictures are shown. But, occasionally, the excitement proves too much. One of the guards told me that a certain patient used to suffer from the delusion of being Douglas Fairbanks for several days after each performance, and would attempt to leap onto his shoulders from high places. Another became deeply sad, for she believed that she was Theda Bara, and that there was a conspiracy to keep her from resuming her rightful place in Hollywood.

Fortunately there were few who were affected adversely by the pictures. The majority were more cheerful and more lucid after this brief contact with the world again. The one aim of the doctors at the asylums is to improve their patients, and the showings would be discontinued were they not beneficial.

Discontinued—as they are being discontinued everywhere else, for gradually the old pictures are dying. Eighteen months ago, thirty-two theatres in New York were showing them regularly. Today, none are. In my pursuit of their last strongholds, I have made dozens of visits and hundreds of phone calls to theatres, producers, societies, homes, distributors, motion picture boards of trade, exporters and the like.

A YEAR ago I knew a burlesque house in Harlem that always showed an old silent Western or similar thriller during a long intermission—and more people walked out during the dances than did while the picture was on.

A year ago I visited a dingy little theatre in the Bowery, where I saw battered bums, spending the dimes they needed for coffee and a bed, giving their last cent for just one more glimpse of glamor. That theatre is boarded up today.

A year ago there were many agents busy booking silent films. Today I called up one who had been the acknowledged leader in the field. "The telephone," said the operator, "has been discontinued for some time."

Yes, the old silent pictures live on. But, like the buffalo which once swarmed over our plains, they are rapidly becoming extinct.

As the prints now in existence become more and more torn and scratched, they will be discarded. New prints will not be made, for there isn't enough money in silent pictures to make it a profitable enterprise. A few of the older negatives will be saved, so that scenes from them can be flashed upon the screen as a curiosity. But most of them will go to the reducing plant, where they will be junked, and the silver from the emulsions on them reclaimed.

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Are You Sick of Hollywood Divorces?

(Continued from page 17)

cancelled plans for starring Miss Swanson in "Three Weeks."

From Gloria's representative in New York, and from the Goldwyn offices in Hollywood, came several polite explanations just why Gloria would not appear in "Barbary Coast" after she had practically been signed for it.

Conflicting dates on her personal appearance tour already contracted for, were one of the explanations. A complete rewriting of the woman's rôle "unsuitable to Miss Swanson's type" was another. But Hollywood insiders, suddenly wise to the new dangers of divorce, wondered if the real reason was not to be found in divorce papers filed by Gloria against Michael Farmer?

When Hollywood producers began to frown on Hollywood divorces, it could be caused by only one thing—the knowledge that the American public was no longer patiently excusing Hollywood's wrecked marriages as intriguing eccentricities in their movie favorites. The finger of the producer is constantly on the pulse of the great god, Box Office, and as red and black figures were checked and re-checked and weighed against each other, as "personal appearance tours" were followed with minute scrutiny to sense the enthusiasm of the audiences, the answer became more and more apparent. A decided reaction had set in against Hollywood's too-many divorces.

A well-known press agent in Hollywood told me that this new feeling of disapproval toward Hollywood's popular pastime was first evidenced in the disillusion and disappointment that followed the Pickford-Fairbanks separation. Previous to that, the disruption of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister and the Joan Crawford-Doug, Jr., "love unions" had been another great weakening influence, not to forget the dissolving of lesser idylls, Carole Lombard and William Powell, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe Dix, Spencer and Louise Tracy, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver Menjou, Gloria Stuart and Blair Newell, and many others. But Mary and Doug were the straw that broke the patient public's back in regard to broken movie marriages.

THE men in authority at the studios were quick to sense this. The stars, themselves, have not been so keen in sensing the situation, and have blundered on, heedlessly. There is the case of the first rank star of last year who was advised by her producers to take no definite steps about her wavering marriage at this time. Her new pictures had not been too successful and those who had her interests at heart did not believe her career should be burdened with a divorce. She did not take their advice. Her contract was not renewed.

The M-G-M studio was greatly upset when a woman columnist broadcast the news over a national hook-up that she had "heard" rumors of trouble between Clark and Rita Gable while Clark was on his personal appearance tour. The next day she announced in her column she was glad there had been no truth in the rumors. I daresay she was not nearly as glad as were Clark's producers that their biggest male box-office attraction and his charming wife were merely laughing at the reports and insisting they were happier than ever before.

The studio publicity department did not announce the news of the separation and contemplated divorce of their box-office baby, Jean Harlow. Without consulting anyone, Jean, herself, sprang this "surprise."

"We quarrelled and separated this morning," said Jean. It is too early as this is written to know what definite effect the wreck of her third matrimonial attempt will have on her future career.

Though it is not generally known, Alice Faye's contract did not go into effect until after the clouds of the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb divorce storm had more or less blown over. Alice was already in production on a "one picture" agreement with Fox in "Scandals" when Fay Webb's suit, naming her as one of several "Jane Does" in Rudy's life, broke on the front page. For several weeks the career gamblers of Hollywood would not have risked a slim dime on Alice's chances. But as Rudy returned charge for charge against his wife, as the heat of the battle between them resulted in Vallee's hasty, almost run-away from California and process servers, Alice's part in this merry matrimonial chase became less and less a news angle. By the time the picture was completed she was almost a forgotten factor in the case, and there is little doubt but that this fortunate "break" in her favor was responsible for he contract which fell her way and which had been so seriously jeopardized by the Vallee divorce action.

JOHN GILBERT'S broken marriage with Virginia Bruce Gilbert could not have come at a worse psychological moment—for Jack. Whether or not it can be held wholly responsible for the failure of Gilbert's "comeback" chance with Garbo in "Queen Christina" is a moot question. But it was an important one, of several contributing factors.

Everyone was predicting great things for Jack when Greta insisted that her former co-star be reinstated as her leading man. A great deal of public enthusiasm was built up for yesterday's Great Lover, who, it was stated, was the victim of a quarrel with powerful producers. Every sob sister in the Hollywood hills made out a case for Gilbert's plucky fight against odds, his keen happiness in his married life, his brand new daughter and the prospects for his future.

The "private life" Jack Gilbert was used as a powerful wedge for the hoped-for new career of the "public life" Jack Gilbert, and there is strong indication that when his fourth marriage collapsed a great deal of public plugging for Gilbert collapsed with it. Jack, of course, is once more at war with his producers and blames them for his troubles.

"M-G-M will not give me work, or release me from my contract," he recently advertised in a local trade journal. But the movie-wise will call your attention to the fact that the men who make movies are fundamentally business men, not feudists, and that if the "demand" for Jack Gilbert's appearance in future productions had been sufficiently strong, no personal grudge would have stood in the way of a new starring contract.

So Hollywood asks: Did the public lose interest in Gilbert's comeback fight when his wife admitted she was "forced" to leave him, soon after he had been signed for the Garbo film?

Already letters are appearing in "the fans to editors" departments of various publications expressing disapproval of what is called the "ungallant" separation of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. The news that Ruth "sadly" announced the news in New York, and that Brent "cheerfully" confirmed it in Hollywood has not met with the approval of many who have not hesitated to express themselves. They may have agreed with the many stories that claimed George's marriage to Ruth Chatterton may have hindered his career, but they do not approve of the "cheerful" publicity that has followed Mr. Brent since the separation. This particular reaction is just another proof of the new dangers in Hollywood taking her divorces a bit too lightly.

Everything points to the fact that the public has grown weary of sympathy-inspired enthusiasm in the cause of movie stars who disillusion them by proving too soon that such sympathy was wasted.

Perhaps that is the reason why Katharine Hepburn and Ronald Colman (recently divorced, and expected-to-be-divorced-within-the-year, respectively) will suffer less from the results of their marital rifts than any of the other recently estranged stars. Katharine's marriage to Ludlow Smith was almost a myth to the public. She even refused to admit it for several months when she first came to Hollywood. In spite of distant legal ties, Ronald Colman has lived a complete "bachelor's existence" ever since his career began in Hollywood. No public confidence was betrayed, or trust violated, in the fade-out of these two marriages, which is indeed fortunate for Katharine and Ronnie in view of the new real dangers of Hollywood divorce.

They Visit N. Y.

(*Continued from page 35*)

Hollywood's most popular gal, "for a ride!"

No sooner did she check in at the Warwick, than the offers began. Personal appearance, vaudeville and musical comedy. Mary immediately went into a dilemma. What to do? What to do? And so, she decided first to take a flyer into vaudeville with three dancing partners—all very personable young men.

The boys were slated to play in Boston, so Miss Brian went up with them. She appeared on the stage one night unannounced and, for the first few minutes, unrecognized. That's one way of trying out in a new field. We told Mary that it was a crime to sneak up on an unsuspecting public that-a-way, but the girl evidently is without a conscience, for she didn't even blush.

It looks as if she'll accept the musical comedy, too; that is, if she doesn't have to stay with it too long. There are, it seems, some things in the proffered contract that needs must be ironed out. Mary should make a real hit in the production, for she's been taking dancing lessons these many years and has never before had an opportunity to show this particular talent.

And so, it looks as if we'll have the Brian in our town for some months to come. We hope so.

* * *

Joan Bennett and her writing husband,

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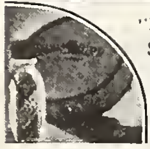

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Gene Markey, were here going places and seeing things, just before their departure for a European vacation. These are a pair of love birds who never seem to get enough of each other's company and, though they've been married for ages, would rather be out alone together than in the gayest party you could name.

Joan, in person, looks like a child—rather a petulant one, to be sure, but then she can afford to be. When the Markeys return from abroad, they will away to Hollywood, for the Bennett, who is free-lancing, has several swell picture offers from which to choose. She gave such a finished performance as Amy in "Little Women," that she can now practically write her own ticket. Which she does!

* * *

THE Laughtons breezed in all the way from Merrie England. Charles wasn't here to accept the Academy Award trophy, remember? So he was all anticipation. He won it on his performance in "Henry VIII." And, if you recall, his wife didn't do such a bad job in that picture either. She played Ann of Clevs with puh-lenty of humor and histrionic ability.

And so, the Laughtons are in New York en route to the camera coast. Charles will be seen in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and both of them will appear with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."

* * *

Harlem turned out recently to greet Stepin Fetchit, sepia comedian. It seems that Stepin, all dressed up like sumpin' you dream about, planed in from Philadelphia to play a benefit. He wired his attorneys in New York to be at the airport to meet him, for he was in a "legal difficulty." The poor men went post haste to Newark and when their client landed, rushed to him in what they fondly thought was defense. But—it seems that someone had taken the cullud gentleman's seat in the plane and wouldn't give it up, so Mr. Fetchit wanted to have his lawyers there, just to prove that he was Stepin, or entitled to a chair or—well, suppose we forget it.

* * *

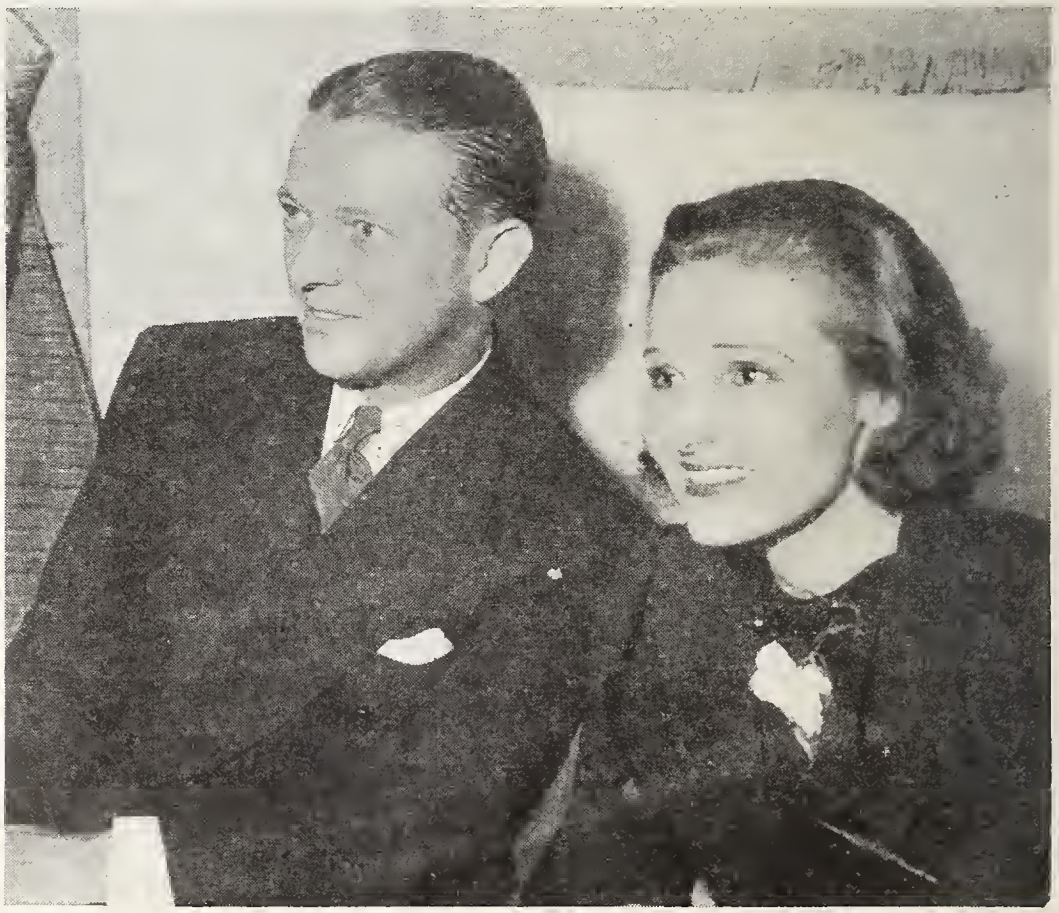
LUPE VELEZ has been east making personal appearances and smashing box office records. Loew's Metropolitan was the scene of perhaps her greatest triumph. Audiences stampeded and whistled and generally carried on high.

On one particular afternoon, the cash customers were treated to a little extra gaiety. Johnny Weissmuller appeared impromptu. This came in the nature of a surprise, because the public had been led to believe, via the press, that all was over between Lupe and Johnny.

The lowdown on the yarn, according to the Velez, is like-a this. When she flew from Washington, Johnny was playing in a golf tournament—and winning. So, she urged him to stay on and join her in Hollywood a week later. On arriving at Penn Station, the newspaper scribes attributed her appearance alone to a marital break and nothing she could say could dissuade 'em. You know a reporter on the scent of what he thinks is a story!

Meanwhile, Johnny had flown to Cleveland where he ran into Jimmy Dunn. When Jimmy asked what caused the bust-up, young Weissmuller hadn't even seen the papers. And so it was Dunn's duty to enlighten him. Johnny was so upset, he flew back to New York, which cost him his plane fare and two weeks' salary at the studio. That's love, boys and girls!

Lupe reassured her hubby and all was well. But, Lupe is getting fed up on all this marriage bust-up stuff. She feels that she is being persecuted and it's making her pretty sore. And rightly so. She has reached the point where she doesn't even want to see her name in print, and when an actress says that, it's news!



Scott

Happy newlyweds! Al Hall, the director, and Lola Lane, of the movies, who was Lew Ayres' ex-wife, ran off and got married. This was no surprise for they'd been going 'round together for months 'n' months.

THE INFORMATION DESK

LYNN EDWARDS, Wheeling, W. Va.; MARGARET RYNKIEWICZ, Pringle, Pa.—Richard Cromwell's studio address is: Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Again, I repeat, no home addresses can be given in this column.

MISS R. RICHKIND, Cleveland, Ohio—Lila Lee is not dead. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were in "Sadie McKee," and it's unlikely that this will be the last picture they'll be in together. Miss Crawford's next will be "Sacred and Profane Love" with Clark Gable, and Mr. Tone will be in "100 Per Cent Pure," with Jean Harlow.

GEORGE JUSTO, New York City—Franchot Tone is under contract to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. You may be able to get a photograph of him if you write him there. Good luck!

BERNICE BAWMAN, Montpelier, Ind.—Dear me, no! Miss Crawford did her own dancing in "Dancing Lady" and made a very neat job of it, at that.

G. L., Chester, Pa.—Irene Dunne is about thirty, and Josephine Dunn is not her daughter. Garbo's next picture will be "The Painted Veil" with Herbert Marshall.

MILDRED KINGSLEY, Woodhaven, N. Y.—John Bole's "American Symphony" was never actually heard in "Beloved." However, he did sing the following songs: "Beloved," "Forget" and "In the Gloaming," all of which may be obtained at music stores.

WALTER RICE, New Market, Va.—Henri Garat is back in France. His plans are not known.

R. C. ESTES, Glasser, N. J.—"As the Earth Turns" and "Merry Wives of Reno" were both released by Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

E. F. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mae West is approximately 34, but she prefers to be very mysterious about it all. George Arliss was born April 10, 1868. You figure it out! A free lance player is one who is not under a term contract to any particular studio, and may make pictures for any studio which happens to desire his services.

CHARLOTTE BRINSTEIN, New Brunswick, N. J.—Margaret Sullavan is not married at present. She was divorced from Henry Fonda.

MARGARET DARLEY, Lynchburg, Va.—Ray Wise did not wear a wig in his part as Mala in "Eskimo." He is not going to be in any more pictures that I know of, and at present it is reported that he is in business in Hollywood.

ELLEN D. ENGLEHARDT, Rochester, N. Y.—Jack Haley was the lad who handled the part of Pete Pendleton so nicely in "Sitting Pretty."

E. H., Cleveland, Ohio—Sally Eilers was born December 11, 1908 in New York City. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has blonde hair and brown eyes. She married Hoot Gibson in 1930, and is now married to Harry Joe Brown. She likes to play tennis, ride horseback, cook and sew. Her hobbies are modern literature, horses and dogs.

BERT DETWILER, Jeannette, Pa.—Lilian Harvey's next picture will be "Serenade" with Lynn Starling. Sorry, but no home addresses can be given in this column.

BROWN EYES, New York City—Alas, yes. George Raft is married, though separated from his wife. His interests at the moment are all centered on Virginia Pine, whom you can see in "Dames." In "Bolero," the dance team of Dario and Diane doubled for Mr. Raft and Miss Lombard in some of the sequences.

JANEY McBRIDE, San Francisco, Calif. — Fred Astaire is in his thirties, somewhere around the fifth one. Dolores Del Rio has not done a great deal of dancing in films. In fact, the first film in which she danced was "Bird of Paradise" which was released in 1932.

M. V.—Ann Harding's address is RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. By the time you read this, you probably will have seen "The Life of Vergie Winters," but Miss Harding's next after that will be "The Fountain."

GLORIA, San Francisco,. Calif. — RKO is the lucky studio which has Fred Astaire under contract, and his next picture for it will he "The Gay Divorce" with Ginger Rogers. Yes, he really plays the accordion and what's more his wife, Mrs. Phyllis Potter, puts up with it. No. Gene Raymond hasn't a cast in his eye. Aren't you glad?

JEAN BRANDEL, Berkeley, Calif.—Gene Raymond was not in "What Price Innocence?" with Jean Parker. You can write to Jean at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

ESTHER JASON, Centerville, Calif.—Here are the heights you asked for: Joan Crawford, 5 feet 4 inches; Pert Kelton, 5 feet 6 inches; Tom Brown, 5 feet 9 inches; Lanny Ross, 6 feet, and Jean Parker, 5 feet 3 inches.

MARGARET EVA, East Orange, N. J.—Clark Gable is 33, and Claudette Colbert will be 29 her next birthday (September 13.)

NANCY DUFFY, New Rochelle, N. Y.; ESTHER, Norwood, Mass.; MURIEL BOSWORTH, Berkeley, Calif.—It's a pleasure to tell you about Fredric March. He was born August 31, 1898 in Racine, Wis. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. His eyes are brown and so is his hair. We will all have the pleasure of seeing him next in "The Affairs of Cellini" with Constance Bennett (which ought to be a honey of a picture) and after that with Anna Sten in "Resurrection," which also bodes well.

FLO ASKEW, King's Park, L. I., N. Y.—Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair (natural) and green eyes. And though she's no Clementine (you know the song!) she does wear a size 6½ shoe. So what?

DOROTHY GERARD, Albany, N. Y.—Donald Dillaway has played in so many pictures since 1930, when he made "Min and Bill," that I really don't have room to write them all out for you. He has been in 25, to be exact, and his next will be "The Circus Clown" with Joe E. Brown and Patricia Ellis. He was not born in Ohio, but in good old New York, March 17, 1905. He is under contract to Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

DOROTHY REDSIDE, Detroit, Mich.—Yes, Ricardo Cortez was very much in "The House on 56th Street." He played the part of the gambler,

FLORENCE CAREY, San Francisco, Calif.—You don't want much, Florence! In "Spitfire," Martha Sleeper played the part of Eleanor Stafford, Sarah Haden that of Etta Dawson (neat work, too—look for her again in "The Life of Vergie Winters") and Louis Mason that of Bill Grayson. The main cast of players in "Death Takes a Holiday" is as follows: Prince Sirki, Fredric March; Grazia, Evelyn Venable; Duke Lambert, Sir Guy Standing; Alda, Katherine Alexander; Rhoda, Gail Patrick; Stephanie, Helen Westley; Princess Maria, Kathleen Howard; Corrado, Kent Taylor; Baron Cesarea, Henry Travers; Eric, G. P. Huntley, Jr.

BETTY BOWER, East Orange, N. J. — "Under Eighteen" was adapted from "Sky Life" by Charles Kenyon and Maude Fulton. "Beauty and the Boss" was taken from "Church Mouse." The complete cast of the first-mentioned is as follows: Marian Marsh, Regis Toomey, Warren William, Anita Page, Emma Dunn, Joyce Compton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Norman Foster, Dorothy Appleby and Claire Dodd.

SARI O. KOKOSKA, Stamford, Conn.—Robert Young is married to a non-professional, and his next picture is "She Was a Lady" with Helen Twelvetrees, and after that "Whom the Gods Destroy" with Walter Connolly and Doris Kenyon. The black cat you saw in "Spitfire" was really a stand-in for the original Esmeralda, who, having played in a few scenes, ungratefully threw away a life of luxury and stardom to return to her alley haunts, never to be seen again. Esmeralda II was recruited from among the feline extras after production had been delayed a whole day at a cost of $5000.00. Neither of the Esmeraldas belonged to Miss Hepburn. Nils Asther was born January 17, 1901, and he is of Swedish descent. His last picture was "The Love Captive," and his next, "Hollywood Party."

FLORENCE MANUELL, Platteville, Wis. — Nils Asther played the part of Fay Wray's husband in "Madame Spy." Bob Steele is not only still in the movies, but he is making "The Mystery Squadron" for Monogram. Break for you!

D. P. BRADY, Newark, N. J. — Alexander Kirkland was born in Mexico City, September 15. He was educated at the Taft School in Waterbury, Conn., and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He has blue eyes and blonde hair, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. You can reach him at Fox, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

V. HORVE, St. John, N. B., Canada — In 1932 Kay Johnson played in "American Madness" and "Thirteen Women." She was in "This Man Is Mine."

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. For a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANDERSON, JUDITH: 20th Century.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Fox.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATES, ROSCOE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
AYRES, LEW: Fox.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
BOW, CLARA: Fox.
BOYD, BILL: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: M-G-M.
BRENDEL, EL: Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BROOK, CLIVE: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: Fox.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CABOT, BRUCE: RKO-Radio.
CAGNEY, BILL: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Sam Goldwyn Prod.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Fox.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: 20th Century.
CARRILLO, LEO: M-G-M.
CAVANAGH PAUL: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
CHANDLER, CHICK: RKO-Radio.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Warner Bros.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Paramount.
CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CODY, LEW: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century.
COLUMBO, RUSS: Universal.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOK, JOE: Fox.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
DAVIES, MARION: M-G-M.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DELL, DOROTHY: Paramount.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: RKO-Radio.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRESSLER, MARIE: M-G-M.
DUNN, JAMES: Fox.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Fox.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Fox.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Universal.
FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: Fox.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Fox.
FOSTER, PRESTON: Fox.
FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GARAT, HENRI: Fox.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: RKO-Radio.
GAYNOR, JANET: Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: RKO-Radio.
GILBERT, JOHN: M-G-M.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at Fox.

GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Fox.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Paramount.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Paramount.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warners.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Fox.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HYAMS, LEILA: Universal.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: M-G-M.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warners.
JOLSON, AL.: Warners.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JORDAN, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORDAN, MIRIAM: Fox.
JORY, VICTOR: Fox.
JUDGE, ARLINE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEELER, RUBY: Warners.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warners.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: Universal.
KRUGER, OTTO: M-G-M.
LALLY, HOWARD: Fox.
LANDI, ELISSA: Columbia.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warners.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Write him at Fox.
LODGE, JOHN: Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
LUND, LUCILLE: Universal.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: Paramount.
MacMAHON, ALINE: Warners.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MARSH, JOAN: Paramount.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Paramount.
MAYNARD, KEN: Universal.
McCOY, TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warners.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warners.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warners.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PATERSON, PAT: Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PINE, VIRGINIA: Warners.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
POWELL, DICK: Warners.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warners.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SERGAVA, KATHRYN: Warners.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warners.
STEN, ANNA: Sam Goldwyn Prod.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warners.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warners.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warners.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warners.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warners.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VLASEK, JUNE: Fox.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warners.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WING, PAT: Warners.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warners.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Paramount.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.

GUESS WHO?

1. Eddie Cantor
2. Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford
3. Jean Harlow
4. Isabel Jewell
5. Herbert Marshall and Mary Brian
6. Ralph Bellamy

The Los Angeles
AMBASSADOR

This Summer *and* **Next Winter**

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IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

With the Ideal Year 'Round Climate

A HOTEL amazing in its varied vacational appeal. Embracing within its own grounds the fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course—Tennis Courts and Archery—Pergola walks and shady nooks — and the magnificent new AMBASSADOR LIDO, with generous sand beach encircling a huge open-air plunge. Indoors—a "talkie" theatre, doctors, dentist, post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely decorated rooms and suites—and the merriest of night life at COCOANUT GROVE.

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COCOANUT GROVE
Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the cooperation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees

Scott

Recognize her? Why, it's Shearer, of course—in a lovely summer costume.

Good News

(*Continued from page 41*)

And besides, it was feared that it would lead to all sorts of faked kidnapping stories by silly mothers who would do anything to get their darlings an opportunity in Hollywood.

DOUG'S ROMANCE OFF?

NEWEST word from London is that the expected and rumored marriage between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertie Lawrence will not come off . . . as advertised. It is said Miss Lawrence is a little bit peeved by press kidding about the difference in their ages and, besides, there is a very wealthy nobleman paying homage at her court. Said nobleman is very much in young Doug's hair, according to those English gossips who appear to be almost as good as Walter Winchell.

The best news Hollywood has had in a long time is word from Santa Barbara that Marie Dressler is really on the road to recovery this time and that she will soon be able to return to Hollywood and start her long delayed new picture.

IT'S a good thing some people are still getting married in Hollywood because where would the divorces of the next couple of years come from?

But that's hardly a nice way to herald the news of the recent wedding of adorable, little Elizabeth Young (remember her in Garbo's "Queen Christina"?) and Joseph Mankiewicz, M-G-M scenario writer. Elizabeth is one of the sweetest and most popular girls in Hollywood and Joe rates pretty high in the popularity contests himself. So everyone is wishing them plenty of good luck. Yes, Miss Young will continue her work in the movies.

Seclusion may be in line for Garbo, who insists on living in houses hidden by shrubbery. But Bette Davis has had her fill of Garbo's former residence on San Vicente Boulevard.

Reason? Well, burglars broke in and took every dress Bette owned. So she is returning to the well-lighted byways for her next home.

BILL'S REWARD

IT'S almost a cinch that when a free lance actor makes two knockout pictures in a row for a certain studio, that actor will wake up to find himself on a handsome long term contract.

William Powell was so exceptionally good in "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man" for M-G-M that he has been rewarded for ringing the bell twice in succession by a contract that will do a lot toward staving off Bill's great fear of "poverty."

Sue Carol is publicity shy. She wants to dodge it because columnists are always rumoring "romances" for her. And does this upset Ken Murray, who is away on a personal appearance tour?

Everyone expects that Sue and Ken will be married as soon as her divorce from Nick Stuart goes through. So, imagine Ken's feelings to read, "Sue Carol was out stepping last night with So-and-so. It looks like a romance!"

Every time this happens it means that Sue has to talk on the long distance telephone for about an hour, trying to get it all straightened out with her favorite Irishman.

GRACIE ALLEN and George Burns are thinking seriously of buying a home in Hollywood, adopting a baby and settling down to the good old family life in Hollywood.

The idea of adopting a baby is not a new one with Gracie and George. Until a couple of months ago they just hadn't found the right one. But if you can believe all you hear, the radio and screen comics have at last found a child who has gone right to their hearts and it's just a matter of time until Gracie and George are mamma and papa.

Wonder if Adolphe Menjou was joking when he came out in print and nominated Sam Hardy as the worst dressed man in Hollywood?

Anyway, we hear Mr. Hardy didn't think the joke was so funny. And if it wasn't a joke, what was it?

THE announcer over the radio from the Kentucky Derby said that Clark Gable had made an $18,000 bet on Riskulus, a horse that was "scratched" just before the race, meaning that Clark lost his bet, anyway!

They say no one was more surprised to hear this news than Mr. Gable, himself!

Don't hold your breath until Katharine Hepburn marries her manager, Leland Hayward.

Of course, it's impossible to predict just what a Hollywood actress will do, but Katie says she isn't planning to marry Mr. Hayward and RKO is convinced that she won't, at least for another year.

TRAVIS BANTON, famed designer of Paramount stars' clothes, says nothing irritates him so much as to hear a woman say, "I can't wear pink . . . or purple . . . or green . . ." or any other shade she may think unbecoming.

"Every woman can wear every color," insists Banton. "All that is necessary is to find the right tone of that color for her particular type."

Why don't you try some "right tone" of a wrong color this summer, girls? You might be surprised!

There are some good ballroom dancers floating about Hollywood, and we don't mean professionals. Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Dick Powell and Mary Brian, and Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo are among them. But guess who Hollywood considers the most "complicated" steppers? None other than Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.

Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 12*)

wouldn't be treated so. But they can summon to their aid a certain virtue called courage. Courage, which they have let become feeble from disuse (along with the virtue called common sense) but which is there for all of us to use if we'll only make the effort.

You know yourself, without being told, whether your love is slavish or whether it is a free and beautiful thing. If there is nothing there except a physical dizziness at the thought or approach of the other person; if there is nothing in common; if life is just one continual quarrel, ending in humiliating pleas for forgiveness on one side and indifference on the other; if the one always accepts and the other always gives—then, if you have one small spark of self-respect soul, get out of it while you can.

People struggle against this sort of love. Oh, yes. I've seen girls playing at such a struggle. Staying away from the telephone for three days—and calling him up on the fourth. Refusing one date—and accepting the second (if he asks for the second). Neglecting their work. Making fools of themselves. Crying half the night. Reading into his most casual utterances the most significant meaning.

I SOLEMNLY believe that ninety per cent of the love problems in this world are caused by people kidding themselves. You young girls—you believe what you *want* to believe. You young men—you do it, too, but (I'll give you credit) you don't make that mistake so often as the women do. Because of that old, trite truth (I'm sure you've heard it) that women are apt to sink themselves deeply into a love affair, to the exclusion of all else, while a man will usually have the common ordinary gumption to keep a few other interests at hand to fall back on. Well—that isn't what I started to say. What I'm driving at is this: a young person may know perfectly well that the other party isn't interested, is taking love for granted, is cheating or lying. He may know that the adored one isn't worthy. *But he will believe what he wishes were true.*

Young people listen to Hope telling them of vague, delightful possibilities instead of heeding Reason which says quite plainly, "This whole affair is impossible. Break it off like a brave human being."

It takes a great deal of courage to listen to what Reason has to say. It takes a lot of courage to keep away from the telephone—not for three days—but for good. It takes a lot of courage to be sweetly impersonal and casual when the other party chooses to telephone *you*. To say, "I'm busy." And stick to it.

Go away somewhere by yourself and face the thing honestly. Go out with other people. Keep busy. Work is a very helpful drug to kill the pain of a slavish love. Refuse to let your mind wander off into a foolish, false daydream, only to wake up to the miserable fact that he—or she—doesn't care, isn't worthy.

It is hard to go into details about a problem of this sort in an article like this. I would be very glad to help you with any emotion problem. Write to me if you would like to talk over some emotional difficulty that is worrying you. I shall be very happy to help you all I can—and your letter will, of course, be treated confidentially.

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20¢

AT ALL
LEADING
10c STORES

Want excitement? *Real* excitement? The kind that comes when admiring hearts beat to the thrilling tempo of the monsoon? You'll find it . . . for *your* lips . . . in the *iridescent*, savage hues of Savage . . . in the opal-clear, entirely pasteless transparency of the color thus imparted . . . in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage . . . in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades . . . Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

Large Size Savage in exquisite silver case, at the more exclusive toilet goods counters $2

SAVAGE LIPSTICK
SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

SAVAGE

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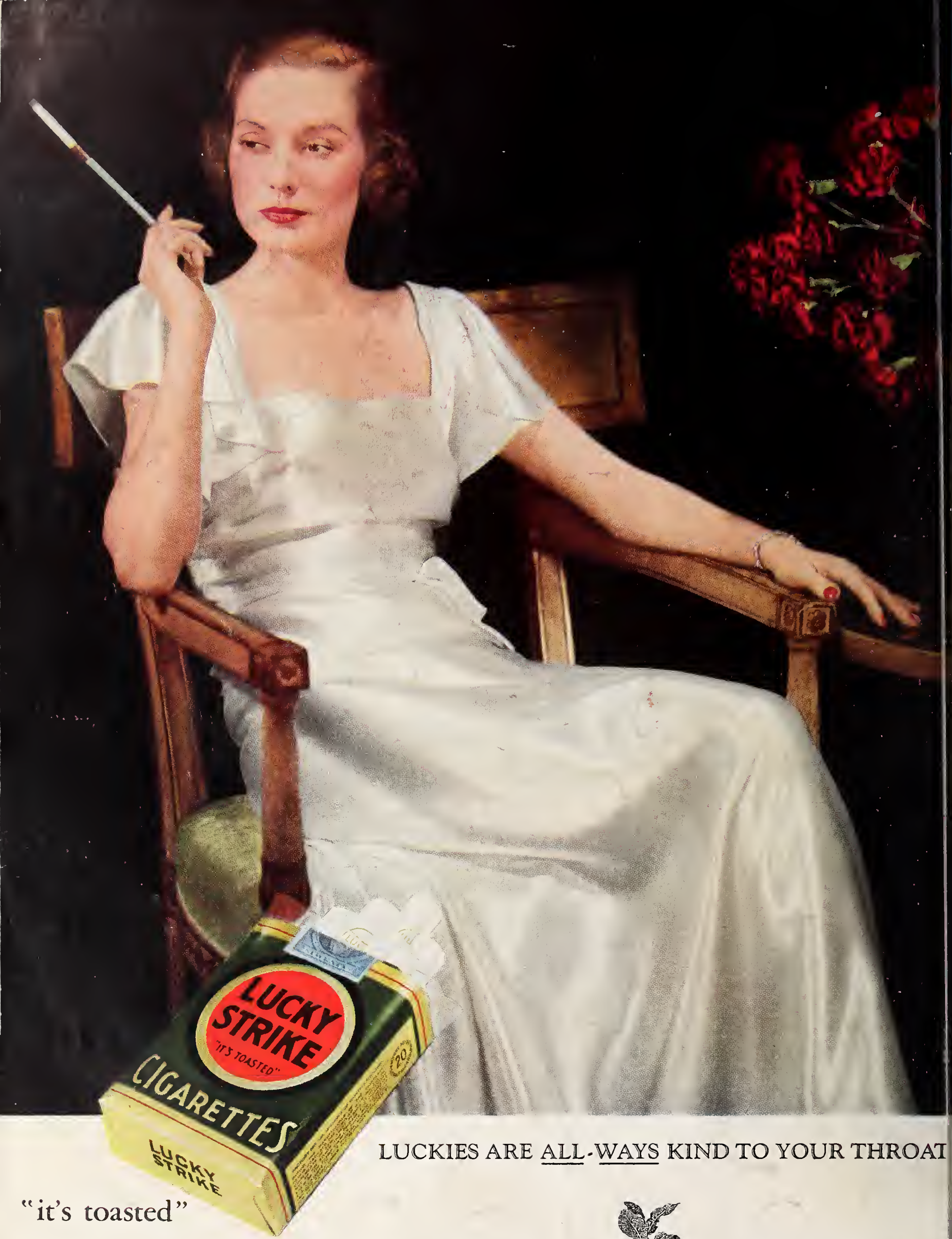
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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
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Only the Center Leaves_these are the Mildest Leaves
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They Taste Better

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MODERN SCREEN

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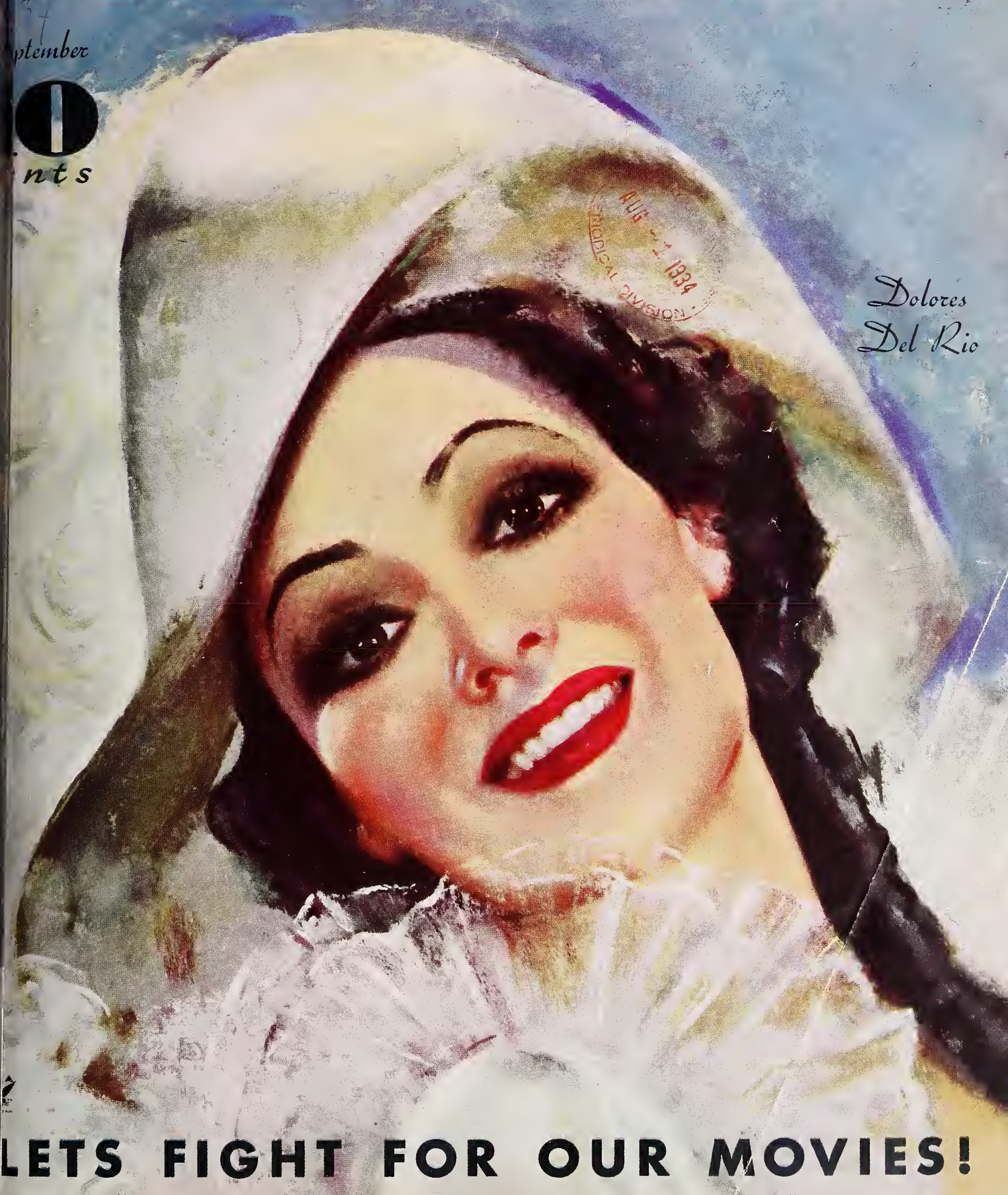

Dolores Del Rio

AUG -1 1934 PERIODICAL DIVISION

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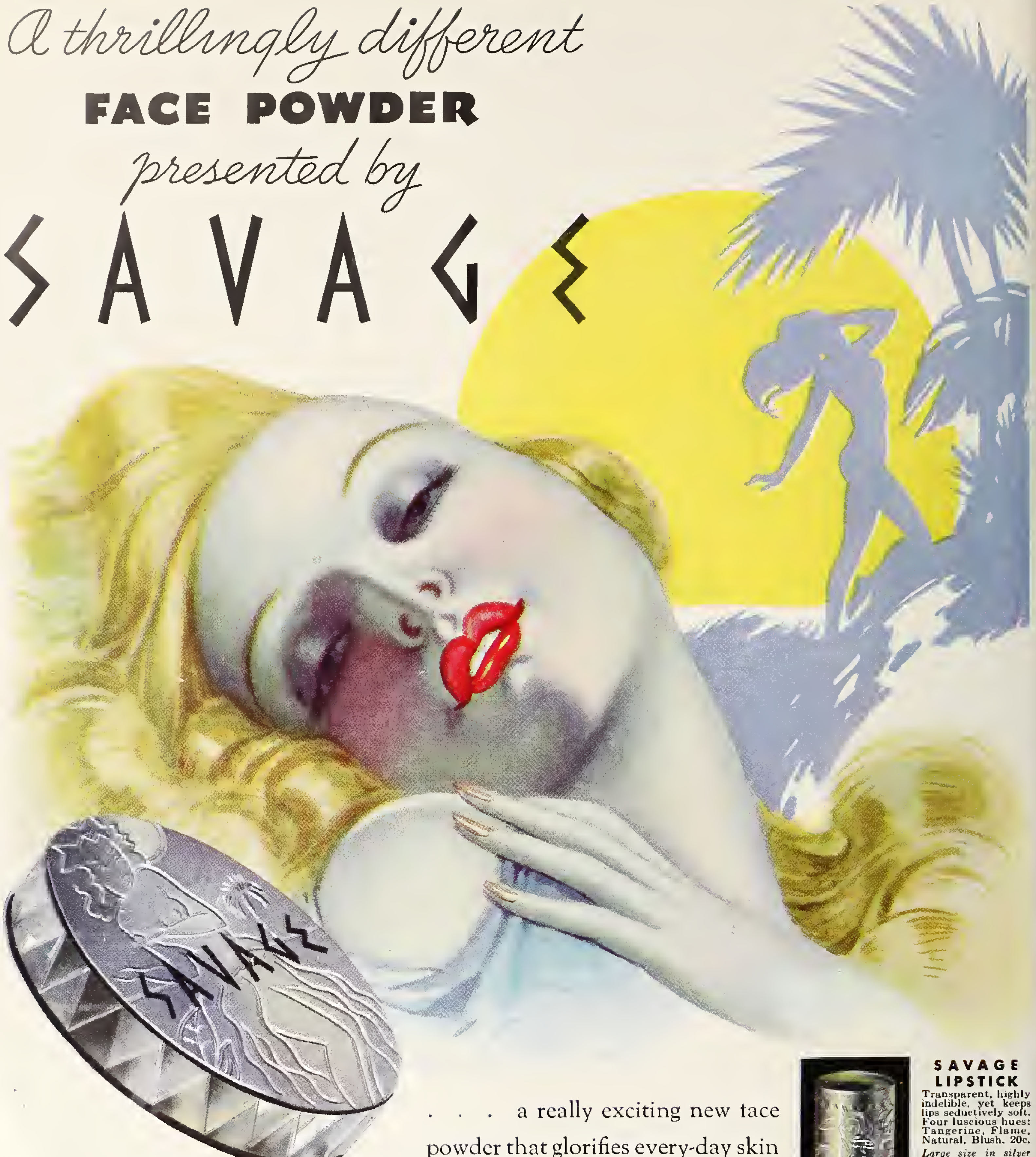

. . . a really exciting new face powder that glorifies every-day skin to the glamour-glow of a moon-bathed tropic night . . . enchanting . . . caressing . . . softly thrilling as a jungle rhythm. A powder as light in weight as stardust . . . luxuriously fine-textured . . . finer than any you have seen before. Its lightness, its fineness, its subtle smoothness make SAVAGE Face Powder cling to your cheek as enchantment clings to *it* . . . *savagely* . . . temptingly . . . regardless! You'll find it unbelievably flattering. And the shades? Four. You simply must see them.

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For cheeks and lips. Amazingly smooth. Same shades as Savage Lipstick. 20c.

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!

When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.

Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.

He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.

It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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MODERN SCREEN

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The censors are on the rampage. Worth while pictures may suffer, unless you protest!

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REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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. . . AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"... they're together again!

M. G. M. Studios
Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
"Dancing Lady"?
They were glorious. please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
Loui

JOAN Crawford **CLARK** Gable

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN
PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

BETWEEN
You and ME

WHAT THE FANS THINK ABOUT CINEMALAND AND THE PEOPLE IN IT

HOLLYWOOD A HICK TOWN?

CATHARINE ANWEILER, of Kokomo, Indiana, makes some interesting deductions about Cinema City:

Hollywood reminds me of a hick town because in a hick town everyone knows what his neighbor has done, is doing and will do.

In a hick town if a boy calls on a girl twice in ten days people start guessing when the wedding will be. In Hollywood the story is printed in all the papers that Mr. Blank is "nerts" over Miss Blah, and the town waits for the marriage.

In a hick town every woman knows who bought a new outfit, where it was bought and how much it cost. In Hollywood when a star buys new clothes, she poses for a "sitting" and pictures of her new wardrobe are in every movie magazine.

"Hollywood has all the earmarks of a hick town."

HOLLYWOOD BLVD
SANTA MONICA DR.
CARTER'S STABLE HORSES
ED. PHE
?

"Movie versions of popular novels take lickings from directors."

In a hick town when a boy buys a girl a present every one knows what it is and what it cost. In Hollywood when a star receives a gift, the news is circulated and pictures of the girl, boy and present are published.

In a hick town every one knows that Mr. Blank socked Mrs. Blank and that she went home to mother. Both families are then at war. In Hollywood if a man socks his wife she leaves him. She hunts up her reporter friends and tells them things that make their eyes pop. Her husband does the same thing. And so the papers are filled with another Hollywood separation. *(Now all the "glamor" of Hollywood is gone for it seems to be just another over-grown village, after all!)*

CASTING AT FAULT

E. R., of Escondido, Calif., writes:

Lately I have seen a few pictures which I think could have been improved upon by more thoughtful casting. In "Bolero" Carole Lombard was too big for George Raft. Where he swung her around over his shoulders, it was plain that it was very difficult for him to do it and in the rest of the dancing scenes she was too near his size to look just right. The fact that his shoes had to be built up in order for these two to appear together at all should have been sufficient reason not to cast them together.

In "We're Not Dressing" I don't think Miss Lombard was quite the type for Bing Crosby. She seems a little too mature and sophisticated and I think she appears at her best opposite men more like her ex-husband, Bill Powell. I believe the type for Bing Crosby is someone as near like Dixie Lee as possible. We know that type appeals to him, or she wouldn't be Mrs. Crosby.

On the whole I am not a very critical movie fan. I go to be amused and I almost always am, but these things have been on my mind for some time.

"George Raft's leading ladies should be more petite."

BETTER TREATMENT FOR POPULAR NOVELS

G. VINCENT, of New York, N. Y., writes us:

I am an avid reader and whenever Hollywood decides to film some

(*Continued on page 109*)

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent
MIRIAM HOPKINS as "Curley Flagg"
a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet
KITTY CARLISLE
Paramount Pictures
PRINCETON
"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'"

Modern Screen's DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery. Stars who understand the dramatic importance of "timing."

Frank Borzage, director of the successful "Little Man, What Now?" He has many interesting and illuminating things to tell you in this article.

CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

"EVERYBODY can act!"

That was the startling statement that Director Frank Borzage made to me when I asked him to come to you through the pages of MODERN SCREEN and give you some sound advice about acting. And before I go on telling you the rest of the very fine and practical things he said, I want to say that you couldn't have a better dramatic instructor than Borzage.

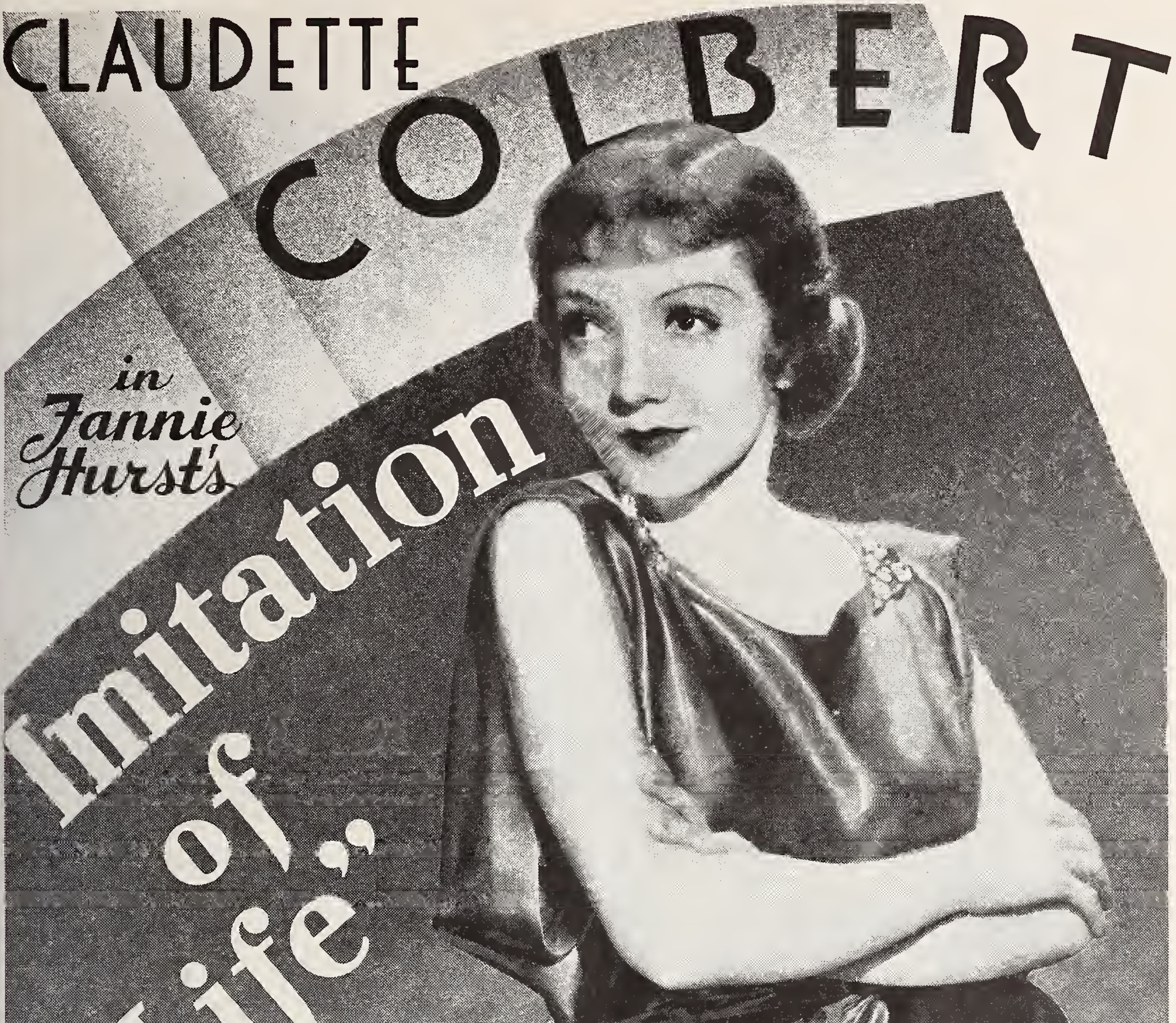
He is one of the greatest directors in Hollywood. His career has stretched in a long succession of hits from "Seventh Heaven" to "Little Man, What Now?" And he has had some of his most magnificent triumphs directing boys and girls with very little acting experience, boys and girls who—like you—were just beginning to learn the dramatic art. That's one of the reasons I'm so thrilled at the opportunity of giving you the benefit of Borzage's knowledge.

I asked him to talk directly to *you*, to imagine that all you young people who believe you have great dramatic talent, who want to win success in your high school and college plays, who want to produce your own amateur theatricals or who simply want to enrich your lives by a great knowledge of the art of the drama—were in the room with him. "Tell these people whatever you think will be helpful," I said to him. I'm now passing on his words—and I think they're swell.

This is his message.

"I know that anybody can act. If you have the ability to feel emotion, you can act. And the greatest rule of all is this: Be natural!

"It is much easier for me to (*Continued on page 111*)



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in Fannie Hurst's

"Imitation of Life"

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL

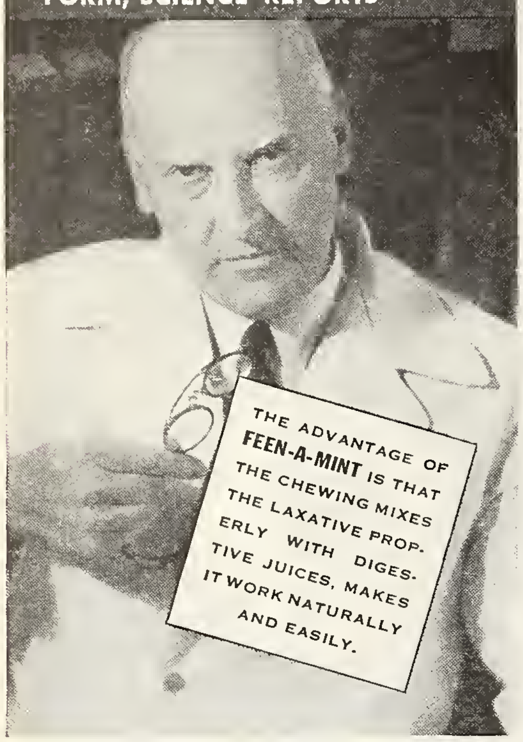
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" *and* "ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS



THE ADVANTAGE OF FEEN-A-MINT IS THAT THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE PROPERLY WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES, MAKES IT WORK NATURALLY AND EASILY.

Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the *lower* intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

I REALLY LOVE THE TASTE OF FEEN-A-MINT—AND IT CERTAINLY WORKS MORE EFFECTIVELY AND SMOOTHLY THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE I'VE EVER TRIED.

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Above) Pretty Judith Allen, busy with a good hair tonic, fights "end of the summer" hair trouble.

BY MARY BIDDLE

> *Do You Know*
>
> That you should let your hair dry thoroughly after a shampoo, before setting a wave?
>
> How to get rid of puffiness under the eyes?
>
> A very simple trick to cure excessively oily hair?
>
> These, and other fascinating things are told you in this helpful article.

NOW that the midsummer is past and it's getting a bit cool for the beach, it's time we all paused long enough to give ourselves a close inspection via the candid mirror. Just what damage has been done during those glorious days? Of course, you're full of vim, vigor and vitality and simply reeking with good health, *but* (and I do hate to bring this up) there is bound to be some damage done, too, after days spent under the glaring rays of the sun.

Your skin, for instance. How is it—that is, beneath that beautiful sun tan? Well, if you've been the least bit conscientious about using plenty of creams, it may not have suffered so much . . . so I won't go into that now. However, the thing that usually bears the brunt of punishment after a season at the seashore is the hair. The heat of the summer sun has probably drawn most of the life and vitality out of it and left the tresses brittle and dry and badly streaked. Salt water, too, is very hard on the hair and may be responsible for a lot of that brittleness and dryness. So —*now* is the time to start that rigorous campaign on the hair!

First, that parched and dried look must be remedied. For this there is nothing better than a series of hot oil shampoos. Now don't throw up your hands and cry: "Oh, but I really can't afford them," because it isn't necessary

(*Continued on page 111*)

WARNER BROS.' "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

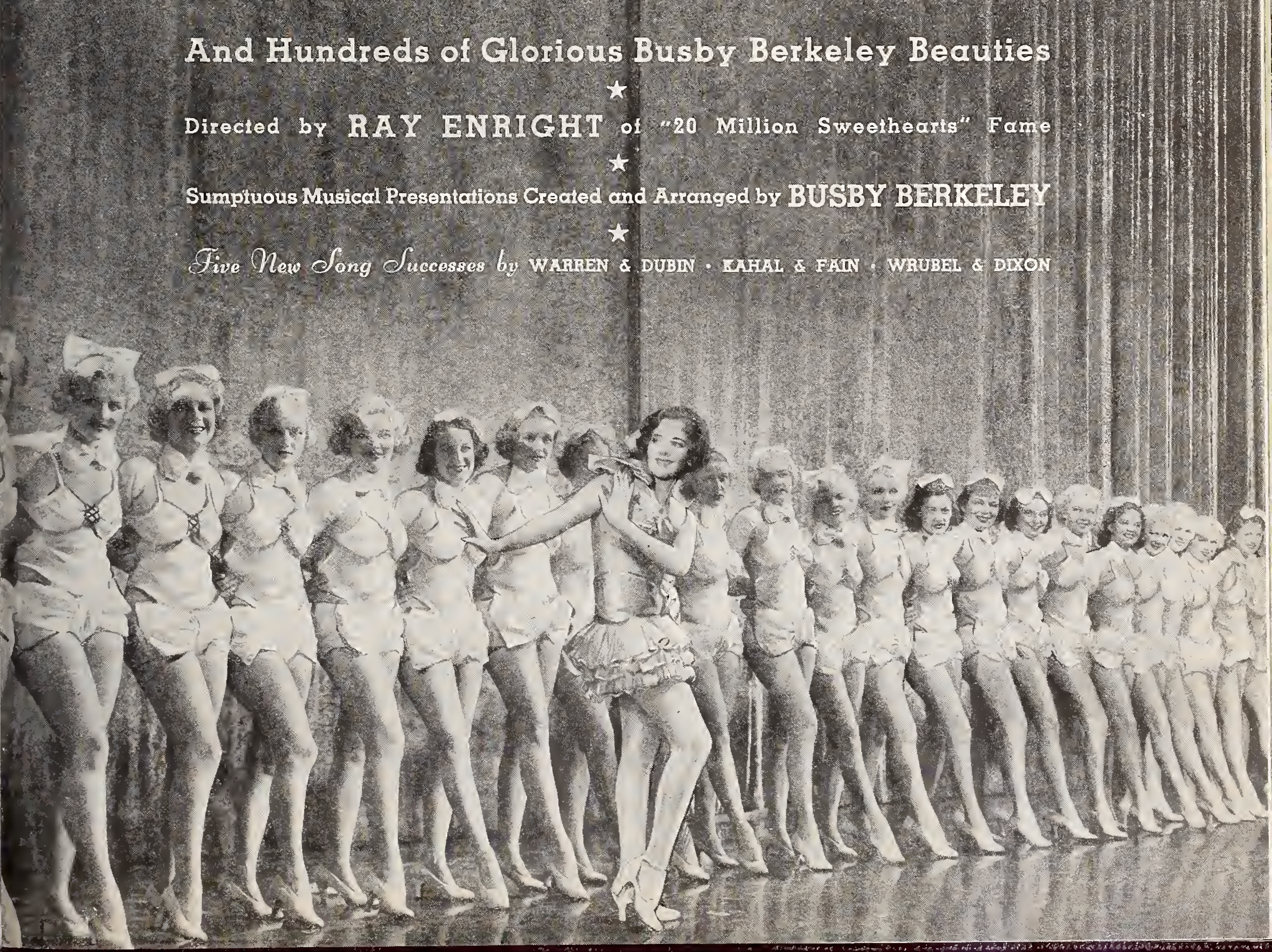
Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN · KAHAL & FAIN · WRUBEL & DIXON



LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

A boy and a girl—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in "Dames."

This is a department for your personal problems. Don't you want to talk them over with an understanding and intelligent person who will treat them confidentially and give you the best advice she can? Write to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addresed envelope, please.

BY ALICE VAN DORAN

HOW can I hold him," or "get him to call," or "to come oftener" is the close runner-up of your favorite question, "How can I be more popular?"

I'm talking now about those girls who are at the uncertain stage with a man; where there is, perhaps, competition, or else hesitation, on the man's part. Where the girl hopes to heaven he cares as much as she does—and at the same time would just about die if he somehow guessed how much she really does care.

It isn't quite the same thing, you know, to be popular—and to be sure of your man. It seems there are numbers of girls—nice-looking, sought after girls, too—who, if the truth were told, quiver and quake every time the phone rings, hoping it will be *he*—and almost knowing that it won't be. And nothing will make things right again until that buzz-buzz of the old phone almost certainly means it will be The One, and none other.

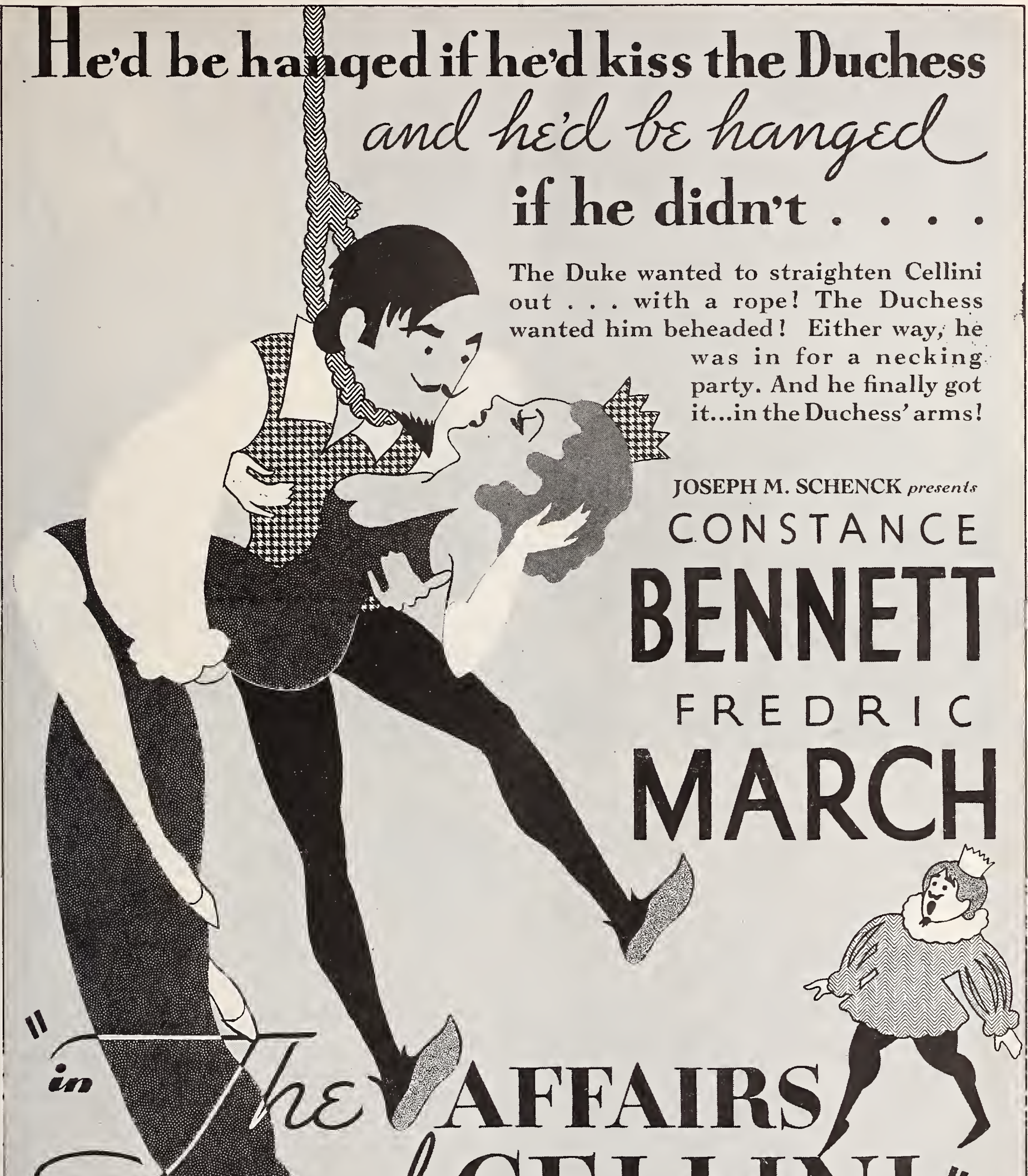
What good are the phone calls that go with popularity—if it isn't the Right One at the other end of the line?

Perhaps this is the trickiest love topic yet. When it comes to gently leading a certain man to the idea that he's serious about *you*, there aren't many rules and regulations about what the poor gal can do. Though there are plenty of "must nots" for just such a situation.

My contention is that many of you in this in-between, uncertain stage make one of two blunders—do one of two things; and do them too hard. Number one: Either you are so afraid that you might give the impression you are pursuing a man, that the minute he appears, you close up like a clam, and become the colorless shell of your usually appealing self, with the all too likely result that he is apt to wonder if *you* find *him* worth while. Now for blunder number two: The girl who lets the man see too early in the game that she's ready, eager, waiting, and won't he please notice her? Before that attitude, the man's likely to do a hasty retreat, feeling he may somehow commit himself too deeply, if he doesn't watch his step.

Yet here's a funny thing about rules—all rules, especially those on man-and-girl topics: You simply cannot lay down the law and say do this or do that; result guaranteed. There are always (*Continued on page* 110)

POINTING OUT THE BLUNDERS MANY OF US MAKE IN THE LOVE GAME



He'd be hanged if he'd kiss the Duchess

and he'd be hanged

if he didn't . . . .

The Duke wanted to straighten Cellini out . . . with a rope! The Duchess wanted him beheaded! Either way, he was in for a necking party. And he finally got it...in the Duchess' arms!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

CONSTANCE

BENNETT

FREDRIC

MARCH

in "The AFFAIRS of CELLINI"

with

Fay WRAY · Frank MORGAN

Directed by GREGORY La CAVA

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

TELLING TALES

Charles Ruggles would make a good sleuth, but he didn't track down this inside stuff.

BY THE INSIDER

She got him into the movies, hung him like unto a Christmas tree, with jewelry, and headed him for stardom. In fact, she has done just about everything but marry the gent. Which little item, she claims she *won't* do. But the damsel protesteth so often, apropos of nothing, that there are those meanies who think she's doing it in self-defense. They say — sh-h-h — that he never had a notion of meeting her at the altar during any stage of the game, and that his "keep her guessing" line is just what intrigues her.

Anyway, we won't have to wait long, for he'll be starred soon, because of her, and able to do the "telling off." If he is foolish enough to do so, his movie days will be numbered, for this little opportunist shows a minus sign when it comes to sex appeal and personality.

He's a bit of a show-off, too, and when he trekked east with his lady love recently, he threw a party for the boys who "knew him when." Don't be confused—'twas a mere gesture. He invited his guests to his sumptuous hotel suite to show 'em how the "other half" live. When his pals departed, he discovered several hundred dollars worth of silver and knick-knacks went with them.

But—that all came under the head of good, clean fun, for when he had settled the "loss" bill with the hotel, and arrived back in Hollywood, he found the loot at his door. The boys had crated it C.O.D. and attached a note which read, "Since you've paid for this, it must be yours."

That's what his friends think of him and his high-hatting proclivities. But the star; well, she's hypnotized, although occasionally, she comes "to" long enough to admit that he knows what he's getting!

Recently, he became a bit too uppity, so she pretended to interest herself in a foreign actor, who was only too willing to be "interested in." In fact, he made ready to check out his inamorata—just in case.

But Number 1, Head Man repented and the lady apologized to him for what he had done to her (that's love for you) and took him, who had never really departed, back.

And now, they say he's ready to go; in fact, has the little blonde all picked. For, just as soon as his name is fastened to a starring ticket, he himself can afford to be "taken." Meanwhile, his erstwhile fiancée is doing her best to stave off such a day. But it's in the cards, and it won't be long now before we read about a newly-made star and a popular one with a nervous breakdown.

She has always had her own way about everything, and even now, insofar as men are concerned, she has a "second choice" to fall back on; a choice that one little Hollywood ingenue would give her successful career to wed.

But the "second choice" willingly waits until his middle-aged dream girl comes to a decision. He's been on and off like the lid of a stove with her for years now. When the "romance" is on, he's in seventh heaven and when it's off he's bluer than a Ruth Etting top note.

This woman has had quite a private life. She divorced one husband for another and proceeded to give Number Two, never noted for his histrionic ability, a helping hand along the rocky movie way. What with making pictures and submerging his famous wife's personality, the gentleman found himself very busy. What to do next? Go social, of course. And it wasn't long before he became the biggest tiara-chaser

NO NAMES MENTIONED BUT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY FUN GUESSING!

there ever was out there on the coast.

Meanwhile the wife clung graspingly with one hand to a fast-waning career, and with the other to her great big wandering he-man. They made trips together and separately. She met his phoney friends and pretended to be impressed. She did about everything to recapture his interest, but—nothing doing as far as he was concerned.

Then she took unto herself a handsome youth, sort of "jealousy bait." But hubby didn't rise to it; in fact, his very silence denoted that he approved.

While her private life was featuring more ups and downs than a scenic railway, her professional one was running it a close second. Everyone but the lady herself knew that her career had finished long before the talkies became the excuse for flopping of those who failed to hold their own in the galloping snapshots.

True, she made a couple of attempts at comebacks, but since, as an actress she was a great personality, these proved pretty poor efforts. Yet she couldn't resign herself to living in the luxury her years of favoritism provided for her. The limelight is so dear to her that she has even developed into a veritable publicity hound. Thus both her husband and her career drifted simultaneously and plenty of unhappiness set in.

This state of affairs continued, until recently the actor-husband wrote his long-suffering wife how much he missed her and needed her help. Well, mutual friends agreed, the latter was true anyway.

The "little woman" was so pleased she hastily gave her young man the air once more, and he went back to his ingenue for consolation. But, just as the big star thought hubby would be around in person for a reconciliation, she read that he was going places and seeing things with a gay gal who liked to go places and see things.

She discounted the stories as so much newspaper talk, but upon getting in touch with her wandering spouse, she learned that he would like to see her in the future, but as a pal—not a wife!

Was she mortified and humiliated? A couple of "yeses." She picked up the phone and summoned her boy back and—he came running. Now, those claiming to be in the know, say the pair will be wed as soon as the woman's divorce is granted. She's at last accepted the fact that her screen career is over and a second choice sentimental attachment is better than none.

Such is bee-oo-tiful off-the-screen romance in the Hollywood hills!

"CUNNING DRESS—BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS A BAD CASE OF 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY.'"
"IT'S A SHAME! BUT THAT 'TRICK' SOAP JANIE'S MOTHER USES JUST WON'T GET OUT ALL THE DIRT. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA."

"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . . Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain can be—"*We aren't really clean.*"

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard *you* work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt *can't* stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! *Golden* soap that's richer—*with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added.*

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and *sparkling white!*

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)

Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who *know* from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

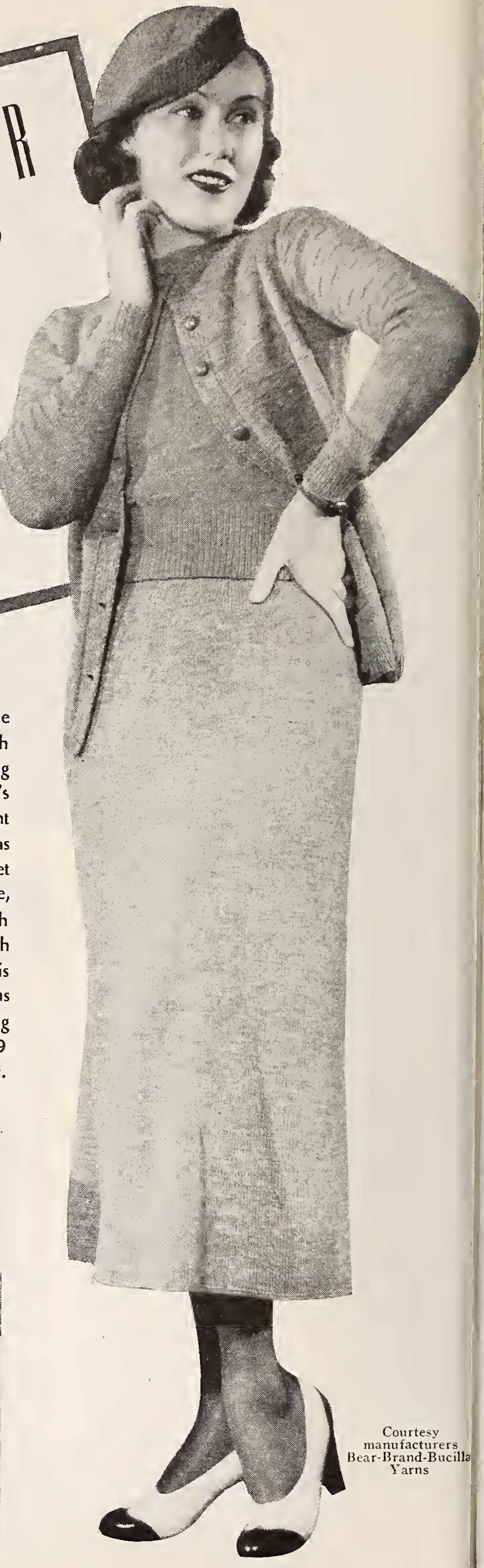
EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

. . . *BANISH IT WITH* Fels-Naptha Soap!

'TEND TO YOUR *knitting*

EASY TO LEARN—FUN TO DO— SMART TO WEAR! READ THIS

Knit your own—that is the motto of the day. So much less expensive than buying hand-knit things! Fay Wray's three-piece suit at the right isn't nearly as complicated as it looks. The skirt and jacket are knitted from gray Kassimere, the little blouse that goes with them from rose-colored French zephyr. The hat (below) is gray. Complete instructions may be obtained by writing to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.



Courtesy manufacturers Bear-Brand-Bucilla Yarns

Now here is something (above) that beginners could tackle with safety. Ann Sothern's little blouse won't take a great deal of time, either. It is done in yellow wool, trimmed with a border of Germantown yarn. The instructions, as we said before, can be had by writing to this magazine.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Johnny Mack Brown is satisfying the ravishing appetites of a crowd of friends—can you identify them?—after a brisk game of tennis. A few more than he expected turned up but this did not faze the Browns, for their kitchen shelves are always stocked up with just such emergency dishes as you see below.

BY PHYLLIS DEEN-DUNNING

WHATEVER else it may be, Hollywood is no haven for hostesses. People have a habit of dropping in on their way to somebody else's house, liking it, and staying on. Or your best friend calls up and asks if she can bring a flock of house guests over for a swim in your pool or a game on your tennis court. And at supper time there they are, peacefully reclining in sun chairs in your patio, sipping long cold drinks and having such a grand time that you want them to stay on and they'd obviously adore to. All of which makes for lots of opportunities for slick impromptu parties *if* you are smart and have plenty of food in the house. And the experienced Hollywood hostess always has!

Open the door of one of the supply cabinets of Hollywood's popular hostesses and you will find squads of cans, regiments of packaged products and loads of bottled foods, all waiting to be thrown into the breach at a moment's notice. Living as so many of them do, on top of a hill, in some remote place, or at the beach, they prefer to have these supplies on hand rather than to depend at the last minute on such uncertain helps as the telephone and the delivery wagon. And very wise, too!

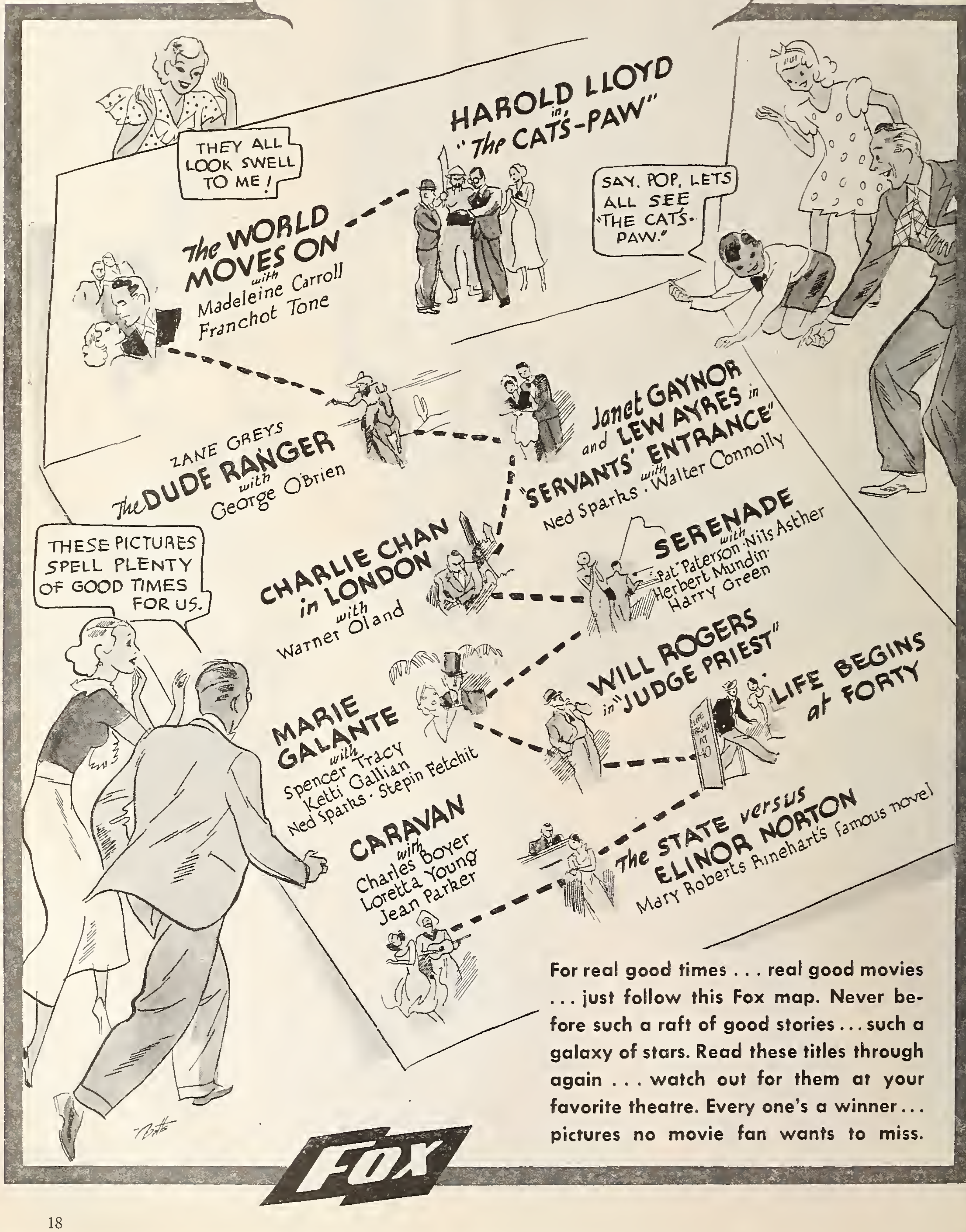
I had a chance to inspect the interior of the supply closet at the Johnny Mack Browns' the other day. A crowd of us had gone over for a game of tennis on their beautiful tennis court and Mrs. Brown bade us all remain and take pot luck with them—an invitation which was eagerly pounced upon by every one.

With considerable curiosity I trailed Mrs. Brown out to the kitchen while she conferred with the cook. She assured her very calmly that nothing which had been prepared for the family could possibly be stretched to cope with the capacities of twelve or more hungry people. So Mrs. Brown told the cook just to save that meal for the next day. And then, flinging wide open the doors of her emergency closet, she disclosed to view the following array of edibles and drinkables:

SANDWICHES and canapé materials: Prepared sandwich spreads; sardines; jams, jellies and marmalades; potted and devilled meats; peanut butter and apple butter; anchovy paste; caviar; assorted cheeses.

Relishes and condiments: Sweet pickles, mixed pickles, dill pickles, pickled (*Continued on page 93*)

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season


THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!
HAROLD LLOYD in "The CAT'S-PAW"
SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CAT'S-PAW."
The WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone
ZANE GREY'S The DUDE RANGER with George O'Brien
Janet GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly
THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.
CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland
SERENADE with "Pat" Paterson · Nils Asther · Herbert Mundin · Harry Green
WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"
LIFE BEGINS at FORTY
LIFE BEGINS AT 40
MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy Ketti Gallian Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit
CARAVAN with Charles Boyer Loretta Young Jean Parker
The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel
FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

Elissa LANDI

Here is a young woman as famous for her wit and charm as for her histrionic talent and writing ability. With beauty thrown in just for good measure, it looks as if she has just about everything, doesn't it? She appears in Paramount's "The Great Flirtation," which sounds sort of sophisticated and, therefore, Landi-ish. However, when the cameras aren't focused on her, Elissa turns to the simple life. She spends a few hours a day gardening and is as proud as Punch of her posies, and girls, here's an interesting note—the lady is violently opposed to dieting.

MARION DAVIES

She's a great little pal to those who have plenty and a veritable Lady Bountiful to those in need, for Marion probably has a heart as big as Hollywood itself, which takes in a great deal of territory, you'll admit, if you know your California. She has been tripping abroad this summer enjoying her first real vacation in a long time. Before departing, however, the young lady conscientiously hung around the studio for retakes on "Operator 13," in which Gary Cooper can be seen opposite her. Her dressing-room bungalow has just been redecorated in sumptuous modernistic style in a color scheme of peach and silver. Mm-yum!

WILLIAM POWELL

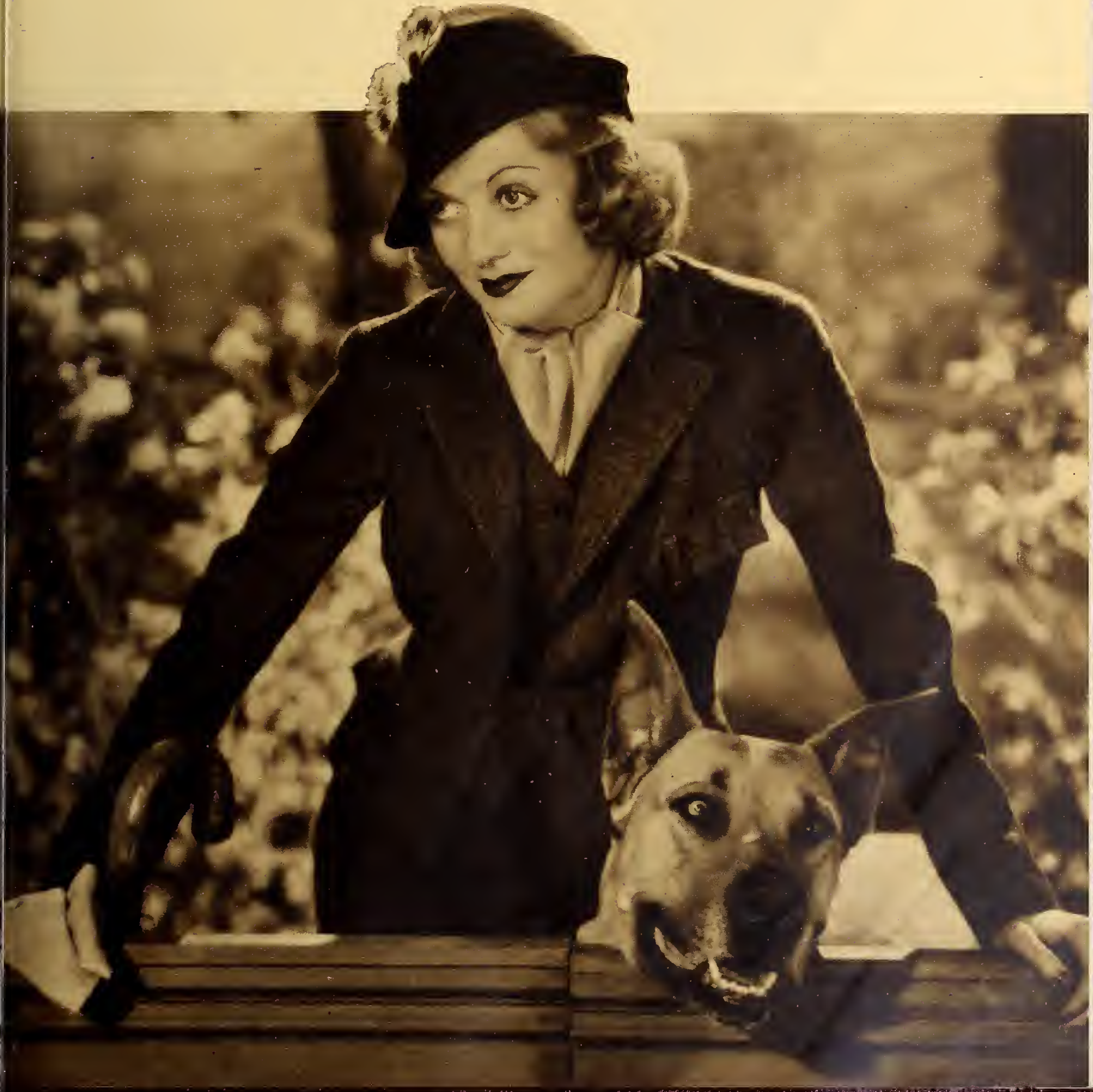
Every player who's been having time off has been going places, and the sleek-looking Bill is no exception to the general rule. He's been spending his happy days cruising in Mexican waters with a party of bachelor boys. That's his idea of relaxation and a swell time in general, for the Powell is a devotee of the easy life. This, despite the fact that he is generally known as the best dressed man in town. Even if he is an exponent of sartorial splendor, he still goes in for comfortable old clothes. Bill will next be seen in "The Casino Murder Case," for M-G-M, after which, he is to make "The Great Ziegfeld," for Universal.

HERBERT MARSHALL

Even though he isn't the "palsy-walsy" type, he has a great many friends and a tremendous fan following. Being a consistently good performer, he is constantly in demand by feminine stars who are smart enough to realize the importance of adequate support in a picture. You will see him soon with Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat," and later opposite the Great Greta in "Painted Veils." These, you'll admit, are a couple of nifty cinematic assignments calculated to keep a feller somewhere on the movie heights. Bartie is a reserved gentleman by nature and counts only Ronald Colman and Clive Brook as his intimates.

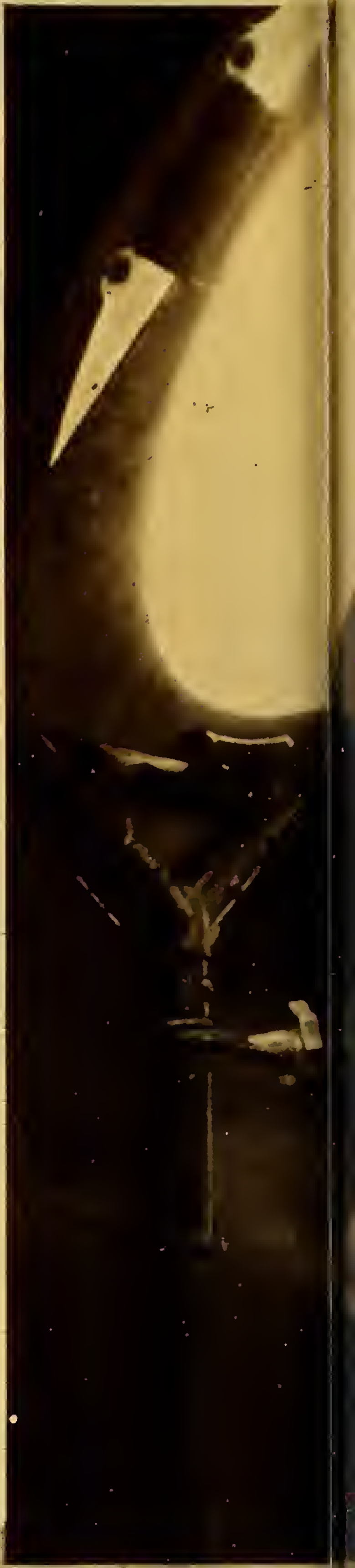
CONSTANCE BENNETT

When she finishes "The Green Hat" at M-G-M, La Bennett will temporarily park her make-up box and take that vacation she's been promising herself these many moons. She is going to carry her camera with her, for Constance is addicted to "snap-shotting" as she goes. Thus when it is time to return to the studio grind she'll have a record of happy days. She assembles the negatives and has home movies. There's an ingenious little lady for you. After the rest cure, she is to make two more pictures for Twentieth Century—"The Red Cat" with Fredric March (she did "Cellini" with him, too) and "It Had to Happen," with Mr. Gable.



Myrna
LOY

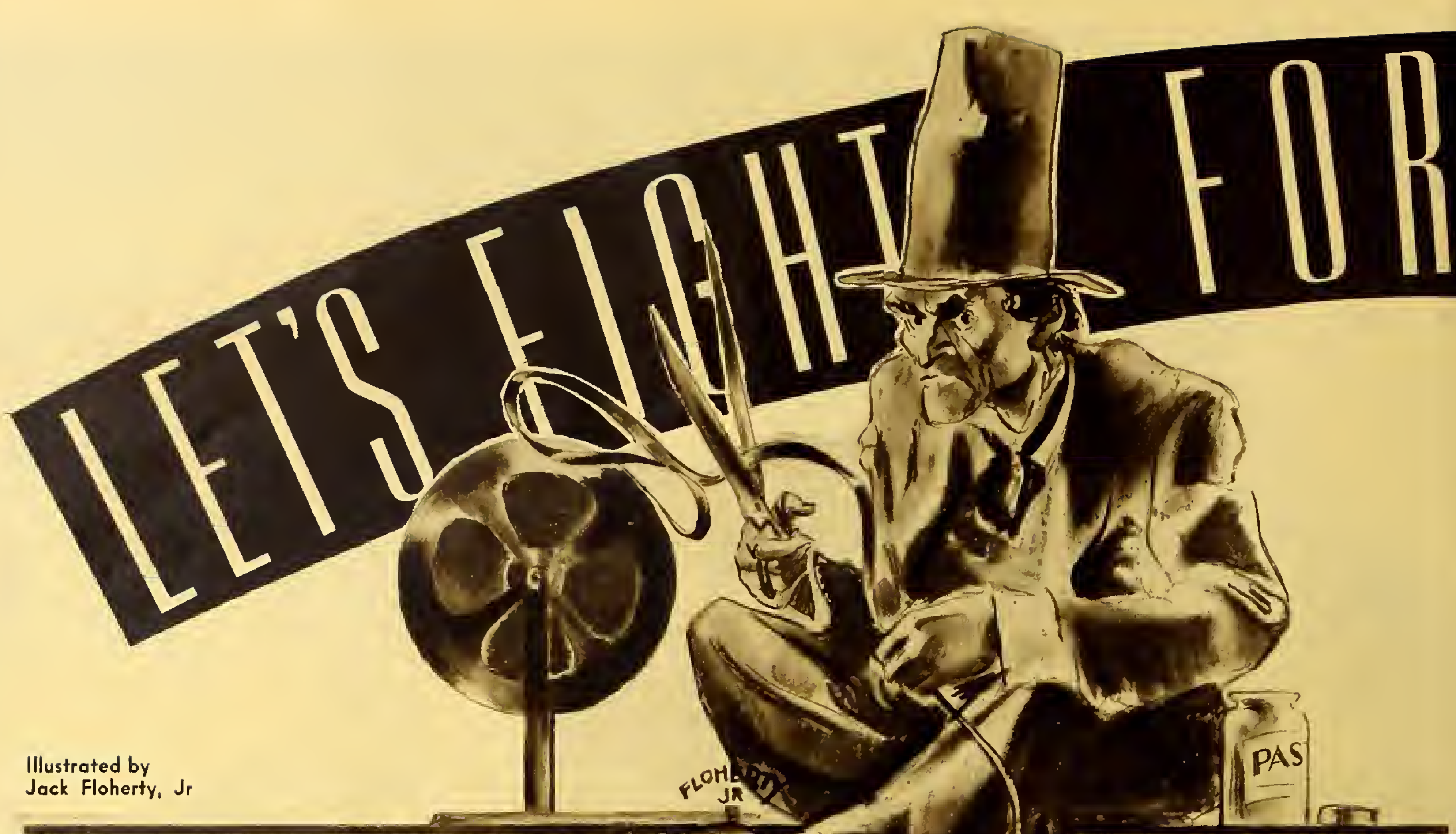
Possibly more people know less concerning Myrna than about any other young woman in Hollywood. For, Miss Loy has a way of keeping to herself and minding her own business and expects the same courtesy from her associates. She has evolved from a weirdly-headgeared gal, playing exotic half-castes, to a drawing-room damsel of sophistication and poise. More than that, she has become an actress of merit. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thinks pretty well of their Myrna, you know, and so they featured her in "The Thin Man" and "Stamboul Quest," the latter with George Brent, long absent from the screen.



Cary
GRANT

Ever since his return from Europe, Paramount has kept this gentleman busy—sorta makin' up for lost time, perhaps. Anyway, no sooner had he finished "Kiss and Make Up" than he started work in "Ladies Should Listen." He spends his away-from-the-studio days at the beach and is tan enough to pass for a South Seas native. Cary is mechanical-minded and subscribes to every magazine that tells "how to take it apart and put it together again"—and with no pieces left over either! His beauteous blonde wife, as you may know, is Virginia Cherrill.

LET'S FIGHT FOR



Illustrated by
Jack Floherty, Jr

Hepburn, Burke and Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Lombard, Barrymore, Connolly and Karns in "Twentieth Century."

Ann Harding and John Boles in "The Life of Vergie Winters."

THE BOX OFFICE PROVES THESE FILMS ENTERTAINED YOU. YET, IF THE

IS entertainment doomed?

At the moment, there are countless thousands, banded together by a dictatorial minority, who are making a determined effort to tell the majority what shall be called entertainment—and to foist off upon that majority something which the majority has gone to no little pains to prove is not *complete* entertainment.

Are we, the movie fans of the nation, going to sit back and scoff at such a movement? Are we going to say, as so many other majorities have said to their sorrow: "They can't get away with it. This reform idea will never get anywhere. We can sit back and take things easy. No individual, no organization of individuals will ever become strong enough to actually succeed in removing from our beloved motion pictures: strength,, reality, robust qualities and other entertaining features which we enjoy."

Don't fool yourself.

Already, great organizations are demanding of their many members: "Stay away from all motion pictures!" When such organizations are approached by Hollywood and the theatre owners with: "Please tell your people to see the pictures which you believe come within your ideals, the answer has been, 'No!' We have banned *all* pictures —the good must suffer with the bad, until the bad is removed." This, from an organization which has always preached: "The good shall *not* suffer with the bad. Just because certain of our own members do and say things which we know to be bad is no reason for condemning us as a body."

The movies are facing a fight, a fight for existence. This may sound like strong language, unwarranted by conditions, but you may rest assured that it is true. We who love our movies and who look to them, almost exclusively, for our entertainment and relaxation must rise and fight for them, or else face the actual and certain possibility of losing them altogether. For just as soon as Hollywood is forced to make motion pictures that will satisfy the moral indictment of a chosen few, then will

OUR MOVIES..!

BY WALTER RAMSEY

THE INFANT INDUSTRY IS THREATENED! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SAVE IT FROM A FATE WHICH MAY MEAN OBLIVION FOR PICTURES!

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Queen Christina."

Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer in "Riptide."

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill."

CENSORS RULED, YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO SEE THEM!

be the *end* of your motion picture entertainment.

MOTION pictures cost too much to be made for a certain few. They must be made to conform with the needs, desires and morals of the great majority, always being desirous to offend no one. It has been truthfully stated by a man high up in Hollywood affairs, "The minority doesn't seem to realize that if we are forced to make pictures merely for them that we shall be so financially embarrassed at the end of one year that we shall be unable to make even those pictures."

We have all read much lately concerning this movement against motion pictures and we are quite sure of the meaning of the words used so often: "sinister influence, vile and filthy, condoning sex scenes and scoffing at the sanctity of marriage." What do these people propose we shall have as entertainment; we the teeming millions who go to the movies and are laughingly referred to in this fight as "the majority"; we who have memories of beautiful moments in the motion picture theatre; who look back upon the pictures we have seen with thanks; we who look to the movies as our only ally in our constant fight against the monotony and struggle of our every day existence?

Let us take a look at the record.

For years Hollywood has kept a close check on the motion picture with an eye toward ascertaining what type of entertainment the majority really want. This record is compiled at the close of each entertainment year and is headed by the "Ten Best Pictures of the Year," which are merely the pictures that the vast majority stamped with their only stamp of approval—at the box office.

Hollywood has always been proud of its ten best pictures, always with an eye toward the winners to find what had caused the tremendous public rush of approval. Hollywood realizes, and bows with the highest regard, to the fact that no amount of newspaper magazine or radio advertising will cause the people to go en masse to a particular picture. True, it might influence a group toward attendance, but the (*Continued on page 76*)

IS VON STERNBERG

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

YOU have only to look at Marlene Dietrich's face, only to hear her talk, to know that she is an unhappy woman, but it occurred to me, as I sat watching her latest picture, "The Scarlet Empress," that she would be less unhappy if she fired her director, Josef Von Sternberg.

To Marlene the idea is incredible. She does not—or will not—realize that now she is much greater than he, in spite of the fact that her studio has told her that in almost those words. Anyone who witnesses "The Scarlet Empress" must realize it.

Just listen to these truths:

While working on "The Scarlet Empress," Von Sternberg rehearsed John Lodge in one particular scene at least

(Left) Joseph Von Sternberg. He discovered Dietrich. He made two magnificent pictures with her. A superb cameraman. A disciple — an over-enthusiastic one—of "restraint." His latest directorial effort, "The Scarlet Empress" should be seen by all of you, just to prove what too much "restraint" can do. (Below) A cluttered and depressing scene from "The Scarlet Empress."

RUINING MARLENE?

HAS HIS PROFESSIONAL DOMINANCE OVER THE LOVELY DIETRICH KILLED HER ACTING ABILITY AND BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION?

Lovely, glamorous Marlene. A vibrant, exciting woman. Is she doomed to actionless, dreary pictures? (Left) Another scene from the picture. Can you find Marlene and John Lodge?

fifteen times as is his custom. At the end of rehearsal Lodge turned to Dietrich and said, "I've got the jitters. I must be a rotten actor to require so much rehearsing."

Dietrich answered, "It doesn't prove that at all. He rehearses me just as much."

Once—and only once—Dietrich had the temerity to change *one* word of dialogue and the assembled actors and actresses were treated to a tirade of abuse which is still remembered. Von Sternberg stopped shooting, began to tear his hair, marched up and down the set and, pointing at Dietrich, shouted, "Have I created a Frankenstein?" All because she changed a single word of dialogue!

Only once has Dietrich been directed by another man. But Mamoulian—who wielded the megaphone on "Song of Songs"—has the Continental viewpoint so thoroughly and is so schooled in a tradition similar to Von Sternberg's that it was not a fair test for Dietrich's acting ability.

While "Song of Songs" was being filmed, they say that Von Sternberg remarked, "I don't think it is a good story and I doubt if Miss Dietrich will make the picture." When asked what Dietrich's reaction to the story was, he thundered, "Miss Dietrich will think as I think—*naturally!*"

When Dietrich is away from Von Sternberg, she can be gay and carefree. With him, she is silent and morose and her manner changes when he enters the room. Someone asked her if she were afraid of him. This, they say, was her reply: "No, not exactly afraid—but he is always correcting me and I'll do almost anything to keep away from his continual nagging."

And yet she has autographed a picture of herself to him like this: "To Joe from Marlene. Without you *nothing,* with you *everything.*"

(Continued on page 82)

SUPPOSE YOU WERE GARY'S *wife...!*

BY RUTH BIERY

WOULD YOU BE DEMANDING AND POSSESSIVE—OR WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE A LONE WOLF WHEN YOU MARRIED ONE, AND PLAY HIS GAME?

THERE is nothing more difficult than slipping from sublimity to realism—from the rainbow honeymoon into every day monotones of existence. The Gary Coopers are now undergoing this transition.

It is foolish to pay attention to idle Hollywood gossip except when it sounds logical from personal observation of the people about whom Hollywood is talking. During the last twenty-four hours, I have been whispered to, twice, "The Gary Coopers will be getting a divorce soon." I don't believe it for a moment. But I do believe they have reached the stage where they may be using the word "divorce" in arguments, exactly as Lupe and Johnny used it when they first descended from sublimity to realism. And I do believe. this union might easily slip into disunion if Sandra Shaw Cooper doesn't understand thoroughly the character and "differences" of the man she married.

In Hollywood, this will be stamped as a "dangerous" story because the Coopers have stated definitely that they do not and will not have their personal affairs discussed by writers. "Our marriage is our own and nobody else's business." This is partially because Veronica Balfe Cooper, with her New York "best family" rearing and sheltered, schoolgirl training, believes her standards are the "right" ones. To talk about marriage would not be "correct" according to what she has been taught since her first gurgle from a satin-and-down cradle. To live in a home with huge lions and bears and stuffed birds strung around your living-room would not be "correct" either.

But Hollywood talks about marriages because Hollywood is a public institution. It belongs, first, to the people who support it in silks and laces and secondly, to itself. And Gary Cooper had always had lions and bears and stuffed birds around his living-room because he belonged, first, to the great open spaces. What is "correct" has never bothered

(*Continued on page* 85)

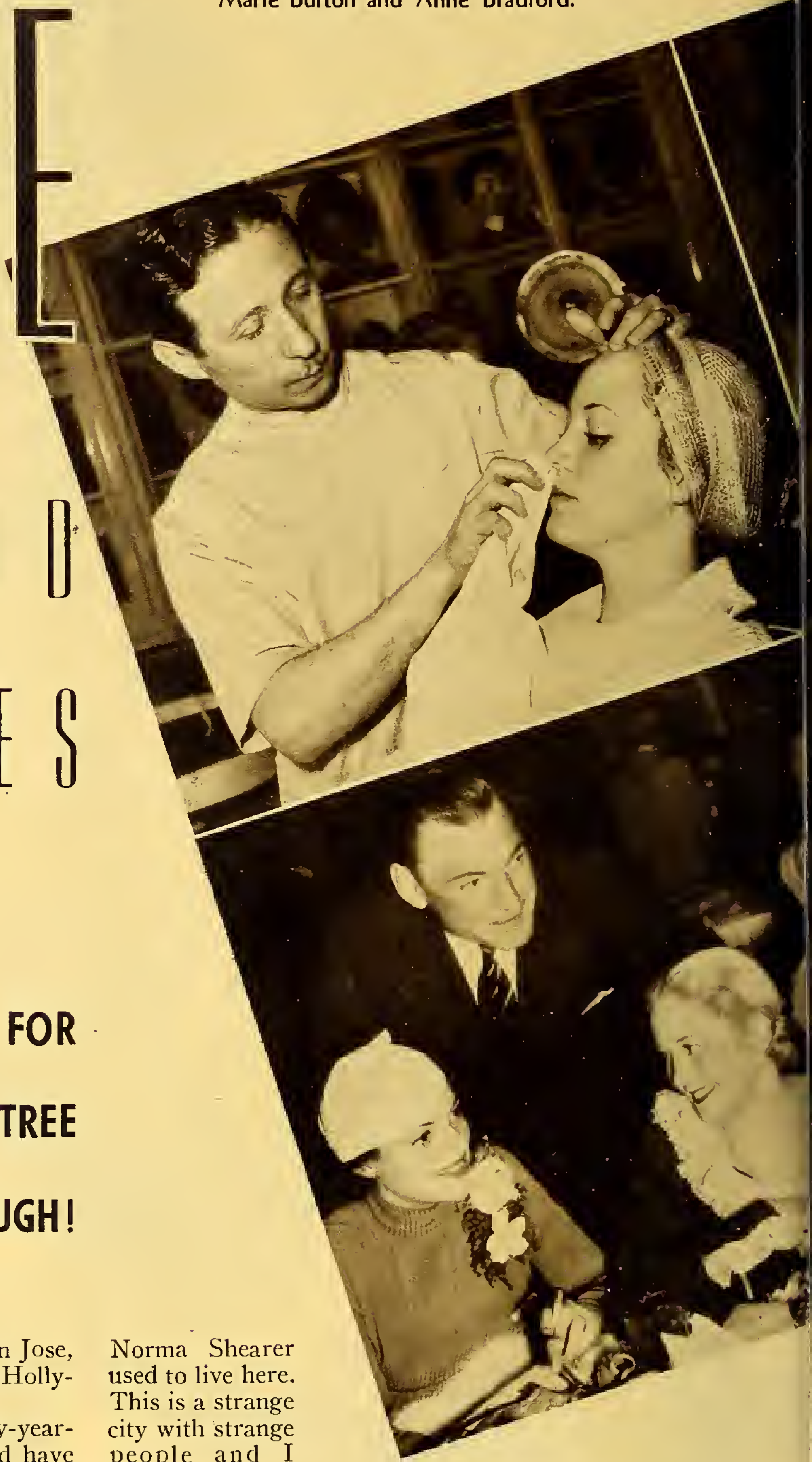
The Gary Coopers when they were on their ranch, living the life of the great outdoors—and loving it. The newlyweds are enthusiastic equestrians and tear around the San Fernando Valley like a coupla Paul Reveres.

The "other woman" in Mrs. Cooper's life is probably Shirley Temple. Here she is with her adored Gary in "Now and Forever."

ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES

PART 2

MUST ONE "PAY THE PRICE" FOR SCREEN SUCCESS? EVA BERYL TREE TELLS WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH!



Abe Shore, one of the famous Perc Westmore's assistants, made up Eva for her first screen test. And, below, she crashes Hollywood night life. Buck Jones, you see, was there, and the gals with them are Marie Burton and Anne Bradford.

THIS is the story of Eva Beryl Tree, the San Jose, California girl MODERN SCREEN sent to Hollywood. Here's how it was done.

We wanted to know just what a twenty-year-old unknown, with screen ambitions, would have to go through to make the grade in movies. And so, we asked Hugh Gillis, an instructor at a State School in San Jose to help us find such a girl. Miss Tree was the lucky lady and, supplied with $300 and a three-months' opportunity, we sent her on her way. She was to tell no one the circumstances of her entry into the movie city, and to keep a diary relating to us, and to our readers, everything that happened to her. Here is the synopsis of the first chapter of her experiences:

"January 30th—Found an apartment and moved in. Norma Shearer used to live here. This is a strange city with strange people and I cried myself to sleep through sheer loneliness. My eyes were swollen red next day.

"January 31st—Went to Paramount, where I met the casting director. He told me he would phone if he needed me as an extra. Then I visited Columbia, where the Casting Director's pretty secretary slipped me through to see him. He also promised to phone me and I sat at home waiting for that call. Oh, the misery of that endless waiting! Finally, the director, Mr. Kelly, asked me to

Here is Eva dining at the Cocoanut Grove where the stars go to play. Right, a strip of film from her test. She tried to smile but wasn't very successful.

BY EVA BERYL TREE

AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

make a test, on a Monday, and on that same day Sid Brown, a Hollywood acquaintance, invited me to dine.

I COULDN'T wait the three days until Monday, when Columbia had dated me for my first test. So, on the Friday morning before, I looked into my clothes closet, where hung everything I owned to wear. I saw that little brown dress with the green trimmings and the cocky little green pancake hat and the green gloves that went with it, and I remembered that no other dress I'd ever owned made me feel as self-confident as that one when I wore it. So I put it on.

And that's the day I wrote in my diary: "Got a contract offer today from Columbia."

Maybe I didn't tell you about this before—but Dan Kelly, that grand young Irishman who was the first casting director I'd met in town, had already been replaced at Columbia. Now there was a casting director named Perlberg. Kelly had introduced me to him a few days before.

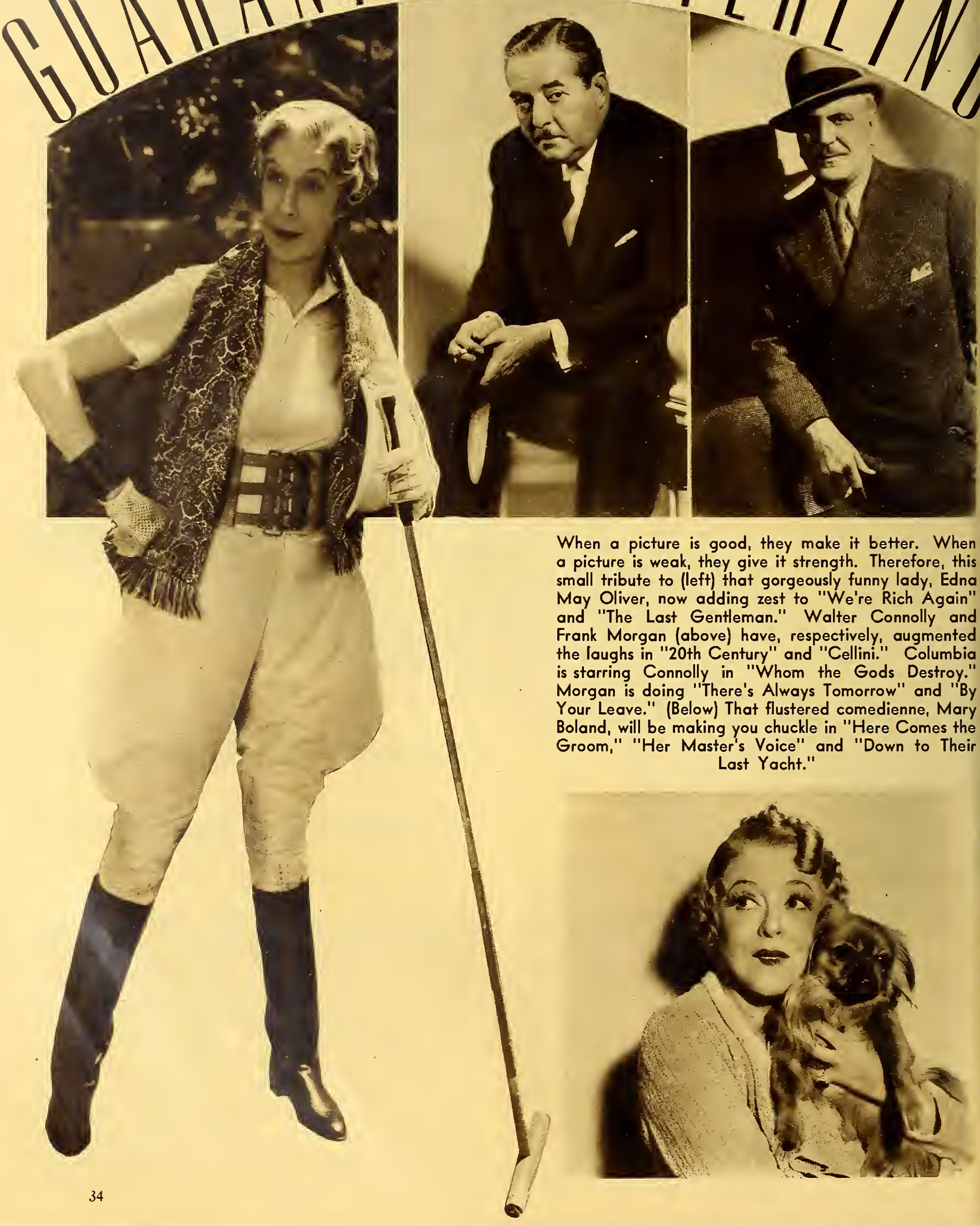
Well, no sooner did I step into the casting office that Friday than I was ushered right into Perlberg's office. He was a large, dark man.

"How are you, Miss Tree?" he asked. "And what brings you here today?"

"I'm fine and I just got curious as to what's in store for me." He grinned. At my impatience, I suppose.

"Well, I believe that you might get a job out here." My heart stopped for a moment and then seemed to choke me. "In fact, I'm thinking of (*Continued on page 78*)

GUARANTEED STERLING



When a picture is good, they make it better. When a picture is weak, they give it strength. Therefore, this small tribute to (left) that gorgeously funny lady, Edna May Oliver, now adding zest to "We're Rich Again" and "The Last Gentleman." Walter Connolly and Frank Morgan (above) have, respectively, augmented the laughs in "20th Century" and "Cellini." Columbia is starring Connolly in "Whom the Gods Destroy." Morgan is doing "There's Always Tomorrow" and "By Your Leave." (Below) That flustered comedienne, Mary Boland, will be making you chuckle in "Here Comes the Groom," "Her Master's Voice" and "Down to Their Last Yacht."

Kay Francis dropped into town just long enough to do some hasty shopping and board the "Rex" for a vacation in Italy.

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

HARLEM
THE PARK
ASTORIA STUDIOS
BROADWAY
MANHATTAN
WALL ST.

BY REGINA CANNON

But Fay Wray came to work in "A Woman in the Dark" up at the old Biograph. Ralph Bellamy's in it, too.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S lil' village, our own New York, is coming into its own as a picture-producing center once more. It's been a long time since movies were made here, but things are certainly humming now in a big cinematic way.

Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, those two Bright Boys who write stories and dialogue and do a little kidding about the industry on the side, are producing at Paramount's Long Island studio, and a group of enterprising gents, calling themselves Select (with no intent to Ritz) are busy way up thar in the Bronx at the old Biograph.

Warners are still turning out two-reelers at their Vitaphone plant in Brooklyn and so, you see, things are picking up, which is good news to everybody from the camera crew to the cast.

The Hecht-MacArthur opus is called "Murder Without Passion"; well, without much passion anna-hoo. The day we visited the studio there were some snappy little blonde dolls recruited from a Broadway night club to inject sumpin' into the story—and we don't think it was the murder.

The cast includes such unfamiliar-to-movie-goers names as Claude Raines, Whitney Bourne and a dancer called, Margot. But the extras! Just draw up your chairs and learn something! Helen Hayes and Fanny Brice were among 'em, and prominently parked before the cameras, too. You see, Helen is Mrs. MacArthur when the pair are up at the old homestead in Nyack, and when they're not, too, come to think of it.

Charlie plays a bit in the picture also, and we understand that, upon seeing the rushes, Miss Hayes advised her husband to stick to writing. Maybe it was professional jealousy on Helen's part, but then an awful lot of witnesses thought it wasn't, so there you are!

Mr. Raines was busy getting ready to do a close-up when we arrived. They had a tape measure and were gauging the distance between his nose and the camera or the cafeteria or the side door or something. The delay was beginning to get the electricians down, when suddenly it was discovered that Mr. Raines would not emote while Miss Margot was on the set. Heaven help the industry, if Claude should crash through with a performance. It might bring to mind the old Pola Negri days!

Miss Margot, by the way, is a very intense little person. She goes out of her way to please. She crashed the cast in a strange manner, having come over to the studio with a girl who was applying for a job. Margot got it, and feels sorta guilty even yet.

BUT Whitney Bourne's is the strangest story of all. She's a society girl; one of the guaranteed, gilt-edged kind who doesn't want anyone to know her name is in the Blue Book.

Our prediction is that she'll be a great hit in the picture—or a dismal flop. Miss Bourne could not be mediocre. She's not the type. She's distinctive and attractive and her sense of humor is in the A plus class. But, she's emotional—very. And therein lies a tale.

Having appeared in a coupla Broadway failures and acquitted herself excellently in them, scouts from every (*Continued on page 108*)

Good
Good News
Good News
Good News

IT'S UNREELED FOR YOU HERE! ALL THE LATEST GOSSIP ABOUT THE STARS AND SATELLITES

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has taken Marlene Dietrich to dine at the Russian Eagle two Sundays in a row! Here is surely something new under the Hollywood sun.

As this is written it appears that the breach between Marlene and Josef Von Sternberg is growing wider. The critics' reviews of "The Scarlet Empress" are said to have been the last straw. Almost to a man (and woman) they agreed that Dietrich's stunning personality was completely submerged in the maze of Von Sternberg's gargoyles and the loud symbolic music. (Apropos of this, be sure to read the story on page 28.)

Dietrich and Von Sternberg are not actually on the "outs." That is, they still speak, and occasionally even appear in public. But "they say" the real tie between the star and producer has been broken, and the end of her Paramount contract may see the ending of their professional alliance.

They also say Von Sternberg has not yet forgiven Marlene for accompanying Carole Lombard on the set of "Twentieth Century" the day John Barrymore went through his Von Sternberg antics (muffler and all) and Marlene laughed, and appeared to enjoy the burlesque immensely.

Romances are off and romances are on, but Loretta Young's and Spencer Tracy's goes on and on. Here they are dining at the Grove.

WE hear that Richard Dix won enough on the Max Baer-Primo Carnera fight to retire from the movies—if he cares to!

After so many years that even the newspaper men lost count (some calling it their "thirteen-year-marriage" and others their "sixteen") Thelma

Fred Astaire and his wife arrive in Talkie Town, where he'll make "The Gay Divorce" for RKO. He did the play on Broadway, too.

News

Rae Colman has at last sued Ronald Colman for divorce. Purely as a matter of statistics, the Colmans have been "married" eleven years, the event taking place in England in 1923. For a little over nine years they have lived apart and, except in those rare instances when rumors have cropped up that Mrs. Colman was going to sue, many of his fans have actually forgotten that Ronnie was not a bachelor.

Though Ronnie refuses to discuss his divorce, it is believed that he made a generous settlement on Mrs. Colman last year during his vacation trip to Europe, and it was expected that she would file suit immediately, at that time.

The eight months' delay was due to the fact that Mrs. Colman was stricken ill in Italy and for awhile the doctors held no hope for her life. Her convalescence was slow, but immediately upon regaining her health she returned to London, where she charged "desertion" in the actual filing of her long-delayed divorce action.

And here is Janet Gaynor with Jimmy Gleason, the host. Looks as if the affair must have been quite sumpin', doesn't it?

The charming lady seated on Otto Kruger's knee is his little daughter, Ottilie, at the Gleason's party.

The Clark Gables at the fights. Clark became a Shriner recently. The initiation was that rough! He was all scwatched up.

ACCORDING to a newspaper man, Joan Crawford's reply to his accusation that she had gone "arty" was, "Arty? Nertz!" Not very elegant, but it is the most natural remark we have heard credited to Miss Crawford since her dancing girl days.

GARBO GETS PAL-LY

The entire M-G-M studio has been in an uproar lately because none other than Greta Garbo has been taking a "busman's holiday" around the lot. In other words, Greta, who is between pictures, is dropping over on the sets of other stars and watching them at work.

Three visits by Garbo to the "Merry Widow" company were just about more than the natives could stand. And what's more she stayed for a long time, visiting with Maurice Chevalier and her old friend, Ernst Lubitsch. The word is out that Garbo would like very much to have Ernst direct a picture for her soon. "Queen Christina" was not the howling success she would have liked it to be, and besides, she appears to be taking the exhibitors' reports that "Garbo pictures are too sad and depressing" very much to heart. No director in Hollywood can handle light sophistication like the master, Lubitsch.

Another company frequently visited by Garbo was Norma Shearer's "Barretts of Wimpole Street." The day Greta dropped over to see Norma, she was wearing a stunning gray sports suit, with gray accessories and a gray linen handkerchief, smartly initialed in navy blue "G. G."

What do you make of all this palling around?

BELIEVE it or not, Virginia Bruce Gilbert and John Gilbert write very ardent love letters to one another every week in spite of their divorce. Many divorced stars stay friends in Hollywood, but this is the first case on record of their remaining sweethearts.

Easy-going, amiable Gary Cooper has put his foot down (probably for the first time in his life) and absolutely refused to give out any stories on his marriage to Sandra Shaw, or even permit reporters to describe their home, or home life. (He broke down for MODERN SCREEN, though, as you'll see if you turn to page 30.)

One of Gary's reasons for putting the veto on future interviews is that too much has already been written about Hollywood marriages and that it is bad luck to brag about happiness.

But another guess has it that Gary is a little worried over the slumping off of his fan mail since his marriage. There were three girl fans, in particular, who had written to Gary ever since his lanky shadow first appeared on the screen. These three were devout Cooper followers.

But since his marriage, their ardent letters have ceased, and they say this has Big Coop worried just a little. It is rumored Gary's next step will be to try to persuade the candid cameramen who haunt Hollywood social events to pass up pictures of him posed with his wife.

WALTER WINCHELL writes: "Herbert Marshall is being talked out of his pashtime for Gloria Swanson."

We don't know whether "Bart" is being talked out of it, but he is certainly being talked to about it by everyone who can get his ear. And is he burned up about what he calls this "impudent meddling" in his private affairs.

The recent passing of the lovely Dorothy Dell shocked and saddened Hollywood. That such youth, beauty and talent should be lost to the screen is indeed a great pity. Dorothy's short career ended when an automobile in which she was driving crashed into a post, causing the sudden and untimely end that has left a void in the Cinema City.

Emanuel Cohen, Mae West and Ernst Lubitsch, at the Paramount theatre men's convention.

BEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE!

Ben Hecht, who is called the Max Baer of the writing profession, gave a talk to the writing class at Columbia recently in which he outlined the three great obstacles a writer faces in Hollywood: (1) The director (2) the star (3) the studio boss. Hecht claims that the Boss is the least needed of all; next the stars (because he claims that the real actors are among the supporting casts), and lastly, the directors. Ben went on to explain that he thought all these matters would soon be cleared up. "The directors will be demoted to the place occupied by a stage director; stars will have to merit that title with acting rather than with personality and the bankers will no doubt get tired of waiting for the bosses to work out of the hole they themselves dug." Which is to the point, if nothing else.

RUTH CHATTERTON and Grace Moore were getting along swell with their sun-bathing on the Chatterton roof garden until one of the local aviators got hep to the idea and has taken to circling daily over the roof, far below the 1000 foot altitude he is supposed to maintain!

Alice White never seemed to realize how gorgeous her legs were until she was roundly criticized by Josef Von Sternberg for sitting with her underpinnings crossed "in a very unladylike manner." Now, she has them insured for one million dollars, no doubt figuring if her legs can upset the gent who has been looking at "Legs" Dietrich, she's got sumpun!

JUST when Loretta Young was set for her M-G-M picture, "Hide-Out," she was forced to have a minor operation and lost the part. The little matter of a week-in-the-hospital not only affected Loretta, but Maureen O'Sullivan as well. Maureen was ready to leave for Ireland when the studio demanded that she take Loretta's role.

It was quite a blow to the blue-eyed O'Sullivan, but she is telling her friends that it is just as well it happened because she has more time to get her wardrobe together for the ocean jaunt. (P. S. MODERN SCREEN is going to have exclusive pictures of all the outfits that Maureen buys for her trip home so, with all the extra things she will buy now, we advise you to watch for it.)

John Gilbert has just signed a five-year contract with Columbia and his first will be "The Captain Hates the Sea." . . . Ginger Rogers was handed a new five-year ticket yesterday by RKO. . . . Fox Studio seemed rather peeved when Heather Angel signed with Universal. They were talking contract with her and thought she was just about to say "Yes" to their plans.

Anita Page carved her name on the piano at the opening of Grand Hotel, a beach club. Well, that's one way of being remembered.

HERE'S another story on Sam Goldwyn: It seems he was playing golf with three of the boys and when they reached the green, Sam was heard to say: "George, you took eight; Lew, you took seven; Harry, you took a nine. Caddie, what did I take?"

Colleen Moore has already spent over $30,000 on her "Doll House" and now she is looking for miniature electric ice boxes and tea-wagons. . . . Now that Laura LaPlante has married Irving Asher in Paris, Hollywood is looking forward to the marriage of Marian Nixon and William Seiter (Laura's Ex). . . . Sandra Shaw is SOOOOoo bored with Hollywood, that Gary has just promised that he will take her to New York for a short vacation after this picture. . . . Hollywood is divided: Half say that Lilian Harvey will soon marry Willie Fritsch and the other half are almost prepared to prove that the couple are already wed. . . . Warren William has such an extensive personal wardrobe that his valet has just put a card index into effect. . . . One of the big studios held a "contest" the other day for bathing beauties and promised an "opportunity" to the gal who won. One of their own players won in spite of the fact that a local stenographer got all the popular applause. . . . Hollywood sure went to Town on the Baer fight, everyone having their money down on the new champ; everyone, that is, except Durante who claims that he had to bet on the Preem to protect the honor of the guy with the biggest schnozzle. . . . He should call in some of the Public Enemies from New York, he didn't get much "protection."

USED in "Cleopatra": One bathtub, 100x150 feet—the feathers of 600 pheasants for the fans—65 gallons of body make-up for "tan"—more than four tons of armor were cast and worn by the "soldiers"—Cleopatra's barge, one of the most lavish things described in history is exactly reproduced both inside and outside.

(Above) The Eddie Cantors and Harold Lloyd dine at the Writer's Club in Hollywood. Yes, boys and girls, there's the famous Ida, we've been hearing so much about. (Right) The Irving Thalbergs—Norma Shearer, at Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s party. The lavishness of the affair made even blasé Hollywood gasp.

Recently, at the Cocoanut Grove, one of the stars was throwing a party for a visiting member of the New York 400. She was the type who always guesses any woman's age at least ten years over, and she was seated next to the young and beautiful wife of a writer. The visitor was obviously about thirty-five and the writer's wife was just as obviously about twenty-two.

The two women got to talking and the visitor soon got around to "ages." She would point to a feminine star dancing and say, "How old is she?" The answer would be: "I've known her a long time, she is just twenty-six." To which the socialite would scoff, "Humph, don't let her fool you. She's at least thirty-five."

This went on until they had covered everyone at the party. Finally the woman turned to the writer's wife and purred, "Yes, my dear, and I feel that we are about the same age, aren't we?" The popular young lady (22) smiled sweetly, "Yes we are." The older woman beamed, "I knew it. And how old are you, my dear?"

"I'm forty," drawled the gal without a trace of a smile.

P.S. The table came down in a heap.

AFTER carrying Jeanette MacDonald across the "Merry Widow" set twenty-five times for a scene, Chevalier remarked: "This is as much work as a stevedore puts in—only with romance!"

Walter Winchell, while in Hollywood, thought he would take a week-end and "get away" from the grind of news and gossip. He hired a yacht and sailed to Catalina Island where he dropped anchor. The following

(Continued on page 114)

Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Sally Eilers and (below) Mae Clarke, each one lovely and charming in her own particular way now, had a pretty miserable time of it during childhood and "the awkward age." Joan had no clothes sense, Claudette was anemic, Sally was too fat, Mae was clumsy and shy. How did they overcome these handicaps?

They WEREN'T BORN

REMEMBERING AN UNHAPPY GIRLHOOD, THESE FAMOUS STARS TELL YOU WHAT THEY DID TO COMBAT THE MISFORTUNE OF "NOT BEING BORN BEAUTIFUL"

THEY weren't born beautiful, all of the movie stars. They weren't the lovely babies you see pictured on magazine covers. They weren't their mothers' pride and joy as little girls.

When Joan Crawford was little, she wasn't like other girls. Joan had no feeling whatever for being a little girl. Little girls, with their feminine secrets, their endless stitching on dolls' clothes, and their silly preening in fresh afternoon dresses bored her so they actually brought tears to her eyes. Nor would Joan suffer her hair to be tied up

Beautiful

in rags at night for the sake of curls. And hair-ribbons she abhorred. Hair-ribbons were her bugaboo. Invariably there was a bulge in the back of her dress where she bunked her bows the minute she was out of sight of her house.

Joan liked to play with boys. She liked to shinny trees and climb fences. She liked the active games boys played. She loved boys' loud, jolly laughter.

Had Joan been a naturally pretty child, it is likely she would have had more vanities. Her preference for boys and their rough and tumble games may have been defensive. Psychologists find so many things are.

In any event, Joan says, "I was so ugly my mother wouldn't take me out. I cheated her of all those proud moments by which young mothers lay such store."

Watching Joan, I found her picture of herself as an ugly duckling more and more incredible. She had come in from her sun bath just as I arrived. She had taken only a minute to brush her hair vigorously and slip into loose white damask pajamas. It was, in fact, some time after we had settled ourselves in the drawing-room that Joan asked her maid to bring her white bag, the inevitable gardenia caught in the clasp, that held her vivid lipstick. This was her only make-up. Yet she was lovelier than I've ever seen her. Or anyone else. Under her smooth brown skin her very bones were strong and fine and perfectly proportioned.

NEVERTHELESS Joan was telling the truth. And I knew it. For I can remember her far, far less lovely than she is today as recently as ten years ago.

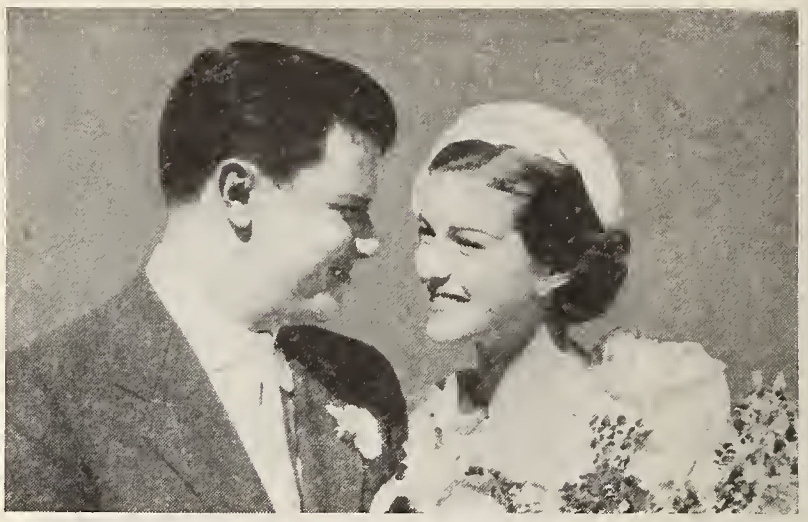
"Mother now tells me," Joan went on, "that she always hoped I'd improve as I began to mature, that at this time she looked for some natural pride in my appearance to assert itself.

"But it never did. I only grew worse. I resented all the signs of approaching maturity and womanhood. Many an afternoon, getting into a fresh dress because I was obliged to do this, at least, I used to shed bitter tears because under my dress my body was no longer straight and flat.

"My curves marked a greater difference between me and the boys. So I hated those curves. In them and in my advancing maturity I knew no pride, only shame.

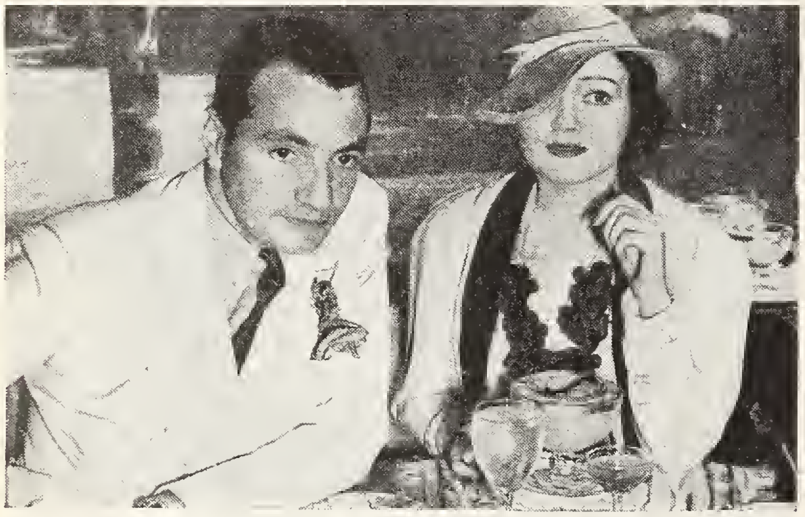
"And when I began to put on weight and those curves became more pronounced I was miserable. I used to bind myself so tight I could scarcely breathe.

"I was far from being a (*Continued on page 112*)



(Above) Meet the recently-married Joe Mankiewiczes. Mrs. Joe is Elizabeth Young. (Below) Mrs. Gable, Virginia Gilbert, Kay Francis, Countess de Frasso, Clark and the Cortezes see the Countess off for Europe.

(Above) W. Ruggles, Toby Wing, Arline Judge, Oakie and Nancy Carroll had a grand time at Junior Laemmle's party. (Below) And here is Nancy lunching with W. V. R. Smith at the Ambassador Lido. Romance?



PICTURE

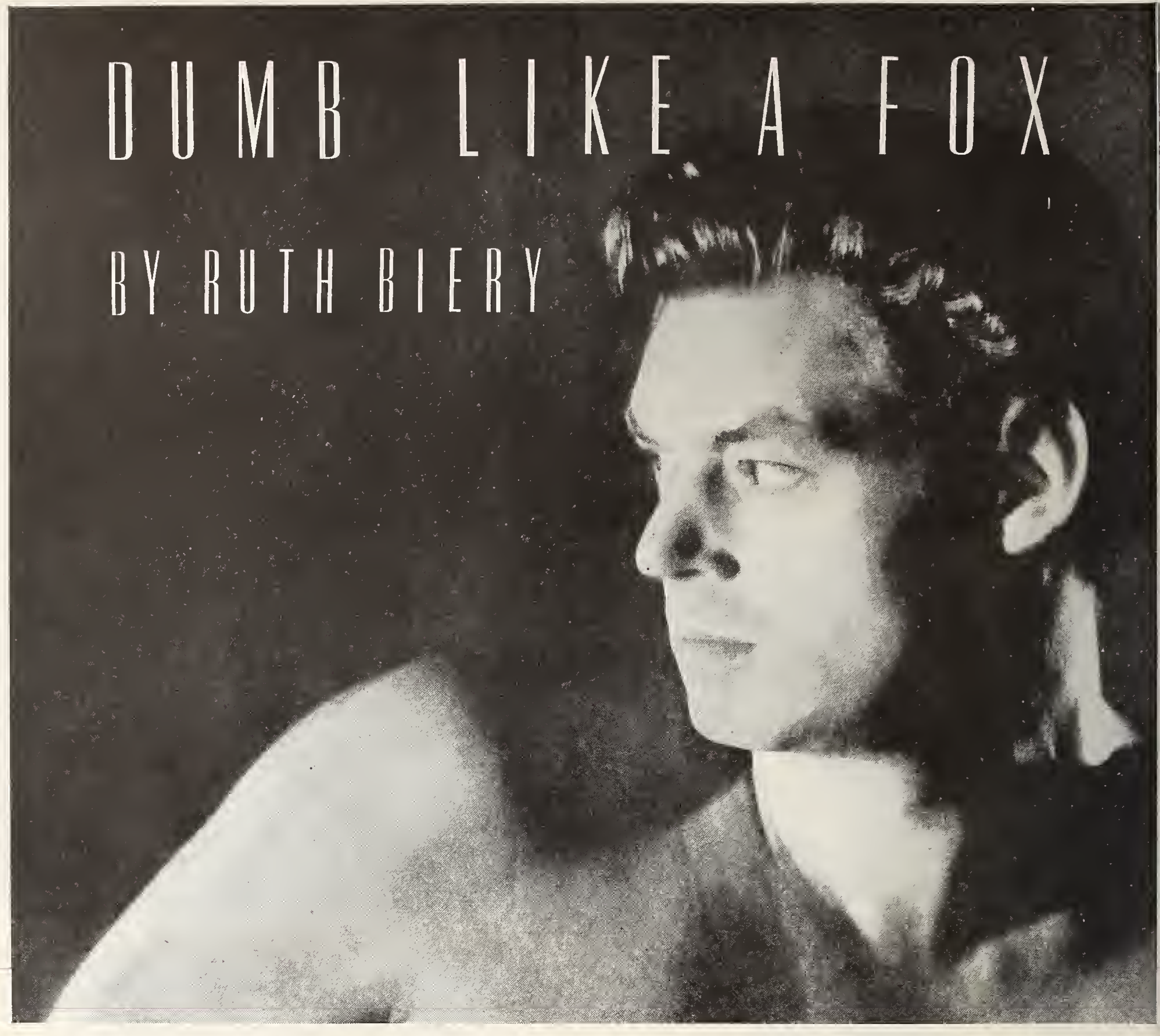
(Above) Here are Mae West's guests, at the fights. Johnny Mack Brown, his wife and John Miljan. (Below) Rudy Seiber, Dietrich's hubby, Tamara Matul, Marlene and Von Sternberg at the Olympic Auditorium.

(Above) Isabel Jewell—and without Lee Tracy. The lad with her is Crilly Butler, of New York. They're great pals. (Below) Pat De Cicco, Claudette Colbert and the Leslie Howards at the Uplifters Club.

NEWS . . . !

DUMB LIKE A FOX

BY RUTH BIERY



"OF course, I know everybody says I'm dumb. I don't mind. There's a lot of advantages to being thought dumb. It saves you a lot of trouble. You can keep still, do as you please and people charge it to your being dumb. If they think you're bright, they go out to get you and just make you a lot of trouble. I don't go around always talking about what I know. That way I don't have to share what I do know with a lot of other people. I've always gotten along. I've always been pretty happy. When people think you're too bright they don't let you have much time to be happy."

Johnny looked across the luncheon table at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with a half-smile in his eye that made me wonder if he had his tongue in his cheek. And I burst out laughing. "Do you know I've had more fights on the subject: 'Is Johnny Weissmuller dumb' than about any other. Even editors think you're too dumb to give an intelligent story. I have to argue."

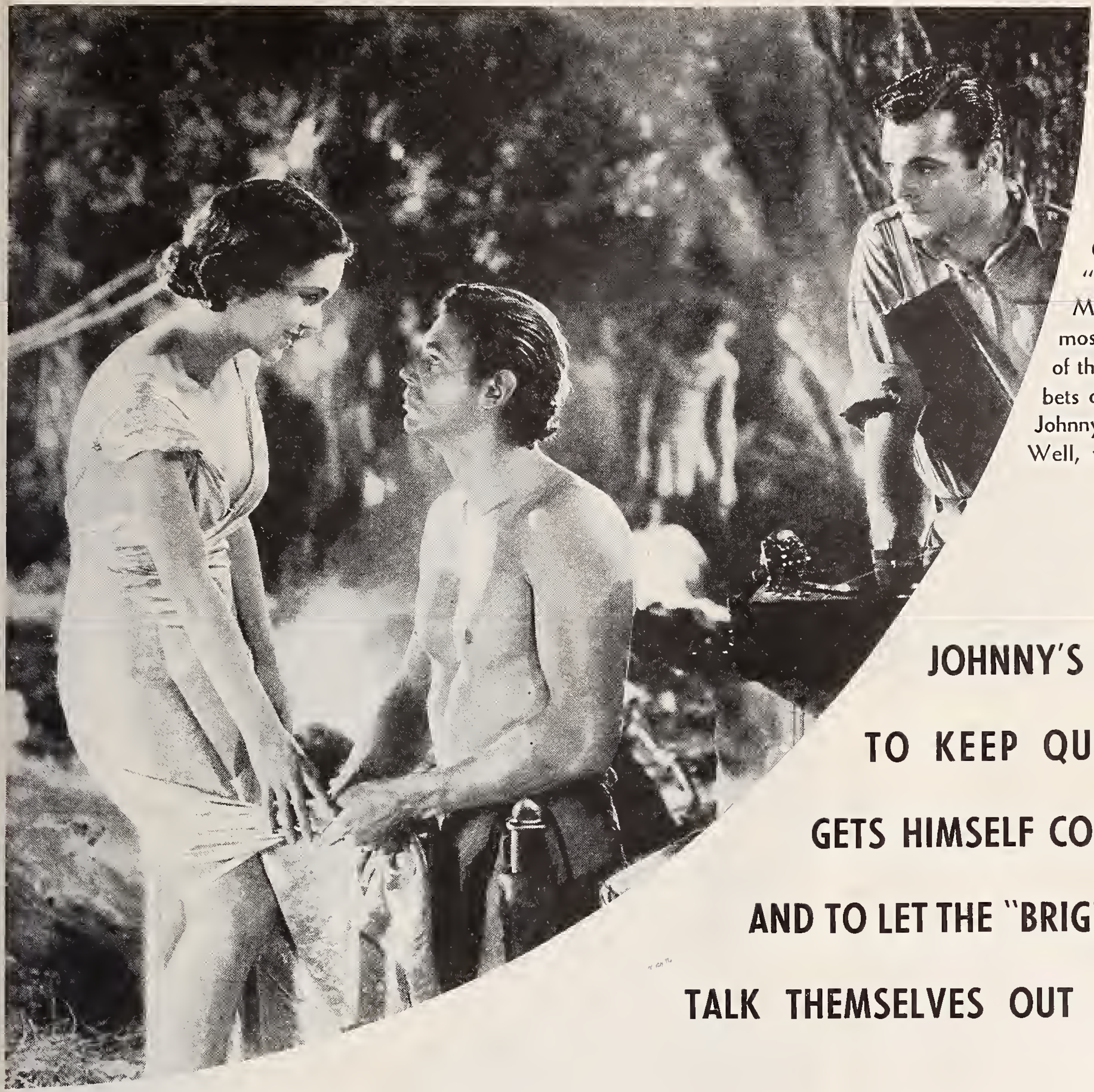
"Don't do it. Let 'em think it. First thing you know I'll have to be giving a lot of interviews. I don't care anything about talking about myself. Never have. It'll save me a lot of trouble if they think I can't talk. Maybe I am dumb. What of it?"

I used to think he was myself. I didn't even want Lupe Velez to marry him for fear she'd tire of his dumbness. Lupe is the kind of a girl who bores easily. She must have someone she cannot outwit around her in order to be happy.

There, I hadn't meant to mention Lupe's name in this story and I've done it without thinking. It isn't really necessary to talk about Lupe Velez when you're talking about Johnny Weissmuller. He's as interesting without her as she is without him. And we've heard so little about him as an individual human being. After all, the first Tarzan picture took in about $5,000,000. That's a record. The second threatens to do as well, taking into consideration the change in box office conditions. Johnny made $250 a week during the first; $550 during the second.

"You weren't very bright when you signed a contract at only a few hundred a week, Johnny," I suggested.

"SURE. That was dumb. So dumb it got me the picture. And what I wanted was to get into pictures. I was tired of selling bathing suits. I'm a rotten salesman. I don't like it. You got to be licking people's boots all the time when you're selling things.



Neil Hamilton, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan and His Mate," which is most certainly one of the best box office bets of the year. Is Johnny doing all right? Well, we think he is.

JOHNNY'S CONTENT TO KEEP QUIET AND GETS HIMSELF CONTRACTS, AND TO LET THE "BRIGHT BOYS" TALK THEMSELVES OUT OF JOBS

I'm too independent. I was getting $250 a week from the bathing suit company. And I'm just dumb enough to think that's a lot of money. Still do. An awful lot of people lose their heads about money when they come into this business. Guess I'm just too dumb to lose mine. But the way I looked at it and still do, I didn't lose anything by that contract and I stood to gain. At least, it got me out of something I wasn't bright enough to like.

"Of course, I know now, you have to make all the dough in a hurry in pictures. I'm learning. I could have kept on selling bathing suits forever and put enough in my sock to protect me. I understand you can't ever be satisfied with what you get in Hollywood. You've got to learn to think you're the most important guy in the world and grab all you can get because there's nothing certain about your lasting.

"Then, too, I had what bright guys would call an inferiority complex when I came to Hollywood. I didn't think I knew a lot. And that is dumb in this town—not to think you know it all. It's a tough job to learn to think of yourself first, all the time, too. They don't train athletes that way. I'd spent the first part of my life thinking about swimming when I should have been thinking about Johnny Weissmuller.

"I was always hanging around Lake Michigan as a kid. I was tall and skinny and too big for my age. Not sick, but my mother thought I might be, so she wanted me to take up some exercise to develop me. Swimming was the handiest and easiest. I was about ten and being sort of dumb, I began bringing the life guard presents so he'd give me special advantages on the beach so I could learn quicker. Then I started to swim at the Y. M. C. A. By the time I was fifteen I was fairly good. Made the hundred yards in less than a minute.

"The coach at the Illinois Athletic Club had a completely new system he wanted to try out. Change the stroke completely. He was hunting for somebody to try. I was the lucky guy. Dumb luck, you see. He kept me under cover for more than a year. He didn't want anybody to know about me until he was ready. Of course, it was easy for me to keep still and practice when nobody could see me and all that. I was just dumb, you see. At seventeen I started breaking the world's records. That *was* a cinch.

"I went to the University of Chicago for a year. They didn't want me to go into the Olympics because the trip would interfere with my school

(*Continued on page 98*)

REVIEWS

Ann Harding and John Boles, during a tender moment in "The Life of Vergie Winters."

A: THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO)

Beautifully done! Excellent direction, grand acting and gorgeous photography join hands to make this simple story a worth-while picture. Most of its authentic atmosphere of the "good old days" must be credited to the cameraman and director. Yet, even so, the picture wouldn't have attained such heights had it not been very capably acted. Ann Harding brings sincerity to her characterization of the small-town milliner who is forced to be nothing but the faithful mistress of the man she loves (John Boles), even though she is the mother of his child. The audience is led, in the finale, to believe that "all will be well," but during most of the unfolding one is treated to an absorbing picture of what love and a small town can do to a woman. Helen Vinson and Betty Furness play minor roles well. When you see this, and you must, watch how the camera work improves with the years as the picture progresses.

James Dunn, Claire Trevor and that adorable little lady, Shirley Temple, in "Baby, Take a Bow."

A: BABY, TAKE A BOW (Fox)

Shirley Temple scores again. And this time, little Shirley has just about the biggest part in the picture. The situations of the film combine action, suspense and comedy to a nice degree, one minute having the audience shivering and the next moment convulsing them with laughter. Jimmie Dunn and Ray Walker play a couple of ex-convicts who get mixed up with a detective while they are attempting to go straight—and everything they do to look "straight," little Miss Temple will nullify by doing something that will tend to make them look even more crooked than detective, Alan Dinehart, believes them to be. You'll get a great kick out of Shirley and the entire cast is in for plenty of praise as well. You'll get more than your money's worth, so don't come crying to us later and say you missed this one!

A: OF HUMAN BONDAGE (RKO)

This picture is, in the first place, a beautifully, sensitively handled transcript of Maugham's famous novel. It is, in the second place, a personal triumph for Bette Davis. She has a cruelly unsympathetic role and spares herself not one whit in her interpretation of it. As the cheap little Cockney waitress, with her sickening affectation of genteel manners and her paltry little mind, her feathers, her furbelows, her common laugh and her common ways, you will scarcely recognize the Bette Davis you have been seeing in her previous so-so portrayals.

Then there is, of course, Leslie Howard. If he were a lesser actor, Bette would have stolen the picture from him. She doesn't—quite. His ascetic, expressive face tells you as much of the emotional suffering he undergoes as does his beautifully modulated voice.

"Of Human Bondage," truly a classic story, features Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Bette will surprise you—she's that good.

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

by Walter Ramsey

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

- Baby, Take a Bow
- Cleopatra
- The Great Flirtation
- Of Human Bondage
- One Night of Love
- Shoot the Works
- Treasure Island
- Vergie Winters
- We're Rich Again

Henry Wilcoxon and Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra," a Cecil B. DeMille spectacle.

"She Learned About Sailors," a gay comedy featuring Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.

Wallace Beery and his pal, Jackie Cooper, in that colorful thriller, "Treasure Island." Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore are in it, too.

The supporting cast—Kay Johnson, Frances Dee, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale and Reginald Owen—are all good. If we have any faults to find, it is with certain slow bits of direction. But do not let this minor discrepancy spoil an excellent picture for you.

A: TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M)

Grand and glorious adventure! Here is entertainment that will cause your blood to thrill to high adventure, buried treasure, gallantry and romance. Good, clean and inspiring, this is one picture with which even the most fanatical of reformers can't find fault. Those who have read Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal story will be delighted to know that the picture follows it to the letter and contains all the color and flavor of the classic. Wallace Beery, as Long John Silver, gives a grand performance, as does Lionel Barrymore as the pirate captain, Lewis Stone as Captain Smollett, Chic Sale as the goofy Ben Gunn and Nigel Bruce as the Squire. Jackie Cooper is, of course, Jim Hawkins and turns in a performance that will endear him to his audience. This picture will please everyone, children and adults alike. See it.

A: CLEOPATRA (Paramount)

Stupendous! Cecil B. DeMille, who has a long list of spectacular productions to his credit, outdoes himself in this picture. The lavishness of the film is truly breath-taking and that, in itself, is worth going to see. The story and acting, however, does not quite rate superlatives. Claudette Colbert makes a lovely Cleopatra and looks the Egyptian Princess, although her dialogue and coquettishness smack a bit too much of the present day. Warren William did not for a minute make me think of the immortal Julius Caesar—but, I have quite a good size wreath of orchids for Ian Keith as Octavius and Henry Wilcoxon, as the great Marc Antony. Well cast, he played expertly the part of the great warrior who fell under the spell of the world's most famous vampire. I'd like to see this man again, in some more he-man roles. For spectacular and lavish entertainment, this is the best the screen has offered for a long time. Better see it.

A: THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount)

Exceptionally fine picture. You might even call it a gem. This, because it is the type of story that requires expert direction, with acting and dialogue convincing. When you see it, you'll agree that it is very human. It is the sort of picture made by Barrymore and Lombard ("20th Century"), but to my mind, is even better. Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou are delicious as the actor-actress, husband-wife combination, and David Manners and Adrian Rosley are so sincere that you quite forget it's a movie. While this picture is good entertainment for everyone, I would particularly recommend it to lovers of fine acting. You will go away asking, "Where has Elissa Landi been hiding that personality, and, why hasn't Menjou ever had such a part before?" We hope you see this one. The preview audience applauded five minutes at the finis.

A: ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia)

Thrilling trilling, de luxe. Those who have been anxious for opera-in-pictures should find this exceptional entertainment. Grace Moore returns to the screen (minus much excess weight) singing her way to your heart, and is photographed so beautifully that one almost forgets her first fiasco. The story is about the gal who goes to Italy to study—after a radio failure in America—only to be discovered by a Maestro who doesn't think he has fallen in love with her until she skips out on him and returns to the U.S.A. He finds her again here just in time to make her a huge success. The picture ends with the most marvelous singing of Madame Butterfly we've ever heard, and we bet it will send you away singing to yourself.

(*Continued on page 107*)

STILL PALS

BY ESTHER MEADE

NOT EVEN A WIFE COULD SEPARATE RANDY AND CARY—BUT THEN, VIRGINIA WOULDN'T WANT TO

(Above, left) The Cary Grants spend a quiet evening in their honeymoon cottage beating each other—at backgammon. (Right) The bachelor boys, Randy Scott and Cary, during the not-so-long-ago, when they lived together, did their own shopping and hoped for an invitation on the cook's night out.

WHAT happens to friendship when one of two men who have been pals marries? Does the man who has been left in lonely bachelorhood resent his friend's new bride? Is he jealous of the girl who now comes first in his pal's affections? And how does the girl herself feel? Is she willing to share her husband's time with his old friend? What about the husband? Is he lonely for the companion of his bachelor days? Does he miss him? Randy Scott, who is now a part of this sort of a triangle frankly answers these questions.

"Cary Grant has been, and still is, the best friend I have ever had in my life," declared Randy, as he stretched in his armchair and flung his hat on a nearby table. It was, in fact, to Cary's dressing-room at Paramount Studio that he had brought me for our talk. Randy seemed to be quite as much at home there as if they had been his own quarters.

"I know that I could count on him for anything, now, as in the old days before his marriage. And I am sure that Cary knows that that goes for me, too, where he is concerned," continued Randy.

They had warned me that Randy Scott might be reserved and quiet, that very likely he would not care to discuss the present status of his friendship with the man with whom he had "paled" so intimately before marriage had ended Cary's carefree bachelor days.

Now every writer knows that while silent he-men may be all very well out in the great open spaces, they are very difficult to interview. Squeezing water out of a stone is child's play in comparison to getting information from this type of actor. But Randy Scott proved to be a happy exception to the rule. He seemed almost eager to explain this situation in which he now finds himself.

"The reason why Cary's marriage has not affected our friendship," said Randy, "is because we have always been independent of each other. We have been the closest of friends for years, but we never butted into each other's business. We never interfered with each other. We never tried to decide each other's problems. We never even had friendly quarrels. It has been a perfect friendship.

"Naturally, now that he is married I see less of him. But our fundamental friendship is as firm as ever. I think that Virginia is a marvelous (*Continued on page 102*)

DOES HOLLYWOOD WANT ME?

BY HELEN BURNS

ELISSA LANDI WANTS TO KNOW. SHE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU WANT HER IN PICTURES.

(Left) On the porch of her beautiful home, which movie gold has made possible. (Right) With David Manners and Adolphe Menjou in "The Great Flirtation."

ELISSA LANDI said, "I wish I knew whether or not Hollywood wanted me. If I'm not wanted here, I want to quit now. I want to quit before some producer says to me, 'Miss Landi, we can't give you the sort of contract you're asking for because the public doesn't want you.' To date, that hasn't happened to me. I want to quit before it does."

In her home—that retreat of quiet beauty, which seemed such a fitting background for Elissa—Hollywood, with its battles and continuous bickerings, seemed very far away. I wondered why Elissa should find it worth her while to play the picture game. I asked her—why?

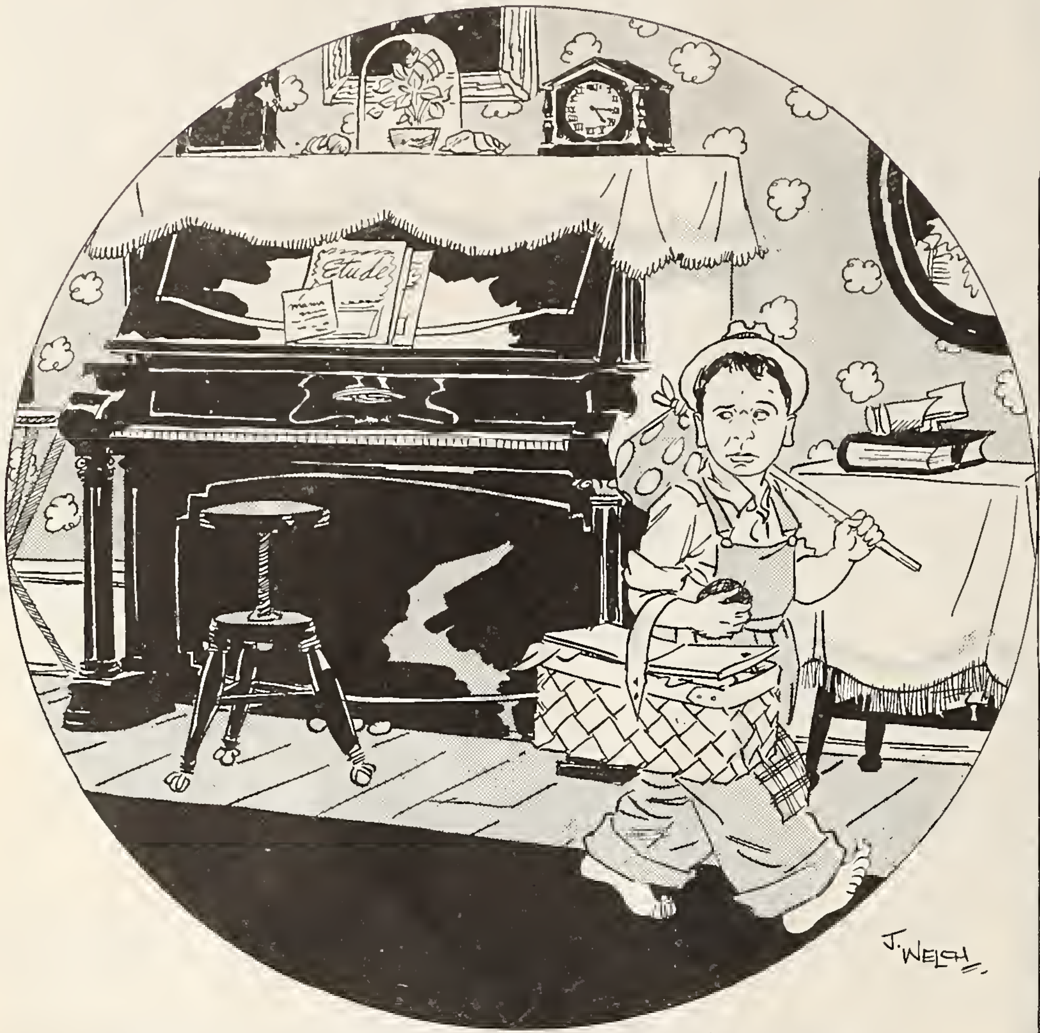
"This is the answer," said Elissa, with a sweeping gesture which took in her surroundings, "this sunset, this house, my gardens, my horse, my dogs, my piano. Hollywood and my work here have provided these."

To understand Elissa's viewpoint, one must go back to the time when she first decided to become an actress. Elissa wasn't interested in the stage, except as a background for a novel she was writing. She became an actress so that she might better understand the heroine of her story. When the play came to the end of its run Elissa said:

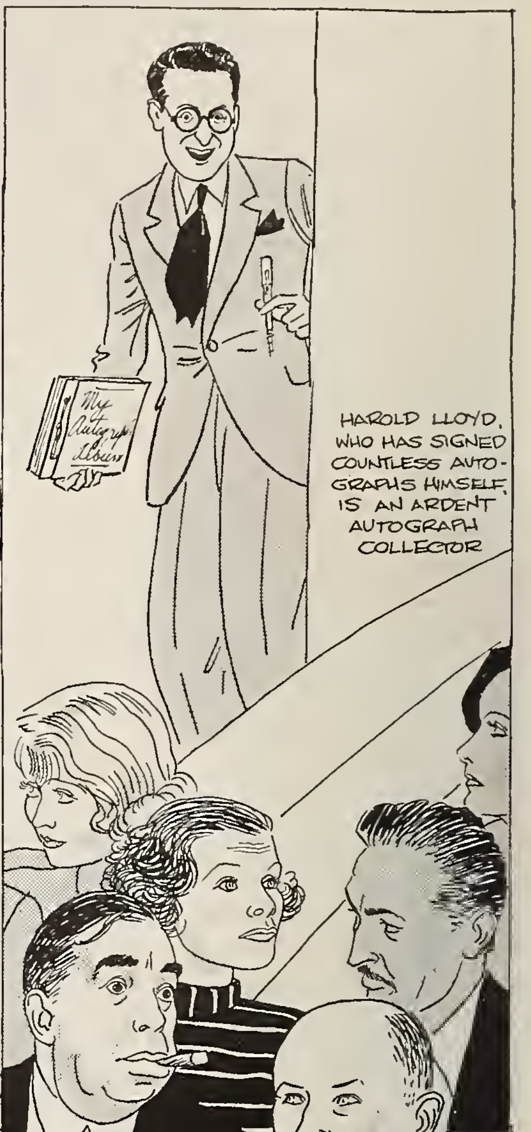
"Thank heaven that's over with. Now I can get back to my writing."

But it wasn't over with. (*Continued on page 103*)

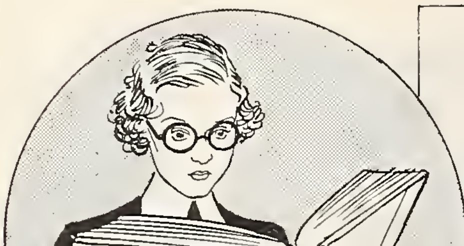
ALL JOKING ASIDE *by Jack Welch*


Etude
J. WELCH

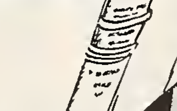
WALLACE BEERY RAN AWAY FROM HOME WHEN A KID, BECAUSE HIS MOTHER MADE HIM TAKE PIANO LESSONS.


My Autograph Album

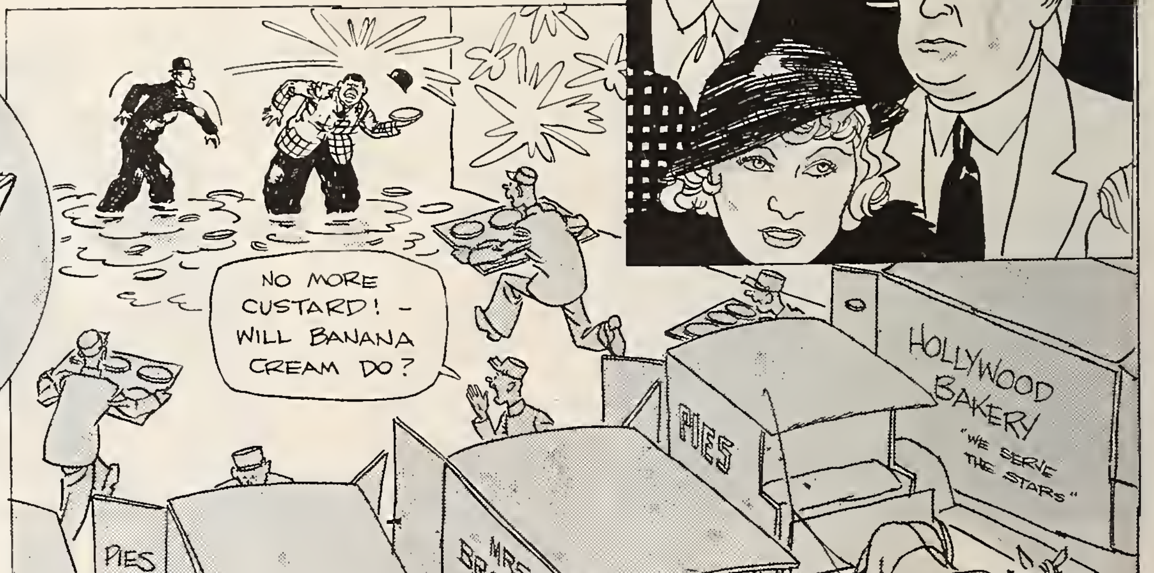
HAROLD LLOYD, WHO HAS SIGNED COUNTLESS AUTOGRAPHS HIMSELF, IS AN ARDENT AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR



GLORIA STUART ONCE WORE HORN-RIMMED GLASSES AND SEVERE DRESSES AND WAS QUITE SERIOUS ABOUT BECOMING A LADY LAWYER!



DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY'S TEETH ARE SO PERFECT HE HAS TO PUT MAKE-UP ON THEM TO KEEP THEM FROM LOOKING FALSE ON THE SCREEN


NO MORE CUSTARD! - WILL BANANA CREAM DO?
HOLLYWOOD BAKERY
"WE SERVE THE STARS"
PIES
MRS. BROWN'S PIES
PIES OUR SPECIALTY

IN ONE TWO-REEL COMEDY LAUREL & HARDY THREW MORE THAN $3,000 WORTH OF PIES AT EACH OTHER

SHE is Adrienne Ames, you know, and they're still in the honeymoon stage, which puts the really important news about them in the first sentence. Bruce is an enthusiastic sportsman and recently won the Gold Tournament at Del Monte, which comes under the head of high honors in athletics. He is teaching his beautiful bride to like the great outdoors as much as he does. Mr. Cabot has just completed "Murder on the Blackboard" and the Missus had a nice role in "You're Telling Me."

The CABOTS

John BOLES

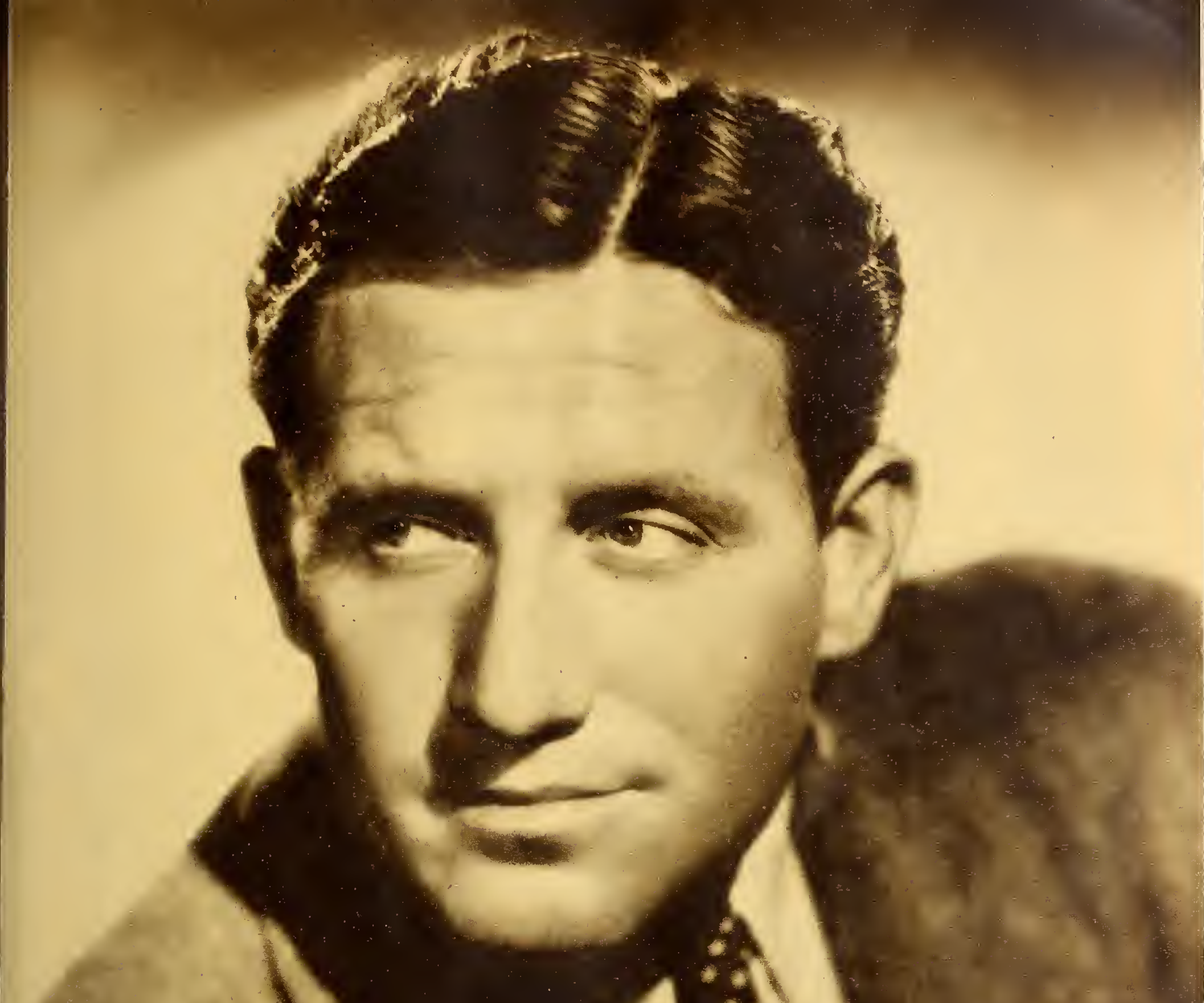
MR. BOLES just about fills the bill, cinematically speaking. Handsome, charming, a good actor, a fine singer; well, now just what else does one need to make the grade? The answer is he has made it, and continues to reign a popular favorite. He is slated to go into "Music in the Air," that charming operetta which Fox is doing. And, of course, you saw him in "The Life of Vergie Winters." John leads a very happy, normal life. He has a lovely wife and two beautiful little girls. It looks as if he is sort of sitting on top of the world.

Bette DAVIS

SHE skyrocketed to stardom and then there seemed to be a momentary lull. Things are going fine with Bette once more, for since "Of Human Bondage" was released, she rates high among the first-raters. She returned from a vacation trip recently, with not only the best fish stories, but the largest quantity of fish to be landed in Hollywood in many a day. She's caught up on her reading and theatregoing now, and it won't be long before she completes "Housewife" with George Brent, on her home lot—Warner Studios.

Loretta YOUNG

MANY people think that Loretta Young is just about the ten most beautiful girls in Hollywood, and we're inclined to believe that many people are right. She is certainly an ideal ingenue and combines some potent histrionics with her wistfulness and charm. Did you like her with Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"? Having completed that, and "Caravan" for Fox, Loretta reported at the M-G-M studios only to be taken suddenly ill. She is improving now.



Spencer TRACY

HE'S a fine actor; in fact, we'll wager you have never seen Mr. Tracy turn in a mediocre performance and yet, in the not-so-good old days, his father, having seen him on the stage, advised him to take up another life work—and quickly. We have an idea, however, that Père Tracy was doing a little gentle kidding. If he wasn't, he can turn in his apologies any moment now. Spenc is essentially a man's man. His next for Fox is "Marie Galante" with Ketti Gallian.

Romance A LA del RIO

BY HILARY LYNN

Dolores Del Rio, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Reginald Owen in a scene from "DuBarry," calculated to place its star way up thar on the cinematic heights. This is one of the most coveted roles of the year.

ACCORDING to the picture story of "DuBarry"—in which Dolores del Rio is starring—that capricious mistress of Louis XIV felt one day like taking a sleigh-ride. But there wasn't any snow.

You'd think this would have settled the matter for the imperious lady. Not at all. "If there isn't any snow, we'll make it," said she in a somewhat epic manner. For DuBarry had ideas on a grand scale.

So the palace staff of equerries or footmen or whoever was assigned to that kind of job at Versailles, sprinkled sugar over the ground and on all the shrubbery and trees, until the white, softly-blanketed landscape made Madame DuBarry feel that it actually had been snowing. A perfect illusion had been created for her—and she was satisfied.

Now DuBarry knew a thing or two about keeping the flame of romance burning and the value of creating beautiful illusions for heightening effects in the theatre of love. And so also does Dolores del Rio.

For Dolores insists on keeping the enchanted qualities of courtship in her every day married life with Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director.

"KEEP 'MATRIMONY' OUT OF MARRIAGE AND YOU'LL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND,"

Scott Photo

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Look pretty happy, don't they? Well, they are, and this despite the fact that Hollywood shook its head and predicted that their marriage couldn't possibly last. You see, Gibby proposed four hours after he met Dolores, and they visited the preacher four weeks later. They have worked out a "perfect understanding" that defies divorce.

Perhaps it's all quite unconscious—though I strongly suspect it to be a delightful program which she and Cedric faithfully pledged one another to carry out—a program of being married in an unmarried sort of way. Their relationship is a romantic, unexpected one. It's touching and almost unbelievable.

For instance, in that gem of a modernistic home which Cedric built and decorated in shades to set off his wife's exotic coloring—there's a *secret passage* which leads from her upstairs boudoir to his downstairs suite. Sounds positively clandestine, doesn't it? No one has probably ever had the courage to ask them why it's there. But, again, I strongly suspect it was built deliberately to lend an atmosphere of romance—a kind of stolen-meeting excitement to what otherwise might have become "just another marriage." And that's one thing Dolores and Cedric refuse to let their marriage become. The gallant, lover-like gesture is spontaneous with them, even though they're married.

When Dolores recently spent a day ill in bed, Cedric sent her six dozen gardenias. When he comes home after a nerve-jumping day (*Continued on page 87*)

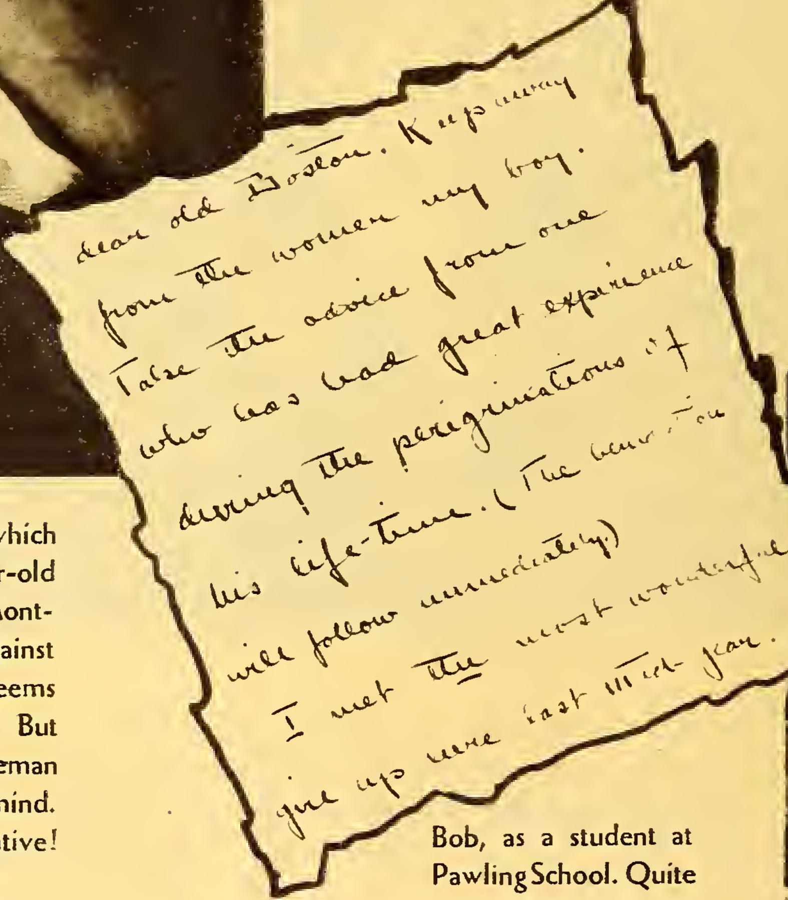
ADVISES DOLORES WHO, WED BEFORE, KNOWS WHEREOF SHE SPEAKS

Untold tales of the stars

Sophisticated SCHOOLBOY

BOB HAD "A WAY WITH HIM" EVEN THEN, SO EVERYONE TRIED TO SPOIL HIM, BUT—NO LUCK!

BY LOUISA CLARK



dear old Boston. Keep away
from the women my boy.
Take the advice from one
who has had great expirience
during the perigrinations of
his life-time. (The [illegible]
will follow immediately)
I met the most wonderful
girl up here last mid-year.

Here is part of the letter in which that very ancient, seventeen-year-old man-of-the-world, Robert Montgomery, warned his friend against women. Tch, tch, it certainly seems as if a guy can't be too careful. But in the next sentence the gentleman seems to have changed his mind. And that's a woman's prerogative!

Bob, as a student at Pawling School. Quite a Beau Brummel—eh, wot? Well, the girls all thought so.

"KEEP away from the women, my boy," wrote Bob Montgomery, aged seventeen, to a friend who was twenty-two. "Take the advice of one who has had great experience during the peregrinations of his lifetime."

A paragraph later in the same letter written at prep school, he forgot this pose of a blasé man-about-town and wrote in a burst of adolescent enthusiasm, "I met *the* most wonderful girl up here last mid-year. She is a knock-out. She is the—well, words fail me. And, by the way, she is a brunette. Funny, isn't it? She is the first brunette I have ever really liked. Every time I feel blue I get out some of her correspondence and look it over. I could rave on and on, but I won't."

This was the boy you all know as Robert Montgomery. He was called Harry then, or occasionally, Monty. And although there are dozens of things I could tell you to show you two sides of his character, I think those paragraphs from his letter illustrate perfectly his sophistication and his naiveté.

Of course any boy of that age is likely to combine the two to a certain extent, but here was Bob brazenly warning his older friend to stay away from women, and then—without realizing the incongruity of the thing—going completely ga-ga about a new girl. That was Bob, a dual personality in a sense, talking (*Continued on page 99*)

Untold tales of the stars

BY VERA INGERSOLL

SIX YEARS AGO

(Above) The handsome "lad" on the right is Katie, all set for the leading male role in Bryn Mawr's presentation of "The Truth About The Blayds." The entire cast is with her. Left you see the Hepburn looking very lovely as Pandora in "The Woman of the Moon," another college play. Katharine's next picture is "The Little Minister."

BEING THE INTIMATE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTES OF HEPBURN'S COLLEGE DAYS

HI, there, can you steer me to East Pembroke?" The speaker, a tall, angular girl of seventeen with high-cheek bones and an untidy reddish mane was new to the campus she eagerly surveyed. "Over there? Thanks. I guess you can see I'm only a frosh and rather new around here."

She smiled an oddly arresting smile, picked up her suitcase and loped in the direction of "over there" with a rather reckless display of leg. But legs were merely legs in that era. The time was September, 1924.

Four years later a group of serious-eyed, black-garbed young women sat at Bryn Mawr's forty-third commencement, listening to a distinguished speaker discuss "Ten Years After Your Graduation—What?" And among them might have been singled out that same oddly-arresting former "frosh" of the "Hi, there, can you steer me?" episode above.

What in particular lay ahead of her, as gleaned from her college performance and the casual rating of her mates?

Had she drawn any college honors? No. Her marks were mediocre.

Had she claimed any letters in athletics? No. Her interest in sports had been almost a minus quantity.

Had she shown any dramatic ability, or even interest in the undergraduate dramatics? (*Continued on page 96*)

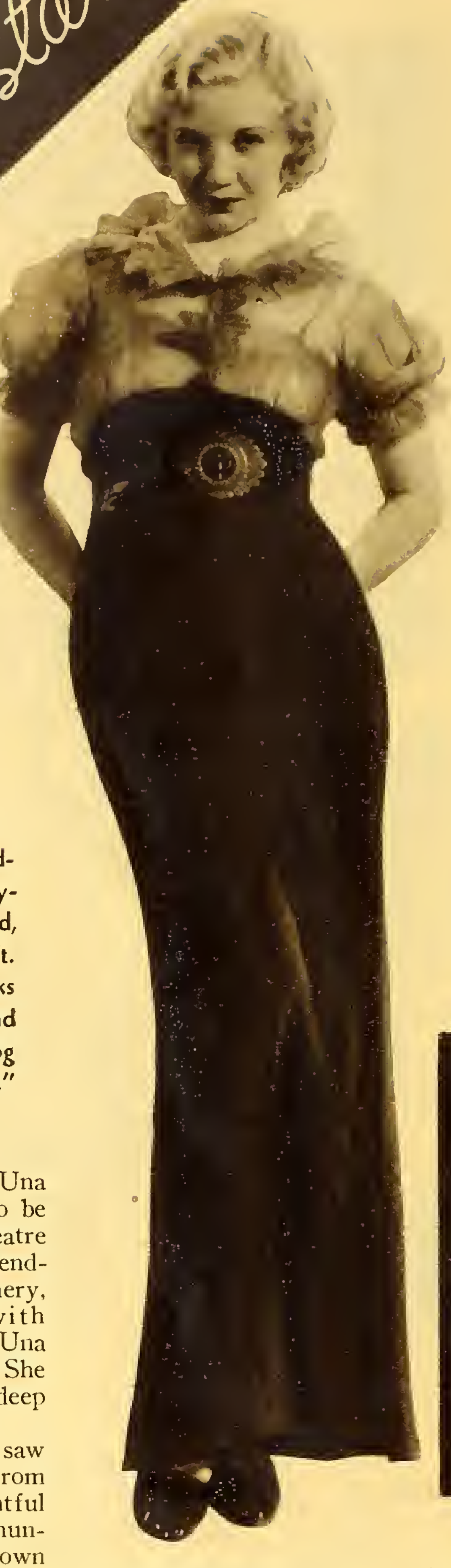
Untold tales of the stars

EX-SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

BY

CURTIS MITCHELL

UNA MERKEL KNOWS LIFE NOW, FOR SHE EXCHANGED TRANQUILITY FOR STRUGGLE, HEARTACHE AND FAME



It's a long way from leading a Bible Class to playing leads in Hollywood, but Una has done it. Right, Una as she looks in "The Cat's-Paw" and a scene from "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

IT is a wonder that Una Merkel ever chose to be an actress. The theatre is for those who like endless shifts of scenery, whose contacts with others are fleeting. Una Merkel isn't like that. She puts out roots that go deep into people's lives.

I remember one day I saw her after an absence from New York of two eventful years. The sun was thundering down on the town that afternoon I visited her. Her dressing-room in the theatre where she was making personal appearances was an oven. She was working in five exhausting shows a day. Yet, between shows, she was holding an impromptu open house for her old friends.

Her old church friends, I mean. While I was there, they came, timid and wide-eyed, to the stage door and asked for Miss Merkel. Invariably, she received them, even when she had forgotten their names and faces. They remembered her from the three years she taught a Sunday School class in New York's Hamilton Grange Dutch Reformed Church.

Two of them were old ladies in their seventies, sweet old folk who had never been backstage. Their hands shook as they clung to her. The pastor's wife came, and two eighteen-year-old girls from her Sunday School class. Another ex-pupil, living now in California, had a baby not long ago—and Una is its godmother.

The boy with whom she had her first date—she was seventeen and they went to a church dance—still sends her flowers on her birthday. Among her most regular correspondents are three girls who were fellow members of a high school club she organized.

AND there is her family, small and dear and very important to her. Her father is Arno Merkel, a patent broker. "You ought to write *his* story," she said. "He ran away from home and joined the British Merchant Marine when he was so small that he had to stand on a soap box to wash the dishes.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Untold tales of the stars

HE SOLD HIMSELF INTO SLAVERY TO A MAN HE TRUSTED, BUT MORRIS IS ON HIS WAY AGAIN

CHESTER'S UNHAPPY FRIENDSHIP

A proud Daddy with two very good reasons for being so—Cynthia and Brooks.

BY MARY SHARON

It is five years since I first met Chester Morris but my original impression of him still stands. He is the kind of fellow who would never let anybody down in a crisis, and who believes in "giving the devil his due." I can think of no better way to describe him.

Five years ago he sold himself into slavery to the man who was his best friend. The fellow "let him down," but, in spite of this fact, Chester says he will always be in debt to him for several very good reasons.

We had been talking of a mutual friend, who had "gone Hollywood" in a serious way. Suddenly, it dawned upon me that Chester had escaped this blight that ruins so many promising careers. Why? I asked him.

"I can't take any credit for it myself," he assured me. "It is one of the things I thank my ex-friend, Roland West for."

Then, he told me the story and to me it was the sanest one I have ever heard.

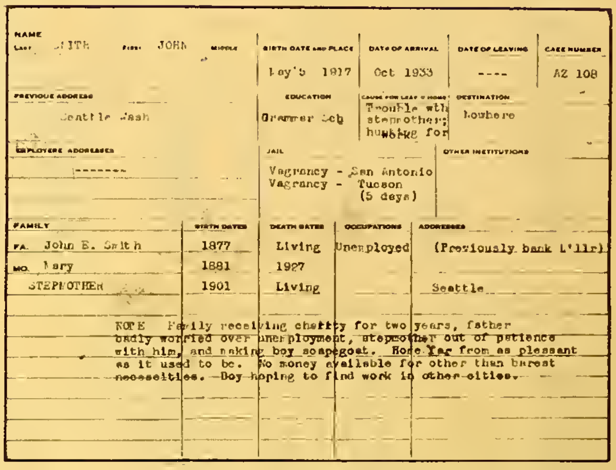
"When I first came to Hollywood, I was thrilled to death. I had the kind of chance that every young actor dreams about. It was one of those things that seems too good to be true. When I was working in 'Alibi,' I thought I was the worst ham that had ever been put into a picture, but when it was previewed, Roland West came to me and made me a startling offer. I hesitated because I thought he was making a terrible mistake. I didn't believe I had anything to give him. We argued about it and finally I accepted his offer.

"The next day, he phoned for me to sign the contract. By the terms of the agreement I was to receive a weekly salary at a comfortable figure for five years. I was satisfied with it, because I felt that contracts weren't offered beginners in Hollywood every day. I didn't even read the contract, but merely asked him to give me the details. I didn't know it, but I signed myself into complete slavery.

"I gave him the right to control my salary and invest it without consulting me and also I agreed to work in any pictures and do any roles that he saw fit to give me. By the terms of the agreement, if I was rented out at a larger figure than the one named in the contract, we were to split fifty-fifty on the amount (*Continued on page 94*)

HOLLYWOOD'S *lost* CHILDREN

(Left) Howard left his home in Chicago and set out, on foot, for Hollywood. His mother appealed to Irving Thalberg to help find her boy. But what could Mr. Thalberg do? (Right) A record of a Lost Soul—one of many in Los Angeles' various welfare agencies.



NAME
LAST SMITH FIRST JOHN MIDDLE

BIRTH DATE AND PLACE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	DATE OF LEAVING	CASE NUMBER
May 5 1917	Oct 1933	----	AZ 108

PREVIOUS ADDRESS	EDUCATION	CAUSE FOR LEAVING HOME	DESTINATION
Seattle Wash	Grammar Sch	Trouble with stepmother; hunting for work	Nowhere

EMPLOYERS ADDRESSES	JAIL	OTHER INSTITUTIONS
--------	Vagrancy - San Antonio Vagrancy - Tucson (5 days)	

FAMILY	BIRTH DATES	DEATH DATES	OCCUPATIONS	ADDRESSES
FA. John E. Smith	1877	Living	Unemployed	(Previously bank t'llr)
MO. Mary	1881	1927		
STEPMOTHER	1901	Living		Seattle

NOTE Family receiving charity for two years, father badly worried over unemployment, stepmother out of patience with him, and making boy scapegoat. Home far from as pleasant as it used to be. No money available for other than barest necessities. Boy hoping to find work in other cities.

WANDERERS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, DESTITUTE, HUNGRY, HOMELESS AND ILL CLAD—WHAT BECOMES OF THESE MOTHS WHO FLUTTER AROUND THE CINEMA FLAME?

BY JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH

OUTSIDE the casting office at M-G-M, outside the casting office at Paramount, outside the casting office wickets of any studio in Hollywood, tacked up forlornly on the bulletin boards are tragic little slips of paper. Now and then they are changed. Winter and summer they flutter there, slowly fading and yellowing. A new one goes up, an old one comes down, but always they are there, one or more of them, pitiful tokens of the most heart-rending search there can ever be.

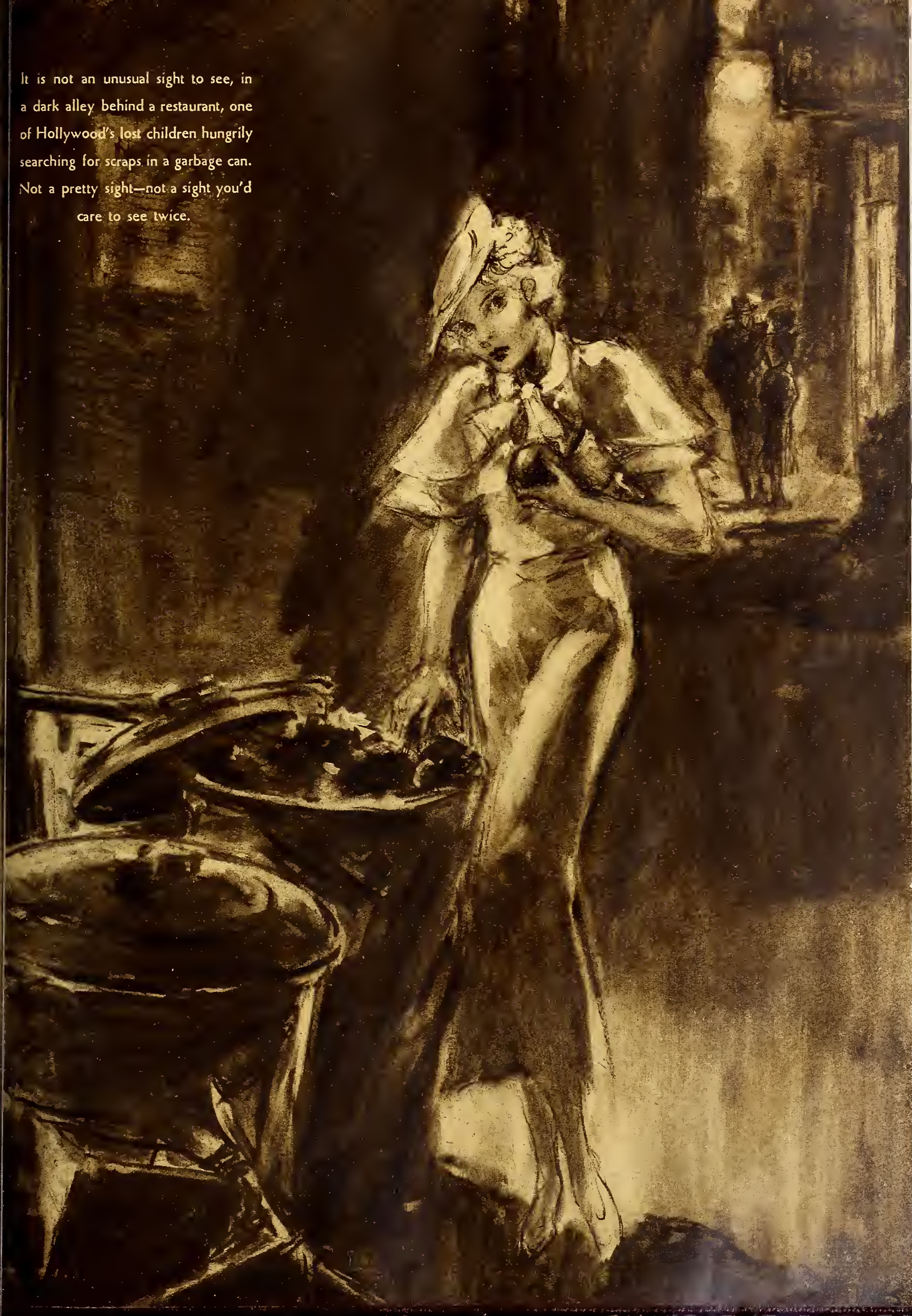
They read like this:

Missing: Doris Alcott. Doris left E——, Ohio, August, 1933. She is believed to be on her way to Hollywood to try to get into pictures. She was wearing, when last seen, a dark blue middy blouse and skirt, black silk stockings, no hat. She has a few personal effects with her in a bundle, but no money. Distinguishing marks: Doris has a front tooth broken off, so that it makes a triangle. She is 15, fair hair, ruddy complexion, freckles, blue eyes. Kindly notify Hollywood Police Dept. or Travellers' Aid Society, 106 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles.

The little slips of paper are the last, hopeless clues to Hollywood's lost children, the boys and girls who leave home to seek stardom in the picture capital and, so often as to make it the rule rather than the exception, are never heard from again. Behind them are mothers, in little farming towns, waiting for broad-shouldered, promising sons they will never see again. Behind them are those notices you see in every newspaper, telling you that "Mrs. Brown reports that her daughter, Mildred, left home for school as usual this morning. When the girl did not return, her mother became alarmed and notified the police." But the police never find Mildred Brown. Mildred is gone. She has joined the army of missing girls, that vast army, recruited from all over the land, which swells year by year and disappears over the horizon into the unknown, never to be seen again.

"There are today 250,000 youths under twenty-one who have taken to the road," says Franklin F. Newcomb of the Community Boys' Lodge, a charitable organization which attempts hopelessly to stem the tide of vagrant boys flooding into Los Angeles. Does that figure strike you as being impossibly large? During the year 1932, no less than 4,409 boys under twenty applied for relief in Los Angeles. During August,

(*Continued on page 104*)



It is not an unusual sight to see, in a dark alley behind a restaurant, one of Hollywood's lost children hungrily searching for scraps in a garbage can. Not a pretty sight—not a sight you'd care to see twice.

IT'S A GIRL! BURNS AND ALLEN KNOW, FOR THE STORK HAS NOTHING TO

BY
KATHERINE
ALBERT

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

ANTICIPATING A *blessed* EVENT

THE idea came to them one night at the Vendome Café in Hollywood.

Gracie Allen and George Burns were having dinner there when Wally Beery came in with his beautiful adopted baby.

"Oh look, George," said Gracie. "Did you ever see anything so precious?"

And just at that moment Wally Beery said to the child, "Go over and say 'hello' to Gracie."

Gracie had never met Wally Beery. She is one of the most modest girls in show business and it did not occur to her that he even knew who she was. She was embarrassed, but the baby wasn't.

The little girl slid off her chair and came straight over to the Burns-Allen table. "Hello, Gracie," she said.

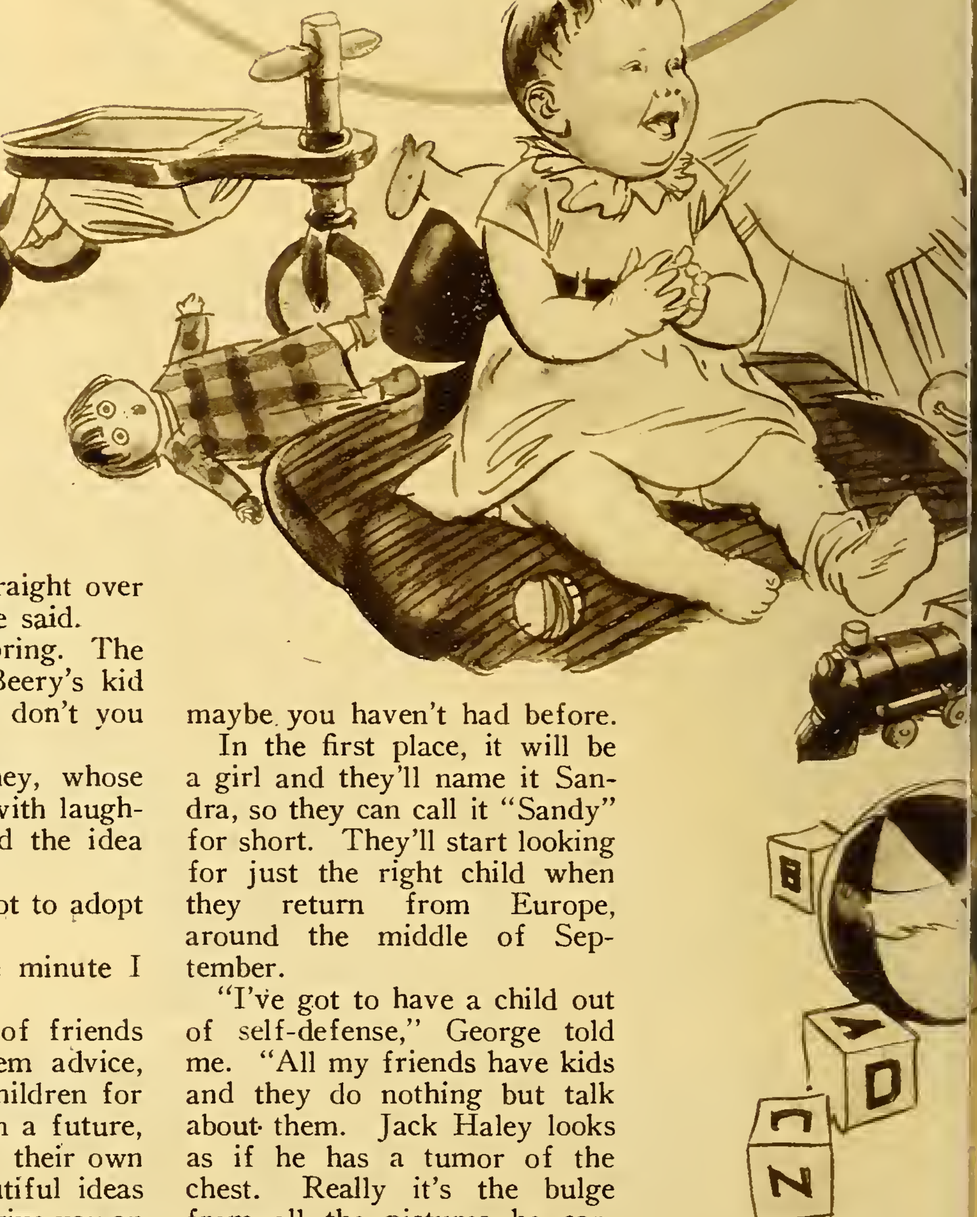
Just then Benny Rubin came in with his offspring. The two children greeted each other and Wally Beery's kid gave the Rubin child a look and said, "Why don't you come up and see us sometime?"

Well, that stopped Burns and Allen. They, whose business it is to make people laugh, screamed with laughter. And then they looked at each other and the idea was born.

"Listen, George," said Gracie, "we've just got to adopt a baby."

George's eyes were moist. "I knew it the minute I saw Beery's kid," he answered.

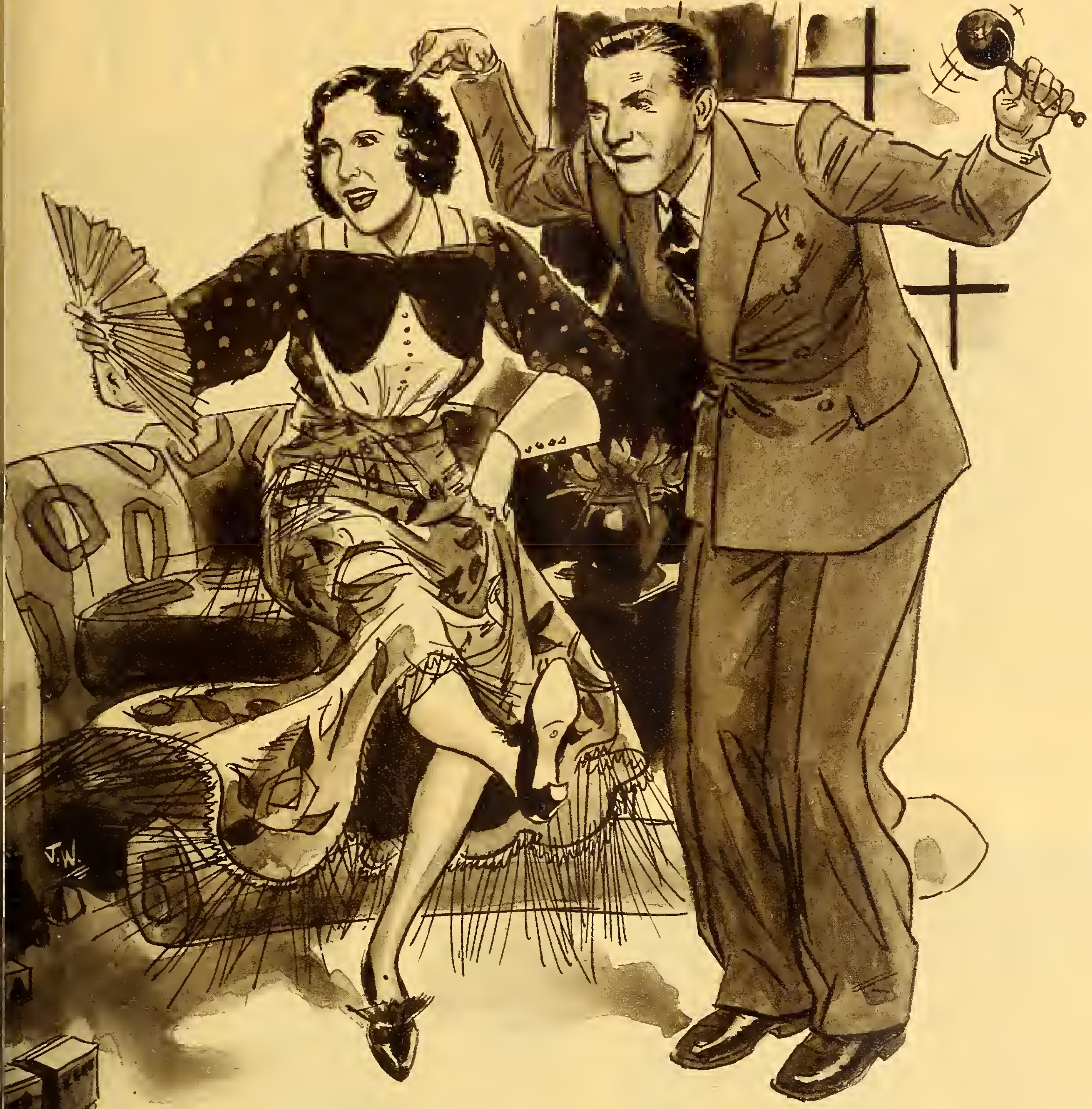
They declared their intention to a couple of friends and right away everybody started giving them advice, telling them where they could find the nicest children for adoption, how to bring up a child, how to plan a future, etc., etc. But George and Gracie have ideas of their own and they are such charming, such really beautiful ideas that I want you to hear all about them. It will give you an insight into the hearts of those two swell people that maybe you haven't had before.



In the first place, it will be a girl and they'll name it Sandra, so they can call it "Sandy" for short. They'll start looking for just the right child when they return from Europe, around the middle of September.

"I've got to have a child out of self-defense," George told me. "All my friends have kids and they do nothing but talk about them. Jack Haley looks as if he has a tumor of the chest. Really it's the bulge from all the pictures he carries around of his kid.

TO SAY ABOUT IT! THEY'RE PICKING OUT LITTLE SANDRA THEMSELVES



Undoubtedly, the first few words the baby utters will be, "Oogy, woogy!" And, just as undoubtedly, its proud parents are going to interpret them as, "Burns and Allen are my favorite comedy team!" For they feel as if their child is gonna have judgment.

EVERYBODY talks about their children. The other day a friend of mine was telling me about how well his kid could talk. He brought her up to see me. The baby said, 'Oogy, gum, gum.' My friend beamed, 'Just listen to that. Hear how plain she said she wanted a drink of water?'

"So what? So I figure all I can do is to adopt a baby, so I can join in the conversation.

"But seriously, I think it's a grand idea. Gracie wants a little girl because she likes to fuss around with her hair and clothes. And Gracie will make a swell mother because she has so much good common sense."

And if you doubt that Georgie's belief in Gracie's common sense is unfounded, then listen closely while I tell you Gracie's angle on bringing up a baby.

She had grown serious now. She wasn't goofy Gracie of the radio and screen. She was an earnest, eager young woman fully cognizant of the responsibility she is undertaking so soon.

"First of all," she said, "I think it is sort of George's and my duty to adopt a baby. We can afford it now. We love kids. It would be selfish to deny some little girl a good home. But we're going to adopt a child mainly because we love kids.

"I'm going to have a trained nurse at first, but when the baby is old enough to go to school I don't want her to be sent away to a private school. We want her to sleep in her own house. I can't see this just coming home for week-ends business. And I don't want her to get snobbish ideas, which I think some children get in private schools. I want her to be a real little girl—*(Continued on page 92)*

FROM THE STARS

Charlie Farrell was the man behind the lens as David Manners posed before his desert home.

(Above, left) Can you hear Mr. Farrell saying, "Look at the birdie?" He was busy with his camera again at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club and snapped Janet Gaynor, Kay Johnson, Frances Dee and Virginia Valli after a match. (Above, right) Looks a lot like his famous father, doesn't he, with, of course, his mother's (June Collyer) beautiful eyes. Stu Erwin, Jr., taken by papa. (Lower, left) Boys and girls, just glance at your favorite movie hero fast asleep. Mrs. Farrell thought he looked too cute, and maybe she's right!

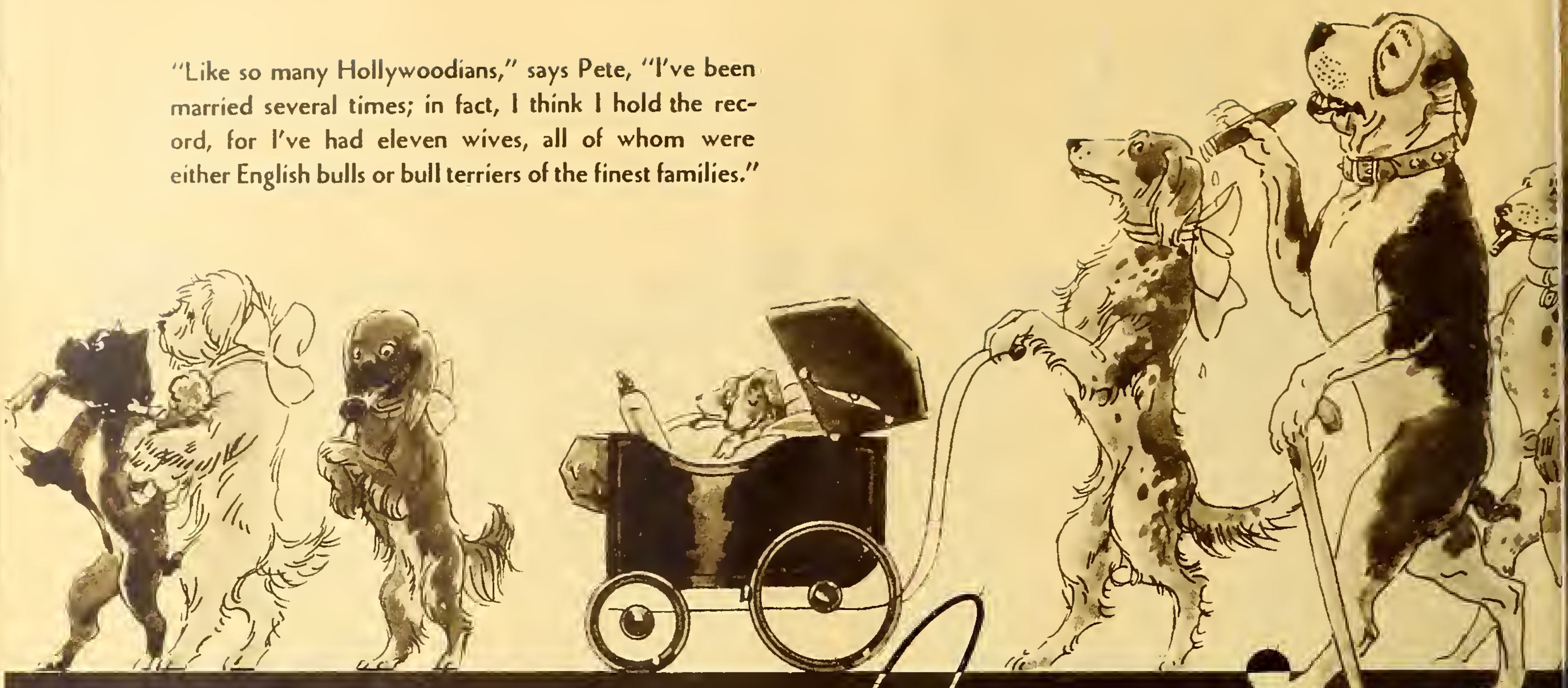
ALBUMS

HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS ARE PICTURE-TAKING FANS, TOO

All Hollywood is bicycle-mad, so Fay Wray is, too. Her husband took this pitcher.

No, it's not a 1912 Western. Just Jack LaRue, Muriel Kirkland and Randy Scott having some fun.

(Left) Claire Trevor, John Boles' leading lady in "Wild Gold," takes pictures like nobody's business. While on location, John Boles went off on an early morning fishing trip and came back with exactly two fish—no more, no less. And here's the proof. It's a treat to see the meticulously dressed Boles in this devil-may-care get-up, isn't it? (Above) Shoe-less and stocking-less are these two mermaids, Thelma Todd and Minna Gombell. And what fun it is. They're smiling at Minna's hubby, Joe Sefton.



"Like so many Hollywoodians," says Pete, "I've been married several times; in fact, I think I hold the record, for I've had eleven wives, all of whom were either English bulls or bull terriers of the finest families."

MY EXCLUSIVE

BY PETE THE DOG STAR

AS BARKED AT ROBERT EICHBERG

NOT ALL DOGS LEAD A DOG'S LIFE! HERE'S PETE, WITH CELEBRITIES FOR PALS AND SPECIAL "CUTS" FOR DINNER

"I'm very vain," admits Pete. "I simply love to look at myself in the mirror."

HELLO, folks!

You've seen me in "Our Gang," in many Educational Comedies and as Tige in the Buster Brown series, and from my actions on the screen you can probably guess the secret of my success: I honestly and sincerely like people—all kinds of people. I make friends easily.

I've often wanted to get to know my fans better, but I've been too busy to spare any time for interviewers. Now, however, my master, Lieut. Harry Lucenay, and I are taking things easy for a few days, so I can tell you the story of my life.

I've known Harry ever since I was two months old—met him through my father, Pal, in fact. Pal was an actor, too, a bull terrier, under contract to Famous Players-Lasky. He played in Century Comedies and once co-starred with Wally Reid. Cecil B. De Mille was his director, too.

Well, Father and Harry belonged to each other.

One day Father met an English bull—one of the Holly-

LIFE STORY...

wood social set. It was love at first sight and their romance resulted in me. Harry adopted me two months later.

He and I hit it off right from the start, for he realized what an education can do for a dog. He began giving me an hour a day of private instruction immediately and within a month I appeared in my first picture, "Dog Sense."

First Harry taught me obedience, to come when he called me. He rewarded me with a pat and a kind word when I obeyed him, and scolded me when I didn't. He's never struck me, but my feelings are easily hurt, and when he scolds me I just feel as though the world had come to an end, until he relents and pats me a few minutes later.

After I'd learned to come to him, I was taught to sit down, lie down, "beg," shake hands and do the other, more complicated tricks I perform on the screen.

THE talkies, by the way, were quite a problem, for Harry sits on the sidelines and coaches me. In the old silent days he could call out and tell me what to do, but when the movie cameras grew ears we had to work out a code of signs. Now he beckons me to come, raises his hand like a traffic cop for me to stop, waves his hand in a circle to signify "lie down and roll over," flips his fingers like an Italian playing "Odds and Evens" when he wants me to bark, and so forth.

Like so many Hollywoodians, I've been married several times; in fact, I think I hold the record, for I've had eleven wives, all of whom were either English bulls or bull terriers of the finest families, except for Mitzi, who was a dashing French bull. All in all, I have had forty-seven children, most of them boys. Harry always hoped that I'd have a son who looked like me to carry on my work when I retire, but so far, no luck. That ring around my eye, you see, is not painted there; it's natural, and apparently not hereditary.

All my children are living a life of ease, while their father continues working. I'm not doing so badly now, considering the recent depression, for I've averaged $20,000 a year for the past five years.

Harry takes very good care of me. He feeds me a pound and a half of meat every day, raw in the winter, cooked in summer, and never makes me eat any vegetables. He also gives me dog biscuits, and once a year for about two weeks he puts me on a raw-eggs-and-milk diet. I weigh sixty pounds and am eighteen inches tall at the shoulders. My teeth are brushed with a regular tooth brush and powder every morning and evening, and just before I go to bed my eyes are washed with a wash made to prescription by the druggist.

We go out for long walks—at least five miles—every day, and when I'm home I punch the bag. I use my nose, of course. It keeps me in training for ball playing, my favorite diversion.

One day Harry and I were having a catch when a cop came along. I was arrested for indecent exposure, not having a muzzle on, and Harry went to the station house with me. I tried to explain to the judge that I wouldn't bite anybody, but he fined us ten dollars anyway.

I JUST said I wouldn't bite anybody. Let me take that back. Any real he-dog would nip somebody who was attacking a friend, and I did that just once. It was an accident, too, and didn't I feel foolish when I found it out!

"Our Gang"—the whole bunch of us—was making a personal appearance on the stage of a Chicago theatre. As the curtain was coming down, the Master of Ceremonies made a pass at little Wheezer with his foot. I didn't know that he was just kidding, so I made a dive at him and caught the seat of his pants. Well, he dashed off the stage, but the pants and I stayed there.

Harry ran onto the stage and grabbed me. Then he explained that the M. C. was only playing with Wheezer and showed me the two of them together. I was the most embarrassed dog you ever saw, (*Continued on page 91*)

DO HARDSHIPS HELP

YES!

Here are Karen Morley and Tom Keene in "Our Daily Bread," the story the ambitious Keene waited and wished for.

TOM KEENE CLAIMS THAT A ROCKY ROAD INSURES PERMANENT SUCCESS

SURE, I think it is a good thing to suffer for your work. It's a good thing to have to work for anything you get in life. It makes you appreciate it after you get it."

It was young, clear-eyed Tom Keene speaking, a determined, enthusiastic chap who has just finished his role in "Our Daily Bread," the most important picture of his career, a picture on which he staked everything——and won! His performance in this picture has been labeled by critics and fans alike as "inspired" and has won him offers from every studio.

"Hard knocks are good for a fellow," he continued. "Having to fight your own way makes you use your head. There's nothing so admirable in the fact that I have earned my way since I was ten years old," he said modestly. "I had to do it. It was a case of fighting for my existence. It's just like being thrown into a stream when you can't swim. You make for the nearest bank and although you don't know the Australian Crawl, you give your best imitation of it. You swim, all right, because you have to or you go under.

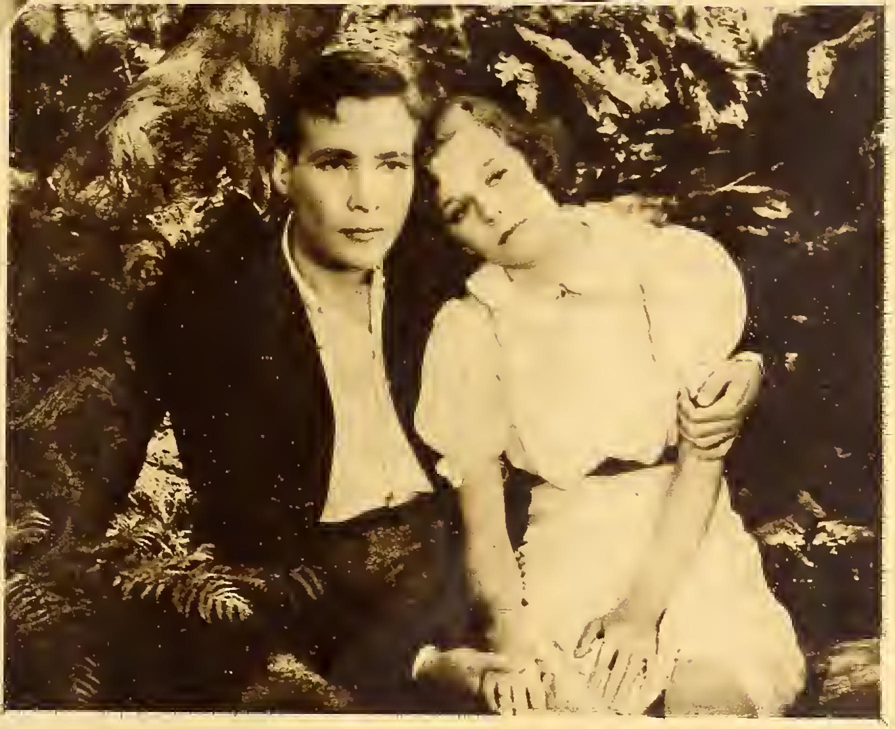
"Sure, I've been hungry, but that didn't hurt me. Who hasn't been hungry? Hell, that's nothing. Of course I've had holes in my shoes. I was lucky when I had shoes. Those things don't matter. Things like that only make you appreciate it more when you get a break."

You can't discover a nickel's worth of self-pity in Tom Keene's make-up. "Ive been *(Continued on page 88*

A FELLOW?

BY FRANC DILLON

NO!



Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?", a picture in which Doug scored mightily.

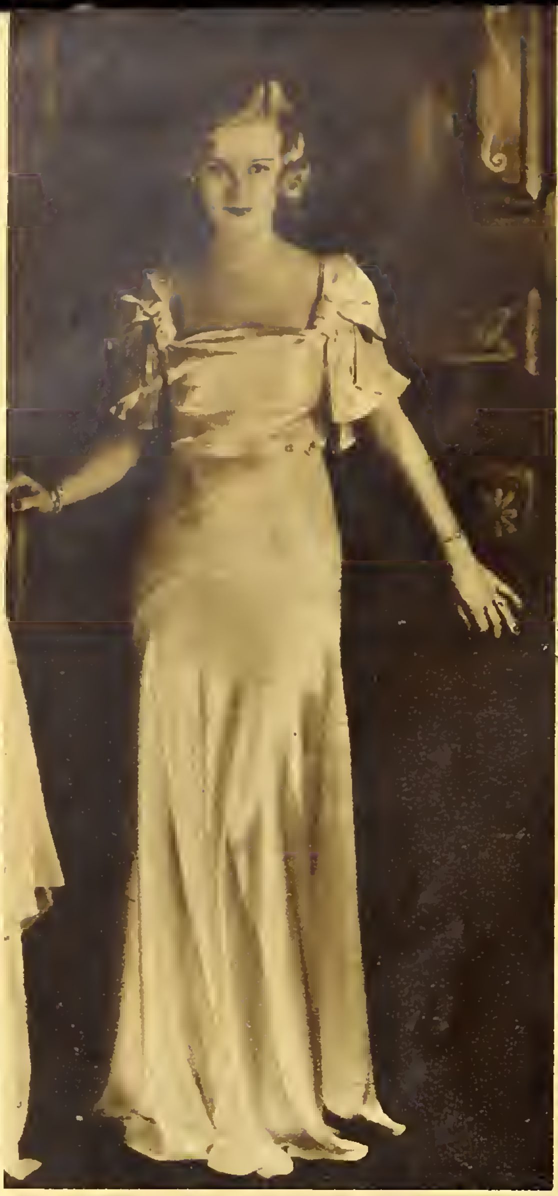
DOUG MONTGOMERY DECLARES AN EASY LIFE MAKES FOR EARLY FAME

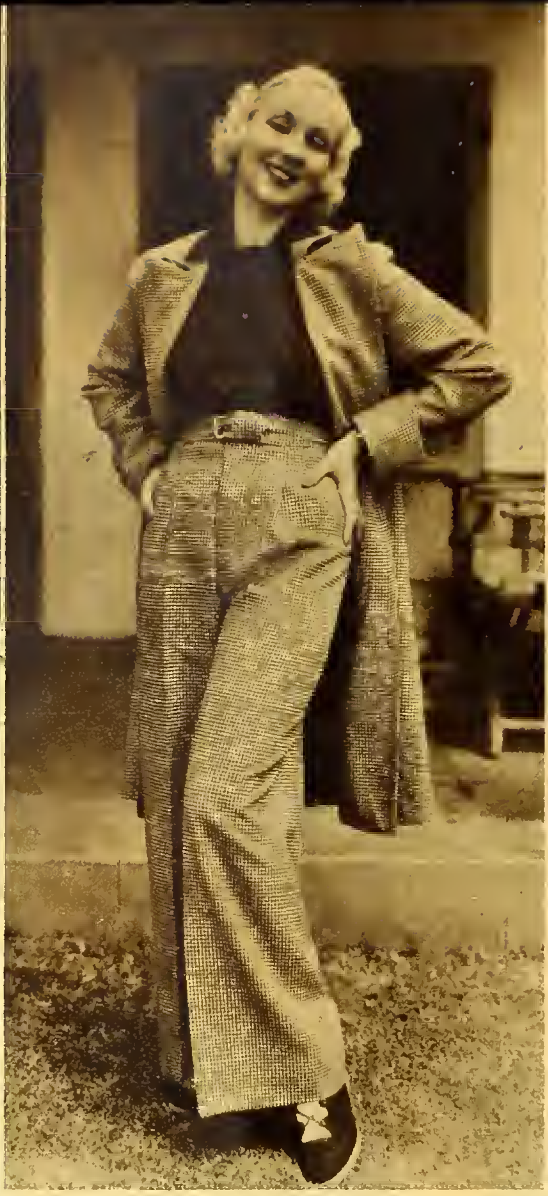
"OF course it isn't necessary to suffer for your art," said Douglass Montgomery heatedly. "That's an exploded theory. It's all nonsense. That idea went out of date along with eyebrow acting and chewing scenery. Hardships when you are young take away your initiative and leave you with no enthusiasm for your work when opportunity comes."

That from the boy who, since his sensational performance in "Little Man, What Now?" has been hailed as Hollywood's newest rave, a boy who has never known privation, who has never wanted for any material thing, who has had every luxury and advantage that money and influence could buy, who has been aided and encouraged in his every ambition by his doting parents, but who has worked as hard as the poorest boy in the street at the work he wanted to do and has made a success at the age of twenty-three.

"If I had a son I would give him every assistance," he continued. "I would see that he never had a worry or distraction to take his mind and energy from the goal he had set out for. I would treat him as my parents have treated me. I would make everything as easy for him as I possibly could.

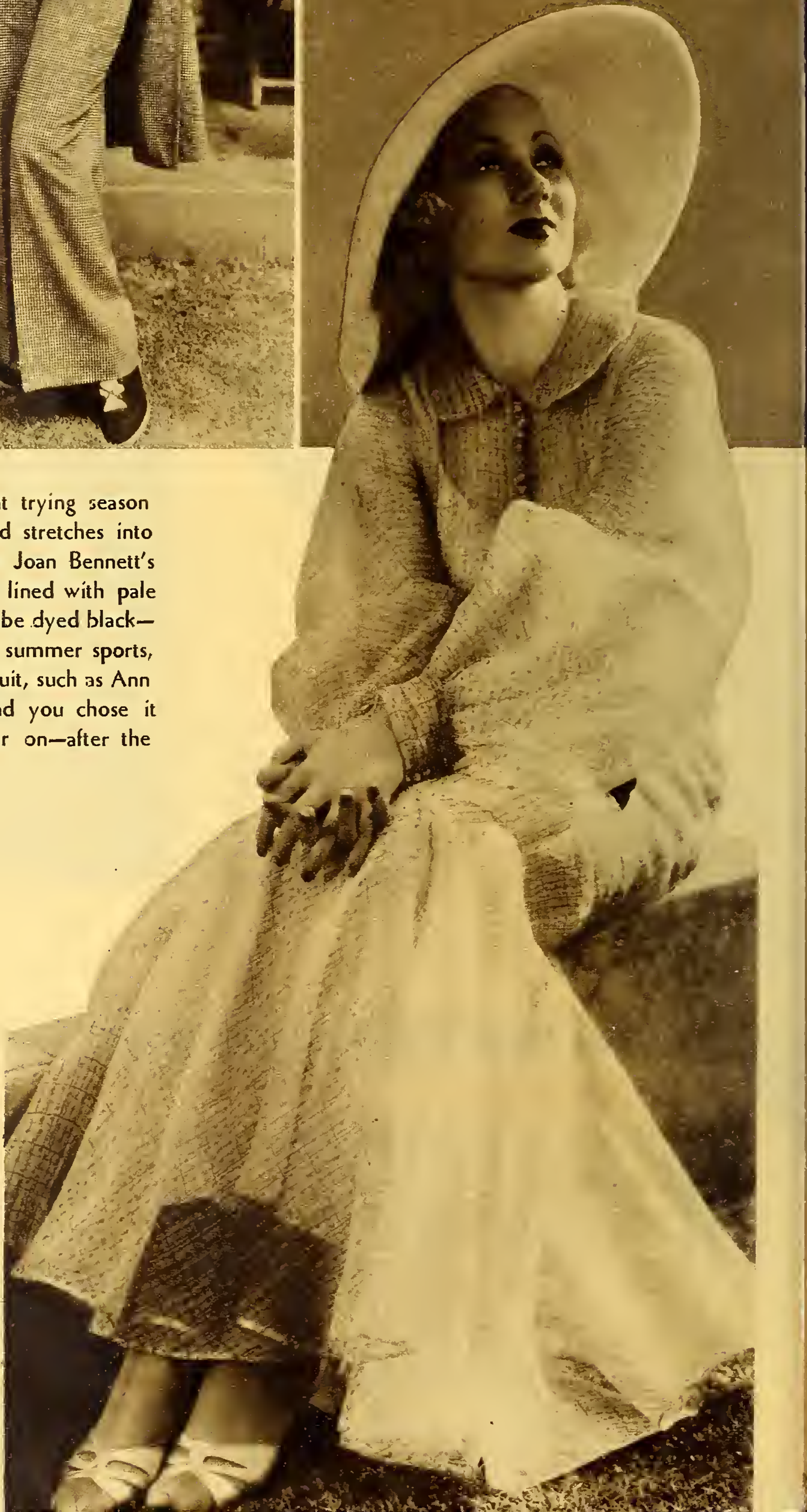
"I think having success too early, with too little effort on the actor's part, can hurt a career more than financial assistance," he said. "You see, I began so young that I had a measure of success when *(Continued on page 90)*



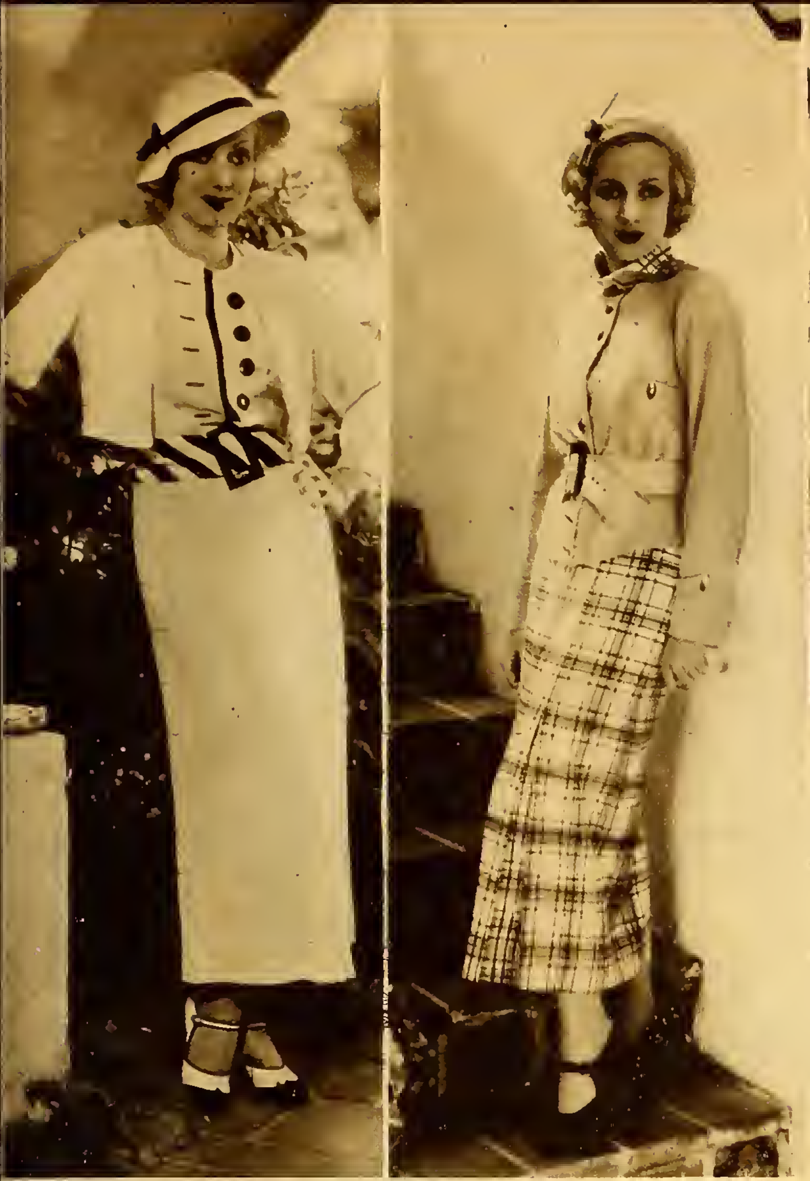


(Below) Ann has a plaid permant organdie. (Permant means that it won't muss and won't wilt with washing.) She does it in shirtwaist style, with the utmost charm. As the dress stands now, it's the thing for a summer party. Later, the blouse can be worn with a skirt or suit. The colors are yellow, brown and white.

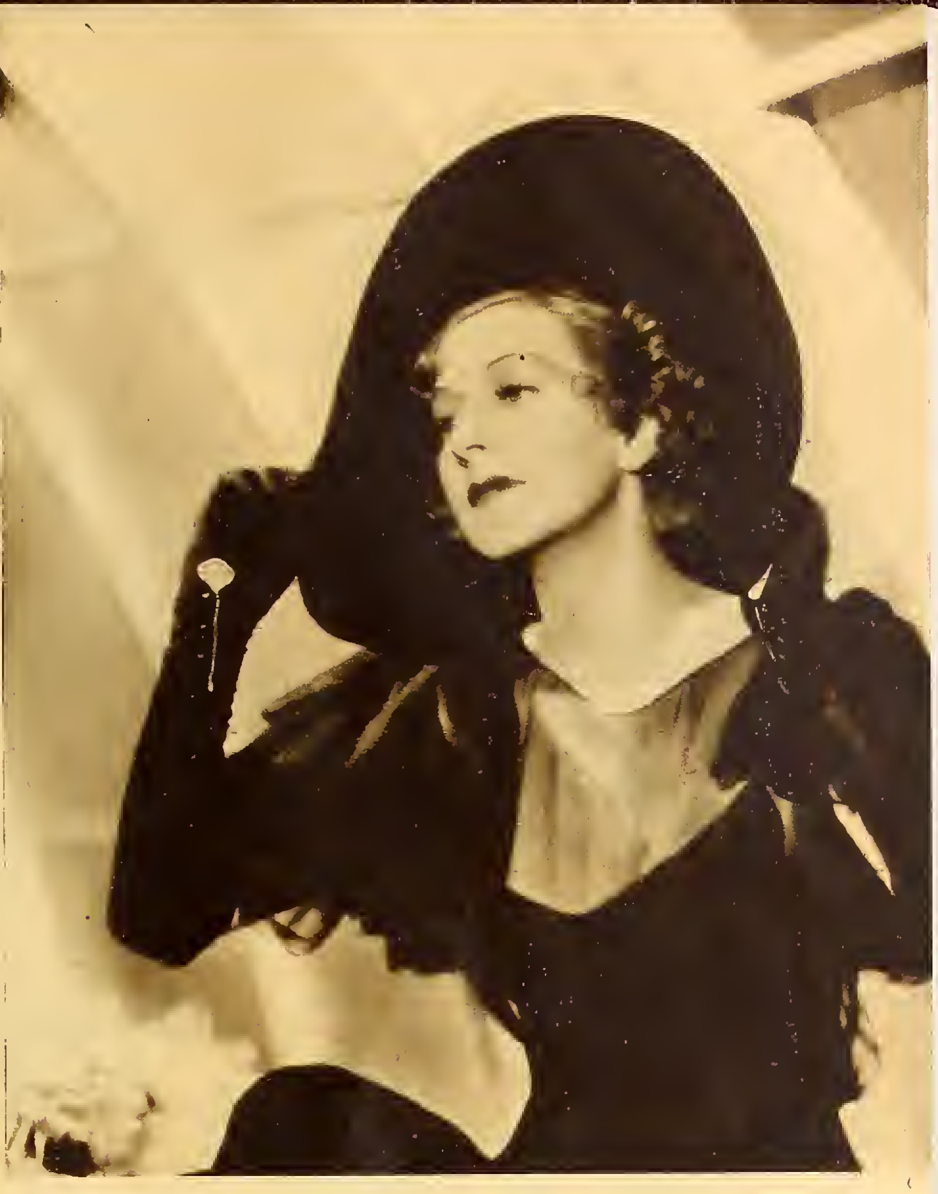
If it's an evening dress that is needed for that trying season which begins with the dog days of August and stretches into Indian Summer, why not have it of satin, like Joan Bennett's (left)? It is white and the shoulder bows are lined with pale green. After it is through being white, it can be dyed black—good for two seasons at least. Then, for late summer sports, try a brown and white checked flannel slacks suit, such as Ann Sothern is wearing (right). You will be glad you chose it when you are lounging about the house later on—after the temperature goes down.



IN-BETWEEN SEASONS—LIKE THE IN-BETWEEN AGE—ARE DIFFICULT AT BEST. HERE ARE SOME EXCITING HINTS FOR YOUR END-OF-THE-SUMMER WARDROBE



Two more outfits that will "carry over." (Left) Ann's pink pastel crepe combines a sleeveless dress and Eton jacket. It is trimmed with brown. You can wear such a dress under a brown topcoat—good until late fall. (Right) Ann also wears a yellow chamois jacket with a brown and yellow plaid wool skirt. There is a soft linen blouse under the coat, so that, for hot days or cool ones, the ensemble, or parts of it, are swell.



Black—and what a winner that is, just about this time of the year. The smartest color of all for dressy dressing. Gertrude Michael appreciates its value and adds picturesqueness to the graceful chiffon gown with a wide-brimmed black hat and long black kid gloves. She's ready for the cocktail hour or dinner dancing.

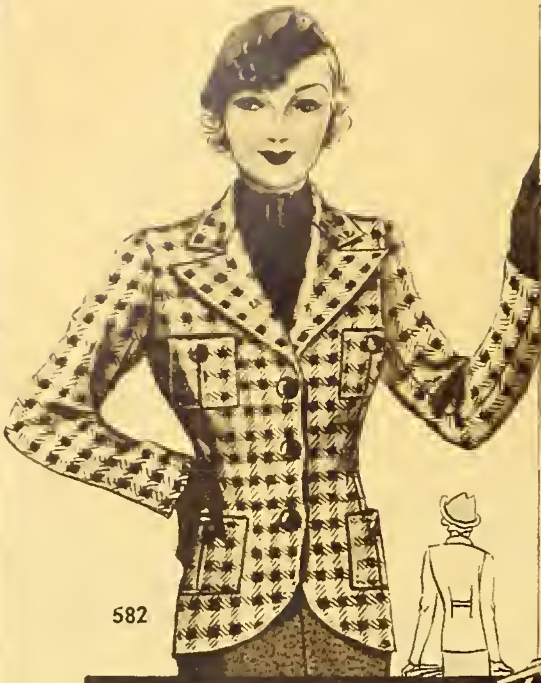
PEPPING UP YOUR wardrobe

BY MARGERY WELLS

PEP up a drooping wardrobe! For clothes will become weary when the dog days come, even as you and I. When your spirits are low, there is nothing in the world like a new dress or a blouse or something made over into a new guise to give you a whole new lease on life. I know what I am talking about. I take this tonic often in preference to things in bottles, and it works wonders. Why, a new hat, even, will readjust my entire viewpoint on life, if the hat does things for me.

If you are clever, you will buy these late summer wardrobe additions with a weather eye cast toward fall. By that I mean choose something that is not too particularly a midsummer fashion. Choose something that will carry over into the next season.

For example: it is the middle of August. You need—are positively crying for—a new suit. Very well, then get one of those dark-toned, loosely woven tweeds, preferably with a hip-length coat, for then it will make an interesting accompaniment to your heavy topcoat until Christmas time. And if the weather is too hot, just at the moment, to wear the suit's coat continually, you can make or buy a blouse that will give a two-piece effect along with the tweed skirt. I am thinking of a green tweed I saw. One of those leaf-green shades that are the most intriguing of all the *(Continued on page 100)*



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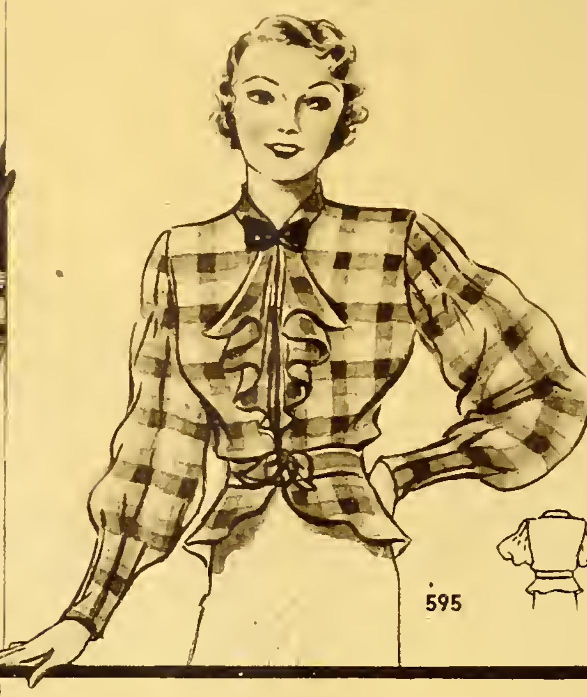

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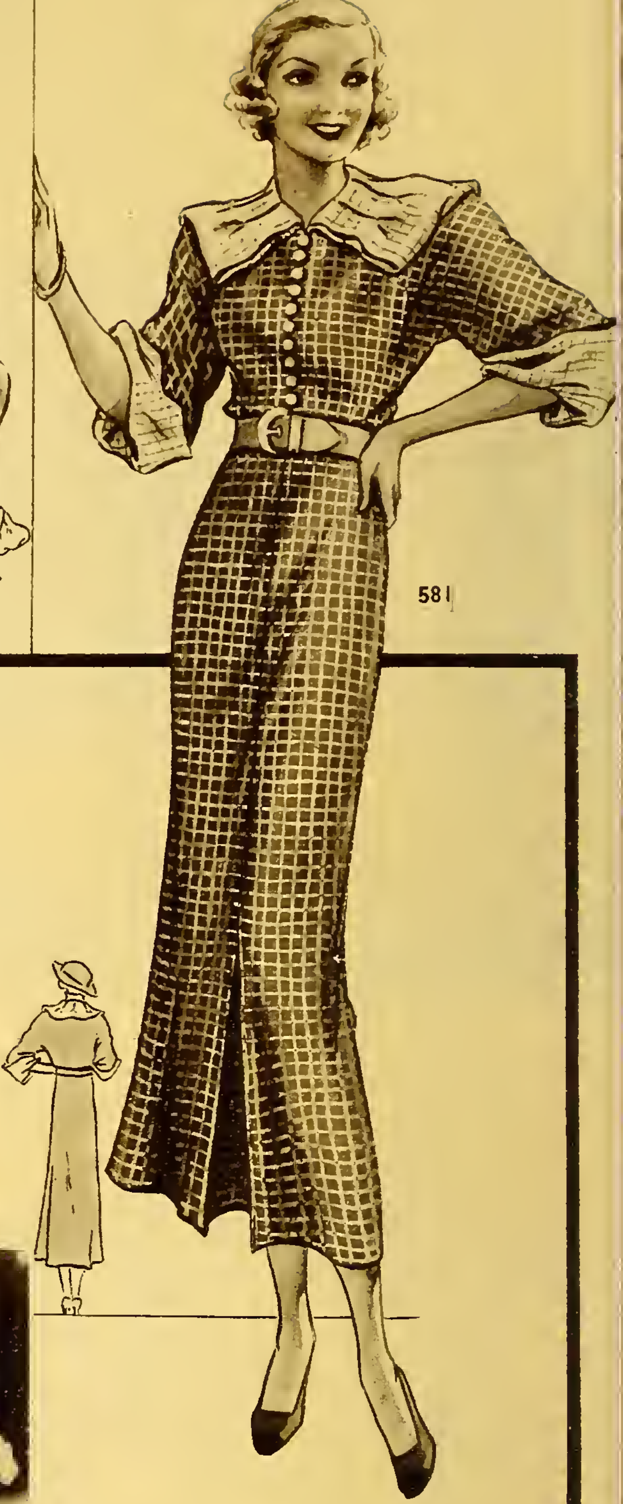


581

MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*

582—Want to look ultra-sporty and race-trackey? Then make yourself this jacket of brown and white linen which Ann Sothern wears so jauntily. It's single-breasted, three buttons in front, breast and hip pockets, and is belted in back. She wears it in "Blind Date." Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36, 38, 40 bust.

595—A very useful blouse is the one worn by Joan Marsh in RKO's "We're Rich Again." Made of black and red sheer crepe, high neck-line, the popular full sleeve and general tailored lines. May be worn with a long black crepe skirt or a sports skirt. In sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36—40 bust.

581—A dress you'll get an awful lot of wear out of both summer and winter. Flattering to the slim and slenderizing to the not-so-slim. A wide double collar, a sleeve that's refreshingly different and a simple skirt. Ann Sothern wears it in red and white checked crepe. Sizes 14, 16, 18; 36—40 bust.

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

You will find some excellent knitting patterns on page 16.

"Their Skin is 10 years younger than their Age"

Dermatologists examine skin of noted beauties

Find it free from skin faults usual at their age

Mrs. Robert McAdoo

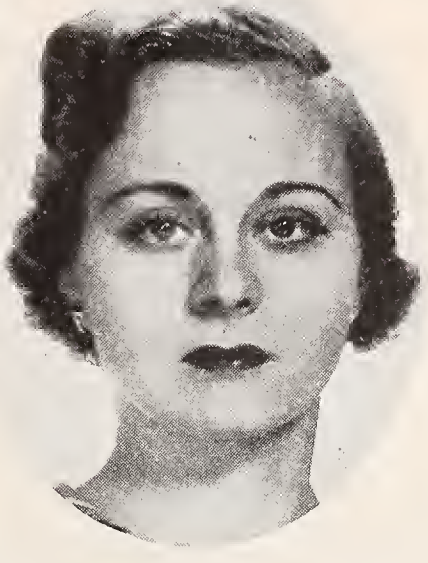
"Mrs. McAdoo's skin has the fresh appearance of a skin in the twenties. There are no noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. McAdoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."

Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in her teens. Circulation very good. No blemishes."—*London Physician's report.*

Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother. Lines left, never came back."

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points.

Loss of tone . . . impaired vasomotor circulation . . . development of wrinkles . . . loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." Its texture is satiny . . . the color glows. The skin is firm—unlined.

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins. Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

Then the skin shrinks! Gets harsh—lined.

Replace natural oils . . . this way

The only way to check these faults is to replace those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is the reason the women who use Pond's have skin that appears a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age.

Today—1 out of every 5 women who use cream uses Pond's — though there are over a thousand creams!

POND'S
EXTRACT COMPANY
COLD CREAM FOR
Cleansing

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* serves the same purposes — is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

Deep-penetrating, Specially Processed Oils in this Cream keep skin Young—*soft—wrinkle-free*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS

in 20's

Roughness

Blackheads and large pores

Dryness

Laughter lines

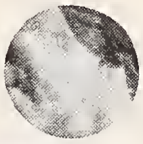
Little blemishes

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS

after 30

Crêpy skin

Worry lines



Sallowness

Sagging tissues

Discolorations

Pond's is a superb cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing, for softening, for tissue stimulation—always before applying make-up. Pond's Cold Cream serves every complexion need.

Pond's also makes Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches the skin. Not only is this new cream a thorough cleanser, but it contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
50 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a three days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

The charm of lovely eyes *can be yours* with MAYBELLINE

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Let's Fight for Our Movies

(*Continued from page 27*)

picture that is tremendously successful at the box office is the one that has been advertised by the people, by word of mouth. In other words, the stamp of public approval is placed on a motion picture (and this is the *only* real approval) because it is found to be good entertainment by the majority.

NOW then, let us look at the pictures that have received this vast public approbation, or shall we call it "the loud voice of the great majority?" Let us see, by examination, just what we would lose in the way of entertainment were we to allow this minority to dictate to the majority. What were the greatest pictures of the past five years? What were the "Ten Best Pictures" of each year from 1929 to 1934? Here they are:

Disraeli, Broadway Melody, Madame X, Rio Rita, Gold Diggers of Broadway, Bulldog Drummond, In Old Arizona, The Cock-Eyed World, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, Hallelujah, All Quiet on the Western Front, Abraham Lincoln, Holiday, Journey's End, Anna Christie, The Big House, With Byrd at the South Pole, The Divorcee, Hell's Angels, Back Street, Cimarron, Street Scene, Bad Girl, Min and Bill, Front Page, Five Star Final, City Lights, A Free Soul, Sin of Madelon Claudet, Grand Hotel, The Champ, Arrowsmith, The Guardsman, Smilin' Through, Scarface, Cavalcade, 42nd Street, Private Life of Henry VIII, Lady for a Day, State Fair, Farewell to Arms, She Done Him Wrong, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Maedchen in Uniform, Rasputin and the Empress.

How many of "The Ten Best" would you lose if the type of minority censorship, which is now threatened, had been in power during the five years just past? I shall point out a few.

"The Divorcee." This picture would be banned simply because of its subject matter—divorce. Did it contaminate you? Would you like to give it up from your memories of happy hours spent in the theatre?

"Back Street." A picture with this theme wouldn't have a chance of gaining admittance. It would come under the head of "the type of picture dealing with the seamy side of life." It was a truly beautiful picture, though, wasn't it?

"Farewell to Arms." At least, the critical minority would cut out the memorable scene of seduction under the monument—although at the time that picture was showing several of my most devout friends called this scene, "the most poignantly beautiful scene ever to appear in picture form." Would you like to lose "Farewell to Arms"?

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM." A German-made picture that truly stirred artistic people to praise and by its record, must have played to at least fifty million theatre-goers. I wouldn't like to stand the chance of losing this picture, would you?

And we could list many more: "Bill of Divorcement," "She Done Him Wrong," "Grand Hotel," "Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Cock-Eyed World," "Anna Christie," "Hell's Angels, "Bad Girl," "The Front Page" and "Street Scene." In fact, at least half of the "Best Pictures of the Year" would never have reached us had we been silly enough to allow a minority to lead us for the past five years.

Are we going to sit back, as did the majority on one other memorable occasion, and allow the minority to foist their ideas off on us? Don't forget, it took the majority fourteen years to awaken to their own convictions in one case. Are we going to allow this to happen again? Are we willing to take the chance that for the next fourteen years we shall see only gaga, unreal and biased entertainment, or are we going to stand on the house-tops in the beginning and force the minority to accept the fact that the majority rules?

"But," say the minority, "you are contaminating youth and your pictures are not fit for the young!"

Bosh! In the first place, children will not go to see "children's pictures." This has been proved in each of the many instances where Hollywood has tried to meet the minority by making pictures with a children-appeal. "Skippy" was a success. "Alice in Wonderland" was a failure. In each case, it was not the children who made the picture a success or failure, it was the adults. The adults liked "Skippy" and they did not like "Alice in Wonderland" and for that reason alone one was a success and the other a failure. In the second place, I, for one, cannot subscribe to the fact that the youth of our present generation is any better or any worse than the youth of any other generation. Listen to what one famous leader and teacher has to say on the subject of movies and the children:

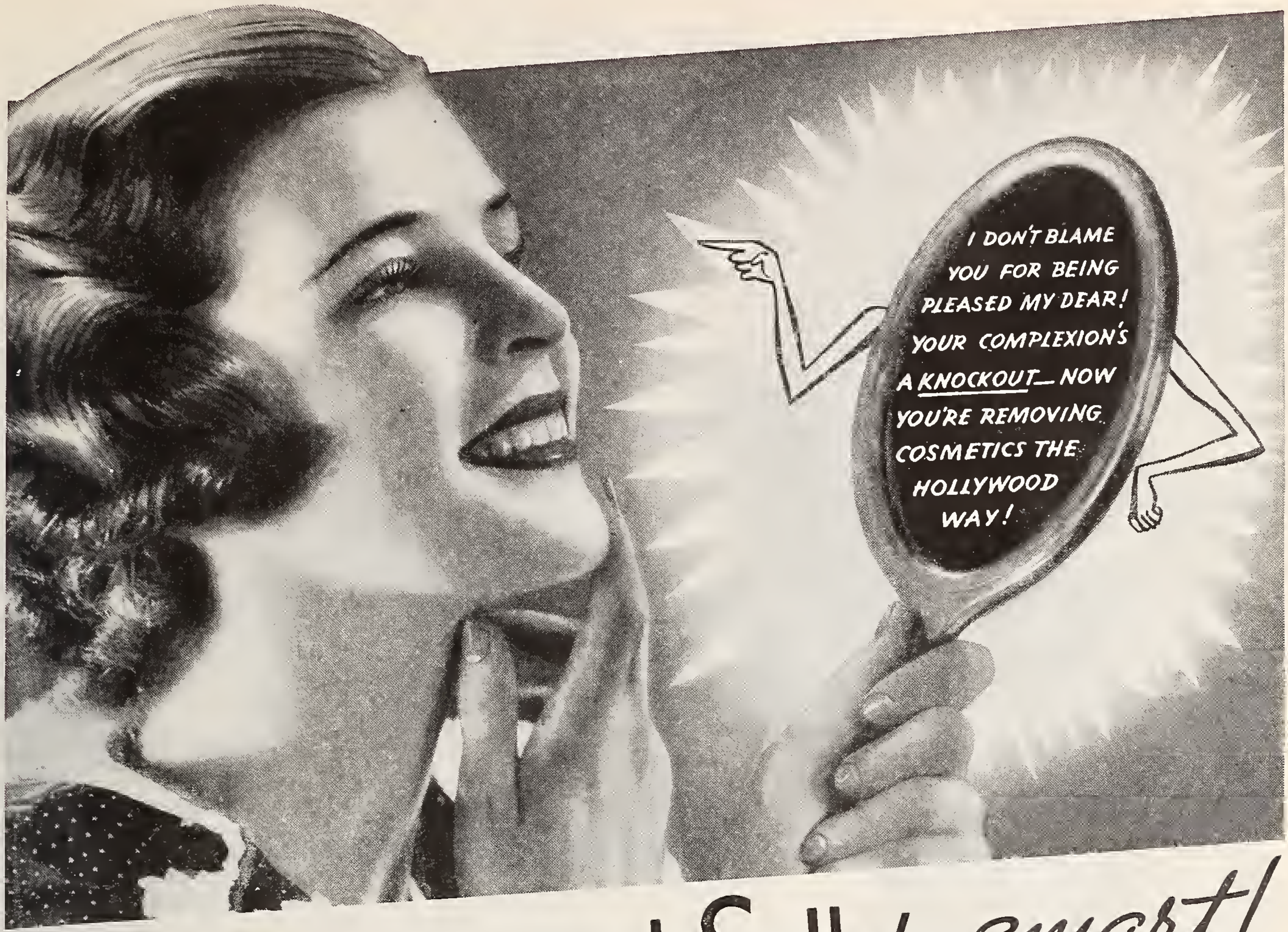
"No normal person of any age can be influenced by the movies to do anything that is normally foreign to him. Those defectives, who are criminally inclined, need no movies or hypnotism to influence them to crime or other wrong-doing." This same man also places before us another fact from his experience: "To be good, one must experience the bad. The movies are the safest vicarious experience for normal young men and women. The movies not only entertain them, but give them a good education in mastering the vicissitudes and hardships of life which they might have to overcome at the expense of much greater cost."

In Europe, screen entertainment often comes under the head of propaganda. If a picture isn't teaching a "lesson," it is not considered worth while. Perhaps that accounts for a bit of boredom on the part of audiences abroad. How would you like lectures served up to you under the head of amusements?

Of course Hollywood makes mistakes. Each picture is, in reality, a judgment. Some man or group has to sit in judgment and decide that each of the five hundred pictures that is made each year is "good entertainment." Of course they make mistakes. But the fact remains that most of these mistakes relegate the resultant pictures to the list of "the worst pictures of the year" (at the box office) and thus the public has said, in effect, "You were wrong, Mr. Producer, we do not like this judgment. There is something in this picture that is not handled with good taste. We will not tell our friends to see this picture." Why shouldn't the public be allowed to pick and choose rather than a few reformers?

Hollywood, however, is the very first to realize that smut-for-smut's-sake doesn't pay and, in fact, shouldn't be used in pictures. Five years ago they began paying the salary of Will Hays whose sole duty was to sit in judgment after the producer had decided. Beyond this, Hollywood has

(*Continued on page 78*)


I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PLEASED MY DEAR! YOUR COMPLEXION'S A KNOCKOUT — NOW YOU'RE REMOVING COSMETICS THE HOLLYWOOD WAY!

Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin

MIRIAM HOPKINS PARAMOUNT STAR

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME *gets the picture*

KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX.
2½ x 4¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V616

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

(*Continued from page 76*)

been faced with several State Censor Boards and almost three hundred Municipal Censor Boards. Within the past few months, Hollywood has gone even a step further in attempting to produce entertainment that would offend no one: a paid censor on the set of every picture in production.

But what is objectionable?

THIS question remains unanswered because my experience proves to me conclusively that this question *may* be answered in almost as many different ways as there are members of the minority. For example:

Some years ago, I was in the office of C. B. DeMille when he received two communications from censor boards concerning their reaction to his current picture. Both of them were telegrams, both arrived at a single moment, both concerned the same subject and here is just about how they read:

1. "We have just viewed your latest picture (naming it) and find that we shall have to ban it completely from our theatres. No amount of cutting would make it possible to sanction its appearance."

2. "Congratulations! We have just seen your picture (naming it) and want to take this means of telling you how happy we are that it is to appear in the theatres of our city. It will prove to be a great moral lesson to our community, one of the greatest it has ever received from the screen."

Well, what is the answer? The above examples are indicative of the usual vacillation of the person or body who sets out to say what is good and what is not. One body decries divorce—so we shall never show divorce on the screen? Another refuses to countenance medical treatment—so we shouldn't show "Men in White?" Each other body has a separate and different axe to grind in the cause of youth and morals. How can Hollywood satisfy them all? Or, has it already done an almost super-human job along that line? After all, motion pictures are but twenty-five years old and are the fourth largest industry in the country. Did they arrive at that position by continually offending the moral and decent outlook of the great majority?

As Rupert Hughes said recently in a magazine article:

". . . I do not believe that the motion picture has ever brought any evil to a community that did not already exist there, but it has brought untold happiness, entertainment, surcease from sorrow, the ability to laugh at depressing circumstances and a relief from monotony to millions. I think it is about time for someone to come out in favor of Hollywood."

Then I should like to be that one.

I am for Hollywood. I sincerely believe that the famous product of Hollywood, motion pictures, is a great and present need in the lives of all of us. I further believe that the great majority of movie-goers would prefer to have variety in their entertainment: Disraeli, Back Street, State Fair, Broadway Melody, Cimarron, Min and Bill, Bad Girl. I believe that Hollywood should rightfully be allowed as much freedom, at least, as they have had in the past while they make a sincere effort to bring to you the sort of decent entertainment you enjoy.

Get behind Hollywood! See that the Voice of the Great Majority is raised before it is too late!

WHAT THE NATION'S BIG-WIGS THINK OF THE CURRENT WAR ON PICTURES
Read what prominent clergymen and national personalities have to say about this censorship fuss in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN

One Girl's True Hollywood Experiences

(*Continued from page 33*)

putting you in stock." I felt dizzy. "Say at about thirty-five or forty dollars a week. We want to train you a while in small parts, so you won't be camera-shy."

There was a lot more but I can't remember it. A contract offer—or anyway, a half-promise of one. All I recall now is that I sailed out of that office like Little Eva Going to Heaven. Maybe some day I'll be a star. But I know right now that never will any success give me the heart-thrill of that first contract talk in Hollywood. I had to tell somebody and thought of Sid Brown.

"Hi-di-ho, Sid. Guess what?"

He did. "Contract?" he asked. "Where?"

"Columbia!"

"That calls," he laughed, "for a celebration. Come on." He grabbed his hat, yanked me through the door, yelled, "I'm gone for the day," to his astounded secretary, and rushed me into an elevator.

WE went to the home of some of Sid's friends. They served highballs. I don't like whiskey, so I didn't drink. Sid did. I didn't mind—not then. About midnight, we drove home. We walked up the steps of my apartment and I said good night.

But Sid never said a word. He just smiled, brushed past me, and walked into my house. Still I didn't sense anything wrong. I must have been a fool, but he'd been so square-shooting up to then.

I sat down on the couch and wondered what to say. He sat beside me, close. He put his arm around me and tried to kiss me. It surprised me—from Sid. I tried to laugh him off, but it didn't work.

"My dear," he said, his face ludicrously sincere, "how do you ever expect to become a great actress if you don't experience *everything?*"

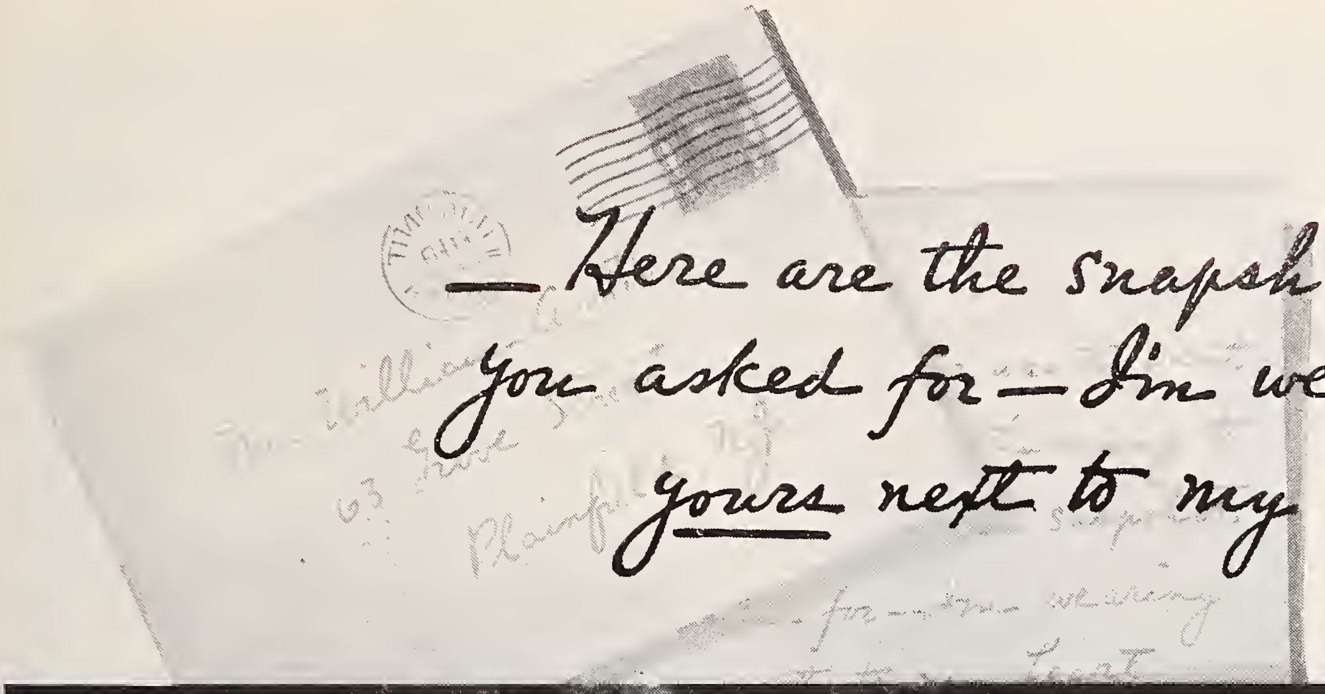
"Everything?" I said in a tiny voice.

"What I mean is—well—you should have an affair."

I didn't know whether to laugh or scream. The flat-footedness of it was amazing. But I was terrified.

"I—I don't believe that's necessary, Sid—I mean Mr. Brown. I have ideals, ideals which I don't intend to break—Hollywood or no Hollywood!" I went dramatic. "If I find it necessary to sell my

(*Continued on page 80*)


—Here are the snapshots
you asked for—I'm wearing
yours next to my heart.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

No more blind dates for me!

"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

(*Continued from page 78*)

soul to get into the movies, then I'll go home instead."

He came toward me. I begged him to let me alone. I tried to get away from him, but he held he. I screamed:

"Let me alone—I'm not going to bother with any man like you."

He looked frightened. I was loud. He seemed to realize someone might hear my screams. He couldn't afford that; he had a position in this town. He rose and grinned sheepishly, and at the same time arrogantly.

He picked up his hat. "Well, good night." He slammed the door.

I sank to my knees and thanked God. I never saw him again. That night, before I went to bed, I wrote in my diary, to try to calm myself for sleep:

I WILL never again trust any man in Hollywood—never."

Am I old-fashioned? I don't think so. Am I too, too "dumb?" Am I wrong when I believe a girl can crash pictures and still be decent? Am I to believe that all these girls I saw in pictures got there only one way? No. I won't believe it. There are too many fine girls there. I've met many of them. But why does every man think if he does anything at all for a girl, she's got to pay him back?

Some day, I know, I'm going to love a man enough to marry him. Am I wrong in believing I should go to him clean—I see here I wrote that in my diary that night, too.

I lay awake a long time, that night. I realized that being a young girl alone in Hollywood wasn't all roses and sweetness. I decided I needed someone to whom I could turn for help, advice, when necessary. I thought it all out. And the next day, I went to an office building, picked at random a lawyer's name from the directory, and walked into the office of one Milton Golden, attorney.

He was a rather young chap.

"I want a guardian," I said. "I'm here, alone, trying to get into pictures. I realize I'll need advice, on a professional basis."

He smiled. "You've had some experiences?" he asked, with a keen look that told me he knew what had happened. I liked him right away.

"I have," I said. From then on, Mr. Golden helped me often. He knows his Hollywood. I'll mention him again, later.

"Monday—Today I went to Columbia, for my test."

That's the way the entry in my diary begins to tell of that first screen test of mine. I was up at the crack of dawn that day. The phone rang when I started to dress. It was the studio. "Don't come until noon," the girl said. "And bring a formal dress of some kind."

Long before noontime I took a street car. The dress was over my arm, and people on the car looked at me oddly. My nerves were getting all tangled up. Every jolt of the car increased my jitters. By the time I staggered into Columbia's casting office, I was shaking like a leaf.

"Tree?" a voice greeted me. "Go up to the hairdressing parlor."

I'M Eva Beryl Tree. I'm to have a hairdress," I said when I arrived.

"Get a make-up on first."

"I'm to have a make-up," I explained to a make-up man.

"You can put your own mouth on, can't you?" he asked. I tried. Nervous as I was, it looked like the edge of a buzz-saw when I had finished. The man made up my face. I saw a stranger in the mirror as I got out of the chair and searched my way back to the hairdressing parlor.

Suddenly it seemed as though an electric current had been shot through the room. Everybody began staring down the hall. And into the door, John Barrymore—the great Jack Barrymore—stepped.

I don't know whether he'd been sweating or swimming but his hair was sopping wet. The locks hung down over his eyes. He was there to have it fixed up.

He slouched into the room. He slumped into the chair next to mine. He never looked to right or left. My elbow grazed his. But he never saw me.

Under his breath, he muttered, "Cigarette."

Instantly the word resounded. "Cigarette," said the man behind him. "Cigarette," said the girl behind me. "Cigarette," said the man down the room. "Cigarette," said another person nearby. "Cigarette," said a voice in the hallway. Four persons in my range of vision started toward him with cigarette packs. Barrymore reached into his pocket and drew out a cigarette and put it to his lips.

Four matches burst into flame at once. Barrymore drew a lighter from his pocket and lit his cigarette. Then he closed his eyes and they went to work on his hair while he smoked.

"There. You're done," said my operator. I looked nice. I'd been so busy watching Barrymore from the corner of my eye that I hadn't noticed, before. She'd done it in a sort of halo, around my head.

THERE were five other girls taking the test at the same time.

I waited through four tests. A bedroom set. No lines to speak. No "business" to do. Just: "Stand in front of the camera—smile prettily—now turn to the right—turn to the left—now turn around—and smile prettily."

I stepped into a circle of blinding lights. Beyond their haze, I saw a sea of blank faces. There must have been thirty-five men there. Twelve of them seemed to be stooges for the director. Two cameramen. All this to have me and five others turn around in front of a camera.

I felt an arm around me. "There's nothing to fear, my dear," said the director. If he'd pointed a gun at me and said the same words, I couldn't have been more scared. I shivered, quivered, shook.

"Roll it," he said.

I looked startled, and then I heard the cameras whirring softly. I realized with a shock that at last I was being photographed before a movie camera.

"Now turn around, dear," he said. "And don't hold your neck so stiff."

I floated around with a strained expression and bounced out of camera range.

"You're out of bounds," he yelled. (Penalized five yards, I thought, ridiculously, in my panic.)

"Now smile sweetly," he said. I managed to squeeze a strained approximation of one with lips tightly pursed.

"Show your teeth."

I did. A scream:

"No, no! Smile!" I grimaced as I tried and know I looked as if I'd bitten into a hot potato. I couldn't smile, so I laughed.

I TURNED around again, tripped out of bounds on the hem of my skirt, and gave it up for a bad job.

"Cut!"

My eyes were full of tears. I ran up the stairs to the dressing-room and tore off my frock. I dived into my street clothes, rushed out, hurried home, flopped on my couch, and cried.

And when I'd gotten it out of me, I called Mr. Golden and tried to tell him

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Beautiful Hair

IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Have the lure and charm of lovely hair without the expense of a hairdresser. It is now possible to keep your hair in a lovely wave at a very nominal cost to you. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET keeps your hair soft and lustrous, and it is so easily applied that today it has become the most popular WAVESET at your cosmetic counter.

Prove to yourself that Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET will give your hair the alluring wave and sheen so popular among stage and screen stars.

Today, instead of getting an expensive hair dress, try this wonderful discovery. You will be amazed how easy it is to successfully dress your own hair with Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET. Just use a comb or your fingers and set the waves best suited for your coiffure. In a few minutes your hair is dry and free from flakes. Comb out and you have a beautiful lustrous wave and a sheen that will match the attractiveness of your favorite stage or screen star.

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Dr. Ellis' Lemon-Oil Concentrate SHAMPOO.

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DR. ELLIS' WAVE SET

Written by Dr. Ellis enroute to Chicago, 8000 feet in the air in his Stinson Plane, piloted by Captain J. B. Franklin, President of the Franklin Airways Advertising Corp., Pittsburgh, Penna.

(*Continued from page 80*)

what had happened. He seemed to understand.

"Come up when you feel better," he said. "I've an idea."

I made a date to see him the next day.

He was smiling when I stepped into his office. I was feeling better by then. And after all, I still had hopes on that Columbia test. It couldn't possibly, I told myself, be as bad as I was afraid it was. And maybe, after they'd seen it, Columbia would definitely make me that contract proposition Perlberg had spoken about a few days ago. All I could do now, on that, was wait.

"Just a minute," said my lawyer-guardian. He pulled the telephone over and said, "Get me Friedman."

He talked rapidly to someone about "a girl you ought to see." Slammed the receiver back, told me to come along as he rose.

"Where?"

"To Fox."

We drove out to Westwood Hills. Fox Studio is a huge place, covering a great deal of ground and surrounded by a high wall. It's Hollywood's biggest and prettiest lot, I think. They seemed to know him there, and Mr. Golden and I were in the office of Casting Director Friedman very soon. Friedman wasted no time.

"Let me see your profile." I turned.

"M-m-m, nice. My, it's good to see a girl with blonde hair, not platinum." He pressed a button. To a girl, he said, "Ask Mr. Pembroke and Mr. Hawley to come in. I want them to see a girl who might get a test."

THEY came. Pembroke tall, blonde, blue-eyed and awfully likeable. Hawley small, typically Irish, sandy-haired. Friedman turned to Pembroke.

"Perc, I want to give this girl a test," he said. "Soon as possible. How about it?" Pembroke nodded, turned to me.

"Come along, Miss Tree." We went upstairs, to his office. I learned later, that he was Test Director there. "Any particular role you'd like to do?" he asked. "I know a scene from 'Lilies of the Field,'" I told him. "Come back Monday and bring it."

That was all. But the spirits that had gone to the bottom after the experiences of the preceding day and night were soaring sky-high again.

Oh, when I look back on those days—when I read those entries in my diary, written in the excitement of high hopes—I wonder why more girls don't go simply stark mad in this roller-coaster place. Up to the heights one moment, down to the bottom the next.

If I'd known then of the heartaches that were to follow, there on the Fox lot, for me, I wonder if I'd gone through with what was to come. I wonder, if I'd had foresight, whether or not I'd even have taken the test. But ambition's strong. I probably would have—just as I did. Went up to the seventh heaven of anticipation, only to find myself sent hurtling back to the bottomest pit of disillusionment—and all because of a little star who I always thought was the sweetest, finest, greatest little actress on the screen. Because of her, I said—not at her hand, though. She probably hasn't the slightest idea that because a No. 1 Man thought I looked and acted a bit too much like her, I was to lose out on what from every other viewpoint was the certainty of a fine contract.

Mr. Golden drove me home from Fox. I thought the day was already full of great news as we sped along. When I got home, I found I had still more of it—

There were two notes from my landlady, who was sweet enough to answer my phone while I was out.

"Paramount called. Call them back. Ask for Miss Laughton," one read.

"Warner Brothers called. Call them back. Ask for Mr. Mayberry."

I hurried to her rooms.

"What does this mean?" I laughed. "Are you pulling a gag on me?"

"No," she said seriously, "They both want you to come over for tests."

I called them back. It was the truth. I made dates at both studios for the morrow.

That night, I wrote this in my diary—

"I know I'm going to land now. Four studios, fighting for me!" I'm reading those words now and I remember that night, I remember myself lying in bed, wide awake, dreaming of being a star, of making my mother happy with the cottage she'd always wanted, of having all the clothes I wanted and an automobile of my own and trips galore, of sending my little brother to Stanford where he always said he wanted to go when he finished school.

I remember now how I thank God for being so good to me, when I said my prayers that night. I even slipped my Bible under my pillow. I thought He'd like it.

Life in Hollywood as a movie-crasher goes merrily on its roller-coaster way with Eva Beryl Tree, in her next installment. As she confided to her diary, several studios seemed to be battling for her—but she learns how cruelly Hollywood can tumble one from hope's heights to despair's depths. She learns how a newcomer is at the mercy of the make-up man, the hairdresser, the camera crew, the director. Some men, she decides, are dears, and others are devils. Through it all, she continues to work her way in, in, ever in deeper into Hollywood's mysteries and maneuverings.

Is Von Sternberg Ruining Marlene?

(*Continued from page 29*)

Von Sternberg chooses all Dietrich's stories and, being essentially a cameraman, he is looking for scenic effects rather than great acting scenes.

He okays all her publicity and even—or so the story goes—once ordered an interview "killed," an interview that Dietrich had liked, because it did not make her glamorous enough. Naturally, Dietrich allowed him to kill the story.

When "Twentieth Century" was being filmed, Dietrich visited the set one day. As she walked on she discovered John Barrymore doing an imitation of Von Sternberg which had everybody in stitches. At first Dietrich seemed shocked. She glanced around quickly to see if Von Sternberg were nearby. When she discovered he was not—she laughed.

All of these incidents will show you how completely dominated Dietrich is by Von Sternberg at the studio. There are some stories too sinister even to be rumored, but those close to Dietrich—and there are very few—feel sure that Von Sternberg would be delighted if Marlene's daughter, Maria, were shipped back to

(*Continued on page 84*)

Have Dainty Legs Avoid All Re-growths

MAKE UGLY LEG & ARM HAIR INVISIBLE with MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash

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New Black & Gold Package 1934

"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (*It actually made the hair invisible.*) Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous. For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. M.M. 934.
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I thought I was different

I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

keep "regular" with
NON HABIT-FORMING
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 82)

Germany. One rumor about how he tried to accomplish this is going the rounds of Hollywood, but I should not care to repeat it here.

Now, Marlene does, on the set, exactly as Von Sternberg orders. Never, at her home, does she rehearse her part or try to create it to her own liking. She studies her lines and rehearses before Von Sternberg because he does not want her to come to the studio with any preconceived notions about how the role should be played.

It has also been talked around that Von Sternberg used a very unusual trick in one of the last pictures to enforce his domination over not only Dietrich, but also over the other actors and actresses on the set. They say he ordered that the individual scripts of dialogue be printed without punctuation for all the actors—for the following reason: He did not want any of the actors or actresses in this picture to so familiarize themselves with the dialogue that he would not be able to tell them how to speak it.

PERHAPS you think Marlene is one of those easily moulded women. Not at all. Away from her director she has opinions of her own. She has strong likes and dislikes.

Not so long ago she, who so often fights shy of interviewers, broke down and talked at length to a MODERN SCREEN reporter. Usually so silent, Marlene spoke with utmost frankness. And these are some of the things she said:

"This is life. Right now. Today. This hour. This minute. You cannot always be waiting to do and to be what you honestly want to do and be. What you don't take, you miss.

"In Hollywood, I cannot do as some do—work, work, work—and save my money for the manner of life I want later on. I must have a nice house, a sunny garden for Maria, my servants from Germany with me.

"That is why I think about making pictures in France. In France I can live pleasantly for less money. In France actresses are not taxed so heavily. There I would not have to pay sixty per cent of my income to the government. So even if I did not make as much I would have more."

Speaking of her husband, Rudolph Seiber, she said, "When two people love each other, no outside thing should interfere. They should know how it is between them. I haven't a strong sense of possession toward a man. Maybe that's because I am not particularly feminine in my reactions. I have never been. I have never wanted feminine attractions. Even when I was younger I did not want to attract boys. In fact, I very much wanted *not* to attract them. I had no beaux, no crushes, until I met my husband."

Now all this constitutes the attitude of an intense individualist, a woman not cut from any pattern. In her private life she has strong opinions of her own and, when she is in the mood to talk, she is not afraid to express them.

Why, then, I ask you, is she under the complete dominance of Josef Von Sternberg when she comes on the set? She considers him a great man, a genius, a god. Opposing Von Sternberg on any issue, Paramount has discovered that it opposes Marlene, too. If Marlene cannot make the picture Von Sternberg has chosen for her and make it as he feels it should be made, she prefers, infinitely, to make no picture at all. Even though this forces her into open, nerve-wracking, exhausting rebellion—even though this means money out of her pocket.

Yes, sir—Josef Von Sternberg has the Indian sign on Marlene Dietrich. It is curious to see what he is doing with that power.

I WANT you to see "The Scarlet Empress." I honestly want you to watch the beautiful, fascinating Marlene Dietrich ploughing her way through that cumbersome, massive film. And then, if you're as great a Dietrich fan as I am, if you have a belief in her very real acting ability—maybe you'll sit down and write her, begging her to try another man at the megaphone.

I think that Von Sternberg has failed in his duty toward Marlene's public, in the duty he imposed upon himself when he discovered her in Germany. I want to know what you think about it.

It has taken a long time but from picture to picture Von Sternberg has been slowly and surely devitalizing Dietrich. Now comes the grand climax of that process in "The Scarlet Empress." The film is a dreadful hodge-podge of sets. Full of gargoyles, confused episodes and action so vague and fleeting (as if Von Sternberg were afraid of action) that you hardly know what is happening. Through this maze walks the beautiful, exciting Dietrich—a woman who could be such a splendid actress if properly guided, but who is slowly being ruined because she believes every word that Von Sternberg tells her about pictures, because she leaves her strong personal opinions at home and because she is an individual only when away from her master. She is putty—beautiful putty, it is true—when she is in his hands on the set.

I'm sure that it would delight Paramount if Dietrich would walk in and say, "In my next picture I shall have another director." The studio knows, surely, that if left alone Von Sternberg will ruin their valuable property—Dietrich. Can't something be done to save her?

Von Sternberg is a fine director. He has proven that, but it is not good for one man to direct one star forever.

Let Von Sternberg take other actresses who would profit by the low key in which he has emotional scenes played, who could learn something of fine restraint from him.

But Dietrich needs to step out and become the real, the vibrant, the great actress she can be if she will shake loose the Von Sternberg dominance.

AND remember this. I'm speaking of Von Sternberg's dominance in a purely professional way. It is only when Marlene comes on the set that she accedes to his every whim.

I cite as an example the time when her beloved little daughter, Maria, was threatened by kidnappers. Marlene has refused to mention this for a long time but she did break her silence recently.

"Never," she said, "will I forget the night I came home from the studios and my maid handed me that first special delivery letter. It was filled with horrible words, spelled with letters cut from newspapers. It warned me that if I did not give the writer $10,000 as a first payment against his demands that Maria would be kidnapped.

"The house we lived in at that time was set far back from the street at the intersection of a boulevard. I was instructed to leave the money in five and ten dollar bills, in a package on the floor of a car parked ten inches from the curb.

"Their diabolical cunning only added to my fears.

"They could secure money left in this way easily, under cover of the traffic, when their car was held up with all the others at this particular crossroad.

"We put the money in the car. And all day and all night we sat in the house, our eyes glued on Maria. I notified the police in spite of their warnings not to. We hired guards. It was like nothing real.

"The next day the second of what was to be a chain of letters arrived. They had seen the car and the package of money. They also had known the police were watching. They demanded $20,000.

"It kept up for months. We lived in constant terror. We put bars at our windows until we were living in a prison. Guards were with us constantly and yet there was that never ceasing fear that maybe there would be one moment when the vigilance would not be great enough.

"The only good thing about it is that my husband was with me. Always when I am in difficulties it is the same—not that he comes because of the difficulties. Always he comes for a happy visit. And then he is with me when I need him.

You see? It is Rudolph Seiber, her husband, who is with her in times of personal stress. It is to him she turns for aid in her private life.

She gives her screen life to Josef Von Sternberg. And that is bad, bad for her career.

For I think that all loyal Dietrich fans deserve the privilege of seeing her act under another's direction. After you've seen "The Scarlet Empress" you'll know what I mean. Let's try to convince Dietrich that she needs someone else on the set. Write to her. Tell her so. I truly believe that Paramount Studios—whether they will admit it or not—would thank us.

And you—Marlene—you're greater than Von Sternberg. He has done all he can for you. He brought you to America. He discovered you. You want to be loyal to him, I know, but you really should show some loyalty to the fans who believe in you.

Listen, Marlene—just between you and me—why don't you just *try* another director!

Suppose You Were Gary's Wife?

(*Continued from page 30*)

Hollywood or Gary.

THE other day, a famous star said to me, "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Cooper. She has never had anything!"

I gasped. Here was a girl whose mother probably took in washing to feed her babies saying that another girl—who attended on-the-Hudson schools and has never been without a personal attendant to pamper each desire—never had anything. And then the great psychological chasm between these two opened before me. The star is making $100,000 a year. She has had every experience life can offer before she is twenty-five and they are all experiences of her own creating. Her money, her fun, her heartaches, her knowledge have come from her own actions. So to her, the protected socialite from New York City never had anything.

Veronica Balfe loves Gary Cooper. She would not do anything to hurt him, intentionally. How can a girl from Miss Bennett's School know that the removal of "ugly" animal heads might hurt a man.

Now Mrs. Cooper has rented Grace Moore's beautiful, "correct" home on the fashionable outskirts of Los Angeles at $1250 a month. She has bought gorgeous

... BUT WHY SHOP AROUND TO SAVE PENNIES AND THEN TAKE A TAXI HOME?
LISTEN ... I COULDN'T WALK A BLOCK TO SAVE TEN DOLLARS! I'LL TELL YOU WHY IN A MINUTE ...

LET'S SPEAK PLAINLY ... When napkins harden *they hurt!*

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This quality napkin sells at an amazingly low price.

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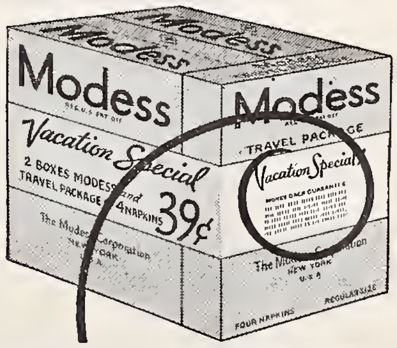

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Adolph Treidler

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for all white shoes

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Use GRIFFIN ALLWITE on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10¢ . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.

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GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., B'KLYN, N. Y.

linens—about $7000 worth—to make her tables true to the customs to which she was wed before she wed Gary.

But Gary loved his home on the ranch eighteen miles from Hollywood. Tucked away at the foot of a hill, its rambling indifference reminded him of the great sweeps of space in Montana where he rode horses and dreamed about a girl like Veronica Balfe who would become his wife. I don't suppose he once thought about becoming her husband. Men don't.

And Gary is still that boy, you see. And always will be. His surface has changed but his interior was molded even before he went to England to school. While still a school boy, he didn't like England. He yearned to return to the simplicity and the broad western A's of Montana.

BEFORE he moved onto this ranch, he rented a home on Chevy Chase Drive in fashionable Beverly Hills. Although it was in a fashionable district, he chose the place because the living-room was large enough to hold his hunting trophies. As you entered it, two lions stood at the sides of the doors. The heads were on pedestals; the skins dropped over the pedestals to the floor. The effect was startling and made us city-bred folk jump a little. Other animals and mounted wild things stood and hung everywhere.

And I remember Lupe's home when Gary was a constant visitor there. Heads everywhere. Some of her lovely paintings relegated to closets to make room for what Gary liked. I remember the time he decided to paint scenes upon the fireplace in the corner of the little library. Outdoor Mexican shots. Gary started out to become a painter, you know. Studied art in an Iowa college. Friends told Lupe the proportions were not right in his painting. "Leave it alone. It's the way Gary sees it," she answered.

And the very first thing I heard about Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, when they had returned to Hollywood, was: "He is so wonderful to her. He tries so hard. He has little mannerisms like crooking his finger—actorish. He tries to correct them for her because you know it isn't done."

But Gary *is* an actor.

However, against all this seeming divergence between Park Avenue and Montana is love—all in capital letters, so I wanted him to talk about his marriage.

HE shook his head. "It is too soon to talk about the psychology of marriage yet. We don't know how it's going to work. It sounds silly to say we can sit alone in the evening and not say a word and just be happy. It must be a little lonely for her out there. It's a long distance for her to do her shopping." This was several months ago—before the Coopers moved. "Marriage should make me play my roles better. So far, it is mental ease. Mental ease and more time to myself. I know that sounds contradictory, but it's true. When a man isn't married, he's wondering what he's going to do for dinner, whom he's going to eat it with, where he's going to end up at two or three in the morning, whether he'll be in trouble or what. When he marries, he knows exactly. He doesn't waste time worrying about things. His mind is free to think of his work. That's all I know so far. How can I talk about the future? Why, we've just been married!"

Lupe Velez does not like to have her name mentioned with Gary's. None of them like it: Lupe, Gary, Johnny or Mrs. Cooper. The fact they are intelligent and civilized enough to go to "The Little Club" in the same group, to meet socially and act civilly, even be friendly, should be enough —according to all of them. But these people are of Hollywood and we would miss one of our most interesting psychological studies of a town that belongs to us, rather than to Lupe and Gary, if we gave in to their personal wishes.

Lupe tried to re-create Johnny. She too, started upon married life, as so many of us do, wanting to know where he was every moment. She liked to sleep until noon and couldn't understand why he didn't. She couldn't see any sense in spending vacation days in knocking a little white ball around green pastures.

THEN they separated. And she found herself so lonely, so homesick, in her own home, that she sat down and figured it all out.

"It is up to me. I either make a success of it or I don't. If I should fall in love with someone else some day, that would be different. But now I love Johnny. If I want to keep this marriage, I must work to keep it. It is up to the woman. I've got to take it or lose him."

She was not talking for publication, but her lesson is so great, so true-to-life and intelligent, that I do not think she will object to my using it and her as an example.

I even wish Mrs. Cooper had been in Lupe's home the other day when Adrienne Ames telephoned to ask Lupe and Johnny to have dinner at the Brown Derby. "I will call you back," she answered and turned to her secretary. "Telephone Mr. Weissmuller at the Lakeside Country Club and ask him whether he would prefer a quiet dinner at home after golf or to dress and go to the Brown Derby. Then let Mrs. Cabot know."

And *if* Lupe had married Gary, she would have learned the same lesson as quickly, because she has been forced to learn all lessons quickly. If he had wanted to plant tomato plants with his own hands, he would have planted them.

All women must learn the same lesson, for that matter. Man nature must be allowed to roam in its secret passages built by masculine independence.

And before I close this little story which is such a common one, after all, I want to tell Mrs. Cooper of an experience I had with her husband five years ago.

Gary was the most popular hero in pictures. Girls all over the world were falling in love with him. One day, a stranger called on me, a mature woman who poured out a story about her daughter. The daughter was the wife of a prominent man in a big, mid-western city, the mother of two children, a graduate of a fashionable finishing school and a member of the Junior League. She had fallen in love with Gary. Her mother had brought her to Hollywood to break the attachment. She asked me to introduce them.

That evening Gary sat beside the girl at dinner. I shall never forget his conversation, "I am not a woman's man. I like to go out on the desert for days at a time and say nothing. A woman cannot keep still. There are days when I don't want to talk to anybody. I like horses—they don't talk.

Afterwards he told me, "She didn't know what I was really talking about. She was one of those sheltered, society girls. She had no way of knowing."

And some day—not now—you will thank me, I hope, for this little hint, Mrs. Gary Cooper, for your love is fine and clean and a beautiful example for the city you have adopted. And when it becomes as big as it is lovely, it will understand that man can love woman deeply, but never as deeply as he loves himself. And that if a man chances to prefer red and white checked occasionally to monogrammed linen, he will return to them and no woman can stop him. All she can do is to love enough so she can learn to enjoy them with him.

Romance à la Del Río

(*Continued from page 57*)

at the studio, does Cedric slump into a chair and expect to be pampered and felt sorry for? No. He arrives eager to do something for Dolores, like designing a new piece of jewelry, or planning a new color scheme for a new room.

But don't for a moment believe that Dolores' little plan for an unmarried kind of marriage intends that all the gestures of devotion should come from Cedric. Actually, she spends every moment away from her work trying to think of things to do to please him.

She insists on attending to his diet personally—and even after a volcanic day at the studio, rushes to the kitchen to cook one of his favorite Spanish dishes—the kind his mother *didn't* used to make.

And don't for a moment believe that Cedric's role is only that of the ardent wooer! In some ways his ideas about marriage are so old-fashioned that they're the last word in *unconventionality*. For Cedric Gibbons is as much master in his own home as any Irish country squire of the Victorian era. In his quiet, unassuming way, he controls every situation—and, especially, he controls Dolores. She adores his subtle domination, and is grateful for the dependence she feels. And believe it or not, this is what gives a woman a sense of emotional security!

The story of her marriage to Jaimie del Rio, son of that ancient family of aristocrats that numbered among its relatives even King Alfonso of Spain, was a real tragedy.

AND it is only now that she can say, "The greatest mistake I ever made was when I married Jaimie. Yet how could I know? I was sixteen. I had heard stories before I met him of his attractiveness. When we met and he seemed attracted to me, I was caught by the adolescent satisfaction of being envied by other women. I knew nothing of life, nothing of what I wanted. I had been reared for marriage, as girls still are in Mexico. Reared to be a sedate, self-effacing, efficient wife. I didn't know then that that wasn't what I wanted."

And then Edwin Carewe of Hollywood arrived in Mexico City on his honeymoon, met Dolores and immediately offered her a part in a picture. At first she and Jaimie laughed, and then he was persuaded into bringing her to the fabulous city of filmdom.

"All of my most frightful troubles came while I was at the height of my career," Dolores has told me. "Jaimie was thrilled at first by my success. We both thought that he would achieve success, too, in pictures. But gradually he came to hate me because I had succeeded and he had not. It was terrible for both of us."

Finally came the divorce from Jaimie and his tragic death in Berlin. There also came gossip. Dolores had, by spurning him, caused Jaimie's death "they" said. It was she who caused the separation of Carewe and his wife, "they" said. And it is quite true that Dolores was a woman now and a woman filled with bitterness, too.

"*Everything* happened to me!" she said solemnly. "Things crashed around me. Tragic, terrifying things. I lived in a hotbed of intrigue, of politics, of lies and malice, of cross currents of human purposes. I was hurt so often, I was afraid to express myself."

Her contract with Carewe came to an end. Dolores was sued, amid distressing publicity. She was wooed by many men

COATED TONGUE
"Her breath was bad, too," states Dr. Eckhart, "and her digestion very poor."
HEADACHES
"—she was high-strung and nervous. Was also growing weaker and weaker."
CONSTIPATION
". . . the intestines felt limp, worn out. Poisons seeped through her body."

Dr. Eckhart heads a great internal clinic in Vienna's chief free hospital; medical author; leading member, Vienna Society of Internal Specialists.

"Harsh Laxatives had *weakened her*—dangerously"

states DR. ECKHART, noted Vienna clinic head

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"She avoided social activity. Was under her normal weight. Had little strength. Cathartics had weakened her—*dangerously*.

"Her stomach juices were flowing too slowly (*cause of coated tongue and indigestion*) . . . there was no healthy muscular reaction in her intestines (*cause of constipation*) . . . and her system was filled with poisons (*the chief cause of headaches*).

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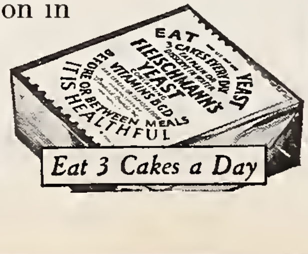

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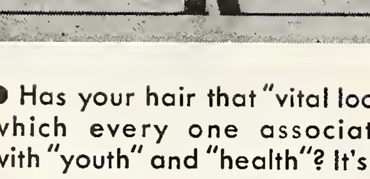

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and one of them turned out to be a cad and talked about her disgracefully to any who would listen, told of amazing intimacies simply because he had been spurned by the beautiful Dolores.

She was ill—frightfully ill. And then she married Cedric Gibbons abruptly and much to Hollywood's astonishment.

PERHAPS hypnotized by his romantic madness, and longing for some emotional refuge, Dolores accepted him about four hours after she'd met him.

No one expected this to last. How could it after having begun in this insane fashion—and in Hollywood?

But, wiser by far than most Hollywood husbands, Cedric Gibbons knows that many of the difficulties that arise in modern marriages result from so simple a thing as the husband allowing the wife to contribute as much, if not more, to the upkeep of their establishment. This immediately gives the wife a sense of superiority.

Therefore, appallingly old-fashioned as it may seem, Cedric regards the considerable salary that Dolores earns from her motion picture work as exalted pin money! She can do what she wants with it—but she can't contribute to the support of the household. That's his business as husband and provider.

So Dolores pays the salary of her private secretary and buys her clothes out of her own pocketbook. And the rest of what she makes goes either toward doing lovely things for her parents, or toward investments for the future. Quaint idea, isn't it?

For instance, recently Dolores studied interior decorating—again, to please Cedric (each of them is always inspiring the other to further activities, and they're both intensely interested in one another's careers). To prove to him that she'd learned a great deal, she personally designed and had a home built for her mother, who spends six months of the year in Hollywood with Dolores. She decorated that house down to the bathroom curtains without the advice of any expert.

Again, for the excitement of it, and because she likes to exercise her business ability—and, most of all, to make Cedric more proud of her—Dolores invests her money in stocks which she personally selects, usually without benefit of broker. Her shrewdness in these matters is uncanny. While other people lost their shirts—or whatever it is they wear next to their skins—Dolores recently invested in a certain stock—and *doubled* her money.

ANOTHER thing that makes this a very un-Hollywood kind of marriage, is their enviable similarity of tastes. Neither Dolores nor Cedric cares much for the gay social whirl, so they seldom go out. Instead, they occasionally entertain at home with very small select dinners, at which, if you're fortunate enough to be invited, you'll often meet John Gilbert who is their most intimate friend, or Ramon Novarro.

Actually, Dolores and Cedric lead a very quiet, conservative life. Except when it comes to tennis—and Michael. Then they spread themselves. Both being fanatic devotees of the former sport, they often give large Sunday afternoon tennis parties. As for Michael—no, you're wrong, he's a Boston bull—next to Cedric, he's the benevolent tyrant in the Gibbons household.

She doesn't like bridge, drinking or smoking. And most decidedly she doesn't like to play *native* parts in pictures any more. In fact, she flatly refuses to do so, probably on the advice of her counsellor-in-chief in all matters of state, that certain quiet but determined Gibbons. She's heartily tired of being known as the girl with "the most perfect figure in pictures."

She wants to play sophisticated roles from now on and wear *clothes*—beautiful ones, and lots of them. No more tiger skins or grass skirts for Dolores.

And the fact that "Flying Down to Rio," in which she played a far smaller role than in her previous success, "Bird of Paradise," brought her a terrific increase in fan mail and a fat contract from Warner Brothers, proves that movie audiences and movie producers have the same idea about her that Cedric has.

If a writer is allowed to conjecture, perhaps the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage is succeeding in the face of all the known Hollywood pitfalls because Cedric and Dolores refuse to take it all for granted. They're *working* to make it last. They've adopted the intelligent attitude that marriage is the beginning, not the end, of the relationship.

Do Hardships Help a Fellow? Yes!

(*Continued from page 70*)

lucky," he says firmly. "I've been lucky because when I've had an opportunity I've always been prepared for it. I was able to take advantage of opportunities and that's a long jump up any ladder."

TOM was born in a one-room shack in Perry, New York, and the family was desperately poor. He lost his mother when he was five and his father a year later. The two orphans, Tom and his elder brother, were taken by two aunts to be raised, the brother going to live with Tom's favorite aunt. Life was a struggle for the child and when he was ten he ran away from home with his heart set on New York. Half-way there he was caught and returned home. This minor expedition did one thing for Tom. It convinced his aunt that he wanted to be independent, that he wanted to work his own way, and shortly after, he was allowed to go to work for a neighboring farmer. He saved every cent he could out of his meager wages and a year later ran away again with more success. That is, he reached New York, and then began his varied career as newsboy, bellhop, errand boy, and bootblack.

Suffering exposure during the bitter winters, eating when he could get anything to eat, sleeping where he could, began to tell on this frail, eager boy. He was advised by a doctor to seek a warmer climate where he could be outdoors if he wished to grow strong and well. Tom didn't hesitate. He struck out for the west by the hitch-hiking method. The Dakotas, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Nevada were the fields of his experiences for a few years. He learned to farm, to ride and at one time drove a stage coach. But with regained health he headed back toward New York to—he knew not what. He was ever seeking something.

IN knocking about, working at whatever offered, he was introduced to the stage door of the theatre. He grew to like the smell of grease paint and what he could see of backstage life and the conviction grew upon him that acting would be his career. He learned how and to whom to apply for a job on the stage; he learned that he must lie and say he was an experienced actor. He became very glib in telling stage managers about his former triumphs, so glib that he could always get a small part in a show.

"But the minute rehearsals started they knew I had had no experience and always I was fired. And always, after I had been fired from rehearsal I went to see the show when it opened to see how my successor played my role. I made up my mind that I would never be fired twice for the same mistake."

Time after time he was hired and fired, but each experience made him more eager, more determined to be an actor. "I was never allowed to stay in a rehearsal more than half a day," he confessed, "but after a while those half days amounted to quite a bit of experience. Actually I learned a lot, mostly by watching the others, however, and finally I was given a bit in 'Madame X,' and managed to keep my job. I played through the run of the piece. Fredric March was the leading man in the company."

One part led to another and it was smoother sailing from then on. He posed for advertisements between roles and he tells gleefully of one time when his finances were at a low ebb. He had just landed a job in the road company of "White Cargo" and faced three weeks' rehearsal without pay and only $7 in his pocket. Adept as he was at living on nothing, it was a problem how to eat for three weeks on $7 and not lose too much weight. He had an opportunity to pose for an advertisement, but he couldn't get time off from rehearsals to do it. He daubed some salve on a white rag, which he tied around his neck and reported at the theatre for rehearsal with a "very sore throat." Unable to speak a word, apparently, he was sent home to recover. He dashed to the photographers, posed for the pictures, collected his $10 fee and reported for rehearsal the next day entirely recovered.

I COULD tell you dozens of incidents like that," he told me, "and worse experiences, too, but I'm glad I had them. It taught me to hustle. If I ever have a son he's going to hustle. I'm not going to make things too easy for him. I'm not going to send my son to college just to have a good time and after he graduates have him come back to me asking, 'Well, what now?' If you want to get anywhere in any field you have to work."

It was while Tom was appearing in New York in "Abie's Irish Rose" that C. B. DeMille saw him and brought him to California to play the leading male role in "The Godless Girl." Then he appeared in other pictures, among them "Tol'able David."

Up to this time he had always used his real name, George Duryea. "I'm half French and half Irish," he explained, "but no one could ever pronounce Duryea and besides it didn't match my Irish pan, so I changed my name to Tom Keene."

Then followed a year's contract with RKO starring in westerns, and here his years in the west served him. He was a real cowboy as well as an actor. But suddenly he realized that he was typed as a "western" and not as an actor, which didn't fit in with his plans and, wishing to get back into acting roles, he bought his contract and tried to get another job. He didn't have security behind him, he had no wealthy father to back him until he could get work. Instead, he had a wife to support, he had responsibilities.

"Do you know," he said bitterly, "I couldn't get even a tiny bit to play in an independent picture at any salary, but I had offers of $5,000 a week to work in westerns. Producers wouldn't have me in anything else. Then I met King Vidor and had a long talk with him. He told me the story of 'Our Daily Bread' and said he

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wanted me to play the boy in it when he got around to make it. We made a gentlemen's agreement and shook hands on it. I agreed to stay away from Hollywood and out of pictures until he was ready for me. I went back east and to the stage. I worked with stock companies, trying to learn a little more about acting all the time.

"When Vidor was ready he sent for me, but after I arrived something happened about the business arrangements and I had to wait three months to begin work. Finances got a little low. I didn't get a large salary for my work in the picture, but I would have played the part for nothing. It was worth it, wasn't it?" he asked eagerly.

He says he has always been able to save a little money. "Even when I was a kid on the streets in New York I always managed to have a little money in my pocket. But now I want to save more than just a little money. I want a home. I want to build for the future. I banked everything on that picture and I'm glad I did."

And after you've seen it, you'll be glad, too. And you may be convinced that the route of hard knocks to success is the best way. Perhaps it's like the "longest way home."

Do Hardships Help a Fellow? No!

(*Continued from page 71*)

I was seventeen, which is really bad. That does either one of two things to an actor. It makes him stop working and sit back on the laurels he has won or it makes him feel ever after that he is going down hill instead of climbing."

DOUGLASS was born in Berkeley Square, one of Los Angeles' fashionable sections, and there he lived during the early years of his life. His summers were spent on the family estate, Edgecliff, in Altadena, which he describes as "an awfully nice old place with lots of trees and quiet. The house must be fifty years old and had round copper bath tubs when we bought it. It's not a snooty place at all. There aren't any marble benches," he added with a laugh.

When he was twenty he took over a small guest house, a stone's throw from the big house, for his own. It was handier to the swimming pool and there, in his own place, he was free to practice his theories of interior decoration to his heart's content. "No one but me could live there," he laughed. "The floors are bright yellow, the furniture bright red and the walls and ceilings white. The curtains are yellow and it's very gay inside but, out of consideration for the family, it is very conservative outside—plain white with green shutters and a white picket fence. Of course I take my meals at the family house when I'm up there."

The neighbors tell how, at the age of six, he put on shows in his backyard with the aid of the gardener, the servants and most of the household furniture for props. And when he organized a dramatic club and put on plays at high school it proved to be so strong an attraction that the athletic board had to send out an S. O. S. for football players. He always knew that he must be an actor, and says, "Nothing else I ever tried seemed to matter."

The only time he ever wavered in his desire to act was when he decided to be a writer. "I had a book of poems published when I was about ten. I suspect there was considerable drag used to get them published, but it seemed to me at the time to be quite an achievement. When I was seventeen I realized that everything I had written was terrible so I went around and stole copies of my book that my friends kindly kept on their library tables, and destroyed them. I called the book 'Pipe Dreams' and I had never smoked a pipe or anything else. The verses were very sophisticated and vicious. Oh, and they were awful!"

DOUG'S school days were not the ordinary school days of other high school boys. He went every day from school to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where he rehearsed and acted almost continuously. When he was fourteen he played in "The Lady with the Lamp" at this theatre. Joseph Schildkraut saw him and said, "You have grease paint in your veins," and Douglass believed him. He spent every spare minute at this theatre. When he was not acting he directed little plays for the workshop connected with the theatre, leaving little time or energy for his school work. At examination time he would visit each one of his teachers and explain why he hadn't been able to study harder, how important it was for him to graduate so he could go ahead with his career.

"Finally I graduated—with circles under my eyes," he told me. When he was determined to go immediately to New York and seek a job on the stage instead of going to college as his parents wished, they offered but the mildest opposition and financed his trip. When he left his mother wrote two pieces of advice on a slip of paper and handed it to him. Send your laundry out weekly so you will always have fresh linen," he wrote, "and write me a post card once a week. I won't expect a letter." She had faith that her training for seventeen years would carry him along morally.

Within three months he had a job in a play and has earned his own living ever since. Of course it wasn't as easy as it sounds. He didn't have a job laid in his lap. It's true, he never had to go hungry or wonder where he would sleep while he was waiting for a job. He needn't have worried if he never did get a job, but he would have, for his heart was set on a career in the theatre. But he had to work and study hard, he had to make the rounds of managers' offices, he had to swallow disappointments.

"I went to Miss Helburn's office at the Theatre Guild every day," he said of that time. "I sat there so much she had to give me a job to get me out of her office."

ONE season's success in New York brought about a motion picture contract and Douglass was thrilled to come back to his home town to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Paid." But when he felt he was not progressing he asked to be released from his contract. Of course he knew he would be taken care of financially. He had a home to go to, he took no great risk in throwing up a lucrative contract. But, in justice to Douglass, I think he would have done the same thing without a nickel behind him.

Immediately he signed another picture contract but when he was again disappointed in roles, again he asked to be released. At that time he thought he was through with pictures forever, but greater success on the stage when he returned to New York brought him continued offers from motion picture companies. Now, freelancing, he can choose his roles, play stage engagements between pictures and at

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last he feels he has the ideal arrangement by which to further his career. He says frankly that he is in pictures now for the money he can make.

Recently he produced, at his own expense, a production of "Playboy of the Western World," an Irish play in which he was interested. He spends his money in this fashion because he loves the theatre. Otherwise he is very conservative. For years he drove the same old second-hand roadster and only recently bought a new moderately-priced car.

Recently, for the first time, he established a home of his own in Hollywood. But his mother found the house for him, made all the arrangements to rent it, hired the servants for him and moved him into it. The first time he saw his new home was at the end of a hard day's work at the studio, when he arrived home to find his dinner on the table.

Because he writes a very illegible hand and his grandmother had difficulty in reading his letters, she bought him a typewriter.

But helping Douglass hasn't hurt him as it might have a boy with a different temperament, less determination than he has. It hasn't made him lazy. He works incessantly. All the pampering, petting, encouragement and aid he has received from his family has not spoiled him. He is not the least bit "high hat." How much money a person has means nothing to Douglass. It's what he can do that counts.

The only time he gets upset is when he isn't working. Three days between pictures and he is a mad man. "I don't idle well," he explains. And that, partly, explains his success. Regardless of financial security, he has never stopped working. He never will.

My Exclusive Life Story

(*Continued from page 69*)

to think I'd been so silly. But I guess the Master of Ceremonies must have been kind of embarrassed too. Later he said he knew that I didn't tear his pants on purpose, and we became good friends.

I'm friends with everybody, and if you won't think any the less of me for it, I'll confess something. I don't chase cats! In fact, some of my best friends are cats, and I always think, "Poor things, it's not their fault they weren't born dogs."

Harry never lets me work more than six hours a day. He says it's too exciting for me, and when I'm not on the lot, he sees that I get sixteen hours a day for sleep. I have a little bed of my own, and when the family goes out, I take one of Marion's slippers (she's Harry's wife) to bed with me. I never chew it, just use it as a pillow, and it keeps me from getting lonesome.

If I were one of those flighty dogs that gets spoiled by too much petting, there wouldn't be any living with me. My face is distinctive, and everybody who sees me wants to come over, get acquainted and pat me. When Harry takes me to a restaurant, I lie at his feet under the table. I don't beg for scraps. In the first place, I don't think any well-bred dog should so debase himself—and besides I like home-cooking better.

I get boiled water when I travel, because I'm finicky that way. I won't even drink water that's been standing in my dish for more than an hour. When I get thirsty, I go over to Harry or Marion or Ted—he's their nine-year-old-son—and then to my dish, and they give me service.

Next to Harry, I think I love Ted more

"I WANT THINGS *different* . . .

AND *Delicious* TOO"

"*I'm funny that way. I like people and places and things that are unusual* — different. So *when I first tried* Dentyne *I was thrilled.* Its *flavor is entirely different from other gums . . . and it's delicious.*"

Dentyne is different in another way, too. It is especially good for your teeth and mouth health. We do not chew nearly enough, doctors and dentists say. We need to give our mouth muscles more vigorous exercise.

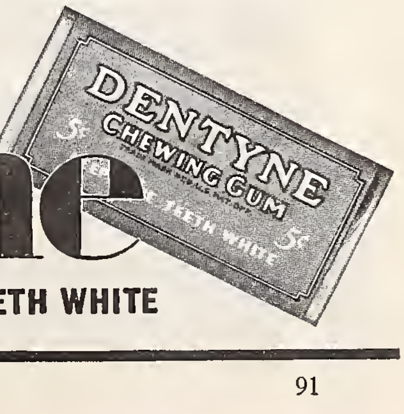
That is why the firmness of Dentyne is so important. It helps improve the mouth structure, stimulates the tissues, improves the condition of the teeth, and helps the mouth cleanse itself.

But whether for health or pleasure, you'll want to chew Dentyne frequently anyway. Its spicy, savory flavor, its smooth firm chewiness are just too good to miss. Your whole family will enjoy Dentyne. Buy a package today.

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE



The lines of

TOMORROW

start

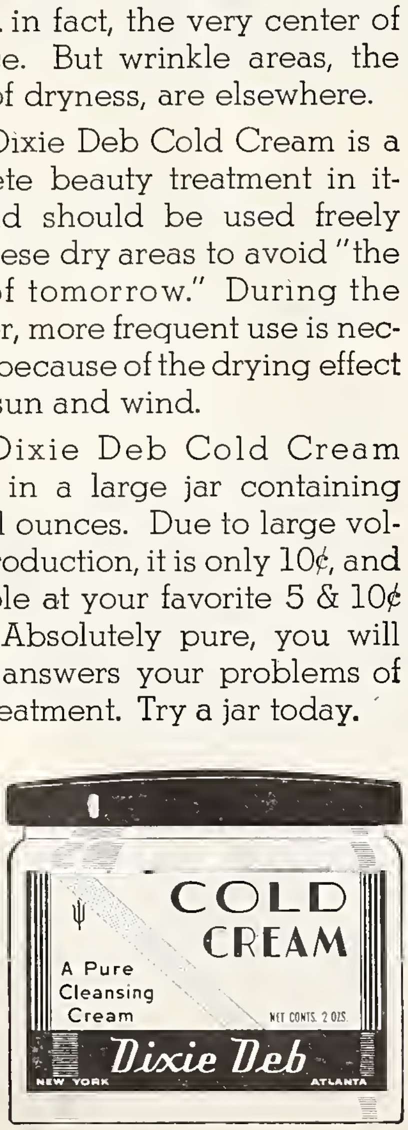
TODAY!

Practically all women have dry skin. Have you? Even if you think your skin is oily because of a shiny nose, look again.

In many cases women merely have oily areas . . . nose, chin . . . in fact, the very center of the face. But wrinkle areas, the result of dryness, are elsewhere.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream is a complete beauty treatment in itself and should be used freely over these dry areas to avoid "the lines of tomorrow." During the summer, more frequent use is necessary because of the drying effect of the sun and wind.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream comes in a large jar containing two full ounces. Due to large volume production, it is only 10¢, and available at your favorite 5 & 10¢ store. Absolutely pure, you will find it answers your problems of skin treatment. Try a jar today.



than anybody else in the world. He gave me a very bad week a couple of years ago. One morning he hadn't come out of his room, so I went in to see what the trouble was. He was lying in bed, and when I licked his hand it was dry and hot. He patted me and Harry took me out for a walk. There wasn't any fun in it. I couldn't even take an interest in the lady dogs we met—I, who had always had such an eye for canine pulchritude. I wanted to be home where I could see that Ted was all right.

They said he had the grippe and kept me out of the room, because the doctor had ordered that he should be very quiet. That night I couldn't go to bed, but slept outside his door, and my food didn't taste right. The next night, when they saw I was going to stay there anyway, they moved my bed outside his room. It was a week before he came out—and I lost seven pounds worrying. Did I snarl at the doctor and try to keep him out because he was a stranger? Not on your life!

BY the way, I have posed for so many pictures that I learned to hold still until the second click of the shutter. Harry thinks that's very clever of me, and I'm inclined to agree with him. I'm not afraid of flashlights, either; in fact, I'm a bit blasé.

I must admit one vice, however—vanity. I like to look at myself in the mirror. I like to be washed and brushed. And I like to be the center of attraction. Perhaps that's why I enjoy my movie work so much, and am so sorry when it's temporarily over. I remember, when we had completed our latest contract, I used to get up early every morning and try to get Harry to climb out of bed, so that he could take me to the studio. It took several days to catch on to the fact that we were actually having a vacation.

But I'll be glad to get back into pictures again—we plan to start a new series this fall—for I do miss the attention I get on the lot.

Once, when I was working for Warner Brothers, I had been up late the night before, and was mighty sleepy when I reported to the set. As usual, stars, extras, directors and cameramen lavished their attentions upon me—all of which left me unmoved. Then Sam Sax came along, and I made a big fuss over him. Not only is Sam a swell fellow—the sort every dog likes—but he's also the man who signs my contracts, and even a dog has to use a little diplomacy these days.

I have my relaxations, too. Besides those I mentioned, Harry sometimes takes me to see a movie—generally a preview. Though I earn my living from the films, I'm not really what you might call a dyed-in-the-wool fan. When there's plenty of action in the picture, it holds my interest, but during the love scenes I generally manage to catch a few winks of sleep. My favorite star is not, as you might have supposed, Helen Twelvetrees; I favor Thelma Todd, Jean Harlow and Laurel and Hardy. There's always something doing in *their* pictures!

Besides movies, I've been on the radio a dozen or so times, and while I don't mind it, I don't think it has the lure of the lens.

So, my recipe for dogs who would succeed in the movies may be summed up as follows: Get plenty of sleep. Keep your diet simple. Go in for clean living (my greatest dissipation is an occasional glass of beer). And get yourself a manager like Harry.

Well, I guess that's all there is to my story.

And I hope I haven't been too dogmatic.

Anticipating a Blessed Event

(*Continued from page 65*)

a natural, normal kid.

"But if she wants to be an actress when she grows up, I'll help her to be. It's a funny thing but every time I talk to a mother in show business she always says, 'I never want my child to see the inside of a theatre or studio. I don't want my daughter to be an actress.'

"I don't get that attitude at all. Listen, where would those mothers be if it weren't for show business? And why should they want to keep their children out of the theatre?

"Maybe I'm just dumb. Maybe I wasn't attractive, but I started on the stage when I was a very young girl—and nobody ever tried to kidnap me. Nobody ever tried to seduce me. I was just as safe as I would have been in boarding school. Well, maybe I'm not the type, but I can't see how going on the stage can hurt any girl.

"Sure, I had a lot of disappointments and hard knocks, but they didn't hurt me either. Believe me, I'm not going to try deliberately to keep little Sandy out of the theatre. She can be an actress if she wants to be—and I'll do everything I can to help her.

BUT when she's little I want her to have a normal life. Don't you hate to see sweet little kids with their hair peroxided and curled beyond recognition? Well, I do.

"George tells me I'll spoil Sandy and maybe I will. But I don't think I really will. I believe in making children mind. There's a child in our family who was an angel when she was a baby but now—oh gosh! She'll be playing with something and drop it on the floor and I'll tell her to pick it up. And she'll say, 'No, you pick it up, I'm too tired!' Well, I could give her a good spanking right then, but I can't because she isn't mine. I'll spoil Sandy, if loving her with all my heart is spoiling her. But believe me, for her own sake and mine, I'm going to make her mind.

"Yes, I'm going to tell Sandy that she is adopted, when she is old enough to understand, because I don't want anyone else to tell her—and some 'kind' friend always does—and hurt her feelings. I don't want our baby to be hurt ever, and if the other kids tease her about being adopted and say that she doesn't really belong to George and me, I'm going to tell her what to answer. I'm going to say:

" 'Listen, darling, those other little boys and girls who tell you they have 'real' mothers and fathers aren't any better loved—perhaps not so much so—as you are. When they were born their mother had to take what she got. She didn't have any choice. But I—your mother—looked all over the world for you. I looked at a hundred little girls before I decided that you were just the one I wanted. You were *chosen* by *your* mother, carefully chosen. Those other kids just happened to come to their families and there was nothing their mothers could do about it.'

"Don't you think if she really believes that—and it's true, isn't it?—that she won't be hurt when anybody throws it up to her that she's adopted?

"Oh, I can't wait until the time comes

to find her. And I want her to be the happiest little girl in the world. George and I are going to try awfully hard to make her happy."

Gracie and George both talked for over an hour about their wonderful plans for their wonderful baby. I wish you could have seen how sincere they were and how much this new adventure means to them.

"You're sure you're going to adopt a girl?" I asked once more, just as I was leaving.

"Oh, we're sure," said George and Gracie.

"But what if you went to the orphanage or wherever you're going and saw a precious, cuddly, adorable little boy who made friends with you at once?" I persisted.

"W-w-well," George and Gracie looked at each other.

"How about it, mama?" he asked.

Gracie turned suddenly. "No sir, it's going to be a girl—I can have so much fun getting her sweet little dresses but—oh, any baby and every baby is so sweet, I don't know what I'd do. I guess it all comes down to just one fact. George and I want a baby and we're going to have one."

"And the next time I see you," George said, "I'll have a flock of pictures this high to show you and when it says, 'Oogy, woogy,' I'll swear it's saying, 'Burns and Allen are my favorite comedy team!'"

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 17*)

onions, mustard pickles, chow-chow; chili sauce, ketchup; oil, vinegar, mayonnaise; olives—ripe, green and stuffed.

MAIN COURSE MAKINGS: Canned salmon, tuna, crabmeat and lobster; canned chicken and ham; chipped beef; canned corned beef; prepared codfish cakes; baked beans, kidney beans; brown bread; prepared spaghetti and macaroni; frankfurters in jars.

SOUPS: Practically every kind of canned soup available.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: An endless variety of both, in cans and jars.

COOKIES AND CRACKERS: Sweet cookies, soda crackers, sweet crackers, cheese crackers, salted crackers, canapé crackers.

BEVERAGES: Assorted carbonated drinks such as gingerale, soda water, etc.; tea, coffee; condensed and evaporated milk; grapefruit and pineapple juice; tomato juice and sauerkraut juice.

I GUESS I must have looked pretty stunned by this profusion of edibles, because my hostess started to laugh.

"When you entertain the flocks of casual callers we do," she explained, "you have to keep on hand enough stuff to set up a small restaurant." And judging by the delicious meal which we consumed just a short time later, the Browns would be well qualified to run a first-class restaurant any time.

Now, perhaps others don't have to entertain on such a wholesale scale—you, for instance, and you and you—but that's no reason why you can't take a leaf from Mrs. Brown's note book and fix up an emergency shelf of your own, stock with foods which you, your family and friends will enjoy. It may contain nothing more than the makings of an impromptu supper

ALLURING

. . . *and as sweet as the flowers from him!*

You know the importance of feeling fresh and fragrant, so every day you use a generous dusting of Dixie Deb Talcum Powder. Its soothing softness protects you against that uncomfortable sticky sensation which comes with perspiration.

Before dancing, tennis, golf, or any physical activity which robs you momentarily of your usual daintiness, a thorough dusting of Dixie Deb Talc will help maintain your loveliness, keeping your skin smooth and attractive throughout a busy summer day or evening.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum, sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powders. Due to large-volume production, it is very reasonably priced . . . 10¢ . . . and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below. Ask for Dixie Deb Talcum Powder at your favorite 10¢ store.

GLORIFY YOUR BEAUTY WITH

DIXIE DEB *Cosmetics*

Orchid TALC
Dixie Deb
Tulip TALC
Joyeuse
Moonlight Roses Talc
Dixie Deb Talc
VENETIAN NIGHTS
ORCHID
TULIP
JOYEUSE
MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
VENETIAN NIGHTS

THEN
I found Hold-Bobs in *harmonizing* shades

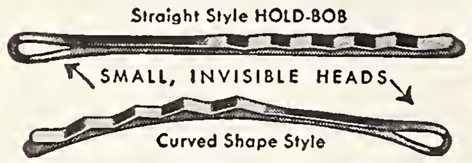
Ordinary pins may claim to match your hair . . . but you'll never know what *perfect* harmony is until you use HOLD-BOBS in *your* shade. Odd-colored bob pins rob you of your attractiveness. HOLD-BOBS match the natural shades of brunette, blonde, platinum blonde, silver and auburn.

In addition, these exclusive HOLD-BOB features *help* your coiffure: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped.

GET YOUR GIFT CARD TODAY!

Find out for yourself, at our expense, that HOLD-BOBS are invisible, stay put, and *keep* your hair beautiful. Mail the coupon today, and try them.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. E-94, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. E-94, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name..
Address..
City..........................State..........................
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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or it may enable you to produce a complete company dinner in a jiffy. It all depends upon the type of entertaining you do. But with a suitable supply of ready prepared foods tucked away, you will find your job of hostessing infinitely simplified. And, besides, it will enable you to extend hospitality when you want to, without any last-minute worries.

There is still another excellent use for an emergency shelf which I'd like to mention and that is for rescuing you on days when it teems rain and you don't want to go out to market, or when some one is ill or you are just too busy to take time out to go to the stores. Then treat yourself like a guest, resort to the emergency supplies and whip up a delicious meal quickly and without effort. Really, this emergency shelf idea isn't an extravagance at all, you see, for you are sure to need the food sometime and buying it in advance is simply a sort of meal insurance. Then, too, you can take advantage of sales and effect substantial savings as well.

ONE word of warning I would issue, though, and that is to be sure to replenish your supplies as rapidly as they are used up. You will find that certain things like canned soups, spaghetti, baked beans and olives will disappear faster than others, so be sure to replace them immediately. Otherwise you are apt to go gaily to your closet for these beloved standbys only to remember, when it is too late, that you used them up a couple of days before.

There is another kind of meal where your emergency shelf is of great assistance. That is when the meal you had planned on having must be stretched to cover the one or two extras your genial nature has caused you to invite at the last minute. This is the type of dinner that needs padding and garnishing, with a minor change here and there.

First, I suggest a good, satisfying cream soup to take the edge off appetites. Then a heavy sauce to dress up the meat course. Or a cheese sauce on the cauliflower to make it appear more tasty than it is. Give a dressy touch to the table with a condiment dish of radishes, assorted olives and pickles. And add a dash of chili sauce and some minced sweet pickles to the mayonnaise to pep up the plain lettuce salad. Save for next day's lunch the baked potatoes you had planned to have for dinner and instead open a can of spaghetti and serve it piping hot with the meat.

IN this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder I have included a number of sauces for dressing up meats and vegetables. Then there is a card of sweet sauces for desserts—all of which can be quickly made from supplies you have on hand and which will give your simplest meal a partyish air. I have also included a card of suggestions for padding and stretching meals. And perhaps most welcome of all will be a card on quick refreshments—the sort of snacks you will like to serve in the afternoon or late at night when people drop in unexpectedly or come home with you from the movies. You can have this folder, free, if you will just fill in the coupon below and mail it to me.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for September, 1934.

Name.........................
(Print in pencil)

Address.........................
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

Chester's Unhappy Friendship

(*Continued from page* 61)

received. Also, and this is the most important part, he stipulated that I was to receive only a small weekly wage. Less than most 'bit' players receive. He had absolute right to handle and control every bit of money I earned above this small allowance.

I FOUND West a slave-driver. He loaned me out indiscriminately, at a good figure, but he never loosened up on my allowance. The first rub came when I asked for enough money to bring my family out. They were in the East and expenses were far less in Hollywood than in New York and naturally I wanted them to be with me. So, I asked for an advance on my drawing account. He refused. I cajoled, pleaded and stormed. He told me with finality that if they came they would have to come on my allowance.

"It would have been so easy for me to make the same mistakes that lots of fellows do when they first come out. I was here alone. I was established as an actor. You know what that means. Invitations, gayety, good clothes, swanky cars. But I never got them. I was too poor to even think of running around. I was working always, eking out a slim existence on my meagre allowance, and driving around in a rattletrap car. People who didn't know my real circumstances put me down as a tightwad. I was, although it wasn't my fault. Now that it is over and I am free again, I can look back and say that it could have been worse.

"When I was cast in Norma Shearer's picture, 'The Divorcee,' my wardrobe was totally unsuitable for the role of a young-man-about-town. I asked West to let me have some things made. He refused.

"Bob Montgomery and I were friends and he helped me through the worst of it. I had to wear the clothes that I had used in stock. They were green with age and had that intangible something that only moth balls can give. Aged in the wood, for they had been in my wardrobe trunk since I came to Hollywood. I had to get my 'tails' out and have them cleaned and pressed. I wore them with Norma in the wedding scene and I looked so terrible that I took Bob aside before we started.

"'For God's sake, Bob, do me a favor,' I begged. 'When we start walking towards the camera, get in front of me so this suit won't show. I'm sunk if you don't.' Bob did. Some of his fans wrote to him later and accused him of 'mugging,' but he was really doing me a kindness. When our close-ups were shot, he stood so that only my head and shoulders showed.

Then we had a sequence that required

riding breeches. I have never told this to anybody else, but I swear it is true. I could not rake up enough cash to get some breeches tailored to measure. All of the fellows were going to a man named Took, an expert tailor. I begged West to let me have some money so I could have him make me some breeches, as a great deal depended upon the impression I made in this picture, but he was adamant. He told me to go back to M-G-M and ask the wardrobe department to outfit me.

"I told them I didn't have any breeches. They said they didn't have any either. When I insisted upon being given a pair, they finally told me: 'Pardon us, Mr. Morris, but anyone who is playing leading man for Norma Shearer ought to be able to save enough to purchase riding breeches.'

"I explained the situation and they finally found a pair of Ramon Novarro's old breeches that he had discarded. I was doubtful about them, because Ramon's anatomy and mine have little in common, but the wardrobe fellow thought if I pinned them up in the back I might get by. So I took them, but they didn't work. That is, not in the right way.

"I had a lot of love scenes with Norma which were taken at Bel-Air. A beautiful spot and a beautiful girl—everything exactly right except my riding breeches. Every time I bent over to take Norma in my arms, I'll be hanged if those darned safety pins didn't come loose with a terrific snap. You know how the 'mike' picks up funny little noises like that. They sounded just like somebody getting slapped in the face.

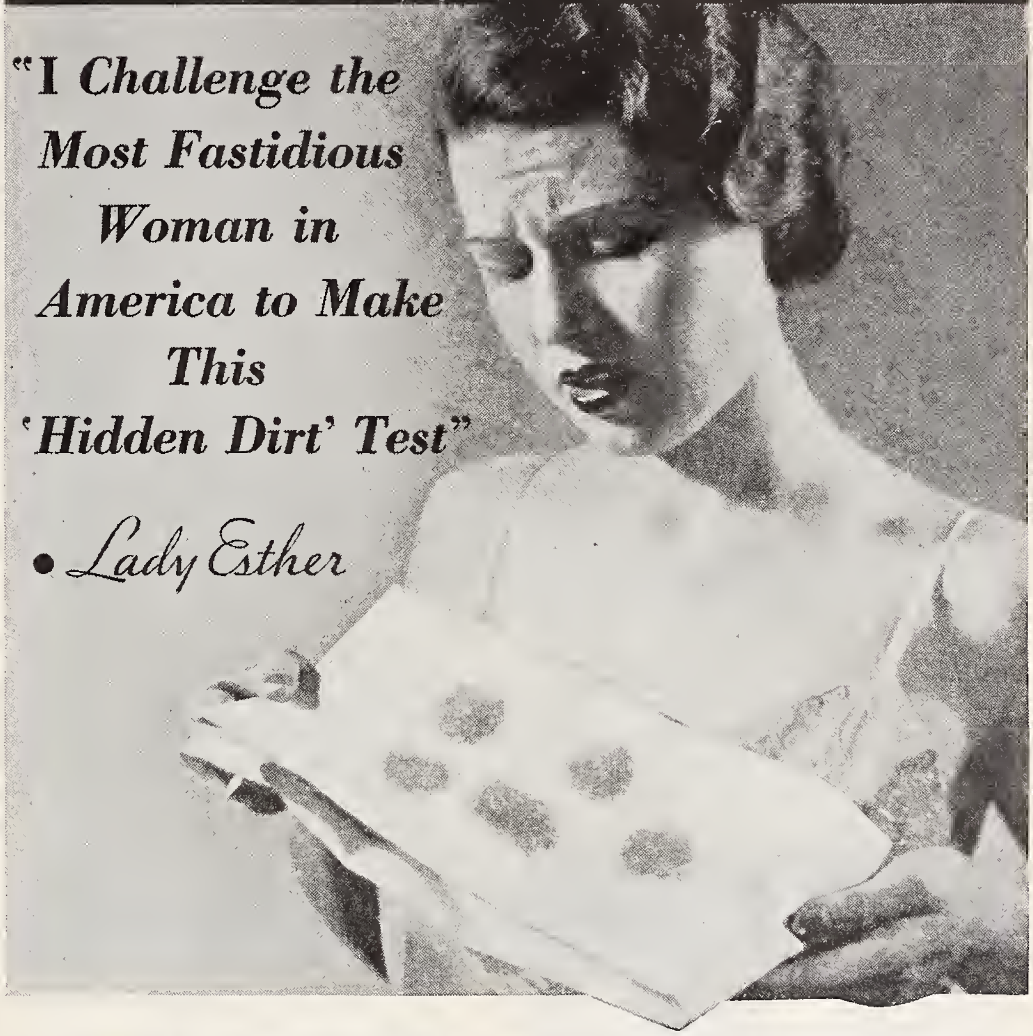
"Finally, the sound engineer blew up and the director called it a day. I think everybody from Irving Thalberg down to the office boy stormed Roland West's office and demanded some new clothes for me. He was just as positive with them as he had been with me, but they finally made an issue of it and told him that they would not consider me for future roles unless I were given a suitable wardrobe. So he was overruled.

"I went downtown and got everything that I could possibly need in the way of clothes. Next, I was cast in 'The Big House.' Following this, I was given a succession of gangster roles and those grand clothes hung in my closet for two years. I never used them before the camera. And I did not entertain.

HERE is a funny twist to the whole situation. Aside from our business squabbles, Roland West and his wife were the best friends my wife and I had. We spent every week-end with them at their beach home, and we never dreamed of planning anything for Tuesday. They always came to dinner at our house then. One evening, I mentioned that I would like to go to Europe. West decided that it would be nice for all of us to go together. We went via a tramp steamer. Talk about stretching money. We did on that trip of ours. When we got to London, West registered us at a cheap hotel. 'Putrid' is the only word that can describe it. One of my pictures was opening there the week we arrived. I used to go out the side entrance with my hat down over my face for fear I would be recognized."

There isn't space enough to tell what Chester went through while he was serving his apprenticeship. The only thing that made it endurable was the friendship that existed between him and West in spite of their differences in opinion. A rather horrible thing happened, however, and Chester went to West and demanded a release from his contract. West refused and he kept Chester off the screen for a year and a half. In Hollywood, that is equiva-

HIDDEN DIRT
CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"


"I Challenge the Most Fastidious Woman in America to Make This 'Hidden Dirt' Test"
• Lady Esther

Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. *Now* take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean *has blackened* the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name ....
Address ....
City................................ *State*..............
This offer is not good in Canada (6)

lent to what it used to mean when a Russian was sent to Siberia. Off the screen, means out of it. It is only a miracle that Chester escaped oblivion. He didn't. The minute he was free he began to get offers.

Chester has gotten so used to living quietly that, now that he could run around, he hasn't the desire. So, if there ever was any danger of "going Hollywood" where he was concerned, it is safely past. He has turned that particular corner. He has a beautiful home, a congenial wife, two lovely children and a healthy American outlook. Now Universal is doing big things for him. You'll be seeing him soon in "Let's Talk It Over" with Mae Clark and "Embarrassing Moments," with Marian Nixon.

Six Years Ago

(Continued from page 59)

Not until her junior year, when her performance had been creditable, but by no means spectacular.

It would have taken a bold prophet indeed to predict that in but half of the ten years suggested by the speaker that that obscure, outgoing senior would have leaped to cinema fame; that just six years following her graduation, by June, '34, the questions asked most frequently on the campus at this 49th Commencement have been:

Which was Hepburn's room? What did she study? What was she like?

KAY HEPBURN, as she soon came to be known, had four rooms during her four-year stay. As a freshman she roomed alone at East Pembroke by her own request. Kay had always had her own room in the spacious, comfortable family home on Laurel Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Coming to Bryn Mawr, her first away-from-home experience, Kay frankly dreaded the thought of that unknown room-mate who would want to share everything, from the study-lamp to half the hooks in the closet. She was used to "digging" but true red-head that she was, insisted on her own sweet will in the performance of every task. She had had her own way from the cradle up. She would study just how and when she liked, telling everyone to "go sit on a tack!" She was notoriously untidy, too.

The Dean's office conceded the point for freshman year to the daughter of one distinguished alumna (Mrs. Hepburn had been Bryn Mawr, 1900), and niece of another, now Mrs. Edith Houghton Hooker of Baltimore. But by sophomore year, Kay was "recommended" to make her choice of a room-mate from her own class. This she did, with results not entirely happy for either student. The two parted at the close of the year and Kay chose again for junior year; again no great congeniality resulted, and by senior year, have a room alone.

AS to that much-disputed "untidiness," it is a matter of college record that Hepburn, K. H., was called to the Dean's office several times to receive reprimands for this. It was not considered womanly or in good collegiate taste for a student to trail around so generally in an old sweat-shirt and soiled skirt (the one so graphically described in the Year Book) as Kay was wont to do. She had plenty of "grand clothes," purchased at the best shops in New York and Philadelphia, but seldom exerted herself to the point of wearing them. She rebelled particularly at the college rule of evening dress for dinner. It never mattered in the least to her how she looked. Certainly she was not in the least clothes-conscious, until—— Yes, in the middle of her senior year, the lightning struck Kay, completely shattering this apathy. A great and overwhelming change resulted. as will be recounted later.

As a student, she found it hard going to get even passing marks. She was always in the lower half of her class, scholastically. with an average for her four years somewhere between seventy and seventy-five. Seventy is required for "merit" to permit a student to gain a diploma Kay admits to have flunked "math" twice, and to have taken repeats in oral French, which is required for graduation. She majored in history and philosophy, receiving eventually a degree of Bachelor of Arts, but she had to dig in pretty hard to get that degree.

Did it use to mortify her to compare her "punk" marks, as she had to admit them, with the renownedly brilliant college record achieved by her mother, whose whole collegiate path at Bryn Mawr had been strewn with "A's."

Kay was proud of her gifted mother She had never been repressed in any way; indeed, "can't" and "don't" had been words seldom heard in the home, where both parents were all for self-expression

WHY then with all this background of childish ambition and encouragement, do we find evidence so extremely meager in her college years of Katharine Hepburn the artist so-soon-to-be, with her almost uncanny power to portray and communicate emotion?

"I guess I'm slow," she told one of the psychology professors, with whom she used to hold earnest discussions on her own development. Psychology was her best subject. She took a tremendous interest in it, and always made the applications to herself. That professor was one of the few who predicted her success "in something" if only because "she was so all-fired earnest."

But of all this the class of '28 had little ken. The College Year Book, which is regarded a sure barometer has but one mention of her up to graduation. That was for her work on the swimming team, freshman year. The team didn't win its meets that year, and after that temperamental Kay wouldn't swim any more.

It was not until the spring of junior year that she evinced the slightest spark of ardor for Varsity Dramatics. Then she played the male juvenile role in "The Truth About the Blayds," a Broadway success borrowed by the Bryn Mawr students. As the hero of the piece, she was fairly good, but not outstandingly so. "There was certainly nothing professional about her then," recall those who still remember this maiden performance.

Then came senior year and May Day, the special festival celebrated every four years. It brought to Kay Hepburn, the "moody senior," her first opportunity. Earlier in this year, she had made her second dramatic attempt, in the Varsity Dramatics version of "Cradle Song," so familiar to student audiences through the Civic Repertory performances of Miss Eva LeGallienne. Kay's performance was highly commended: "Katharine Hepburn as Theresa was so extraordinarily lovely to look at that it was difficult to form any judgment on her acting," stated the next

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On bended knees did Billy Bakewell (left) and Johnny Mack Brown (right) bid Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy goodbye! They were headed for New York, where Ralph has a leading role in "Woman in the Dark," at the Biograph Studios.

issue of *The College News*. "Her voice had perhaps too much of the childish treble but her little movements, her poses and the contrast of her gaiety with the restrained atmosphere of the convent could not have been improved. Here was acting not only good, but which seemed to offer really dazzling possibilities of something far better."

That came with her choice for a leading role at May Day, just before Commencement. To the amazement of many, she was appointed by Doctor Samuel Arthur King, the college's most distinguished lecturer and Director of Diction, to play the part of Pandora in "The Woman of the Moon."

Prior to this, Kay had never had any reputation for beauty at college.

BEAUTIFUL?" repeats a member of The Bryn Mawr faculty now, recalling student Hepburn. "Why, no, certainly not beautiful, or even pretty. Glamorous? I would hardly say so. She was compelling. That is the word, I think."

Doctor King too felt no doubt at all as to the appropriateness of his "strange choice."

"Not strange at all," this high authority insisted. "I find Miss Hepburn has personality, which is essential, and otherwise great powers for unfoldment." To encourage these, he even took a hand in her rehearsals himself.

Other breath-taking changes were befalling Kay in this her first wonder year. From being noisy, cyclonic, utterly unconcerned as to dress, she grew clothes-conscious, and for the first time in her life lay awake at night dreaming of—a man.

About the middle of her senior year, in the home of Bryn Mawr friends, she met Ludlow Ogden Smith—and the lightning hit hard. Romance descended upon her.

"I want to be beautiful," Kay announced suddenly to her astonished mates.

She was already engaged to "Luddy," when she sat in her cap and gown that June day six years ago at her graduation. "Luddy" it was who drove her home when it came time to say good-bye to the fair campus, "Luddy" to whom she was married on December 12th of that same year, in her parents' home, with her grandfather officiating at the ceremony.

And now that marriage, too, is over. Like her college days, it has become memory.

What does the future hold for Kay Hepburn? Whatever it is, you may be sure it won't be dull!

A role in "Crime Without Passion," produced by Hecht (left) and MacArthur in the east, called for an unknown. Pretty Alice Jefferson, a model, was the lucky gal.

POT LUCK!

Are you always prepared for your friends when they pop in unexpectedly for lunch—tea—dinner?

THIS month's MODERN HOSTESS tells how Mrs. Brown, Johnny Mack Brown's wife, handles such a situation. The writer of this interesting article was given the opportunity of peeking into her "emergency" supply chest which saved the day when twelve hungry people remained to take pot luck after a game of tennis on the Brown Courts recently.

It's really not a very difficult feat to suddenly feed twelve extra people when you follow Mrs. Brown's system. Read the article —learn just what tasty foods are best to keep on hand for sudden summer-guest emergencies.

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Dumb Like a Fox

(*Continued from page 45*)

work. But I was just dumb enough not to care. The way I figured, in my poor way was: I wanted to get somewhere. I looked at all the guys who had graduated and tried to find the big shots among 'em. Tried to figure just how far four years of study and graduating had got them. It was a cinch for me to win the Olympics. Of course, if I'd been bright I'd just have held back and not gone, and graduated like the rest of the fellows. But I just quit school and went. I didn't even have to work hard to win. And for nine years I went all over the world swimming. Japan, London, Amsterdam—oh, almost every country. In my way, I figured I was seeing the world without it costing me anything. I even felt sort of sorry for those guys back in the University of Chicago.

"Somehow, I didn't think a lot of talk helped most people much. Especially talk about yourself. But they wouldn't have let me talk about myself if I had caught the habit early. 'Don't think *you're* so hot' is what they always tell athletes. Football or anything else. A guy's got to keep in tip-top form and that's the line coaches use to do it. I'd say 'hello' to everybody and that was about all. I was just a swimmer. I could swim a little faster than someone else. But somebody else could do figures a little faster than the next fellow, and some other guy could preach a little more eloquently. So what of it?

"And when I did mix with people a bit—well, I was invited to the big homes. If I accepted, I somehow found myself in the swimming pool with a lot of people crowded around. And I ended by giving a free exhibition.

"So I sort of decided that if you travelled all over the world and didn't say much, but watched the people of all classes you were bound to meet, you couldn't help but learn an awful lot about all people. If you didn't waste time talking yourself, you could learn how to tell what they really meant behind their words—when *they* were talking.

"After nine years of this, the coach came to me one day and said, 'You're going to quit going into competitions. You're going to do exhibitions. Good money. Ten thousand a year to start.' So I designed a bathing suit—I should know about *bathing suits*—and started giving swimming exhibitions to sell it. That's what I was doing out here. Oh, yes, since you asked about my education, which I don't like to talk about—a dumb guy shouldn't, you know—I went to night school most of the time I was travelling around for competitions.

I WAS hanging around the Hollywood Athletic Club when Cyril Hume, the writer, told me about Tarzan. I came down and talked to Benny Thaw who was casting. And he didn't give it to me. I didn't know why, then. He sounded sort of final, but being just dumb enough not to know better, I went back to Cyril Hume who brought me down to Hyman's office. Van Dyke was there. I took off my shirt. 'That's the fellow I want,' Van Dyke said and sent me back for a test. It was no good. But Van Dyke still said, 'That's the fellow I want,' and made a test of me himself. And no one—dumb or bright—is better in a test than the man who directs it."

"And that was when you had your nose made over?"

Johnny laughed. "Take a look at my nose. If it had been made over for beauty, don't you think even a dumb guy would have seen that the Doc made a better job of it than that? I've broken my nose three times. Once playing ball with Doug Fairbanks, Senior. I used to go over to his place a lot."

I took a look at Johnny's nose. And laughed. It *is* the best answer to that accusation. You look at it on the screen and you'll see what I mean. Then I looked at Johnny's eyes. Direct, honest. And I laughed again. How many young screen players would have played at Doug Fairbanks, Senior's, and been so dumb as not to let the world read about it? Why, there could be no better publicity for any movie star.

"Well," he interrupted my open stare, fidgeting around and hunting for the lunch check. He made it evident he didn't enjoy staring. "We made that picture in fourteen weeks and I waited two years to make another. And that's about all there is to tell about me. Only, don't you try to tell the world I'm a bright fellow or anything like that.

"I've spent two years around here watching people and I've got it all figured out that it's awful easy for a bright guy to be a ham actor. You don't have to *do anything*—just react to a scene the way the director tells you. I'm just so dumb I don't want to be a ham actor, I'm studying with Josephine Dillon and if I can get polish on my diction and a *chance*—maybe I can *feel* on the screen. I'm just dumb enough not to want to be a Tarzan all my life."

"And say, about that money business. Don't quote me wrong on that. I should be kicking about $500 a week when another guy's still selling swimming suits for $250.00!

I chuckled all the way home from that luncheon with Johnny Weissmuller. Of course, I'd learned long ago just how dumb he really was, but still—mry mind flashed to his sentence. "I talked to the casting director. He didn't give it to me. I didn't know why then."

So he knew now! He knew that Bobbé Arnst, the first Mrs. Weissmuller, had gone to Metro and begged the officials not to give him the Tarzan picture. "He's a grand kid now. Unspoiled. Don't let him go into pictures. Please. Something might spoil things for us, for me—" She had pleaded against an opportunity for Johnny Weissmuller.

And suddenly I was adding two and two and getting four. I felt certain I was not guessing. The secret of that original divorce was out. There is no drawback to an ambitious man like a wife who does not approve of his profession. Bobbé Arnst had not wanted Johnny to turn actor. He knew it. He had known it then. He had foreseen—what had he said, "When you travel around the world and say nothing, you sort of get to understand what people are thinking no matter what they are saying." He had foreseen that a wife who did not encourage and understand and want him to be an actor—

So he had married an actress. Fallen in love with one who knew every trick of his new business and who wants him to be a success.

In fact, we could go on for pages. And we'd prove just one thing. Johnny Weissmuller is so dumb he wants the world to think he doesn't know a thing. Then he'll have plenty of time to really promote—Johnny Weissmuller.

Sophisticated Schoolboy

(*Continued from page 58*)

to you as nearly like a Noel Coward play as was possible in 1920, and five minutes later playing practical jokes.

He was a tall, good-looking youth with more poise than most of us will ever have, an endless store of vitality, a startling disregard for matters of etiquette, and a twinkle in his eye which won over everyone who saw it. If it did not occur to those who knew him then that by 1932 he would be one of the most popular movie idols of the day, it is because they never gave his future a thought. To be sure, they came near to predicting his career after he left the little Hudson River town to seek his fortune in New York. It was rumored that Bob, with no training of any sort except his experience in theatricals at the Pawling School for Boys, had accepted a job in the chorus of a musical comedy. I remember the town's saying, "He won't stay there long. That boy will do something big."

AND they were justified. For the young Robert had everything that makes a popular idol of any sort, with a few other things thrown in. Even at seventeen his conversation was a delight. His ability to amuse didn't consist of a use of the puns and wisecracks which so often pass for humor in a boy. He had the intelligence, the natural high spirits, the originality and the sense of humor which are the ingredients of true wit. At the Pawling School he was, as I have mentioned, a member of the cast of all the plays produced there. But do you think he played the hero? Not Bob. He went in for character parts, preferably spinsters.

Beacon was the town he lived in then, in New York State. His father was vice-president of the New York Rubber Company there. Beacon was barely large enough to be a city, but boasted the steepest incline railway in the world. The cable cars went from the foot of Mt. Beacon to the top, where you had your choice of penny arcades or dancing on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Beacon itself was no different from any other town its size. There were mountains to climb, woods to walk in, and the little Melzingah River for skating and sailing.

As a young boy, Bob lived at the hotel with his younger brother, Donald, and his father and mother. The idea of living in the only hotel in town added glamor to his life. It was tremendously exciting to have dinner there. Mrs. Montgomery almost always took her meals in her room, and sometimes Mr. Montgomery would dine with her, leaving them alone in the big hotel dining-room. They felt grown up and cosmopolitan. The Montgomerys had a car and chauffeur, and obviously money. Mr. Montgomery was always impeccably dressed. I think he was the only man in town who wore a Chesterfield and a derby. Bob's clothes were better cut than most of the boys', too. He sported immaculate white flannels for tennis, when the others wore dirty white ducks. Boys who hadn't thought of it before began to beg their mothers for some "ice cream pants" like Bob Montgomery's.

When he was a student at the Overfield School in Beacon, he harnessed a horse to a pony cart, donned a coachman's tall hat and tail coat, and invited a number of his friends to go for a ride. As Bob drove the horse at a wild pace around the corner of the house, one wheel of the cart caught on the drain pipe. This mishap pulled down the pipe and upset the

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the stony driveway. One of the boys landed on the tall hat which had fallen from Bob's surprised head. He waited until the runaway horse was flying through the vegetable garden before he deigned to jump down from his precarious perch. The vegetable garden made a perfectly safe and comfortable spot in which to fall. Bob, you see, was always a quick thinker.

His interests were varied. They were those of the healthy American boy. He was a Boy Scout, he swam well and played tennis and golf. He also sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church. (It might be wiser to forget the awful Sunday that he popped his forefinger into the mouth of the startled soprano just as she was ending the chant which followed the prayer.) In school, besides Dramatics, he sang in the Glee Club, was on the *Pawling School Weekly*, went out for football, managed a team or two, and was well above the average in scholarship. He wrote with justifiable pride, "Man, I am to be congratulated. This last two weeks I got an average of 80¼ per cent in my subjects. An average of 80 puts you on the Honor Roll. So you see I am on the Honor Roll. (Ahem!)"

The following year he was struggling to keep up that record: "Been passing everything regularly except French. I can't push that language through my wooden headpiece." Can you imagine the suave Robert worrying about a French lesson? Yet with all this he still had time to write long and rather envious letters to a pal: "Every time I think of the gay life in Boston, I get a toothache or a grouch. Here I sit in this neck of the woods with nothing to do but work while you, grrrrrrr!"

ONE great part of Bob's charm was his even disposition. Have you ever heard stories about "temperament" in connection with him? I don't think there will ever be any. I have never seen him angry or irritated. Perhaps that is the reason that people can't be angry with him. When I knew him, he never thought of ringing a doorbell or knocking. Sometimes he would appear at the door and ask, "Any rags or bones?" Or you could be sitting quietly in your room on a summer afternoon, and perhaps be startled by a loud noise. It would be Bob Montgomery, come to pay a call. If he happened to be hungry, he would ignore you and pass straight through to the kitchen where he would look about and help himself to anything that happened to strike his fancy. A little while later you would look up to see his impish face peeking around the corner at you: "You're looking very handsome today."

Bob was no ordinary boy, and I think you will agree with me that he deserves all the success he has won by sheer force of his own scintillating personality. He was born to laugh, to be happy. He has "the light touch" about everything he does. That he has been successful playing the heavy lover simply shows that he can do a number of things well. And Bob certainly is one grand boy. He stands for youth and the joy of living. He wants you to laugh with him.

Pepping Up Your Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 73*)

fall colors this season. It was quite strictly tailored in design from shoulder to hem. But the blouse that went with it was a straight peplum affair in a heavy linen, striped green, beige and black. It had a nifty little bow under the chin, short sleeves and a belt of the same material. Now that little bodice with the tweed skirt made a dress in itself for the warm day, while the coat was handy for protection against cooler breezes.

A NEW dress? Is that the order? Just a general, all-round, useful dress? Make it of satin—black is the best—and have a collar and cuffs of white or color, whichever you can carry off with the greatest charm. (You know, some of us can't wear black and white. We must have a dash of color to make us bloom.) Now, this sort of dress is a little miracle which will stand by you all through the coming winter. It never really loses its charm and usefulness until the back gets shiny, and with regret you are forced to put it aside. It's summery looking too, with its gay accents, and a relief from all the whites and pastels which, by this season, have become a little washed and faded looking. You are sick of them, anyway—have enough of them hanging around—are anxious for a change. Try the black satin and see what it does for your feelings. Crepe is good, too, but not quite so smart at this time of year.

Blouses—they are the boon to the girl who needs change, at a nominal cost. What a yard and a half of goods will do for a tired suit can't be estimated. And I want to tell you some new ideas for these blouses. You know you can sew one of them up in an off evening and sally forth next day with a new outlook on life.

Plaid taffetas are simply stunning with plain suits. Striped taffetas are even better in some respects. But, in any event, choose them in brilliant colors, for the very dash of them is their chief inspiration and claim to fame. They are so stiff and perky looking, defying the world, you won't be able to go on thinking your spirits have come anywhere near the drooping stage.

There are bargains on the piece goods counter right about now. Look out for those darling patterned handkerchief linens. They were marked with boosted prices earlier in the summer. Now you can pick them up for a song. They are too delicious for words when made up with a jabot or a big bow in the front. They're proof against mussing, too, for they fall into their own natural lines and keep you away from the ironing board for a couple of days at least.

Nothing is smarter than a blouse of crisp white organdy. Work that one for all it's worth. You'll never regret that investment.

FOR a new hat, I'd advise a rather broad-brimmed felt—knockabout in type, but with some slight suggestion of a dressy appearance. You've seen this urge for black and yellow. Well, if you have a black dress, get a new yellow felt hat and a pair of yellow chamois gloves. What a rejuvenation! You have no idea how thrilling the change is until you yourself are dolled up in the ensemble.

Evening? White satin is good. Can be dyed later. Or I'd advise a long skirt of black crepe, triple sheer, or satin in black or brown or midnight blue. Then, again, blouses to go with it, and a little tight-fitting jacket with long sleeves.

Ex-Sunday School Teacher

(*Continued from page 60*)

Her mother is her pal and confidante. When she gave birth to a daughter in 1903, a doctor told her she could never have another child. That is the reason the baby was named Una which means 'one.'

The newest member of her family is her husband, Ronald L. Burla, an engineer. They were married on the first day of January, 1932, after a seven weeks' engagement. (Her father and mother were married also on a New Year's Day, also after a seven weeks' engagement.) Ever since, they have lived all together in a simply immense house.

Una, always honest, admits that she entered the lists without great beauty, without dramatic brilliance. Then how did she thrust up through the crowd? How did she win the chance to tread in the tracks of Marie Dressler and Clark Gable as a "picture-stealer?" I asked her.

"I TRIED to make every person for whom I worked feel that he could depend on me," she answered. "Every time I made an appointment, I did my level best to keep it. I wouldn't let myself be late—ever. If I got a job, I worked hard, usually for an hour or two longer than anyone else."

But that isn't all there was to it. The rest of the answer lies in the kind of girl she was when her parents brought her to New York from Philadelphia at sixteen.

She had just changed suddenly and surprisingly into a slim, eager young woman. Back in Covington, Kentucky where she lived the first fifteen years of her life, she had been ill, spindly, and something of a book-worm.

Her first love affair was certainly as commonplace as yours or mine. He was a Boy Scout and he gave Una his pin to wear. The next day, he changed his mind and took it back. But was Una heartbroken? Not a bit. She fell in love with a boy who had a bigger and brighter Scout pin.

In her first fist fight we discover a hint of the spirit that was to sustain her through her early discouraging years. She was a Sunday School junior in Covington, Ky. One Sunday, all the Juniors wore wreaths of daisies and quaint white-and-blue Mother Hubbards. Little Una liked her dress so well that she wore it to school on Monday. A neighbor boy followed her home that afternoon mocking her, teasing her until she ran crying into the house. Her father said, "Una, why don't you go out there and give that kid a thrashing?"

Her eyes widened with surprise. "Oh, may I?"

"Go to it."

She had been taught that little ladies didn't fight. It had not occurred to her that one might break the rule. But now she had her father's sanction. With her little skirts tucked up in her belt, she waded into her tormentor. The black eye she got and the two she gave was the neighborhood scandal for a month.

AND there you have her, the kind of girl she was when her parents moved to New York and she made up her mind that she wanted to be an actress.

Abandoning high school and its formal courses, she went to the invigorating atmosphere of a dramatic institute. Day and night, while diction and gestures absorbed her, she haunted stage doors just to look at celebrated actresses. Then, she looked for a job.

At first, there was no job anywhere. Men looked at her and said, "Too green."

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To acquire poise, she began to pose for artists. Between poses, she continued to tramp the streets hour after hour, from office to office, meeting the monotonous, spirit-killing rejection, "Nothing today."

You may be sure she was tempted to give up, but eventually, Fate relented. She got a tiny part.

The man who gave her a first real chance was John Golden, the theatrical producer.

"I need someone with a lot of experience," he said. "What have you done?"

Una Merkel didn't know it, but as she sat in that office she was at a crossroad in her career. She might have lied about her experience and mentioned imaginary work in England or on the West Coast. Instead, she said. "I've played in two shows. In one, I walked on and off without opening my mouth. In the other, I said just one line."

JOHN GOLDEN must have been a little stunned to hear her say that. But her honesty pleased him, for before she left his office her name was signed to a contract, the contract that was to make her a Broadway favorite.

Those next months were unbelievably busy. She had a part in "Pigs." And then in something else. People began to say that the girl with the cute southern voice at the John Golden Theatre had that certain something. Then came "Coquette," the hit in which Helen Hayes starred for two years. In it, also, was a young and handsome Irish actor named Andrew Lawlor, the original Penrod of Booth Tarkington's famous play. Inevitably he and Una were drawn together, and inevitably, they fell in love.

That was Una's first grand experience. Before, she had been too intent about her work. But Andrew was different. He was something of a genius, too, with a genius' heroic moods. Their days were divine, full of gaiety and dreams. Their nights were given to the theatre. That went on for two glad years.

Her chance to play in D. W. Griffith's picture, "Abraham Lincoln," separated them—though neither of them had a glimmering of it—forever.

On the day set for work to begin, she got a wire from New York that tore the heart out of her. Andrew Lawlor had been rushed to the hospital, stricken suddenly with appendicitis. And he had died.

She kept her secret. Nobody realized she was doing a Pagliacci. She wanted to forget—so she worked and worked and worked. For weeks. When "Don't Bet On Women" was thrown on a screen, it was seen that she had "stolen" the picture.

After that, offers came with bewildering rapidity. She made picture after picture. Work, you see, still was the anodyne her grief demanded. Gradually, the pain of bereavement dulled. Many months later, one Hallowe'en night, she went to a party at a friend's home. One of the men there was Ronald Burla. She had already met him several times.

This night, as she looked at him, she discovered a little ache in her heart. He came toward her unexpectedly and asked her to dance.

That Hallowe'en night he asked her to marry him. From the first, he had loved her but her success had scared him. But now, he was asking her the old, sweet question. They were married, as I already told you, seven weeks later on New Year's Day.

Una Merkel worries now and then, I think, about the charming and goofy young things she portrays on the screen. She fears that the public will not accept her in any role where she isn't dumb and where she doesn't crack wise.

But I believe Una Merkel has the precious gift of turning giddy shadows into flesh-and-bone people. And I believe, whenever the talkies offer her in other roles, she will receive the same shining answer.

Still Pals

(*Continued from page 48*)

wife for Cary and the three of us go about together a good deal. I miss his constant companionship, of course."

IN spite of his bravado and sensible acceptance of this new state of affairs, a wistfulness lay behind Randy's words. One instinctively feels the sense of loss and emptiness that has come into Randy's life since Cary married Virginia Cherrill.

They had lived together, these friends, for two years before Cary met Virginia. They originally met on the studio lot, and from the first, were drawn to each other by that intangible something by which one instantly recognizes a kindred spirit.

"I introduced him to Virginia," said Randy with a rueful, little smile. "I knew Virginia only casually, and the three of us met one lunch time. I could see that something happened between them right from the start. But the engagement wasn't announced for a long time.

"Last November Cary and I went to Europe together. Virginia was waiting in England, and I knew that they would be married there. Cary always said he wanted to be married in England. He was born there, you know. Going over on the boat Cary was nervous, moody and over-anxious to get to Virginia. He was all strung up. One day something happened that might have had disastrous results if it hadn't finally been explained after we landed.

"It seems that Virginia and Cary had an understanding between them, that if either one became interested in anyone else, they would at once tell the other about it. All during the trip they used to send daily radiograms to each other. One day Cary came rushing up to me with a radio message in his hand.

"'What the devil do you suppose this means,' he demanded. I read it. The first part of the message was normal enough, but at the end was a startling statement. It said, 'Accepting Morris' and was signed 'Virginia.'

"Cary was wild. I had a terrible time calming him. And almost at the same time, Virginia had received a radiogram that Cary had sent her, which drove her nearly frantic. The message Cary had actually sent was 'Distracted and bored,' but when it was delivered to her it read, 'Attraction on board.' Both of them went about acting like a couple of Bengal tigers in a cage.

WHEN we finally landed and they thrashed the matter out, it turned out that all radiograms sent from and to London, first had to be relayed on through a French port, and that in doing so, both messages had become distorted, which explained the mix-up. Someone else's message concerning their acceptance of the mysterious 'Morris' had been tacked on to Virginia's radio to Cary, and his to her had been likewise badly bungled. It took them two days, however, to disentangle the mess and make their peace with each other after we landed."

"Did you stay in England for their wedding?" I asked.

Randy stared moodily down at his hands for a long moment before he replied.

"No," he finally answered. "I had to return home—alone. When I next saw Cary he was a married man."

"But you say that you feel that marriage hasn't changed him, at least, so far as you are concerned?"

"I see an admirable change in Cary Grant, the man," said Randy Scott loyally. "He was always gay and full of spontaneity. He went into everything he did, heart and soul. When he played, he played 100 per cent. Now he is looking to the future. He is more balanced. I have never seen him so happy. They are both terribly in love. I think that they are the happiest couple I have ever seen.

"As I have said, we are just as good pals as ever. But I am watching. I am on guard. I don't ever want to contribute in any way to his unhappiness. I don't ever want to be blamed for any trouble. Sometime, quite naturally, there might be a petty quarrel between Virginia and Cary. Perhaps his eggs might not be cooked to suit him in the morning, or something equally unimportant. And if I were around too much, people might lay the blame at my door.

"I never interfere with Virginia in any way. We are good friends. I give her full credit for the agreeable changes I now see in Cary. Their happiness makes me think more about marriage. It makes me feel that it must be a pretty good state of existence. We three often go places together. Sometimes we make it a foursome, and I bring a girl along. But our dates are spontaneous now, and usually cooked up on the spur of the moment. They are not planned ahead as Cary's and mine used to be. In the old days, for instance, he and I almost always were invited out together on Thursday nights. That was the servants' night out, and people took pity on us, knowing that we were open for dinner engagements at that particular time. Incidentally, I still am."

Does Hollywood Want Me?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Strangely enough, Elissa had made a success in a profession she disliked. She received offers too tempting, from a monetary standpoint, to turn down.

"After all," says Elissa, "I had to make my own living, and I had, and still have, dependents. Writing, as you may know, is not very lucrative, especially for the novice."

ONE London success followed another. Elissa came to Broadway, and, finally, to Hollywood. She is sincerely grateful to Hollywood for many things, but she has failed to find joy in her work. And I feel that the answer lies in the fact that while Elissa has given some fine performances, and is capable of giving finer ones, she is not a born actress.

She takes her screen characterizations too seriously. If she cannot understand and believe in every word and action of the heroines, she cannot put her heart into her performance.

"I think the fans would like to see Marcia of 'The Sign of the Cross,' Antiope

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2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

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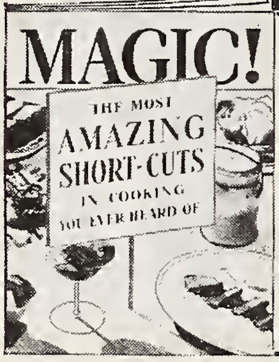

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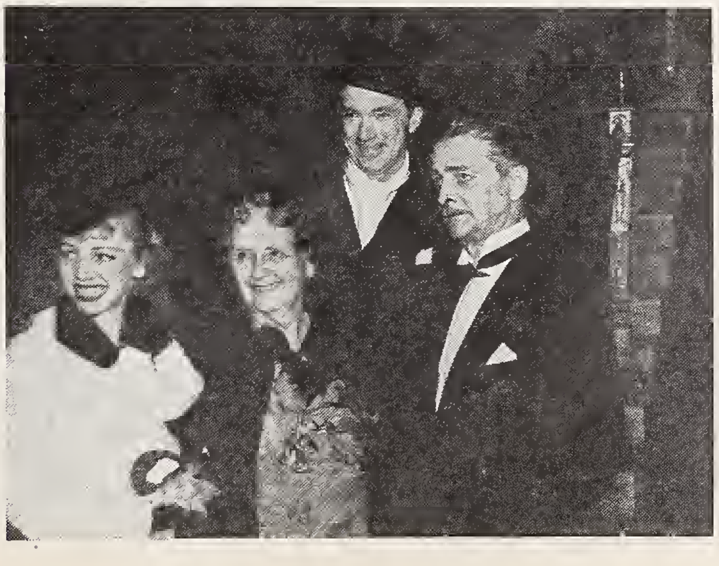

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of 'Warrior's Husband' and the heroine of 'The Yellow Ticket' again," said Elissa. "Other than that, I don't think they care whether they ever see Elissa Landi again."

I think the answer goes a bit deeper than that. The fans want to see the Elissa Landi of those three pictures because Elissa herself believed in those three women sufficiently to bring them thrillingly to life on the screen.

I watched Elissa enacting the rôle of Blossom Bailey in "Sisters Under the Skin," and I couldn't help but feel that she was a bit disdainful of Blossom. Another actress might have submerged her own personality in the screen character, but Elissa never quite forgot that Blossom's ideals were not her ideals, that Blossom's courage was not equal to her own.

The day I talked to Elissa, she had just walked out of the Columbia picture appropriately titled "The Party's Over." The studio agreed to cancel her contract. It was the second time since she came to Hollywood that she had prevailed upon a studio to cancel her contract before its expiration.

"For three years I was under contract to a studio that didn't want me. Fox wanted me when they signed me, but I became a bone of contention between warring political factions. When the faction that had sponsored me was in power, they gave me a good picture, not because they cared about Elissa Landi, but because they wanted to show up the opposition. When the men who wanted to be rid of me came back into power, I got poor pictures and my best scenes went on the cutting room floor."

NOW, here again, Elissa is right. And yet, like every question, there are two sides to this one. There is something to be said for the viewpoint of the producers, for Elissa is never as much concerned with the probable box office returns of a picture as she is with the character of the heroine she is to play.

"My relations with Columbia were perfectly agreeable. They are turning out good pictures, but their trend is modern frothy stuff, the sort of thing I can't do. I walked out on 'The Party's Over,' because I was to have played a second rate American stenographer, a sort of stooge to Stuart Erwin. Now the story may make a very good picture, but I'm not the type and I couldn't do justice to it or to myself."

"I think that the question is not whether or not Hollywood wants you, but whether you want Hollywood," I said.

"But it's only when Hollywood and the public want you that you can survive here," she said with a quizzical smile.

"Do you want to survive here?" I asked. "You have so many other interests? How about your writing?"

"I want to survive here for two reasons. First, I want to create something really fine on the screen, and, second, I enjoy the luxury and the easy beauty that my work in pictures makes possible."

Her estate is an integral part of her life, every inch of it receiving her personal attention. Whether it is a pomegranate tree that needs pruning, a bird house in need of repairing, or a piece of china that needs replacing, Elissa sees to it herself. Her servants have all been with her since she first came to Hollywood. It would break her heart to give them up. At Christmas time, she finds her greatest happiness in making a gay holiday for them. She has never been known to forget any of their birthdays.

Elissa is one of the "workingest" people imaginable. She dislikes wasting time, and works on her novel between scenes on the set. At home she finds time to dictate from her notes to her stenographer, practice her music, and attend to all the details of her home.

"This picture business does soften us," she said. "Not our hearts, but our brains. We make splendid money. We're able to provide ourselves with luxuries. We forget that there is poverty and genuine distress outside. We become so concerned with our own petty battles for popularity and supremacy that we forget about the rest of the world. We cease to think.

"Perhaps I've been here long enough. Perhaps I should get away from Hollywood now in order to save my soul. There have been times when I've seriously considered giving it all up."

Perhaps Elissa's latest picture, "The Great Flirtation," which she did for Paramount, has given her a more zestful feeling about her film work. It should have. She's swell in it. People who have heretofore regarded her as cold and static sat up and blinked at her emotional acting.

Of course, Elissa will never cease to think. That is why, while she will be grateful to Hollywood for what it gives her, she will never be completely satisfied here or anywhere else. She is too sincere and intelligent a person to stagnate anywhere. She will insist on giving something as well as taking. That is the reason she is so concerned with whether or not Hollywood really wants her. Whether or not *you* want her. Unless she can feel that she is giving something worth while, she does not feel right about taking even Hollywood's material benefits.

Well—what do you think?

Hollywood's Lost Children

(*Continued from page 62*)

1933, alone, 453 applied. If that many asked for help, how many were there who did not ask?

"We care for about five hundred a month," reports the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. And Wilbur J. Lake, the Business Secretary of that organization, has been moved to appeal to the editor of this magazine, hoping that MODERN SCREEN may perhaps be able to "influence parents to be more reluctant in permitting their young sons to leave home and become problems to communities in which they do not belong."

THERE are fewer girls wandering the country than boys—but a greater number of them head for Hollywood. The boys who come to Hollywood, relief workers have ascertained, as a rule have sense enough to know they don't stand much chance in pictures. They are content to trail stars up the Boulevard and beg for autographs. But the girls are different. They come to Hollywood convinced that they have a future in pictures.

Here is a typical case, from the files of one of the welfare agencies. (It is understood that all names used are fictitious.)

> Case 4359. Alice Adams. 15 years of age. Reported missing from Providence, R. I. Alice asked her father to let her go to the movies with a girl friend in the evening. When it was

time for the show to be out, she did not return. Father notified the police. Nearby towns were investigated, but no trace was found. Two months later Alice showed up at the Travellers' Aid Society in Los Angeles, exhausted, her clothes in rags, without a cent. She had not eaten for three days. At great effort, a place was found for the girl to stay while the bureau telegraphed her father to see if he could afford to pay her bus fare back to Providence. But Alice, suspecting that she was to be sent back, sneaked out and has not been heard of since.

What has become of Alice? Where is she now? From dealing with hundreds of cases just like hers, the welfare bureaus can hazard a pretty good guess. Alice probably got a job as a waitress or house servant somewhere in Hollywood. She saved her money until she could buy some pretty clothes, and then moved in with a girl she had met who was a movie extra. In the past six months, she may have worked *two* days in pictures, at $7.50 a day. She still thinks she is headed for stardom, however. How does she live? She bums meals from boy friends. Once in a while she goes back to being a waitress again, for a few days. She likes the life. She likes the gossip of the studios, the atmosphere of pictures, the hand-to-mouth existence, the parties given when a lucky friend gets a few days' work. She can handle her shot of gin like a veteran. She lets men paw her because she's learned that "a girl has to be a good sport if she wants to get anywhere." Will Alice ever go back home? Never! She has changed her name and blondined her hair, and she's in Hollywood to stay!

Here is the case of a boy of sixteen—the boy whose snapshot you see at the beginning of this story. Howard's case never even reached the welfare agencies, so where he is today nobody knows. We quote from a letter directed to Irving Thalberg, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Dear Mr. Thalberg:

I take the liberty to write you to bring to your notice the story of a little lost Chicago boy who left home a month ago to go to Los Angeles. Alone, without money, nothing but the clothes he was wearing when he left, one blanket in a Boy Scout kit on his shoulders, on through the storms of the past months. When last heard of he was up in Seattle, Washington. How he got over the Rockies is not known. He wrote a brief card from Seattle, no forwarding address.

I am his mother. The boy left his classroom May 2, last heard of from Iowa—Sioux City; then from Miles City, Montana, and Seattle. I came to this country when my husband died, with my three children, the oldest boy now 24, one girl 20, and this boy, Howard, 16. I have tried to reach him by broadcast, without success. I enclose a few photos of the boy taken at different times.

(Signed)
Mrs.———, Chicago, Ill.

THERE *are* no jobs open in pictures to young people who have no stage or radio experience. Of eighty-odd girls now living at the Hollywood Studio Club, only one works with any degree of regularity. And she has a $1,000 wardrobe, knows every casting director personally, has extraordinary looks, intelligence, and acting ability, and sits in her room telephoning the Central Casting Bureau every half hour, all day long! All that, just to be an extra. The Studio Club's books

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IT DID WONDERS FOR ME
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YOU'LL LIKE THEM I'M SURE, THEY'RE NOT LIKE ORDINARY YEAST, THEY DON'T FERMENT AND CAN'T CAUSE GAS
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show that, in seven years, 1500 girls have lived there. Their histories cast a truthful light on their chances of success:

Returned Home	400
Married	200
Still in California (but not in pictures)	850
Placed in pictures	50

"It is pure egotism that brings many of the girls to Hollywood," states one social worker, firmly. "They may win a beauty contest, back in their home towns. Then their friends tell them they're better than Greta Garbo, and they're conceited enough to believe it!" This is all too true. Hollywood has not forgotten the anecdote of The Second Mary Pickford. A producer on Poverty Row—the row of smaller studios along Gower Street in Hollywood—was told that Mary Pickford was in his office waiting to see him. In strode a Swedish girl, six feet tall, with long curls down her back. She announced cooly that she had come to Hollywood to take Mary Pickford's place. Not only was she as homely as a mud fence, but she was violently cross-eyed! Yet the poor soul really and truly thought she was a raving beauty! You may not believe the story, but it happened. Egotism? What do *you* say?

Then there is the case of a little boy—a little black boy. We can't resist the temptation to tell you his real name, it's so odd. Muscoe Levison. But the fix that poor, scared little Muscoe found himself in was far from funny! His case card reads:

> Muscoe Levison. Age 13. Negro. Ran away from Yazoo City, Miss. Father and mother dead. Lived there with grandfather. Said he left home "to see the world." Negro Y. M. C. A. reports he either talks all the time or sulks. Examined by mental specialists. Found to be "dull, retarded, disinterested." Cried day and night, he was so homesick. Recommended he be returned home before he became a public charge. Liable to end up in prison or an asylum.

Poor, bewildered little black boy! But they're *all* bewildered, all these homesick, scared, unwanted, lost children! They come out to Hollywood imagining the studios will be wide open to them. Instead they find iron gates and policemen to keep them out. They can't get in. They can't talk to anybody. They don't even get to see the stars, unless it's just for a minute, getting in and out of a limousine in front of a restaurant, or something of that sort.

> Edith Symoe. 18. Referred to Society by a minister. Had been working in his home as a servant, until he discovered her to have a dangerous disease. Investigation disclosed she had been in reformatory in Mid West 5 yrs. Ran away. Father refuses to take her back. Sister living near Los Angeles refuses have anything to do with her. Can't keep any job longer than a day or two. Thoroughly unreliable. Lies, cheats, steals, drinks. "Man crazy." Given charity at the Brandon Guest House. (Volunteers of America.) Her disease made her a danger to the other women inmates, and she was put into the General Hospital, the City of Los Angeles paying her bill. Juvenile Probation office is appointing a guardian for her. Feared she is too far along now to reform.

Most of the welfare agencies are supported by the Community Chest. Like the Brandon Guest House, they try to supply all who come to them, first with food, shelter, and clothing, and, second, with a home, a job, or the fare back to their own residence in whatever state they may come from. But you know, yourself, how scarce jobs have been. Nor can the funds of the Community Chest be stretched like a rubber band. What becomes of the many boys and girls who can *not* be given help? No figures at all are available on them.

Well, if you go up a dark alley behind a restaurant, late at night, you can now and then catch a glimpse of a pretty girl ravenously munching scraps out of a garbage can. It is a sight you don't ask to see twice.

And there are boys sleeping in vacant lots, in culverts, behind signboards, if you know where to look for them . . . The figures of the Municipal Service Bureau for Homeless Men tell the story. Conducted by the Los Angeles Department of Social Service, the Bureau took care of 2,148 wandering men and boys during the month of August, 1933. Under the terse heading, "Where Slept Last Night," their figures say:

Paid Lodgings	441
Charity Lodgings	388
Jail	104
No Shelter	1,215

"The first-timers—the boys we get who are away from their homes for the first time—are nice kids," says Franklin Newcomb of the Boys' Lodge. But he adds, with a shake of his head, "To see the same boys six months later, when they get back to us for the second time, is a horrible shock! They are lazy, filthy in their habits, and destructive. They have lost all sense of responsibility, all sense of decency. Their idea of working is to beg dimes on the streets. They will steal even from boys in the same boat they are in. If any new boy has a white shirt, they will steal it right off his back. They have become real bums—outcasts—homeless wanderers for ever!"

None of this is Hollywood's fault. Hollywood can not be blamed for the heart-rending tragedies of these lost boys and girls. Hollywood is begging you here and now, from the bottom of its heart— . . . .

Keep Your Boys and Girls at Home!

Tune in on "Hollywood Highlights" and hear the handsome gentleman on the left, Sam Taylor, MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood reporter, recount interesting bits of gossip every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 p.m., over WMCA, New York City. With him are Block and Sully, currently working in "Treasure Hunt."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 47*)

Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot also give nice accounts of themselves.

B: BACHELOR BAIT (RKO)

Amusing entertainment. Stuart Erwin plays a very meek young man who suddenly goes into the matrimonial agency business. He runs it on the up-and-up, so it makes a lot of potatoes until the town lawyer wants to buy the swell business and Erwin won't sell. Then the fun starts. We won't spoil this by telling you the real plot, because that is what makes it such good entertainment. Rochelle Hudson is beautiful as the receptionist in the agency office. Skeets Gallagher is right on the nose in the part of the lawyer and walks away with almost every scene in which he appears. But what has happened to Pert Kelton? Her voice is bad and she seems to be trying to sound like a siren looks!

B: COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO)

Good, Wheeler and Woolsey! If you are a W & W fan, you'll want to see this for sure, since it's one of their best to date. The picture is laid in the ancient days and the two stars are hilariously funny, even to look at. Bert is a kleptomaniac and we hope you don't roll in the aisle when the coach-and-four disappears. Then, the boys are mistaken for doctors and some more funny situations are the result. Dorothy Lee (as usual) and Thelma Todd are the gals, but they haven't much to do.

B: HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount)

Shades of Mack Sennett. Yes, this first appearance of Jack Haley is rather close to the old Sennett comedies, but we have a hunch you are going to like it anyway. The story is allowed to take a back seat to comic situations, fast chases, broken vases and all the rest of the time-worn angles. Jack Haley is a cinch to get in the movie money because he has a rare idea of the ridiculous. Mary Boland holds the picture together while Neil Hamilton and Patricia Ellis wander. Isabel Jewell doesn't get enough chance but she looks swell while you can see her.

B: KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount)

Fast and snappy comedy. Cary Grant is a beauty doctor whose mission in life is to make all women gorgeous. One customer (Genevieve Tobin) requires a whole year of treatment and in the end, her husband becomes jealous enough to divorce her. From there on the story goes at a riotous pace in which all members of the cast seem to have romantic inclinations to one or another of the others. Grant's secretary (Helen Mack) is really in love with Cary, but she allows herself to get mixed up with Eddie Horton (Tobin's Ex) just to spite the boss. The entire story seems to be a burlesque on the beauty racket, with most of the feminine players hunting for beauty.

B: THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners)

Very good entertainment. Can you imagine Edward G. Robinson as a Frenchman? Well, no one else could, either, and that is what makes it possible for Eddie to get away with a murder in this picture. He impersonates another person long enough to establish a new identity and, when the killing is done, he is able to return to his own personality without (almost) detection. We can tell you the story because the audience is in on the thing all along. Eddie is the brother of Mary Astor, who is under the spell of her husband, Louis Calhern. To remove her from his spell, Robinson decides to remove the cause. Ric Cortez has a sympathetic role for a change.

B: MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M)

Entertainment with thrills. The high point of thrills in this picture is reached when a passenger car becomes loose on a hill, there being six people and plenty of tons of dynamite in the car. But this is only part of it. The story, in the main, concerns Charlie Ruggles whose self-elected job is that of "crime deflector." He decides that he will protect Mary Carlisle throughout the entire seven reels, and while he's doing it we guarantee you'll have plenty of laughs, chills and entertainment. Mary plays a telephone operator, who is suddenly discovered to be the "missing daughter" of the third-richest man in the world. You'll like this one.

B: MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO)

Swell mystery comedy. What a grand team they make—Edna May Oliver and Jimmie Gleason. The picture opens with a gory murder in a deserted classroom and from that point, comedy and sleuthing combine to find the solution. Miss Oliver does one of her best bits of work as Snoopy, the oldest teacher in the school, who decides to work with the dumb detective (Gleason) in finding the murderer of one of the younger teachers, played by Barbara Fritchie. Tully Marshall and Gertrude Michael do well. Go!

B: THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners)

Humorous, fast-moving programmer. This is one of those "old reliables." Nothing new in the way of plot, but the excellent manner in which the material is handled makes it thoroughly enjoyable. Pat O'Brien is swell as the boxer, who gets a big head only to find that his manager has been buying off his opponents. He decides to quit the racket, but when he learns that his wife, Glenda Farrell, is going to have a baby he decides to hire himself out as a frame-fighter. Maybe you can guess what happens. But even if you can, the way it happens and the swell situations meanwhile will make you laugh.

B: SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox)

Fast, rowdy-yet-clean comedy. Were you about to say that a story about a sailor on leave couldn't be rowdy and yet clean? Quietly leave the room! Here is a picture that is all of that, laughs one after another, funny situations, sailors in their usual haunts, but the picture is pee-ure! Lew Ayres comes back with a smash in this one and proves that he needs only proper casting to keep him on top. Alice

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Faye is headed for big things. She has everything. Harry Green will slay you as Jose Lopez Rubenstein, of Buenos Aires, and the comedy of Mitchell and Durant is excellent.

B: SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount)

Funny, fast and musical. What? Another comedy! Yes, this month has given still another and this one, too, is well worth your time and money. Listen to the cast: Jack Oakie as the "Barker" is teamed with the late Dorothy Dell. Roscoe Karns as "the man on the flying trapeze" commits his love-making to Arline Judge (beautiful and clever) which leaves Alison Skipworth and Ben Bernie to wander around without romance. Here are some of the hit tunes that Bernie plays: "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "Take A Lesson From The Lark" and "Were Your Ears Burning Baby."

B: WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO)

Funny and batty at once! Can you imagine Edna May Oliver playing polo? That's the first thing that will throw you in the aisle, and from then on, the whole picture becomes just one aisle-rolling after another. Marian Nixon is her natural self and runs off with plenty of honors, while Billie Burke almost wins the best performance of the year with her characterization of the "dumb mother" in the show. Lots of snappy gags, funny situations galore and grand acting.

C: FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners)

Among the also rans. Not for many a moon have we been treated to quite so consistently flat a comedy as we were forced to sit through in this film. Most of the fault lies with the writing and direction, for there are yards and yards of what presumes to be comedy that caused not a ripple of a laugh. Charlie Ruggles plays a guy who was a rave in his college days, but who has become a down-trodden wage slave. He is engaged in writing some rather underhanded work for a crooked candidate for governor when an old school pal arrives in town and, by means of a bit too much liquor, manages to bring back Charlie's spirit. He rewrites the article and "saves the nation."

C: GRAND CANARY (Fox)

Unnecessarily slow and boring. Another "best-seller" bites the dust. Yes, this picture was made from one of the real book hits of recent years and turns out to be one of the slowest movies in months. Warner Baxter, playing a railroaded M.D., does the best he can, as does Madge Evans, but the direction and situation allow them little to do but look sad and woe begone. We warned you!

C: HIGH SCHOOL GIRL (Byron Foy)

With moral attached. And a much better job of producing than is usually found in this type of entertainment. Obviously, it concerns a young girl in school—one who has a club woman for a mother—who gets into trouble only to be told by her busy parent that "you are too young for that kind of information." All through the picture wanders a "Professor" who talks with frankness and obstinacy on the subject of "What Every Young Girl Should Be Told." The youngsters, especially Miss Parker, do well with their roles while the older players, Crane Wilbur and Helen MacKellar, are too heavy.

C: HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO)

Mind-over-matter, or something. This film was perfectly titled, it being the studio's greatest gamble in years. A gamble because it takes Dix out of his usual role and into a heavy, none-too-well explained characterization of a man trying to save his daughter from the terrible power of his wife over her. The wife is altogether too ghastly and the daughter, Erin O'Brien Moore, isn't given much chance to be liked by the audience, because her part is not well written.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

picture company invited her to make tests. Each time she did she became so nervous, that she'd weep buckets of tears. Naturally, the tests were useless and the gal was out.

When Charlie MacArthur heard this, he determined to get some good shots of Whitney Bourne or bust. He called her and said, "Now, you're to play a highly hysterical woman in this story. You must cry all over the place. The more you cry, the better we'll like it. And don't forget it!"

Of course, it wasn't true a-tall. Just a MacArthur gag. And the result obtained was perfect. Miss Bourne couldn't squeeze a single salt tear. The cameras ground and she acted and forgot to cry. The test was so good, that she is playing the siren in the picture.

Well, there are all ways of crashing the movies and you'll admit that Whitney and Margot certainly picked a couple of unique ones!

And now to get up to the Bronx—and Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy and "A Woman in the Dark." We haven't seen Miss Wray in a long time; in fact, not since she was being flung around by "King Kong." She's a dramatic actress now, *if* you please, and has gained in poise accordingly. A very charming manner, an accent which she comes by honestly—the gal's a Canadian, you know—and a sureness that is a little flooring without being the tiniest bit offensive. And beeootiful! Well, yes. Much more so than on the screen, for she has coloring that is simply exquisite.

She's thrilled to be in New York and wishes they'd send for her every six months to make a picture; that is, provided her handsome writer-husband, John Monk Saunders could be along, too.

Everything is so serene with Fay and her mode of living and her career, that she's afraid she isn't what's known in the writing world as "good copy."

Ralph Bellamy, looking quite as attractive as the women of America agree he is, sauntered across the set. Here's a gent with a quick wit who thanks heaven he got the breaks at last. His future plans are up in the air. He said he may return to Hollywood, or he may do a play in New York, or he may do one in London. So, take your choice. He claims he hasn't any—choice, we mean.

Ralph and Fay have played together before, so it's sort of a happy family effect, with Phil Rosen, who directed Barbara La Marr long ago, wielding the megaphone in a directorial capacity.

* * *

KAY FRANCIS breezed into town and out so fast you could scarcely see her heels for the dust! Miss Francis is the despair of Warners' press department, since she's quite impossible to pin down for an interview.

At that, the only questions worth asking Kay are bound to be personal—all about her "Ex" and the one before that that she is reported to be considering remarrying, and her friendship with Chevalier and the episode of the cut wrists. Well, you can see for yourself, there are several reasons why the lady should wish to keep her counsel.

She is doing Italy with a friend and the trip is by the way of being a belated vacation. Before departing, Kay created quite a furore in the Fifth Avenue shops, for she is immediately recognized wherever she goes. She buys extravagantly and has excellent taste.

* * *

Leo Carrillo represents the "personal appearance" visitor of the month. The Italian gentleman has been doing his stuff at various picture houses along Broadway and it (the material) and he are pretty bad. Yes, the Carrillo is certainly a bit on the ham-my side, doing plenty of showing off and playing to the gallery and telling the "folks out there" all about his estate in Hollywood.

We could have even forgiven him the stale jokes, but the "mugging" and applause-waits after each announcement of his future plans were a little too much.

* * *

Glenda Farrell dropped in to shop and see plays and meet her beau, who returned from Europe. Here's a lady fairly exuding good-fellowship and charm and a sense of well-being. She spends her off moments raving about Mary Brian and Mary returns the compliment and, at that, they're both displaying good taste!

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

popular book which I have read and enjoyed, I'm always thrilled.

If you read "Grand Canary," "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero," you know what thoroughly delightful reading those books were. Hollywood filmed all three of them. I was curious and anxious to see what our producers and casting directors had done with them.

I'm sorry to say that I came away from each one of them disgusted. I know the actors weren't at fault—Warner Baxter, Jean Muir and Richard Barthelmess can do excellent work. In each case, the director just didn't "get" what it was all about.

Perhaps it's like that game—you whisper a sentence or a phrase to your neighbor, he repeats it, or what he thinks you said, to his neighbor and so on till it is repeated to a number of people. The tenth person's version of the original remark will amaze you. Perhaps that's what happens to a novel when the producers get hold of it. Maybe it goes through so many hands, each one making the changes he thinks necessary, that when it finally is ready for the screen, the original story is unrecognizable.

In all honesty, I must say that "Little Man, What Now?" was the rare exception. Frank Borzage did a swell job with that picture. I wonder what they'll do with "The Count of Monte Cristo," which is being filmed now. I only hope it isn't ruined.

IS HE POPULAR!

BETTE HUESTON, of London, Canada, says:

Well, folks, here I am completely disillusioned and distraught! The reason? I have just read of Bing Crosby's plan to retire in 1935. Do you realize what that will mean, folks? No more songs by America's favorite voice with a heart-throb, no more of that natural style of acting so rare on the silver screen today. Good heavens, are we going to sit back and let this popular star fade from the limelight completely without doing a single thing to prevent it?

Speak up, fans, do we want Bing, or do we? Now let's hope he'll "Please, Surrender."

WANTS LEW AYRES ON TOP!

JOHN GRASSI, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

Why, oh, why have they thrown down Lew Ayres so shamelessly? This competent and sterling artist is one of the very best, as anyone who witnessed his performance in "All Quiet on the Western Front" will know.

Please put him back on the very top where he belongs and not in such hopeless films as "Cross Country Cruise," which was pretty awful. (*M-m, we agree, but we think Fox is doing right by him now. He has very nice roles in "She Learned About Sailors," with Alice Faye and the lead opposite Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance." Also, he's scheduled to do "Lottery Lover," with Pat Paterson.*)

MODERN SCREEN'S DRAMATIC SCHOOL PLEASES FANS

MISS PALUMBO, of Whitestone, N. Y., welcomes our stunt:

I have read about your new department, "*Modern Screen's* Dramatic School." My friends and I all think it's a grand idea. We would like you to make it as technical as possible. There are many of us who cannot afford to go to a dramatic school but who want information about speaking, stage deportment and so forth. Since almost anyone can afford to buy your magazine, the article will help those who are hoping someday to see their pictures in *Modern Screen*. (*The "Dramatic School" idea caught on like wild-fire with the fans. Needless to say we're delighted that all of you like it so well.*)

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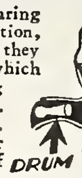

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Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 12*)

exceptions. If the man's already "in" deep enough—meaning in love—he's not going to get un-interested if his girl is withdrawn and unresponsive—a cold, little clam; it may make him all the more determined to win a smile, a date, a kiss. And if he's one of these suffering-shy lads, a girl with the ready-eager-waiting line will hasten along the romance—that's all.

But our girl doesn't know he's in love—and if she's wise she doesn't take chances. She plays the game out, according to the best set of rules she can hit on.

Now I can fairly hear you saying, "My dear Miss Van Doran, you list a lot of 'don'ts.' But what is there we *can* do?"

Well, here's one thing you can and should do—when *he* talks to you, let something of the way you feel about him show in you. An extra warmth in your tone, and if your eyes can light up at sight of him, so much the better. That will rate you in his mind as a live, vibrant personality to be sought out again.

And at first, just the idea that you're gone on Jack, or Don, or Ted, may buoy you all up—heady excitement that keeps a girl riding the crest until, presto, a little uncertainty comes along. And here's where some of you get confused—you feel that being uncertain is one and the same thing as defeat. It's the girl who can ride through doubt and suspense, like an expert swimmer, who usually comes out best woman in the end.

Certain love experts stress self-assurance—and that's all very fine but the mortal doesn't live whose assurance can't be shaken at times. I wonder if poise is not more important. Under stiff competition, your self-confidence may suffer inwardly. If you've schooled yourself to be a poised person, you can show the world a "smooth" front, no matter how you feel.

Isn't "poise" another word for being "smooth" that is the ideal of our youngest generation? It's a clear-cut attitude that makes a girl stand out as "knowing what it's all about."

BY way of illustration, let's look in on a little scene that makes a demand for the girl to be smooth. Tommy, whom you've about decided is your "big moment," is coming toward you, is about to speak, and, you think, ask you for the dance. Vividly little Joan turns, stands directly before him, exclaiming, "Why, Tommy—hello! Isn't this waltz just too wonderful to waste?" Now, with such a lead as that he can do no less than ask her to try it with him. You're not close enough to hear; you only catch a glimpse of him stopping before Joan, instead of you, and whirling off with her. Now, as his eyes and yours have happened to meet the instant before Joan steps into the picture, by no means hastily withdraw your glance, as if embarrassed and confused; instead look on at them both one smiling instant. It will give him a chance to smile back a silent greeting to you. Then at once be ready to turn all your thoughts to the next man who approaches to ask you for a dance. If the men are cutting in, this will give Tommy a chance to tap your partner's shoulder, when you pass him on the dance floor, in order to claim you. Or else, at the end of the dance, if he does appear, he'll see you've not been sitting at the side lines.

But if you're one of the too fearful, jealous kind, who looks the other way if you see your favorite man dancing with another girl first, then the chances are he'll notice that you can't see him tonight. Vaguely feeling something's wrong, though he doesn't know what, he may not venture near you—not dreaming that bubbly little Joan is figuring in your thoughts as a dangerous brunette menace, and that you're showing him *you* don't run after men. Too often the attitude of a proud, repressed girl is taken by a man to mean she doesn't like him very much—or at all. Or that somehow he's offended, without knowing how. Result: mutual avoidance and misunderstanding. Not "smooth."

BECAUSE a man is almost sure to be drawn to the girl who's unfailingly "smooth," let's see what smoothness means.

If a girl prefers a certain man, she's being "smooth" about it if she understands he must pay a certain amount of attention to other girls at any social gathering—even to make certain gallant gestures with reference to them. Only the girl who's socially immature mistakes such attentions for budding romances.

Likewise, a girl would be smooth in a situation where everyone knows everyone else, she distributes her own attention evenly. It's the courteous attitude to ignore no one. Sticking rigidly to your own little clique looks narrow. The only exception to this is an affair like a big dance, where small clumps and groups keep together because they don't know the others.

The girl who would be smooth must keep down feelings of inferiority, such as jealousy and pretentiousness. To use the language of the movies, she doesn't try to steal scenes.

If you've a jealous disposition, and can't change it all at once, at least keep it on the inside. Don't treat any bewildered man to sudden changes from warmth to arctic chill. Or worse, don't try to probe his feelings toward yourself, or others.

Be a pal to your boy friend only to a very limited degree. Don't let him mistake you for a dumping ground for his troubles—or treat you too much of the time as another fellow. It doesn't pay, in the long run. If things head this way, don't explain, but have things to do, places to go, until he modifies the attitude.

If a man has kissed you once or twice and made love a little, it's certainly not being smooth if you let him see you feel injured should he act as though there's nothing serious between you on your next meeting. Better let him suppose the whole episode has rather slid from your memory. But if he should try the same thing again, your next move should be evasion—hold him off until you're sure he's not trifling.

I'm going to mention a little scene I noticed in Norma Shearer's "Rip Tide." It happens in the beginning of the picture, where Norma is parting from Herbert Marshall. She is taking what seems to be the end between them with her chin up, her one thought to write the farewell wire that will explain to him how very much it has all meant to her—the perfect experience. Is it any wonder that the girl with that attitude faces about to find the man who was leaving has decided he couldn't, after all, say good-bye?

To sum up, to win or hold your man, strive for the "smooth," poised attitude. Don't stifle all signs that the man appeals. Keep your conduct clear-cut enough so you won't puzzle the poor dear unduly. And if to these attitudes you can add natural warmth and tenderness, the courage to "take it"—defeat as well as success—why, then, what man can hold out against you?

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 10*)

to run to a beauty parlor for these treatments. They are very simple and easy and, no matter how busy you are, if you will budget your time, there's no reason why you can't do the work yourself and save yourself a pretty penny. Just follow these instructions and if you don't agree they are the best hot oil treatments you've ever had I'll give up!

There are six steps to this treatment: brushing, saturating the hair with oil, massaging, steaming, shampooing, and drying by hand. If you haven't a good stiff brush on hand, invest in one—it will be well worth your money—and spend seven or ten full minutes brushing your hair well before each treatment. Don't just skim over the top of the hair, but part the hair in the center and work down the head, tier by tier, picking up a very thin, lengthwise section each time.

After you have brushed until the scalp fairly tingles, apply a good hot oil preparation. I know of several. The oil should be heated until a drop of it on the back of the hand feels comfortable. Now part the hair and apply the oil with a little twisted wad of cotton.

AFTER every part of the scalp and hair has been covered with the oil, massage it well, using all the fingers of both hands. The massaging, incidentally, is one of the most important steps in the treatment. It gives the hair life and vitality and tones up the scalp.

Steaming is the next step. Do this by swathing the head in steaming hot turkish towels, applying one after another so as to keep the temperature uniform. Keep this up for about a half hour.

Now comes the shampoo. Four or five soapings with a good, pure, liquid shampoo soap may be necessary to remove all the particles of oil. The same number of rinsings will leave the hair fairly glistening with cleanliness. If you want to look especially glamorous finish off with a brightening hair rinse. After the last rinse, remove the excessive water with a towel and proceed to massage the hair until it is completely dry. It is really important that the hair is thoroughly dried after a hot oil treatment. If you want to push in a wave, remoisten the hair after it has first been dried. Don't ask me why this is so. It just is, and your hair will dook a hundred per cent better if you let it dry thoroughly before waving.

If you are one of those unfortunates suffering from dandruff, you'll find these hot oil treatments a big help for that, too. However, if you want to rush the good work along, try rubbing a little good hair tonic into the scalp daily. If you find that the alcohol in the tonic is too drying to the hair, simply mix a little oil with it.

HERE are some beauty hints I picked up from the stars for you:

If your lips look all puckered and withered from too much sun and salt water and no amount of cold creaming at night seems to suffice, try using cold cream on them during the day—before applying your lipstick. This is Bette Davis' suggestion and she says the cold cream not only serves as a swell foundation for the lipstick, but gives it a glossy appearance that is very attractive.

If your hair gets oily just a few days after shampooing, Miriam Hopkins advises using a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in the water when shampooing your hair. One part soda to one hundred parts of water is about the right proportion.

To do away with that puffy look under the eyes, which is particularly prevalent in the early morning, Myrna Loy suggests patting on an oily cream every night. However, Myrna warns that you do this very gently and with an up-and-down movement—otherwise your results will be more harmful than good.

Eye baths night and morning with warm and then cold water will give a sparkle to the windows of the soul, says Dorothy Lee, whose brown orbs are among the most beautiful on the screen.

Mary Biddle has a little gift for you. It is a generous trial size of a well known cream which, really and truly, fulfills every demand you could make of a face cream. It is (1) an efficient cleansing agent, (2) it softens and refines, smoothing away roughness and incipient wrinkles and (3) after removing the cream with tissues, the skin is in an ideal state to receive make-up. It also is a blessing and a boon in fighting whiteheads. Also, a generous sample of a delightful face powder.

If you would like to receive the cream and powder, drop a note to Mary Biddle. Also, if you have any questions to ask about your beauty problems, write to her. Address her in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 8*)

direct a rank amateur than many old-time stage stars. The old timers are so full of tricks and mannerisms that they forget to be natural.

"So the thing that I want you, who are just learning to act, to remember, is that best of all rules: Be natural!

"I want you to get yourself in the proper frame of mind before you attempt any theatrical work at all. How? Simply by telling yourself that acting is a perfectly simple business, that it is not a mysterious and difficult art and that, if you walk upon a stage or before a camera and act simply, as any human being would act, half the battle is accomplished.

"Before you go before an audience—relax. Relax every muscle in your body—every nerve. Free yourself enirely from tenseness.

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BUT, you ask me, what about the technique of dramatic art? I say that simplicity is the greatest technique. But there is something else—a technical trick—that you must learn and feel.

"I do want you to know the art of *timing*. And it is simple. If you play any sort of game you know what timing is. On the tennis court you know exactly when to raise your racket. And you know how long a stroke to give your arm. That's timing.

"When you're dancing, you know exactly at what beat of the music to move your feet. That is rhythm—or timing.

"It is something you may instinctively feel—just as some people pick up tennis and dancing quicker than others—but it is also something that can be learned.

"Timing in acting means that, when you speak your lines, you give the proper pauses so that your audience may laugh or feel sorry or gasp, dependent upon what emotion you are trying to convey to them.

"The best way to go about learning proper timing is to apply the knowledge you already have of athletic sports. You may think of your words as if they were tennis balls and you are the tennis racket who bats these balls to the audience—or, more properly, to the other actors with whom you're working. Try to feel the rhythm of what you're saying. Feel the rhythm of the emotion you're portraying. Remember that every line and every emotion is important to the general effect and—just as in tennis, you don't want to miss a single ball—do not miss a single effect.

"And those of you who have no feeling for timing can *learn* it—by logically studying your lines, by analyzing them and deciding just where you should pause, just where you should speed up. Do this analytically until it becomes a part of you, until you actually *feel* inside of yourself the rhythm of your words and emotions.

AND that, incidentally, is something for you to remember. Say to yourself just before you step on the stage, 'I can't go wrong.' Learn to have confidence in yourself. Tell yourself over and over again that if you remain natural and simple you can't go wrong.

"And don't resort to obvious tricks. I trust you all know what a scene-stealer is. He is the man or woman who, by making some obvious movement, by making some exaggerated face while another actor is working, thinks that he is taking attention away from the actor who should have it and directing it to himself.

"It is difficult to stand perfectly relaxed and perfectly still upon a stage. You are apt to grow embarrassed, to think it necessary to move about. But I give you my word that the person who really steals scenes, who actually gets the most attention, is the poised, self-confident person who has the courage to remain calm, to stand still and let the other fellow take the scenes that belong to him.

"Remember these things:

"Anybody can act. Be natural. Relax. Don't resort to tricks. Learn timing. Do the simple and natural things *always*. Try to feel that you are a human being, doing human things instead of an actor playing a part. Have confidence in your ability. Most of the truly great acting of the world is founded on these simple tests."

Thanks, Frank Borzage! Thanks for making it all seem so easy. And now—all you kids—read and re-read this great director's words. They will give you a real impetus in acting.

I hope that all of this has helped and that you can honestly say you have profited by the first lesson in MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School. But I want you to be frank with me. I want you to tell me what you want in this—your very own—department. Don't hesitate to ask questions. Write to MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Ask anything concerning the theatrical arts you want to know (I'll have experts who know their stuff answer your questions). Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

They Weren't Born Beautiful

(*Continued from page 41*)

charmer in my town. I wasn't dainty. I wasn't pretty. I wasn't smart.

"My Mother always was appalled at the way I'd pulled off my hair-ribbons and stuffed them in the back of my dress. That my freckled face, worse than ever in the summer, was smeared with dirt."

It wasn't, as a matter of fact, until Joan arrived in Hollywood that her metamorphosis into the lovely, smooth young woman she is today took place. In the intervening years Joan had grown up to her arms and legs. They no longer were out of all proportion to the rest of her. True. And her freckles were less marked and fewer in number. But it wasn't because Joan was a beauty that she had made her way in the chorus. It was because she was a splendid dancer, because her years of tree shinnying had left her limber.

Then one evening Joan went dancing at the Ambassador with a special beau. A very special beau. He was a man about town who impressed her greatly. She wore a blue chiffon evening dress which she had bought hurriedly in Los Angeles. Dresses were short that year, trying enough for tall girls in any event. But the silver lace ruffles on Joan's dress cut off its length and made it seem even shorter. Department store pearls were roped around her arms and neck. And it never had occurred to Joan to have slippers dyed to match that dress or to buy silver slippers to match the ruffles. Black satin slippers had been in her closet and she had worn them.

Constance Talmadge was at the Ambassador that night. As smart and perfectly groomed as Connie always can be expected to be. She wore a simply-cut gown of black crepe. Complementing it was costume jewelry of simulated rubies and slippers of ruby red.

"Constance Talmadge certainly knows how to dress," Joan's beau announced suddenly. "She's one smart girl. You always can count on her having just the right clothes, whatever the occasion."

"After that," said Joan, telling me about it, "Constance Talmadge became my guide.

THE first thing I had to do, of course, was lose weight. In the proper places. That meant *diet and exercise*.

Then I looked over my wardrobe as deliberately and coldly as a business man would look over his stock. And all those clothes I had bought ill-advisedly and hurriedly, I gave away.

"After that I took heed of the way I looked and the clothes I bought. And one thing led to another . . ."

Then there's Mae Clarke.

It was when Mae was a year old, puny and nervous, that the family physician insisted she have the invigorating benefits of sea air and the family moved to the shore.

The sea air did help. Mae lived. But even five years later, when she was six and started school, she was so scrawny and frail that, although she had plenty to eat at home, she always was on the milk list with children who suffered from malnutrition.

Mae had a nervous affliction, too. Called upon to stand up and recite her lessons, she would stammer. And then, in her confusion and mortification, she would proceed to forget her lessons entirely.

As Mae grew older she used to spend all afternoon and all evening doing her homework. She used to take out no time for play. Long after she knew her lessons perfectly, she used to go over them again and again. In this way, she always hoped she would be able to drill her homework into her head so thoroughly that nothing could make her forget it.

But always the same thing happened. Immediately she began to stammer, the lesson she knew so well would fly out of her head and leave her mind blank.

IT was on the world-famous Atlantic City boardwalk that Mae saw her first dancing recital. She slipped into the hall where it was taking place.

She was spellbound with the beauty of all she saw. She imagined her own undersized, stooped little body in every turn and motion the dancers made.

"Oh," she whispered, "oh, if only I could dance like that . . ."

That night, when she went home, she put a record on the phonograph and she danced. The next night she did the same thing. And the next night and the next. Until her parents, realizing how she loved dancing, scrimped and saved that they might send her to dancing school.

It was at dancing school, for the first happy time in her unhappy life, that Mae began to find herself. Here, from the beginning, she was able to hold her own. Her body might be thin. Her narrow little shoulders might be stooped. Her arms and legs might be undersized. But in her thin body and her stooped narrow shoulders, in her pipe-stem arms and legs there was an inborn sense and feeling of rhythm.

It wasn't long before—instead of being the stupid one—Mae was standing up beside the teacher showing the class how to do things. This gave her confidence. She found poise. Happier mentally, she began to digest her food better. Her body began to straighten and fill out. Until the poor little ugly duckling Mae Clarke had been gave way to the happy, healthy, attractive girl that Mae is today.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT made practically the same discovery. For, believe it or not, once upon a time, Claudette was an ugly duckling, too.

"I was anemic," Claudette explained. "I was a sight, really. I had no vitality. I went around limp and stoop-shouldered. I had so little energy that instinctively I conserved it, spent none of it on enthusiasm or vivacity. And with my face much thinner than it is now my eyes used to seem sunken and my nose looked larger."

Claudette too, like Joan, was self-conscious when she began to mature. Typically French, you see, she matured early and fully. While her American friends continued to have straight up and down boyish forms. And when you're only fourteen, more than anything else you long to be as much like everyone else as possible. It is only as we grow older that we find interest and attraction in things and people that are different, that we dare to be different.

"My carriage was bad, too. The drawing-board over which I worked with ambitions of becoming an artist didn't help much either . . ."

Then Claudette's father died and she faced an economic crisis. She had her mother and aunt to support.

"It was literally," Claudette then told me, "my economic problem that jerked me out of the ugly duckling class. I knew there was more money in the theatre than there was in stenography or art work. So I became interested in a career on the stage.

"The first time I stood in front of my mirror to take stock of myself I was horrified. I'd never realized how I looked, I guess. I'd been looking at myself in the mirror for years but that night, looking at myself with an objective, critical point of view, I saw myself for the first time.

"Immediately I set about learning carriage, hair arrangement and clothes. I did all of this as deliberately as I had studied Pitman pot-hooks in order to become a stenographer, as thoroughly as I had studied color and design when I'd hoped to become an artist.

"So I know whereof I speak when I say there is no need for any girl to sit down and accept her figure, her posture, her phlegmatic attitude, or any other detail of her appearance. Any one of these things or all of them can be changed."

And then, too, there's the case of Sally Eilers. She also was an ugly duckling once. And what is more Sally insists that she's glad, that it's something of a boon to have been one. For a time, mind you.

"Because," explains Sally, "when you've experienced years as an ugly duckling you aren't likely to have acquired the habit of depending upon your looks to get by, you aren't prone to act querulous and spoiled, to weary people with all the poses which you think are your passport to popularity and admiration.

"Once you've been an ugly duckling, you're more likely to keep on trying to make the grade as a human being, to keep on trying to make good as an individual."

Sally was a pretty baby. She was chubby. She had curls. And wondering eyes. But her hair turned straight. She acquired "millions of freckles." And she continued chubby instead of losing her baby fat and growing tall. At twelve she wore size six. The boys on the Eilers' block liked to tease Sally, to tell her she was as broad as she was long.

Then Sally began to have trouble with her lessons. Her mother took her to an oculist and it was discovered Sally needed glasses.

"I was wretched," Sally says, "I never was sure of myself. I was self-conscious and timid. I never seemed to know the answers. Until my mother bought me a pale blue georgette dress with a very full skirt.

"When I remember that dress now, it seems pretty terrible. But then it was so much my heart's desire that I couldn't help but believe I was attractive in it. So I began to act as if I was attractive. I began to seem a little more assured. I began to acquire poise and confidence. And all of this turned the trick."

Such a small thing—one party dress—to really change a girl's life. But I've seen it happen—in other cases besides Sally's.

They weren't born beautiful, all of the movie stars, as I said in the beginning. But one way or another they grew to be beautiful. That's the important thing. One way or another they found themselves. They saw no reason why because they happened to be born ugly ducklings they should live and die ugly ducklings.

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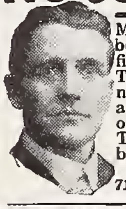

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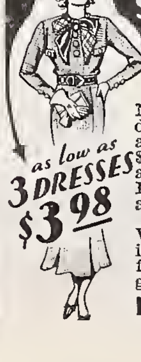

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Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

morning, he started to take some motion pictures of the surrounding landscape and other boats. Who should be standing on the boat right next to his but Gloria Swansan and Herbert Marshall—who also were trying to "get away."

* * *

HE'S AFRAID OF GRETA!

Richard Boleslavsky, who is to direct Garbo in her next flicker, hasn't met the lady yet and the picture starts in three days. They have each been so afraid of meeting the other that on several occasions much-out-of-the-way skipping has been done on the part of both of them. The other day the director was told that Garbo was on her way to see him when she got cold feet. He finally saw the humor of the situation and wrote her the following note: "I am more scared of you than you are of me, so why run away?"

* * *

Jackie Coogan (now a man-about-town) was asked the name of his current girl friend.

"Toby Wing," Jackie informed.

"But," said the friend, "I thought that Junior Laemmle was taking her around."

"What—that old man?" demanded Jackie in horror.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell really got annoyed the other day because someone in a friendly manner referred to her in print as a "veteran" of the stage.

"In my home in England," stormed Mrs. Pat, "a veteran is someone who walks around on crutches."

* * *

When Hugh Herbert admitted that he had only kissed one other actress on the screen, many of his friends thought he should be given some lessons before he kissed Glenda Farrell in "Kansas City Princess." When Hugh told them who the object of his first and only kiss had been, they decided no instructions would be necessary. Number One for Hugh had been Tallulah Bankhead.

* * *

Max Baer made something over $6,000 per week and a cut when he went in for personal appearances in the movie houses—and 'tis whispered that the Champ will get even more than that for his next motion picture.

* * *

Jack Benny may be considered stingy with his handwriting but no one can claim that he lacks generosity with his affection. He carries a rubber stamp to sign autograph books and he blithely stamps one and all with "Love and kisses from Jack."

* * *

ONLY SIXTEEN!

Patricia Ellis surprised everyone the other evening by admitting in a radio broadcast that she was "just sixteen." She gave her age as sixteen over two years ago when she signed her Warner Brothers contract, but it wasn't until just a few days ago that she actually attained that venerable age.

* * *

Little Shirley Temple is the least spoiled child of the movies these tired eyes (tired of movie kids, anyway) have ever beheld. Shirley lives at Santa Monica with her mother, father and two small brothers and never for one moment would you know there was a movie queen in the crowd. The brothers behave toward Shirley just as all small brothers do. The only difference Shirley's fame has made is that her Dad has been promoted to branch manager of a Santa Monica Bank where he had formerly worked merely as an employee. Shirley's fame brought many new accounts to the bank where her Dad worked. Hence the promotion.

* * *

Fox is making ambitious production plans for "One More Spring," Robert Nathan's best seller of last season. The cast will be headed by Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, with Stepin Fetchit in an important role.

Since "State Fair" the Fox exhibitors have been clamoring for another Rogers-Gaynor picture It certainly should satisfy them to have Warner Baxter thrown in for good measure.

* * *

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

This is rather ironically-funny. Heather Angel's mama has always been of the fast opinion that her darling daughter could get much further in pictures if she would shy away from publicity, sort of become "mysterious." Just the other day, however, mama got an offer from a London newspaper to do a series of interviews on the stars at a nice price. Imagine her chagrin when she found that most of the stars she was anxious to obtain were all busy being "mysterious" and so she had to pass up the offer.

* * *

It proved to be the big gasp of the month when "The League for Decency" (newly organized religious groups who are going after the movies with hammer and tongs) came out in a report that Norma Shearer's pictures were the most demoralizing films made in Hollywood. Norma, they insinuated, was a more "sinning" screen lady than even Mae West, because Norma, who looked and acted a lady, was permitted to get away with anything including screen "infidelity and divorce." Norma's picture "Riptide" was held up as the horrible example.

The day after this outburst took place, Norma asked Freddy March (her co-star in "Barretts of Wimpole Street") how he felt about appearing in a picture with the worst woman in Hollywood.

"Well, it's pretty bad," replied Freddy in mock seriousness. "Of course, I've tried to do all I can to help the cause along. I've just adopted a little child, and if some of the sweetness and light of that publicity doesn't rub off on you, you can't say I haven't tried."

* * *

Quite a furore occurred on the set of "Chained," the Crawford-Gable film when Clark wore a bathing suit for a swimming scene. One of the gals on the set spotted the powerful Gable physique in the pool and immediately hied herself off to tell her pals the news. Back she came with about a dozen femmes. Word also spread to a nearby set where there were fifty dancing girls in rehearsal—and by the time Clark looked around after completing the scene, he discovered a "gallery" of several hundred palpitating ladies.

A loud yell was heard, then a splash, and it actually took the production chief to shoo the damsels away so that Gable could come out of the water and act.

* * *

According to the New York correspondents, the telegram that caused Max Baer to hop up and down in delight and shout over in pride and excitement, following his victory over Preemo, was signed "Jean Harlow."

"Look at this," Maxie is quoted as shouting, "and then believe those stories that Jean and I aren't friends!"

At one time, Jean was very busy denying that Max Baer was anything in her life. In fact she went so far as to call him a clown and say that he annoyed her. But Maxie wasn't champ then.

* * *

TEACHERS' PET

Jean Muir will no doubt find everlasting favor with the Parent-Teachers etc., who are uttering cries for cleaner and purer movies. This gal, who has portrayed nothing but sweetness-and-light during her short movie career, has just demanded that it be written in her contract that she shall never play anything else but! What's more, the studio liked her for her stand and immediately wrote the new clause into the agreement.

* * *

There is a certain woman in Hollywood who never seems happy unless she is spreading malicious gossip about one or more of the stars. SOOoo, imagine everyone's glee the other night when she entered a popular spot wearing one of the new (and very eccentric) hats that tie under the chin with a flock of tulle. No sooner had she entered than Bruce Cabot shouted out:

"Oh-oh, so she's finally talked so much she's got her jaw in a sling."

* * *

Bob Montgomery went to no little trouble to kill his latest "divorce" rumor. He called a friendly newspaper man and begged that he place the following information in his daily column: "While it is true that Bob is living at a hotel, it must be reported that his only reason is the odor of paint. The Montgomerys are having some work done on the house and the smell of the paint makes him so ill that he has been unable to study his lines. Betty and the baby don't seem to mind it, though, so they are staying on at the house."

* * *

We have the word of a very close friend that Jean Harlow broke down and sobbed like a baby when she found out that her estranged husband, Hal Rosson, was a victim of the infantile paralysis epidemic. For days Rosson's condition was so dangerous it was supposed he would be a cripple for life.

It was during this time that Jean was rumored to have said, "What is it about me that brings unhappiness and bad luck to the men in my life?"

* * *

At the preview of "Shoot the Works" little Arline Judge could hardly see her own clever performance for the tears that blinded her when the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody appeared on the screen.

In fact, the entire audience seemed to be saddened, and many "lines" that would otherwise have evoked gales of laughter in this musical comedy, fell flat.

* * *

Wedding bells rang again for Richard Dix! Twenty-four-year-old Virginia Webster, who was his secretary for six months, became his bride recently.

* * *

Richard Cromwell has a soft place in his heart for the first picture that gave him an opportunity, so yesterday he bought a print of "Tol'able David" for his own use.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

$250.00 IN PRIZES
OFFERED BY WARNER
BROS...IN THIS ISSUE

Du
BARRY

Despised by Everyone but Loved by a King!

THE story of Du Barry is like a scarlet thread across the history of France; the story of a woman's rise from the streets of Paris to the Palace at Versailles . . . the story of a woman a king loved and a country feared!

From the first moment of seeing her Louis was captured by her charm, by her little feminine tricks, by the way her hands fluttered a little when she talked, and by her voice now tender, now gay. He had never known a woman so tantalizingly beautiful.

As these pages of pageantry unfold for you in the September SCREEN ROMANCES you will be transported into the most romantic period of France's history. You will thrill with excitement as you read this love story which took place so long ago. You will admire this woman who dared all to become a King's love.

This novelization of Warner Brothers-First National Picture, appears complete in the September issue along with eleven other screen stories, all profusely illustrated with stills from the actual productions.

Read These Stories in the September Issue:

MADAME DU BARRY, Dolores Del Rio. THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, Constance Bennett and Fredric March. DAMES, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. TREASURE ISLAND, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. GRAND CANARY, Warner Baxter and Madge Evans. KISS AND MAKE UP, Cary Grant and Genevieve Tobin. HANDY ANDY, Will Rogers. CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE, Warner Oland. WE'RE RICH AGAIN, Marian Nixon and Neil Hamilton. WHOM THE GODS DESTROY, Doris Kenyon and Walter Connelly. BLACK MOON, Jack Holt and Fay Wray. STUDENT FOUR, Jimmy Durante and Maxine Doyle.

ON SALE AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS!

SCREEN ROMANCES
THE 12 BEST SCREEN STORIES OF THE MONTH!

TIRED OUT
FROM DIVING—
—AND THEN SHE SMOKED A CAMEL!

TIRED?

No matter! Here's a delightful way to restore your flow of energy ...as now revealed by Science

"When I'm tired and feel the need of a 'lift' I smoke a Camel and soon feel like my real self again!"

GEORGIA COLEMAN
OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION

After swimming...after a hard day's work...any time when you need new vim and energy—light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, rich flavor your flow of natural energy will be restored.

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And so we say, whenever you need new energy, "get a lift with a Camel!" You can smoke Camels all you wish without concern over jangled nerves. For the *finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS in Camels never get on your nerves.*

CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

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SEP 13 1934
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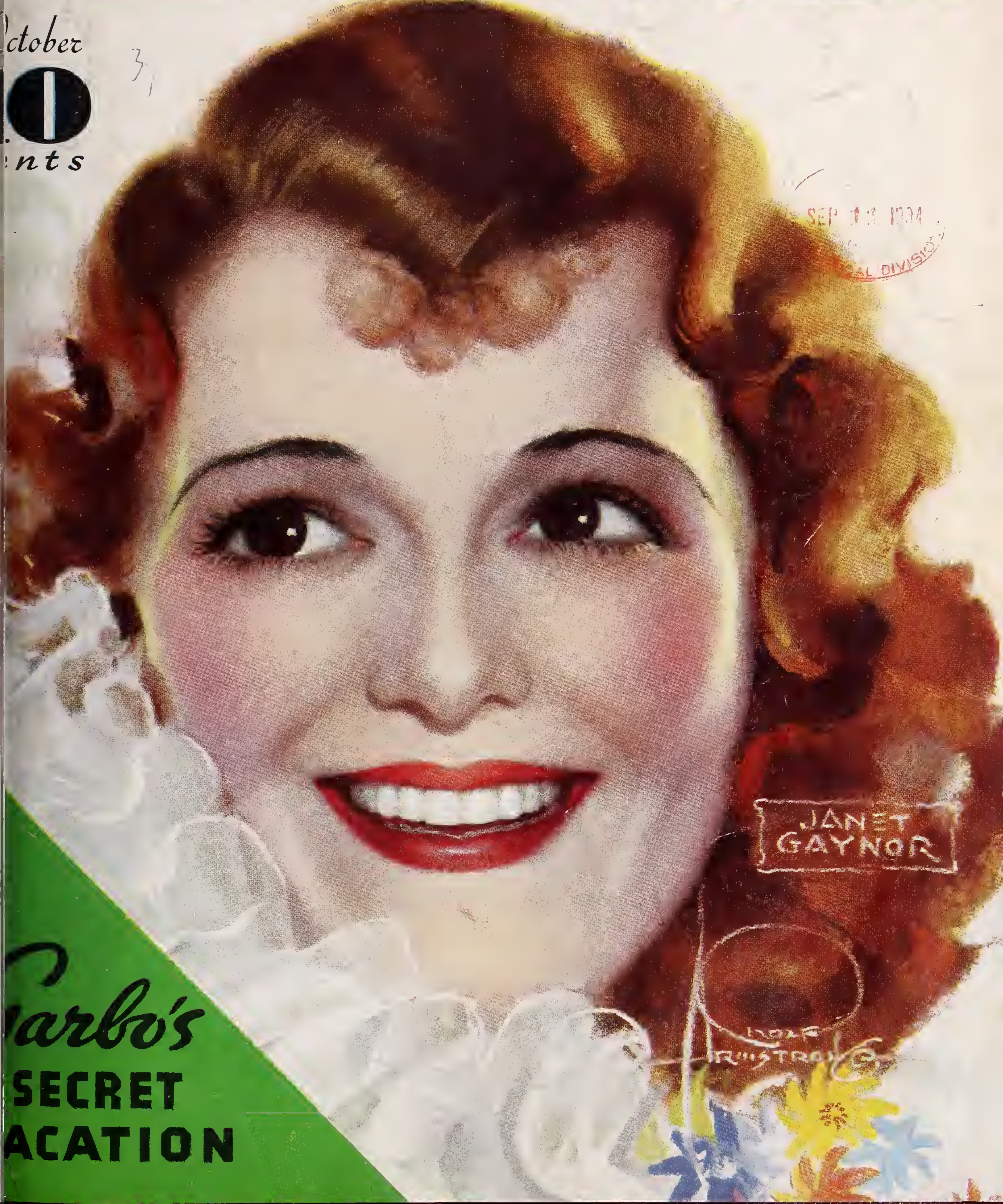
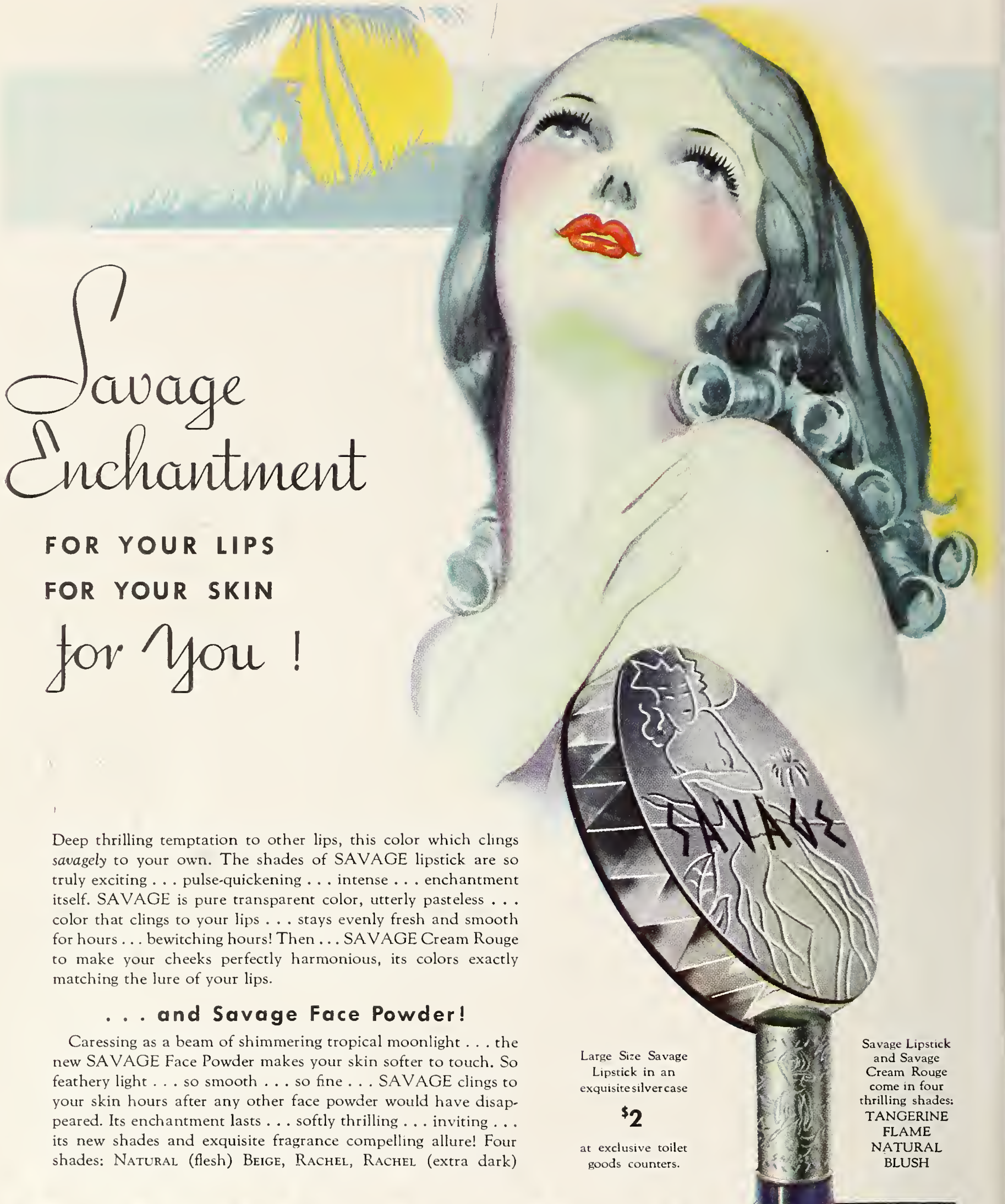

JANET GAYNOR
ROLF ARMSTRONG

arbo's
SECRET
ACATION



Savage Enchantment

FOR YOUR LIPS
FOR YOUR SKIN
for You !

Deep thrilling temptation to other lips, this color which clings *savagely* to your own. The shades of SAVAGE lipstick are so truly exciting . . . pulse-quickening . . . intense . . . enchantment itself. SAVAGE is pure transparent color, utterly pasteless . . . color that clings to your lips . . . stays evenly fresh and smooth for hours . . . bewitching hours! Then . . . SAVAGE Cream Rouge to make your cheeks perfectly harmonious, its colors exactly matching the lure of your lips.

. . . and Savage Face Powder!

Caressing as a beam of shimmering tropical moonlight . . . the new SAVAGE Face Powder makes your skin softer to touch. So feathery light . . . so smooth . . . so fine . . . SAVAGE clings to your skin hours after any other face powder would have disappeared. Its enchantment lasts . . . softly thrilling . . . inviting . . . its new shades and exquisite fragrance compelling allure! Four shades: NATURAL (flesh) BEIGE, RACHEL, RACHEL (extra dark)

Large Size Savage Lipstick in an exquisite silver case

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at exclusive toilet goods counters.

Savage Lipstick and Savage Cream Rouge come in four thrilling shades:
TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

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LIPSTICK ★ FACE POWDER ★ ROUGE

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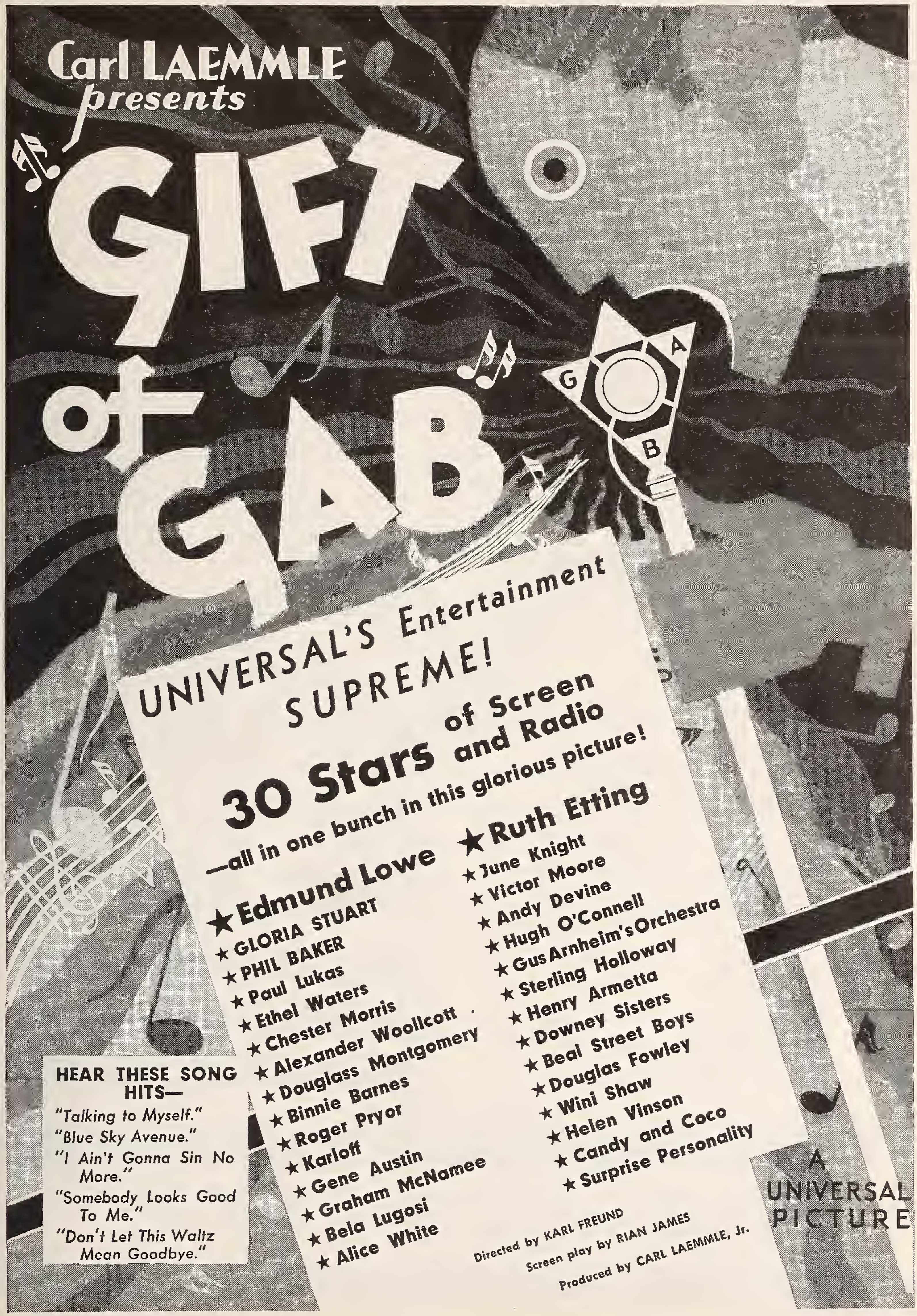

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

- ★ **Edmund Lowe**
- ★ GLORIA STUART
- ★ PHIL BAKER
- ★ Paul Lukas
- ★ Ethel Waters
- ★ Chester Morris
- ★ Alexander Woollcott
- ★ Douglass Montgomery
- ★ Binnie Barnes
- ★ Roger Pryor
- ★ Karloff
- ★ Gene Austin
- ★ Graham McNamee
- ★ Bela Lugosi
- ★ Alice White
- ★ **Ruth Etting**
- ★ June Knight
- ★ Victor Moore
- ★ Andy Devine
- ★ Hugh O'Connell
- ★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
- ★ Sterling Holloway
- ★ Henry Armetta
- ★ Downey Sisters
- ★ Beal Street Boys
- ★ Douglas Fowley
- ★ Wini Shaw
- ★ Helen Vinson
- ★ Candy and Coco
- ★ Surprise Personality

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

AUG 30 1934

MODERN SCREEN

A SPLENDID TROUPER PASSES ON.. Martha Kerr 12
Hollywood pays final tribute to Marie Dressler, a great soul

GARBO'S SECRET VACATION.. Dolly Schwarz 26
Even the innkeepers conspire to keep Greta's plans darker than a projection room

WHAT THEY THINK OF CENSORSHIP.. Robert Eichberg 28
Leaders in various walks of life discuss the "pro and con" of it

BOB ANSWERS THE GOSSIPS.. Carter Bruce 30
Mr. Montgomery breaks his silence and intimately discusses his home life

MOTHER'S GIRL?.. Ruth Biery 32
Is Claudette Colbert tied to Mama's apron strings? She tells you the answer

BRAVO, BRAVO, GRACE MOORE!.. Elza Schallert 34
She turned failure into success and made the camera coast like it

NOBODY LOVES A CLOWN.. Gladys Hall 35
Sterling Holloway knows this, for he just sits around and suffers and suffers!

PLAYFELLOWS OF DEATH.. Robert Eichberg 38
Hail to the news cameramen, ever ready to take a chance to give us the latest thrill

WILL MAUREEN MARRY JOHNNY?.. Mary Sharon 40
Some say yes, and then there are the skeptics, but Miss O'Sullivan speaks up, too

HOW RICH AND VIRGINIA WERE MARRIED.. Regina Cannon 42
Not even those purported to be "in the know" knew about Richard Dix and his wife

SHE WON'T PUT ON AN ACT.. Dorothy Manners 43
Whether she disappoints or not, Carole Lombard insists upon being herself

THREE DEADLY DANGERS.. Katherine Albert 44
The Hollywoods are full of pitfalls that threaten the unwary star at every turn

A DICK POWELL MOVIE YOU'LL NEVER SEE.. William F. French 46
But it set him right with Mary Brian, so you'll want to know about it

ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES.. Eva Beryl Tree 48
The third instalment in the diary of a girl who "wanted to crash the movies"

THE LOVE THAT FAILED.. Ann Morley 50
The inside story of Ginger Rogers' first marriage and why it ended in divorce

THE TEST OF A LADY.. S. R. Mook 51
Barbara Stanwyck has known unhappiness and defeat and met them unflinchingly

HOW TO HOLD YOUR MAN AT FORTY.. Dena Reed 52
Alice Brady, Mary Boland, Billie Burke and Janet Beecher do a little revealing

HOLLYWOOD OVER-RATES ROMANCE.. Caroline Somers Hoyt 54
Leslie Howard, screen lover par excellence, makes this interesting disclosure

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT FALL CLOTHES?.. Margery Wells 56
Autumn days are here again and here's the way to greet them fashionably

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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

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WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

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THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards... are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

IN The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Will Rogers has a treat for you—honest-to-goodness southern recipes from a southern mammy

(Left) Will Rogers and Hattie McDaniel on the "Judge Priest" set. Now you, too, can enjoy the dishes Hattie gave the appreciative Will.

By MARJORIE DEEN

HAVE you ever longed for a real old-fashioned, southern-style meal and wondered how sepia-skinned mammies go about preparing such succulent foods? Have you ever tasted their savory chicken, fluffy dumplings, golden corn pone and hot blackberry cobbler—dishes made to tempt the eye as well as to please the palate?

Well, if you have, you can understand that visions of dishes such as these went through Will Rogers' mind recently when Hattie McDaniel, a brown-skinned gal, with a red bandanna hanky around her curly black hair, and a large apron over her voluminous hips, appeared on the "Judge Priest" set to play "Aunt Dilsey," Judge Priest's cook in that famous Irvin Cobb story of the south, being made at Fox Studios.

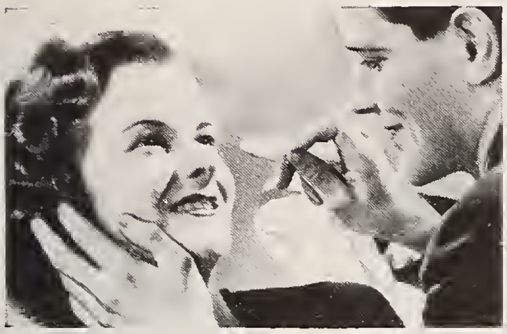
"Say," said Will to Hattie, eyeing her over the tops of his specs, "I'll bet you really *can* cook."

"Can Ah cook? Mistah Rogers, can Ah cook!" answered Hattie, with a grin. "You know, Mistah Rogers," she went on, encouraged by his friendly smile, "it's a funny thing about me. Ah was bo'n in Wichita, Kansas, but Ah talks just like the cullud folk from below the Mason-Dixie line and when it comes to cooking Ah's southern, too. Of course, Ah learned to cook from mah Mother and she was an honest-to-goodness southerner, just twelve years old when the Civil War ended. To mah way of thinkin' she was the best cook Ah ever did know and Ah've travelled some in mah day—all over this country what with acting and singing in vaudeville and on the stage. When Ah was a little bit of a girl Ah used to go with mah mother as a 'mother's helper' when she worked out. Ah watched her working around the kitchen and Ah'd see her grab a little of this and a speck of that, stir them up together real fast, and before you could turn around you'd have the best dumplings or corn pone you ever tasted. Pretty soon Ah knew how to do the same things she did and in the same way."

WILL ROGERS, who is, of course, one of the first to enjoy a good story, listened with interest to this tale of Hattie's cooking prowess. As a result, thoughts of food rather than of "Judge Priest," Congress, dictators or armaments began to stir within the mind of the nation's philosopher. So it was that before leaving the set for his usual lunch of chili, a "cupacoffee" and a slab of pie, the sage of Santa Monica turned to ask Hattie a question.

"Could you (*Continued on page 72*)

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

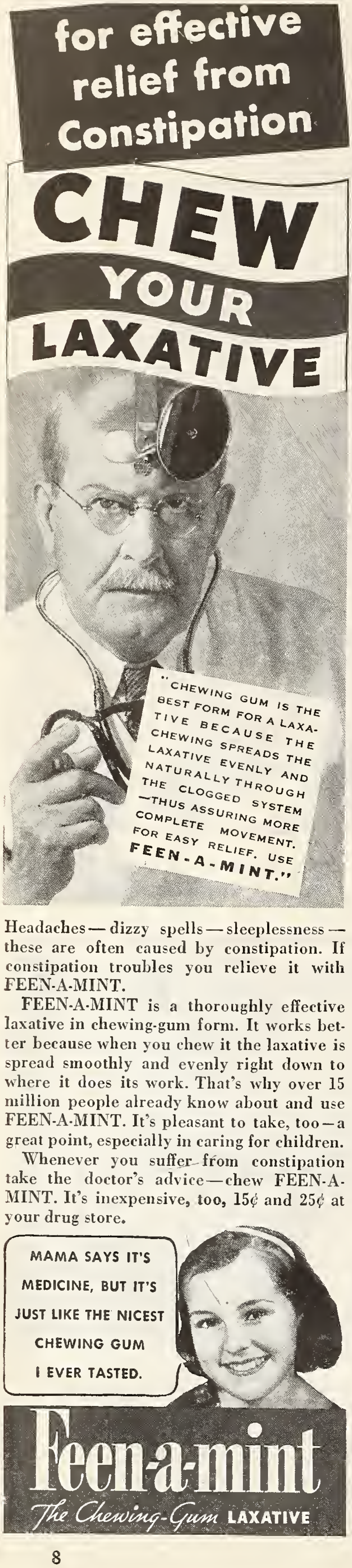
IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE

"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES



for effective relief from Constipation
CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE
"CHEWING GUM IS THE BEST FORM FOR A LAXATIVE BECAUSE THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY AND NATURALLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM —THUS ASSURING MORE COMPLETE MOVEMENT. FOR EASY RELIEF, USE FEEN-A-MINT."
MAMA SAYS IT'S MEDICINE, BUT IT'S JUST LIKE THE NICEST CHEWING GUM I EVER TASTED.
Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Headaches—dizzy spells—sleeplessness—these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

Beauty Advice

First-hand hints on the care of the skin

BY MARY BIDDLE

Betty Furness knows the secret of a beautiful skin.

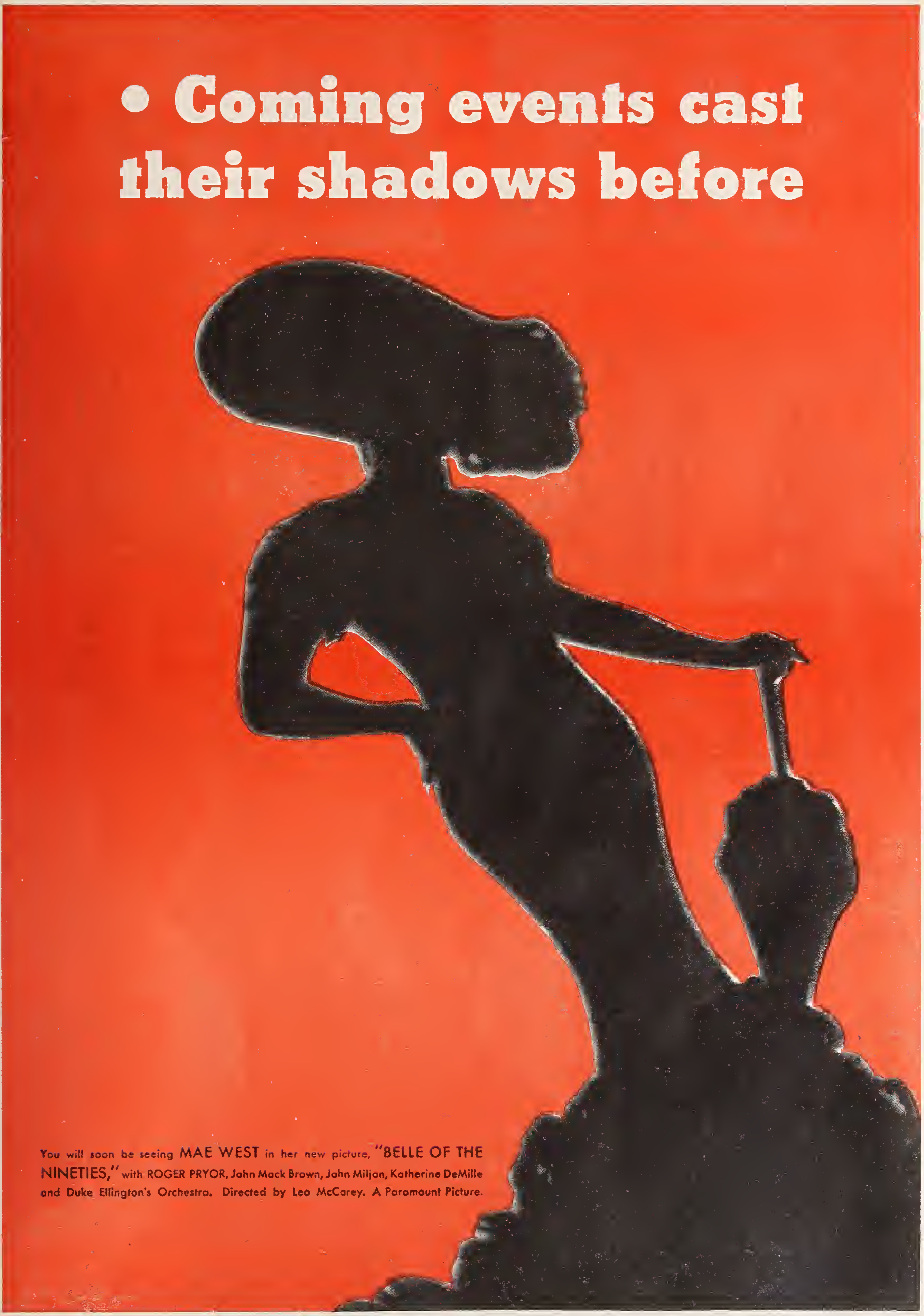
The chief worry of women reaching the rather critical age of thirty is the fear of looking old. Until that time few of us give very little thought to wrinkles and other signs of age, but after thirty we usually start taking it on the chin and getting it in the neck. About that time tiny wrinkles make their appearance around the eyes and along the forehead, and the neck begins to look like a roll of crepe paper. Suddenly we realize we're not as pretty as we used to be.

According to the make-up expert in one of the major studios in Hollywood, beauty is really a skin game—and the first and most important rule to retain that beauty is to keep the skin thoroughly clean. This, he advises, can be accomplished by whatever medium seems to get the dirt out of the pores the best, and at the same time agrees with the skin.

The next important point is to keep the skin soft, and this goes for the very young as well as for those who are "getting on." This is accomplished by using nourishing creams or oils a few minutes each day, or as often as your skin requires. Myrna Loy has a method all her own for building up her complexion in the fall after the havoc brought on by the summer sun which is worth passing on. She has her dressing table equipped with a small bottle of olive oil and this she applies vigilantly once a day. Myrna declares this is a simple but most efficacious means of removing roughened skin and replacing it with a fresh, dewy-textured epidermis.

STIMULATION for the skin is another important item in keeping that fresh, youthful look and for this circulation creams and various forms of beauty masks are ideal.

In the daily routine followed by Hollywood stars, you will find that massage plays an important part, especially is (*Continued on page 105*)



• Coming events cast their shadows before

You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.

Fredric March and Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

The Gaynor picture you've waited for—Janet and Lew Ayres in "Servants' Entrance."

Eddie Nugent, Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not."

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY WALTER RAMSEY

A: THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M)

A truly great picture! Cheers for Norma Shearer! Applause for Fredric March! Raves for Charlie Laughton and plenty of back-slapping for Moureen O'Sullivan! In the famous love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, Norma Shearer tops anything she's done. She's the fragile heroine, and so appealingly beautiful that her performance leaves one breathless. The love scenes between Norma and Freddie March are the best the screen has ever offered. Of course, Charles Laughton is superb in the rôle of the tyrannical father in the Barrett household. Every time he appears on the scene he makes his despicable character more and more real and alive until, at length, the audience is moved to vocal hatred. Maureen O'Sullivan's outstanding performance places her in line for stardom. The story does not admit of much lightness and laughter, but we recommend it heartily to lovers of real drama.

B: SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox)

Charming little earful. Laid in Sweden, this one is all about a young couple who want to get married. So, they decide to work three months to get practical household experience. Janet Gaynor tries various jobs as a maid. It is while working at one of them that she falls in love with the chauffeur, Lew Ayres. The cast, story and director seemed in the spirit of this light and charming comedy and conspired to give us a picture that will please the whole family. Janet is better than in her last picture; Lew improves, too, and Walter Connolly and Louise Dresser, as usual, perform expertly. This effort should please the reformers, too.

B: SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount)

Bing Crosby—'nuff said? When Miriam Hopkins runs away from a murder she has witnessed, she winds up in a Princeton dormitory. Of course, that is where we pick up Bing, who befriends Miriam, runs away from another gal and is in love with the Dean's daughter all at once. Singing the while! You no doubt know the story already, and since the picture follows it perfectly, there is no reason to go into detail here. But we must mention the cast. Bing sings and acts, which ought to be enough for anybody. Miriam Hopkins rates much praise for her clever and comical chorus girl rôle. Kitty Carlisle is a smash hit and does the best work of her short and illustrious career. Warren Hymer and Judith Allen make for more fun and entertainment. Some good songs, especially "Love in Bloom," which you've doubtless heard. You will want to see this one.

B: HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO)

Courtroom drammer. Really one of the best courtroom scenes ever made, in which a famous lawyer (Cortez) attempts to save an innocent man on a murder charge. It seems that a suicide happens in such a way as to look exactly like murder, and the only way to prove that the victim of circumstances didn't commit the crime is to use an alibi which involves the defense attorney's wife with the defendant. A very trying situation, but the lawyer contrives to free the man by means of "a hat, coat and glove" in evidence without the mention of his wife's name. You're sure to like this type of rôle for Cortez. Barbara Robbins makes her bow in pictures as the wife and deserves credit. John Beal also does nice work. All in all, it's worth your time.

B: JANE EYRE (Monogram)

Good picture, if a little slow. Virginia Bruce looks even more beautiful and proves that she can sing as well as act. About an orphan, Virginia, who falls in love with her employer, Colin Clive, but runs away because his wife is insane. Later, Clive is blinded in an attempt to rescue his wife who insanely burns down the house. At this point, Virginia returns to look after him. Strong stuff, yes, but also very good entertainment. The picture is well adapted from the famous Brontë novel, and you'll get a reminiscent kick out of it. You'll get your money's worth certainly, and we suggest you try this if it comes your way. Virginia Bruce should get some real opportunities after this display of talent. The rest of the cast, including Aileen Pringle and Jameson Thomas, is well up to the picture.

B: THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M)

Virgin in cellophane. In spite of the fact that the title of this picture has been changed so many times and the studio has had

(*Continued on page* 13)

Fine performances abound on this month's movie list

Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You he Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

LESLIE
HOWARD
KAY
FRANCIS
APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
★ ★ ★ A First National Picture ★ ★ ★

A Splendid Trouper Passes On

Marie Dressler died after many weeks of brave struggle against pain, on July 28. The funeral services, attended by devoted friends and fellow workers, were held at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, on July 31.

Farewell, Marie Dressler! In our hearts will remain the memory of the many happy hours you have given all of us

By MARTHA KERR

Marie Dressler would have been the first one to say, and with terrific emphasis, "Now, don't write any obituary about me."

And yet, if Marie Dressler could see with mortal eyes now, she would be the first to read all obituaries written about her.

For Marie was like that. She never asked praise; she never asked loyalty; she never sought glory. And yet she enjoyed them more than any woman I have ever known. Enjoyed them with the wholesome, natural, buoyant enthusiasm of a bashful youngster.

You have seen a child offered praise or some treat for being very, very good? And he has wriggled and squirmed and finally stuttered, "Aw, shucks. Forget it!" But he has been happy about the kindness shown for all that.

Marie Dressler was like that child. "Aw, shucks, you don't want to do that for me!" She said it when they planned that last birthday party with its international radio hook-up. The biggest party of its kind ever given any woman. And there wasn't a guest present who enjoyed it half as much as Marie Dressler. She was ill, then. Too ill, really, to be present. But I honestly believe Marie Dressler would have preferred to die rather than to miss that celebration.

I remember one time when Marie and I were having a heart-to-heart talk at her home in Beverly Hills. It was after she had made such an unequaled success in "Anna Christie" and "Min and Bill." I was shower- (*Continued on page 116*)

Reviews

(*Continued from page 10*)

to change many scenes by order of the censors, we're sure you'll have a swell time. Jean plays a very virtuous little girl who elects to force some roué to marry her. She refuses to accept any deals but those okayed by the preacher and thus must be looked upon as a "good girl." Despite the censor's watchful eye, one is amazed to find that she uses almost the same technique employed in her other pictures, which should force the folks to stand in line at the box office. Lionel Barrymore is fine as the rich man and Franchot Tone, his son, does the most realistic job of love-making we've been treated to in a long time. One of the real high-lights of the picture is the performance of Patsy Kelly who plays the part of Harlow's girl friend. And Lewis Stone does his usual fine work. Go!

B: OUR DAILY BREAD

(Viking-United Artists)

After the Russian manner. In which director King Vidor, who made such a hit with his picture, "The Crowd," carries on with the same type of people . . . on the farm. The unemployed decide that their only salvation is coöperative farming and they all cast their lots together in one huge effort. Karen Morley is excellent, as usual, and Tom Keene will surprise you after all those "westerns." The terrific fight of the farmers against the elements is one that will cause you to cheer when they finally overcome them. Several technical details in the picture caused a number of critics to label it "A farm picture for city folks." In other words, some of the farm stuff doesn't ring true to those who know the farm. I think you will enjoy it.

B: THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG

(Paramount)

Lots of fun and action. All about a woman jewel thief whose exploits and escapes are so unbelievable that we hope the censors see the comedy elements rather than the escapes. As the story progresses, it comes rather close to slap-stick, with its wild chases over roof-tops. Gertrude Michael, in her first big chance, does remarkably well as the jewel thief, though she does overact a bit at times. Paul Cavanagh is excellent as the other thief who is hired by the police to run the lady to earth. Arthur Byron and Alison Skipworth are fine, of course. You'll enjoy the action, and you'll get some real laughs.

B: NOW AND FOREVER

(Paramount)

Clever entertainment in spots. Gary Cooper, in the rôle of Jerry who is always promising himself to reform "after the next job," puts it off too long. Even after beautiful Carole Lombard loses her social position because she can't give up Jerry, he still wants "one more job." Of course, when little Shirley Temple comes along, he is completely reformed—but it is too late. The story is vaguely motivated and over-sentimental and the ending is too dramatic. Shirley Temple injects some cuteness into the picture, but it, too, fails in its purpose.

B: STAMBOUL QUEST

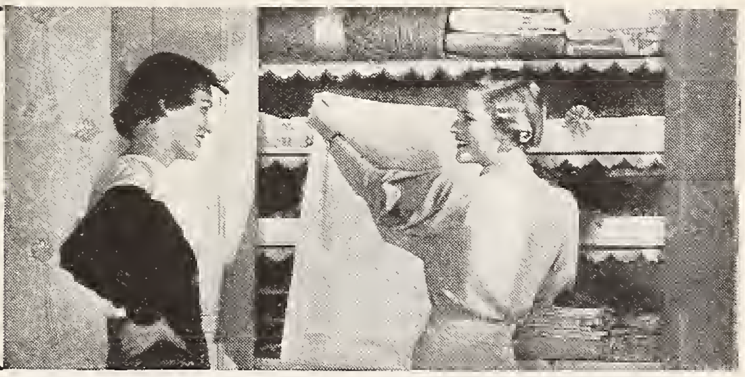
(M-G-M)

Knockout spy story. With Myrna Loy, as the thoroughly believable spy who vamps-and-tells, this picture has all the swell action and plot that has made movies so enjoyable

(*Continued on page 114*)

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A GOLDEN NAPTHA SOAP GAVE ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH

Ann Prescott:
"Tickled?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more—they're *white,* Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong . . . That *'trick'* soap I used to wash with wasn't getting all the dirt out of my clothes. Then..."



Ann Prescott:
"I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap—and I never saw the beat of it for hurrying out dirt. Here, smell the reason yourself—there's *lots of naptha* in that golden bar!"

FELS-NAPTHA

M-M-M!... Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a breeze! Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the *easier* way to get them—*change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* You'll like the way it loosens grimiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes *suds that stay sudsy—nice and creamy and rich.* You'll like the way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. *Golden* soap that's richer—and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha in every bar.

Fels-Naptha Soap is so gentle, you can use it for daintiest things—lingerie, silk stockings, woolens. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

© 1934, FELS & CO.

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

BY REGINA CANNON

Block and Sully get off to make "Kid Millions," starring Eddie Cantor.

WELL, Block and Sully, of the air waves got off. If you're a wisecracker and a radio fan, too, you'll doubtless quip, "Block and Sully *are* off; that's why they made a lot of the coin of the realm and rate a movie contract and a trip to the coast."

Anna-hoo, the famous comedy team departed for Hollywood to appear with their best pal, patron near-saint and what-have-you, Eddie Cantor. B. and S. adore Eddie and, well they might, for he has been sold on them for years, and, whenever opportunity presents itself, gets them in on the show. Don't misunderstand us please, the pair don't have to literally be "gotten in," for they stand on their own feet when it comes to rare ability as laugh-inducers.

Little Eva (she's Miss Sully) is the cutest trick you could meet on a hike up Broadway or down Hollywood Boulevard. She looks a bit like a miniature Bebe Daniels and Mr. Block, partner *and* husband of the aforementioned damsel, is a clean-cut young gent that's gonna cause some heart flutters among the fair in the movie audience.

Of course, comparisons are odious—a smarty once put that over—but for your information in case you're not a "tuner-inner," the tea mdo stuff similar to Burns and Allen. They're not copycats. They just do that type of work, and did it when vaudeville was a two-a-day dignified art and not a frame in which to set off the week's galloping snapshot.

The night before their departure, Miss Sully told of her entrance into the theatrical world. It seems someone advised her to see an agent, tell him what she could do and what salary she expected. But let her tell it:

"I told the man I could sing, dance, whistle, ride a bicycle, juggle and read lines. Well, by that time he was exhausted, just from listening. Then I said I wanted $400 for doing all that, but that I hadn't any experience—yet. He took my phone number and said he'd let me hear from him. Y'know, he never did. Wasn't that funny?"

Hilarious, we callz it. Howz about you?

Block plays "straight" in the act and comedy at the dinner table. Indeed, it's better than a ringside seat at your favorite form of entertainment to spend an hour with this duo. You don't have to be a prophet to predict big things in pictures for them. They'll just click. Mr. Goldwyn thinks so. And Mr. Goldwyn never makes mistakes. Bob Montgomery told us so.

Anyway, we left Jesse and Eva with his good wishes and her umbrella, which we're gonna return as soon as we see her again—because it's the wrong color.

* * *

SHE is just about as social as Newport, is Anna May Wong, the picturesque Chinese girl whose Dad once ran a laundry in Los Angeles. Anna May is the companion of dukes and counts and Blue Book names on this side of the water. She has that certain something that makes every man in a restaurant put down his fork and look, and then look for a friend who has a friend who can arrange an introduction. That's "it" for you!

Miss Wong recently returned from England, where she made, as usual, a great hit. She wasn't in town very long before Paramount phoned and offered her a leading role opposite George Raft in "Limehouse Nights." The part was good and the money excellent, so the little lady decided it was time to do a comeback in American pictures. Hence, you'll have a chance to see one of the most divine figures that has ever flitted across the screen.

Personally, we'll welcome this prodigal's return, for she has always been a favorite of ours.

* * *

Glenda Farrell visited New York for a vacation and wound up with an operation. We saw her on her birthday and she had dozens of American beauties and a pain in her side—and didn't complain about either.

Then the ache increased and the doctor pronounced it appendicitis. So, off she and her flowers went to a hospital. She's doing nicely now, thank you.

Glenda is a peach of a girl with good looks and real talent. It seems a shame that she is shoved into one picture after another in such rapid succession and relegated to the "tough" type of role. She is certainly being wasted in 'em. Plenty of also-rans can essay rowdiness, but it takes talent to do fine emotional work. And Miss Farrell, given an opportunity, does just that.

* * *

ISABEL JEWELL flew into town—literally—to spend a few days sight-seeing. She hasn't visited little old New York since she became known

Anna May Wong arrives from Europe en route to "Limehouse Nights" in Hollywood.

cinematically and so she took time out to marvel at the way the buildings in our fair city have grown.

This blonde lass is slightly under pint size and drinks buttermilk, if you please, just to put on a few of what most of us fight to take off.

Isabel is an obliging little lady and will talk on any topic; that is, if it concerns her career or Lee Tracy. She refers to the gentleman as "Angel" and until our ears became Jewell-minded, we thought she was referring to Shirley Temple. Then when we learned that Angel was a "he," we just *knew* it was Baby LeRoy. But—wrong again. And then we learned about Angel from his ardent admirer. He's her god, her Von Sternberg, her world—celluloid and otherwise.

Lee criticizes and praises and inspires. Well, it is simply grand to have a friend like that; and Isabel is smart enough and loyal enough to appreciate it and him. Yes, this young woman with the appearance of a beautiful bisque doll has a keen mind and a sparkling personality.

* * *

By the time you read this, the trousseau will be bought and worn and the wedding bells will have rung out. For Verree Teasdale will be Mrs. Adolphe Menjou.

Miss Teasdale, well-known in Broadway productions before the movie urge befell her, visited the Fifth Avenue shops to purchase those dainty satin trifles and smart fall tailleurs that women go in for in a big way when they're about to become Missus.

Just as the future Madame Menjou was about to tackle the linen departments, an unfeeling studio summoned her westward to appear in "The Firebird," a very dramatic offering that was presented here on the stage a few seasons ago.

Miss Teasdale, by the way, is nothing for very dramatic offerings. She cares for subtle drawing-room comedies in a great, big way. But does she get a chance at 'em? Well, the nearest thing to eliciting laughs that she's appeared in since hitting Hollywood was "Roman Scandals." Some subtle——eh, wot?

* * *

Adrienne Ames is here—and without Bruce Cabot. And she's *that* lonesome! Nothing but an opportunity to play a leading role in "Gigolette," for Select Pictures induced her to leave Hollywood and friend husband.

She isn't taking time to shop or visit or "theatre" or anything. She just hasn't the heart to, or the interest either.

Think of

TOMORROW

when you take that laxative

TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system — you feel weak — your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all — you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation — they may form a habit.

EX-LAX — the laxative that does not form a habit

There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative — it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle — yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective — without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X — to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

EX-LAX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
for relief of constipation
6 tablets 10¢
18 tablets 25¢

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

GOOD NEWS

The "baby shower" given for Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown) by Mrs. William K. Howard was the most elaborate affair of its kind ever given in Hollywood. Sixty-two of Sally's close friends were present, and what presents they brought!

Mrs. Howard's gift was a large bassinette covered in real Irish lace. Lola Lane's package held twelve hand-made infant dresses. From Bebe Daniels came a magnificent carriage robe, and Jobyna Ralston Arlen sent a nursery bed. Billie Dove presented a silver "high chair service" consisting of the cereal bowl, cup, plate and spoons. In spite of all the gorgeousness, however, Sally's mother took the spotlight with the hooked rugs she had made for the baby's nursery. There were rugs of the Three Little Pigs, a large white rabbit and a large white kitten. They were cut out like toys and are to be tossed over the floor of the nursery.

Sally was so overcome with emotion at the elaborate party that she was confined to her bed for two days following. The excitement was more than she could stand.

BARBARA BEBE LYON was watching her mother, Bebe Daniels, eat lunch the other day. Bebe ate everything on her plate except a generous helping of spinach.

"Eat your spinach," said Barbara Bebe in exactly the tones her nurse uses to her.

"I don't think I care for it," said Bebe.

"All right" said the little girl, "for that, you don't get any ice cream!"

MARLENE AND JOE PALS AGAIN!

No matter how much Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg protest to the contrary, they'll have a pretty hard time convincing Hollywood they have not recently become reconciled after a prolonged "tiff."

It is said that Paramount officials, at one time, were on the verge of finding a new woman star for Josef, and a new director for Marlene at their mutual request. The war started, you remember, when Marlene saw the finished version of "The Scarlet Empress," wherein she is so completely submerged in the elaborate background.

It is also whispered that Von Sternberg did not approve of Marlene's widening circle of new friends. The temperamental director has always referred to Dietrich as "a woman apart" and he has never approved of her friendships with Hollywood people.

Well, whatever the argument, it is apparently over now, and they seem to be faster friends than ever.

"How silly to think for one moment I would make a picture without Mr. Von Sternberg," scoffed Marlene the other day. "He knows he will never be able to get rid of me as long as he lives!"

SOMEONE should take Ann Sothern aside and advise her against trying to look like the Lombard. The other day a Los Angeles newspaper ran a picture of Ann, captioned Carole Lombard. And why not? Even the hat and dress looked exactly like those worn by Carole in her latest sitting.

The jinx of tough luck, and of having to fight for every break she gets, still pursues Dolores Del Rio. Just as

They're not being reconciled —the Nick Stuarts and Carol.

George Raft and Virginia Pine still dine together nightly.

At Hofbrau Gardens—Mar
Astor and hubby, Dr. Thorpe

Dolores was on the verge of flaring across the movie heavens in the colorful and exotic rule of "Du Barry," along came this censorship row and the decision of the studio officials to "shelve" the picture for at least six months.

"Du Barry" was expected to establish Dolores in the front ranks of Hollywood stardom. Her performance, as the king's mistress, is said to be exceptional. Of course, other Del Rio pictures will be made, but emotional roles like "Du Barry" don't come wrapped up for lady stars in every day's mail.

While you are shedding a tear over Dolore's delayed opportunity, you might also heave a sigh for the Brethren Warners who have about $500,000 tied up in this picture.

IF you think this romance rumor between Jean Harlow and William Powell isn't serious, you should see Bill break his neck every noon hour, getting to the 'phone to call up Jean.

However, they are never seen alone in public together. Jean has not yet filed her suit against Hal Rosson, as this is written, and because of this, Mrs. Bello (Jean's mother) accompanies the couple everywhere they go—even to the Tuesday night fights.

STARS TURN CRITICS

Everyone in Hollywood is raving about Bette Davis's performance in "Of Human Bondage."

Norma Shearer is another who has scored heavily with her co-workers in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati draw plenty of bouquets for their work in "One Night of Love."

The movie folk are just as crazy about little Shirley Temple as you and I are.

The best mystery drama of this or any other month, is RKO-Radio's "Hat, Coat and Glove."

Listening to the actors turn critics is a lot of fun.

BETTE DAVIS and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, have taken the Charlie Farrell Beverly Hills home while (Continued on page 62)

upe and Johnny together gain—when this was taken.

Bette Davis and her husband pose for our Scotty.

At Santa Monica—Henry Wilcoxson and Claire Sheridan.

THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE
CARROLL
FRANCHOT
TONE

•

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley

FOX

KATHARINE HEPBURN

When it comes to picking the picture plums, Katie shows as much talent as she does histrionically. Her next will be RKO's "The Little Minister," and won't she make a divine "Babbie?" When she finishes this, rumor hath it, she will make preparations to appear in another Broadway stage production, for she has one of those elastic contracts that stretches in almost any direction.

RUSS COLUMBO

Having conquered the air waves, he has set out to make a name for himself in the film fields and, so far, so good. You'll be seeing him in Universal's pretentious picture, "Wake Up and Dream," with June Knight doing the snappy stepping as Russ lilts the tantalizing tunes. Yes, it's a musical. As for the Latin gentleman's personal interests; well, they sort of embrace Carole Lombard, 'tis said. Their friends predict a parson, but the pair involved insist that they're just friends. Sounds a little mixed up, doesn't it?

KAREN MORLEY

She has plenty to offer the camera and sound track, yet this young woman's principal interests are home, hubby and baby. Indeed, while she was making "Straight Is the Way" for M-G-M, the director asked her to remove her wedding ring. Would Mrs. Charles Vidor comply with his request? No, no. Her husband had put it on and it wasn't coming off. So a prop boy mixed a masking paste and covered the gold band and everybody was satisfied. However, in "Our Daily Bread" the ring was not subjected to the "mask."

LEWIS STONE

As popular as most of the stars he supports, is Lewis Stone, for he always may be depended upon to give an excellent performance and, no matter how unsympathetic his role may be, he invests it with a warmth that endears him to his fans. Now that he's finished work in "Treasure Island" for M-G-M, he is enjoying a belated vacation—with his pretty wife on one of their boats. Yes, this gentleman is such a confirmed seaman that he lived on the water during a recent location trip, while the rest of the cast parked in hotels.

ANNA NEAGLE

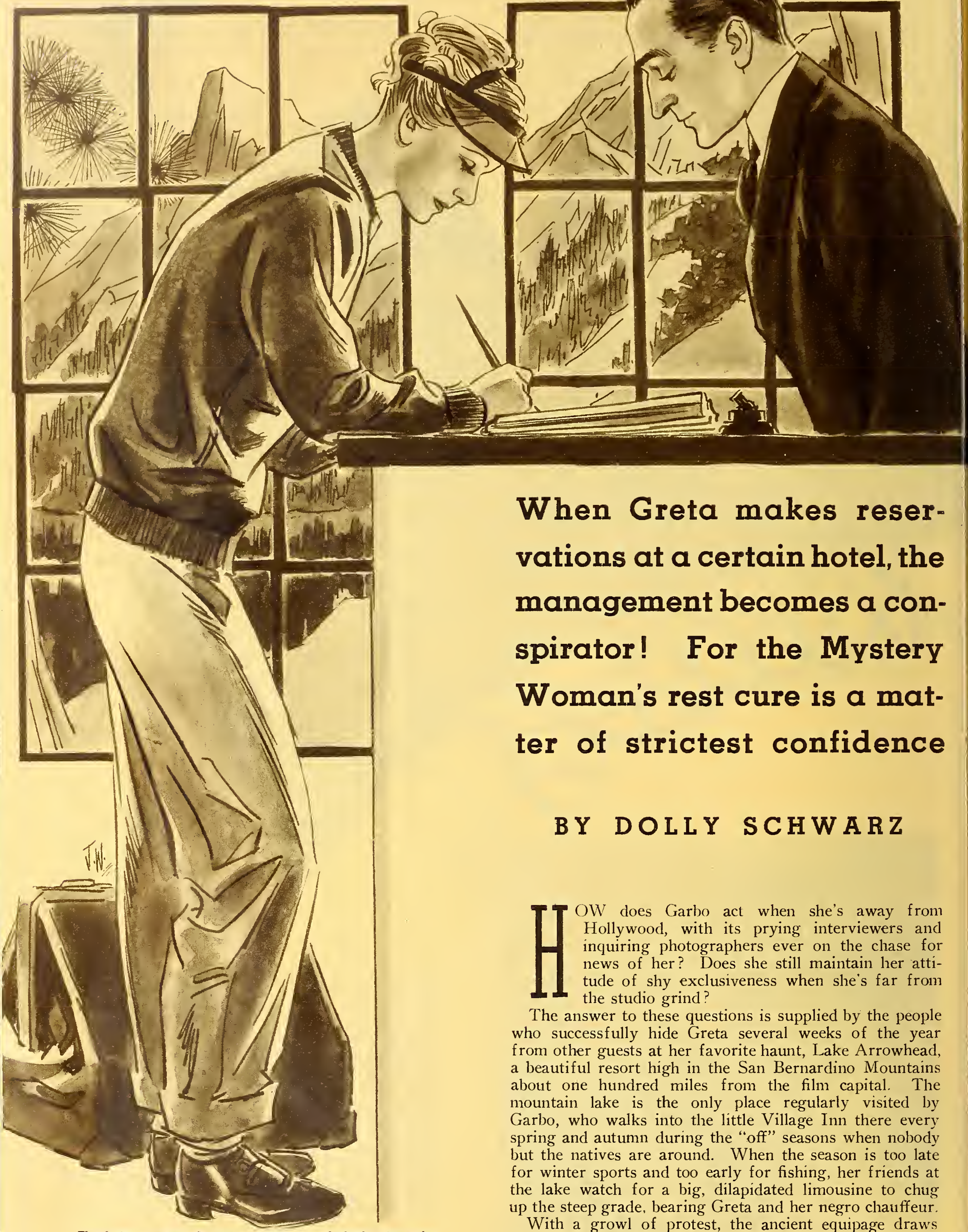
You'll be seein' her soon in "Nell Gwyn," and our guess is that you'll be enchanted by this rollicking girl from across the big pond. England is her birthplace, but America gave her her chance. While here as a Broadway chorus girl, she became imbued with ambition, returned home, forged ahead, and finally landed herself a screen test and a role in "Bitter Sweet." Then came "Nell" and instant acclaim. 'Tis whispered that our producers are dickering for her services, so it may not be long before she's a Hollywood citizen.

Sweet

(Above, left) There's romance and romance aplenty in the impressive list of pictures that will be going on your movie list real soon. Who wouldn't be inspired to kiss in such a beautiful setting as the one in which Norma Shearer and Fredric March find themselves in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for M-G-M. (Above, right) The beautiful Loretta Young and romantic Phillips Holmes emote in "Caravan," a Fox film. (Right) This is just as it should be; for Anita Louise and Tom Brown are sweethearts in real life. And she's the one he cares for in "Judge Priest," Will Rogers' latest for Fox.

hearts

(Above, left) The sweet young thing caught looking so romantically at Nils Asther is Pat Paterson, in "Lovetime," which concerns the life of the composer, Franz Schubert. (Above, right) Girls, how'd you like to change places with Joan? M-m-m, we thought so. If this pose intrigues you, you'll find more like it in Clark's and Joan's picture, "Chained." It's from the novel, "Sacred and Profane Love," which may give you an inkling as to what it's all about. (Left) And now Anna Sten, of "Nana" fame, is going to thrill you once more in "We Live Again." Handsome Fredric March is with her.



The lady wearing the visor, sweater and slacks signs the register "Mary Brown." But the clerk, who has booked her in before, knows it's Greta Garbo. However, he wouldn't whisper the news—not even to his mother.

When Greta makes reservations at a certain hotel, the management becomes a conspirator! For the Mystery Woman's rest cure is a matter of strictest confidence

BY DOLLY SCHWARZ

HOW does Garbo act when she's away from Hollywood, with its prying interviewers and inquiring photographers ever on the chase for news of her? Does she still maintain her attitude of shy exclusiveness when she's far from the studio grind?

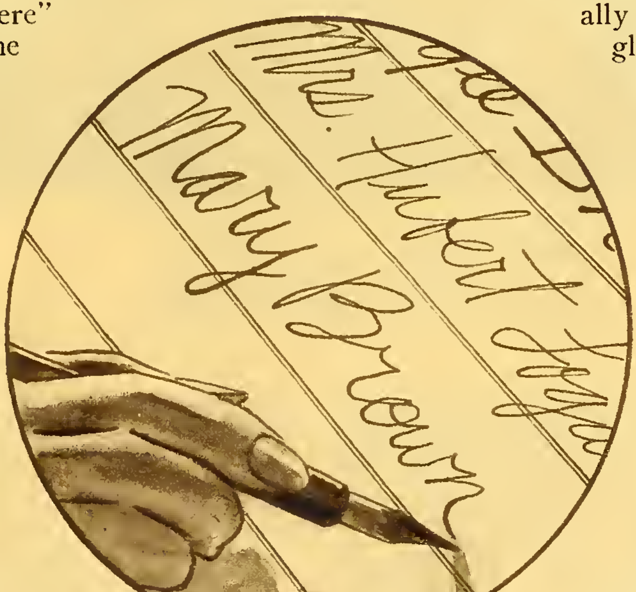
The answer to these questions is supplied by the people who successfully hide Greta several weeks of the year from other guests at her favorite haunt, Lake Arrowhead, a beautiful resort high in the San Bernardino Mountains about one hundred miles from the film capital. The mountain lake is the only place regularly visited by Garbo, who walks into the little Village Inn there every spring and autumn during the "off" seasons when nobody but the natives are around. When the season is too late for winter sports and too early for fishing, her friends at the lake watch for a big, dilapidated limousine to chug up the steep grade, bearing Greta and her negro chauffeur.

With a growl of protest, the ancient equipage draws up before the little Inn. Out steps the chauffeur with one small piece of luggage, and in walks Garbo with always the same request, "Have you a quiet room?"

GARBO'S SECRET VACATION

She is generally dressed in slacks that could stand attention from a tailor, a disreputable sweater, and a sun-visor worn in a manner only Garbo would think of attempting. She takes her straight blonde hair and thrusts it up into a strange, straggling bundle on top of her head beneath the elastic which holds the visor in place, over a face devoid of any make-up. In a childish hand she signs the register "Mary Brown," and slinks up to her room.

Immediately the "underground" telegraph system which exists among all hotel employees starts in with "Garbo's here" whispered back and forth, and the battle starts over who shall attend to her simple wants. She comes without a maid or companion of any sort, but never desires any attention other than room service at breakfast and dinner and a boatman to deliver her favorite canoe to her daily.



HER appetite is a never-ending source of wonder to the kitchen staff. When she came up the first time she did not care to look over the menu, but merely asked for "dinner." The nervous waiter, left alone with the stupendous problem of what to feed Garbo, ran down to the kitchen and excitedly ordered some of everything on the menu placed on a huge tray, which he staggered under all the way up to the star's room. Imagine his surprise when, returning an hour later for the tray, he found it waiting for him outside of Garbo's door with all the dishes empty and stacked neatly under a napkin. Since then, through investigation, the staff has managed to learn that Garbo likes just about everything, but must have a thick wedge of cheese at least twice a day and prefers rye bread.

Her lunches, which would make the hardest working C.C.C. boy smile with satisfaction, consist of stacks of thick chicken sandwiches, milk, cheese, pie and fruit, delivered to her in a large box at breakfast. Breakfast is served to her at 7:00 A.M. She downs this meal hurriedly and, lunch box under arm and bathing suit under slacks, slinks out of the side entrance of the Inn down to the edge of the lake and her waiting canoe before anyone else is stirring.

From then on, no one but the squirrels get a glimpse of the glamorous star. She paddles her canoe across the lake to secluded coves on the north shore and takes long walks among the pine trees, leaving the slacks and sweater in the canoe and striding along in bathing suit and men's shoes. Occasionally someone will catch a far-away glimpse of her earnestly paddling across the lake, but no one so far has been able to get a good close-up of the Great One in her black bathing suit.

Garbo returns to the Inn with the heavy mantle of fog that settles down over the blue of the lake about six o'clock in the evening, slipping unobtrusively through the private entrance which is always unpadlocked on her arrival. All her trouble to remain incognito is really unnecessary, as she is never recognized by other guests who occasionally meet her coming or going. For no one would guess that the slender girl with the abominable trousers and funny shoes is the gorgeous star who glides across the screen in exotic creations by Adrian. It is an entirely different Garbo from the one we have come to know on the screen.

HER voice and eyelashes first gave her away to the staff of the Inn. Though her strange manner of dressing fooled the natives, her low, guttural voice and huge eyes led them to guess who the strange "Mary Brown" was. She never budges from the Inn in the evening, remaining in her room with the stacks of books her luggage always contains. Evidently Greta suffers from insomnia, as her light burns far on into the night, but she is always ready for her (*Continued on page 90*)

WHAT THEY THINK

BY ROBERT

Floyd Gibbons: "Take glamor out of immorality and audiences will tire of it."

Mrs. Roosevelt: "The film industry desires to use its power for the country's improvement."

John Boles: "Pictures have given the man in the street a fine, liberal education."

AT the bar of public opinion stand the movies, charged by religious leaders of all leading faiths with being a menace to the morals of the great American public—to your morals. You have heard, no doubt, the voices of the "prosecuting attorneys." You've heard, too, the voices of the "attorneys for the defense," the producers and film stars. Last month Modern Screen took up the cudgel for the defense.

But you, who are both the judge and the jury, the people in whose hands the fate of the motion picture industry lies, will not want to be guided entirely by what either the prosecution or the defense tells you. You will want to make your decision from your own experience and from the opinions of clear-thinking, unprejudiced witnesses.

Modern Screen has compiled testimony from public and exclusive statements made by such people as the First Lady of the Land, two of America's greatest lawyers, leading theatrical and radio entertainers, leading newspaper writers, and others who are pre-eminent in different fields. You will find this testimony by no means one-sided. Fair-mindedness is the password to this open forum, to which you are invited to join. Why not take this opportunity to write and tell us what *you* think of this tremendous problem which faces the industry.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who is one of the nation's leaders not only because of her husband's position, but through her own keen mind as well, took up the question of the movies in a recent talk over the NBC chain.

Said Mrs. Roosevelt: "Lately it has been felt that the tendency to glorify the racketeer and criminal, or at least to make him appear as a sympathetic character, was having something of a bad effect on the children of the country. Consequently, this new announcement (*that Joseph Breen, assistant to Will H. Hays, had been appointed censor by the film industry itself.*—Ed.) should do much to make women's organizations feel that *the film industry as a whole desires to coöperate and use its tremendous power for the improvement of the country.*"

America's famous fair-mindedly discuss, pro and con, the

OF CENSORSHIP

EICHBERG

Irene Dunne: "There have been unwholesome pictures, but there have been fine ones."

Carl Laemmle: "We welcome constructive criticism, but we are against fanatical reform."

Monte Schoedsack: "It's too bad a few produced censorable films and upset the rest."

NEXT, there is Max D. Steuer, behind whose kindly, grizzled exterior is one of the most brilliant brains in all the field of law. His years in court, saving "lost" causes and winning "impossible" cases, have made his name a household word wherever newspapers are read.

"I don't think the movies are so very bad," said Mr. Steuer, "but they could stand some improvement.

"You must realize that there have been a great many pictures which justified the gangster by making him a hero. It's true that the story frequently calls for his being sent to jail, or even killed at the end, but this punishment in the last few scenes comes too late. In the audience, there may be one or two impressionable boys or girls who, having seen the movie gangster enjoying six or seven reels of tremendous power and wealth, are imbued with a desire to become gang leaders. They feel that they, too, could attain such power and are certain that they would never make a mistake such as led to the pictured criminal's downfall. Our jails, incidentally, are filled with people who have had such ideas.

"But I do think the pictures are sometimes misjudged, for the clergy are not necessarily the best judges of morals. Any man or woman may be strictly upright and lead a blameless life, yet will be incapable of judging the moral effect of a motion picture upon the average person. *Then, again, I think a great many people go to the pictures, not to enjoy, but to criticize them. They would naturally find a great deal more to criticize than would people not looking for questionable scenes.*

"Consider the picture 'Men in White' as an example. This picture has been censured because it depicts an immoral act between a young doctor, who is the chief character, and a nurse. But the fact that the author may have intended to point a moral—to bring about a cure and reform for an existing evil—is something that the critic may not perceive. The episode I mention is not without foundation of fact, nor is it entirely unnatural, and it is possible that things of the sort do occur in many hospitals. By bringing them to the fore, in a play otherwise as clean as can be written, the author, *(Continued on page 87)*

movies' timeliest topic! What do you think about it?

This should Bob

The Montgomerys, looking as happy as they really are.

"I deeply resent being forced into the position of having to make a formal announcement that I love my wife and child," declares Robert Montgomery

end discussion on the Montgomery marital standing

ANSWERS THE GOSSIPS

By CARTER BRUCE

DO you believe that Robert Montgomery and his wife, Betty, are on the verge of a divorce that will "blow the lid off Hollywood?" Do you believe the printed story that "a generous settlement has already been made on Mrs. M. because Mr. M. is in a very generous mood, or has a guilty conscience, or both?" Were you prodded by the hint to "insiders" not to take the Montgomery divorce denials too seriously? Did you ferret out the figure of R. M. behind the syndicated implication of "the actor who is so close to divorce that Hollywood can't keep his secret any longer?"

Or, are you one of those who must have felt a twinge of decent embarrassment because a man was driven to make the statement: "Will you take my word of honor that I love my wife and baby, and nothing in Hollywood, or all the world, can alter that!"

To whichever group you belong, this story is addressed directly to *you*. It is the reluctant explanation of one who deeply resents the necessity of having to make explanations of a private life he has fought to protect from publicity. It comes from the only man in Hollywood who knows the truth about Robert Montgomery's marital affairs—Bob Montgomery, himself.

In giving this story, he is breaking a promise he made to himself when he first started to click in motion pictures: "The public is welcome to the most detailed scrutiny of my public life, but as a human being I have a right to my private life and I shall fight for it." For almost five years he has held to that theory.

It is only a few days ago, as this is written, he broke that long silence. He ended it because he knew the very thing he had attempted to preserve was being undermined by a silence Hollywood would not or could not understand, and was interpreting as an admission to the avalanche of divorce rumors.

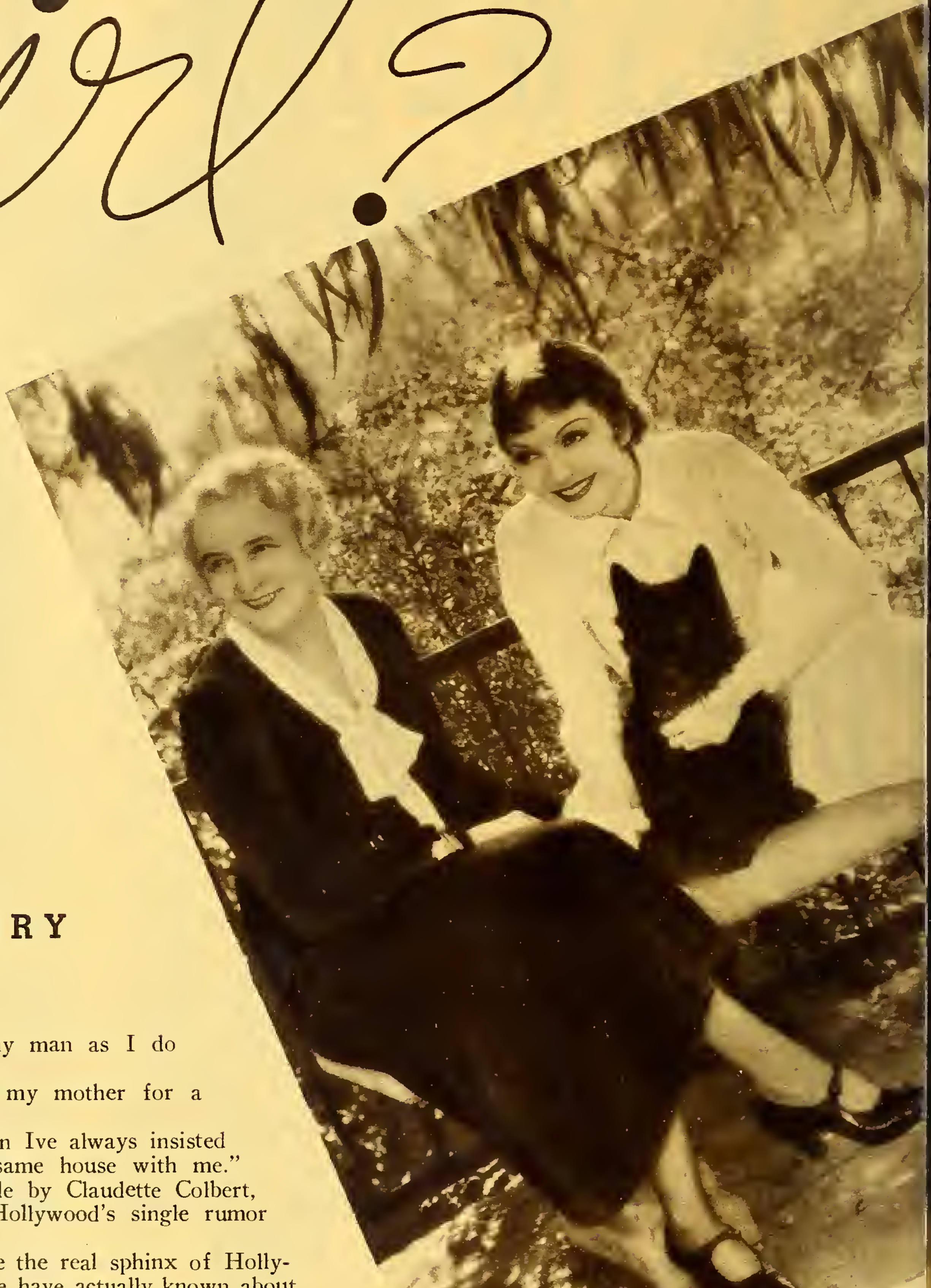
In a statement to the columnist who had printed the "Don't take the Montgomery denials too seriously," he said: "Please believe that denial I made when you first inquired whether Betty and I are happy, and do take it seriously. Why rumor mongers are so anxious to separate us, we don't know. I'm suing the trade journal that printed our separation as a fact. Will you take my word of honor now? Betty and I love each other and our baby, and Hollywood and the whole world cannot change that!"

BOB MONTGOMERY said to me, "No one will ever know what it cost me to make that plea, that appeal. There are no words to express how deeply I resent being forced into the position of having to make a formal announcement that I love my wife and child, to have to stand up and shout through the prints of what should be accepted as a decent, normal thing, in order to protect my wife and myself from scandal mongers."

Bob did not shout these words, nor pound the table in excessive emphasis of temper. I've always felt there was something suspiciously unconvincing about words with too much music. We holler the loudest when we would cover the most. Instead, his words came in the outraged calmness that goes too deep for temperamental display.

"I've passed the point where temper enters into my feelings. I am sick with disgust. In the beginning, when the rumors started to creep on us, I was amused. I even tried to answer them with facetious nonsense. I dealt with that very popular triangle involving my wife, myself and Miss Sweetness and Light with (*Continued on page 91*)

MOTHER'S *Girl?*



Claudette and her mother, whose beauty and wisdom has guided the star's life. Theirs is probably the most unique partnership in Hollywood and certainly comes up for its share of discussion. (Right) The lovely Colbert as Cleopatra in the extravagant De Mille production of that name.

BY RUTH BIERY

"I WOULD never trust any man as I do my mother.

"I would never leave my mother for a husband.

"This is the real reason Ive always insisted my mother live in the same house with me."

These three statements, made by Claudette Colbert, seem to prove the truth of Hollywood's single rumor about her.

I have often called Claudette the real sphinx of Hollywood because, until now, all we have actually known about her is: "She is married to Norman Foster, but they live in separate houses!"

During a very recent trip across the United States, I was asked more questions about Claudette than any actress in Hollywood. Although these questions seemed to be instigated by her and Clark Gable's success in Columbia's program picture, "It Happened One Night," the picture-goers did not ask about Clark

Her mother plans her career and shares her home, while her husband dwells nearby. Yet Claudette claims that she lives for herself. Do you agree?

Gable. They knew about him. They did not know about Claudette.

And Hollywood has been as ignorant of her, the real woman, as the outside world. While Garbo, with her public claim to silence, has been about as private as a model in a plate glass window, Claudette, willing to talk to anybody, has kept her real self as snugly hidden as a flee in that window.

One whisper only: "She has a mother complex." A rumor that has circulated about only a very few of our famous people. A rumor that said her mother came first; her husband second. A rumor that frankly implied that Claudette put her mother before even herself—placed mother love above every other love.

I determined to get to the root of this rumor. Because at its base must lie the explanation of this girl, who has crept into our picture consciences so slowly that it is difficult for us to believe she has been making pictures six years, this woman who has almost sneaked to stardom, commanding the third highest salary in picturedom.

I asked her bluntly: "Would you say you have a mother complex, Claudette?"

HER dynamic, black eyes flashed electric warnings for a second. Then "What is a mother complex?" she countered.

I hesitated. "According to Freud, it's a mother fixation, a daughter who lives her life for her mother, who gives up her own pleasures for mother; subjugates her own interests for mother's, who rejects the normal pleasures of life to bring pleasure to her mother and in return gets her pleasure from living for her mother. For example, do you sleep in the same room with your mother, as Jean Harlow does?"

"Mercy, no!" She laughed merrily. "I never have. I live my life for myself. Very much so, I'm afraid. I may have a mother slant on my life in that I feel my life is going on and she is simply going on with it. I could never see it any other way. I have a feeling I can depend upon my mother. I could never trust any man as I do her. I would never leave her for any husband. But to understand that you must understand about my mother and me. From the very beginning.

"My mother is in no way a stage mother. There has never been an actress nor an actor in my family. She has never promoted my career; secured my engagements. She knows nothing about it. I have done all that myself. Why, I even discouraged her from coming onto the sets after we came to Hollywood (*Continued on page 92*)

BRAVO, BRAVO! Grace Moore

(Above) Valentin Parera, the prima donna's husband, who has stood by in the interests of her career, now has an acting contract at Fox. (Right) The star herself as she appears in "One Night of Love," the picture in which she made such a hit.

Now, the woman on whom Hollywood turned thumbs down has staged a triumphant comeback

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

GRACE MOORE once held Hollywood in the palm of her hand. She ruled as an empress of song for a brief night, and then her kingdom abruptly vanished. Just like in a fairy tale, or, perhaps better, a mystery play.

Four years ago the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, was brought to Hollywood with all the fanfare and in the extravagant style befitting a musical celebrity. It was the season following her successful début at the Metropolitan in "La Bohème."

She arrived in a private train. A delegation of city officials, and music and society leaders greeted her at the railway station. She was set up in a suburban estate.

For weeks one heard of nothing but Grace Moore, the golden-voiced songbird, the woman of a hundred romances with the nobility of Europe. There was endless talk about her magnificent jewels, her chateau in Cannes, her hunting lodge in Scotland, her apartment in New York.

And then she made her first picture. A musical film based on the life of Jenny Lind, which for some unknown reason was called, "A Lady's Morals." She followed this with "New Moon," featuring Lawrence Tibbett.

Both pictures came in just when the public taste for musicals was going out. Both flopped badly. And Hollywood turned its back on Grace Moore in cruel, heartbreaking fashion.

The famed prima donna of the Metropolitan, the ambitious, gifted American girl who had battled her way up over the wearisome road of one night stand stage shows and cabarets to the heights of opera and concert, the singer who had won the acclaim of two continents was just another "dud" as far as Hollywood was concerned.

It would have none of her. In fact, the gate was wide open for her to get out. She begged for another chance to make good, since she had only floundered around in her first two ventures, trying to understand the new medium. But thumbs were turned down on her.

And the prima donna made a lonely exit from filmdom. She made a still lonelier trek back to New York. Bowed, but not completely licked, (*Continued on page 94*)

NOBODY LOVES A CLOWN

BY GLADYS HALL

Mr. Holloway deplores a cruel Fate that has caused him to be billed among his inamoratas as a funny guy, when he's burning to be Head Man in some gal's life.

I said to Sterling Holloway at tea, "We want to know something about you. What you do, what you are interested in, something about your romances, your—ah—love life——"

"An amoeba," said Sterling, flapping his thin, articulate hands, "an amoeba has a love life—or hasn't he?" He added, "Oh, well! I live with my mother and aunt and younger brother here in Hollywood. I go to bed every night at ten o'clock with a detective story and a bottle of milk. I am trying to get a thrill out of one and I am trying to get fat out of the other. I am tired of being thin. I want to be *very* fat.

"My mother and aunt and brother and I sit around after dinner. We never go anywhere. We never speak at all. Oh, I don't know how it is, but there just doesn't seem to be anything to talk about, sort of.

"Sometimes my aunt speaks to me when I come home nights. She'll be sitting there looking at me and suddenly she'll exclaim, 'Why? But—*why?*' I kind of know what she means. She means why *do* I always come home, why don't I ever go out and act like a human being. Oh, I don't know. . .

"No, I don't do anything. I just don't. I don't collect anything. You know, like stamps or butterflies. I haven't any girls' pictures around because I got into a sort of rage and tore up the pictures of the girls in my life. I never play games. When I was a little boy I used to play hide-and-seek, but I was always the first one found, so I sort of gave it up. I don't play the piano or anything. I don't garden. I don't know anything about cars except how to sit in them..

PUBLICITY people at the studios get in despair over me. They call me up and say, 'Don't you do *anything?*' They don't seem to believe me when I say that I just don't. They say, 'Isn't there anything you are interested in? Haven't you any hobbies?' The other day I was trying to help the publicity man over at Universal and I said, 'Well, I once pinched Janet Gaynor in the—in a picture—and I guess I am the only man who ever pinched Janet Gaynor.' I thought that was kind of unique. But no one used it.

"Interviewers don't like me, either. They say there's no reason for it all. They come to talk to me and I don't know what to say. I don't know how it is I'm talking to you now, like I am. Most interviewers get right up and leave me and say, 'Well, of course, if you don't want to say anything.' It isn't that I don't *want* to.

"I never talk to anyone on the set where I'm working. I've just played the part of Chevalier's orderly in 'The Merry Widow.' But I never once talked to him. I just sort of go off, to one side, after I've done my scene and sit there by myself. Why? I'm afraid of being hurt, that's why. Oh, I don't know what kind of hurt—little things lead to big things, you know. I'm not going to give anyone the chance to get near me. So I just stay alone and hurt myself.

"I suppose I have a kind of a complex. I'm all tied up in a knot and I've never got unravelled. I was born this way and I don't want anyone to untie me. I suppose you're going to write that I am in real life just like I am on the screen. Well, go (*Continued on page 98*)

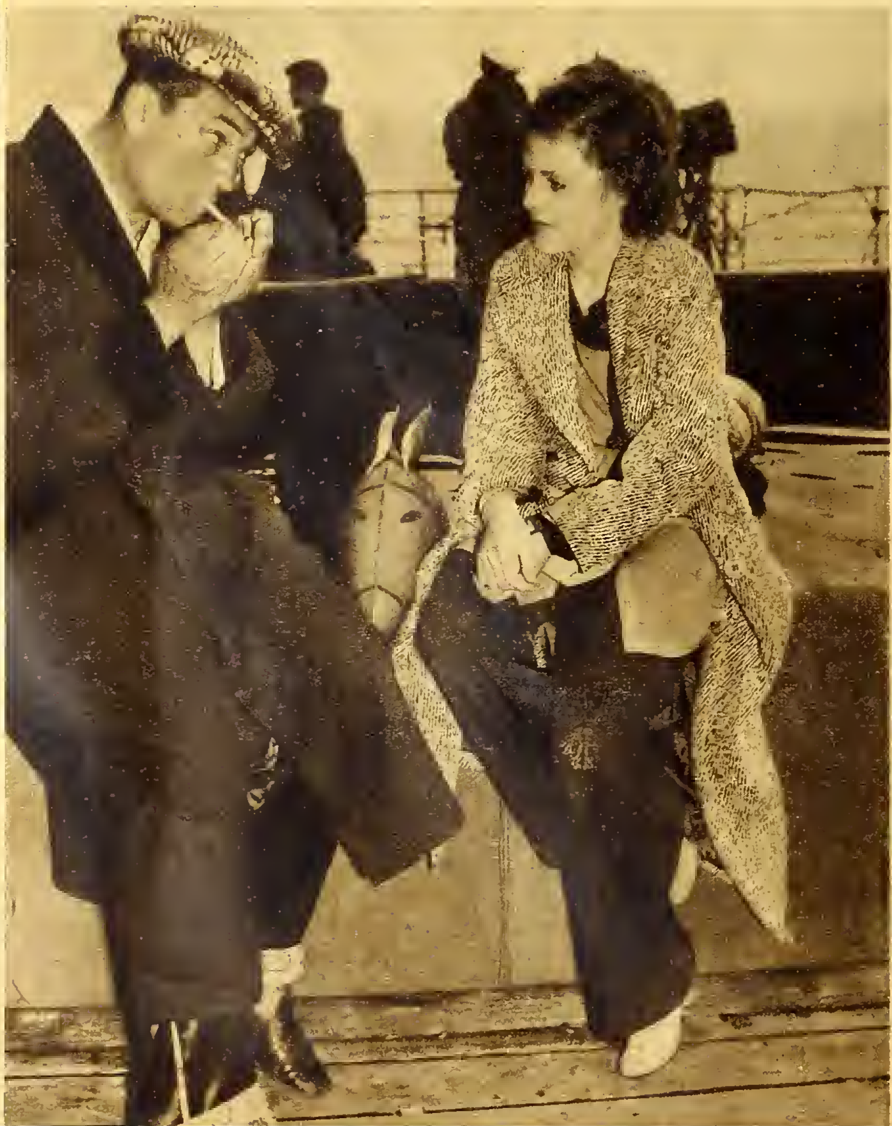
Whenever Holloway proposes, his girl gets the giggles!

DOWN TO THE SEA *in* GREASEPAINT

Sailing, sailing away with the stars—out into the Pacific on location

(Above) Mister Beery, on "Treasure Island" location, hasn't taken up tatting. It's the manly occupation of makin' fish nets or something, that he's engaged in. In spite of fog and bad weather and a fair amount of nautical hardship, the Hollywood landlubber came through like a trump.

(Below, left) On "The Captain Hates the Sea" location. A shark found its way into the ship's pool and so Vic McLaglen and Marion Bardell took time out until the creature was removed—as who wouldn't. (Right) Fred Keating, who makes his début in this film, relaxes, too.



(Above) Wynne Gibson, in the cast of "The Captain Hates etc., etc.," was disgruntled to find that she was needed for only one scene. So it became her habit to take to the rigging with a good book. (Below) The "ork" leader, Jan Garber, Lewis Stone and the Missus at Catalina Island.

(Above) John Gilbert and Florence Rice on "The Captain" location. We hear tell Jack became ver' temperamental on the trip. (Below) Jackie Cooper, youthful star of "Treasure Island," and Madeleine Powell, with a friend. Taken during the filming at Catalina Island.

Maryland mob [illegible] troops in race war.

Racing car test crash kills two at Indianapolis.

Ten million dollar fire ravages Chicago stockyards.

PLAYFELLOWS of

By ROBERT EICHBERG

This isn't a story about patriotic soldiers, although it deals with the activities of fearless men who face death in the performance of their tasks, day in and day out, men who brave swift and painful ends in order that you may sit in a darkened theatre and thrillingly watch the latest news of the world unfold before your very eyes—the newsreel cameramen and sound technicians.

Cameramen have always been colorful, romantic figures, while the sound men have come in for but little glory, so let's start with the story of how one of these defied a raging mob in a desperate attempt to get his picture assignment through on time.

Remember a few months ago, when a colored man in Salisbury, Maryland, accused of attacking a white girl, was snatched from the police and lynched by a mob? Feeling ran so high in that little southern town that when four alleged leaders of the mob were arrested, the Governor sent the militia to maintain order. The troops held the prisoners in the Armory, across the street from the fire house, while the mob surged outside. One of the troopers tossed a tear gas bomb, the fumes of which reached the firemen, who became enraged and turned the hose on the soldiers, who then took the prisoners back to their Baltimore headquarters.

About this time newspaper and newsreel men from Philadelphia, Washington and other large centers arrived on the scene. But let one of Universal's sound technicians who was there tell it:

"There was a mob of about three hundred," he said. "They were chasing reporters away and burning or overturning their cars. I was driving the sound truck and the cameraman was sitting next to me. We didn't know there was any danger until we were about a hundred feet from the burning cars. Then a Western Union boy jumped on the running-board and told us we'd better beat it. My partner had sense. He jumped out of the truck and ran and hid in a telephone booth.

"But I swung the truck up an alley and saw a garage. I put the truck in, got out and walked down the street to see what was happening. Somebody tipped the mob off about the truck and a bunch of them headed for the garage. I followed them, but not fast enough, and they got the truck. I chased after it, but

(*Continued on page 109*)

Subway wreck at 42nd Street, N. Y. City.

Scene of the steel strike at Ambridge, Pa.

DEATH!

Fires, strikes, lynchings—all news! And at every turn of the camera's crank a life is risked to catch them! Yet the newsreel men brave disaster to put you on the scene of action

ILLUSTRATION BY
JACK WELCH

WILL *Maureen*—

Hollywood is wary, for she fooled them once before! Now the skeptics will believe when they see a wedding gown with Maureen in it—and the shy Johnny at her side

BY MARY SHARON

Here they are—Maureen and Johnny Farrow—at somebody else's wedding; that of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, to be specific. Will the next peal of bells in Hollywood signal a wedding march for this pair?

HOLLYWOOD is saying that Maureen O'Sullivan will never marry. They are giving several good and plausible reasons why she will not. There is the question of age. It does seem odd, when one stops to think of all the men who have been in love with Maureen, that she should find happiness with a man so much older than herself, one who is so patently a man of the world.

There have been so many strange stories told, too, about this man she is going to marry. No doubt half of them are fiction, but Hollywood does love to discuss them all. "They" say that Maureen expects too much of marriage, that the man doesn't live who could measure up to the ideal she has set for her husband. "They" remind one that she was planning to marry this same man four years ago and something happened. "They" predict that at the last minute something will happen again.

I have a hunch that Hollywood is wrong. Knowing the little O'Sullivan rather well, I believe she will let them talk, think and conjecture until they are black in the face and will go serenely on her way. Gossip is one thing that hurtles off Maureen just like water off the proverbial duck's back.

She is such a little thing, but she knows what makes the world go round. She knows what she expects and wants of life and I am sure that with her workable philosophy, wisdom and understanding, she is going to get it in the end. And, by all the laws, she should.

Maureen is in love. Desperately in love. The one man in the world whom she loves is dashing, debonair, mysterious Johnny Farrow. Friends can be afraid of deep waters for her. They can hold their breath over her love hazards, but she will come through smiling and unafraid where other girls would flounder and sink.

I visited with her on the set of "Hideout," which she is rushing to complete in time for her proposed trip to Ireland with Johnny. So much depends on this trip. She wants Johnny to like and be liked by the folks back home. Like most Irish, Maureen is clannish and the opinion of her people is going to have a lot to do towards making her coming marriage right or wrong.

SHE doesn't like to talk about it. For one thing, she says marriage is always an experiment. It is the one thing in the world that cannot be reduced to rules and precepts, because no two persons are alike.

"I know what people are saying," she told me. "They are saying that I have my head in the clouds, that I expect too much of marriage and that any man I marry is going to disappoint me. I don't believe it. I believe that I will bring as much to marriage as I expect my man to bring.

"When I marry, it must be forever. I shall never get or consent to a divorce. That is why I have been so

The lovely Irish lass who came from the land of shamrocks and banshees to America to appear in John McCormack's "Song of My Heart," and remained to sign a long-term contract. Today, she's a popular favorite.

This is perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures of this or any other month. Miss O'Sullivan in the costume she wears in Norma Shearer's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," graceful and charming as can be.

careful and considered every angle. Yet I know that I might conjecture and plan and work out every little item bearing upon our union and find immediately after the ceremony that I am wrong.

"I believe that the basis of real unity in marriage is need. A man and a woman to be really happy together must need each other. Film marriages go on the rocks because the parties involved do not really need anything of each other. They are self-sufficient, a law entirely to themselves.

"I want to need the man I marry. I want him to need me. I don't want him to absorb my identity and I don't want to absorb his. I don't want to know him too intimately. I want him to have a part of the house exclusively to himself. If he should ever feel the desire to be alone, I want him to be able to be alone. I don't want to try and live his life for him just because I have married him. I don't, for instance, want to ask him where he went between two and six on his day off. If he has a day off, I want to be tolerant of his weaknesses and shortcomings. Everybody has them. I expect the man I marry to have a few.

"I don't think I am hard to get along with, but I have very distinct and positive ideas about a number of things. I want him to respect my ideas and judgment just as I want to respect his. I want our marriage to be a fifty-fifty proposition of give and take. I want him to bring to it as much as I shall endeavor to. I am going to make it my largest aim to make him happy and by trying to do that, I expect to gain happiness for myself.

"I expect to make sacrifices. If it is necessary to the success of our union for me to give up my career, I shall not hesitate to do so. I believe that love, to be really appreciated, must be grounded on sacrifice. Things that we get for nothing are never valued very highly, but if we must barter and exchange or pay with something that we prize, then we try to keep the article we get.

I HAVE always hoped that I would marry someone of my own religious faith, but I never made a hard and fast rule of it. I always promised myself if I did love someone deeply that religion wouldn't be too important.

"I was in love once with another man. Quite in love with him, as a matter of fact. But I am so glad now that we didn't marry. We had nothing in common, absolutely nothing beyond the fact that we enjoyed being together. We had no meeting ground where we could talk about anything except ourselves. When we said, 'You are nice. Sweet! I like to be with you,' that is as far as we could go together in any direction. Yet I seriously thought of marrying him. I know our union would have been a horrible flop.

"I do not believe in confessing or regretting past mistakes. I believe that confes- (*Continued on page 84*)

MARRY Johnny?

HOW RICH AND VIRGINIA WERE MARRIED

BY REGINA CANNON

IF it were not for Uncle Jack, Richard Dix might be spending lonely evenings with his books and pictures, reminiscences and regrets on a ranch atop a Hollywood hill which he once imaginatively called "Paradise." Now it is literally that, for Uncle Jack came through once more, as Uncle Jack has had a way of doing since he taught little Ernest Brimmer to dodge his psuedo blows in mock ring bouts over thirty years ago.

Yes, you may have your rabbit's foot or a good old rusty horseshoe as a talisman of luck, but Mr. Dix has Uncle Jack. And, because of that gentleman's wise decision, he has Virginia Webster. And this is how *that* came about.

Richard needed a secretary. How in the world to get one? "Easy as fallin' off a log," counselled his uncle. "Put an ad in the paper!" So, forthwith, a blind ad was inserted in the "Help Wanted" column.

And then the applications came in. By the bushel load. The number of young ladies ambitious to transcribe pothooks was truly appalling. But you couldn't daunt Uncle Jack—nor could they. He painstakingly narrowed the applicants down to six, after giving each careful consideration. Then Mr. Dix entered the picture to make the final selection.

P. S. Miss Webster got the job. Because she was "neat, honest, intelligent and efficient." Just the qualifications that landed you the one with the Hollister Hardware Works or Ginsberg and O'Connor, attorneys-at-law.

"Oh," moaned Richard, "wouldn't it have been awful if I had fired you after the third day? Now, Virginia, you know you weren't so hot at dictation."

"But, Rich," protested the bride feebly, "I warned you. I told you I'd brush up, and you said—"

"Skip it, darling. You're marvelous."

At any rate, Virginia kept the job, principally because she took it seriously. She faithfully mailed pictures to the fans and wrote letters of thanks to the exhibitors and hoped that everyone would think Mr. Dix as wonderful as she knew him to be.

And then propinquity did its work. That constant day-after-day association made Rich realize that this girl, whose family had taken it on the chin financially, this girl who had worked her way through the University of California at Los Angeles by teaching dramatics, was The One. All the glamorous beauties who had played opposite him, all the radiant creatures he had met at parties, paled into insignificance when compared with Virginia's sweet personality and calm loveliness.

"I KNEW I was desperately in love," confessed Richard, "when I decided not to ask her for a date and then did—right on the heels of my decision. I couldn't help myself. I wondered if she'd be coy or be busy or be any of a dozen things girls playing 'hard to know' do. But, no, not Virginia. I should have known. She said, 'I'd love to have lunch with you. When?'

"And after that luncheon, I knew beyond the question of a doubt! But she didn't.

(*Continued on page 115*)

A romance that the rumor hounds never suspected!

She WON'T PUT ON AN ACT!

When it comes to knowing the answers, Miss Lombard is a star pupil. Left, she appears with Gary Cooper in a scene from Paramount's "Now and Forever."

No temperament, no mystery, no nonsense! Carole refuses to fool herself and so, we're treated to honesty

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Carole Lombard flamed across the screen in "Twentieth Century," a subtle actress who not only held her own with John Barrymore, but almost put that royal acting gentleman away with second honors, Hollywood lifted a surprised eyebrow. "Well," they said collectively in one way or another, "I didn't know she had it in her!"

Oh, of course, Carole has always been recognized as an outstanding screen beauty, a perfect subject for the favorite press agent adjectives beginning with *s*, svelte, stunning, sartorial, suave, sophisticated. Amusingly enough, she has rated as a sort of feminine counterpart for all those qualities which have been attributed to her well-known ex-husband, William Powell.

Ever since her Sennett bathing suit days, her extravagant blonde beauty and magazine-cover features have been the cameramen's delight, and she's Travis Banton's private pet as a Paramount fashion plate. For years she has clicked in pictures as a photographic personality.

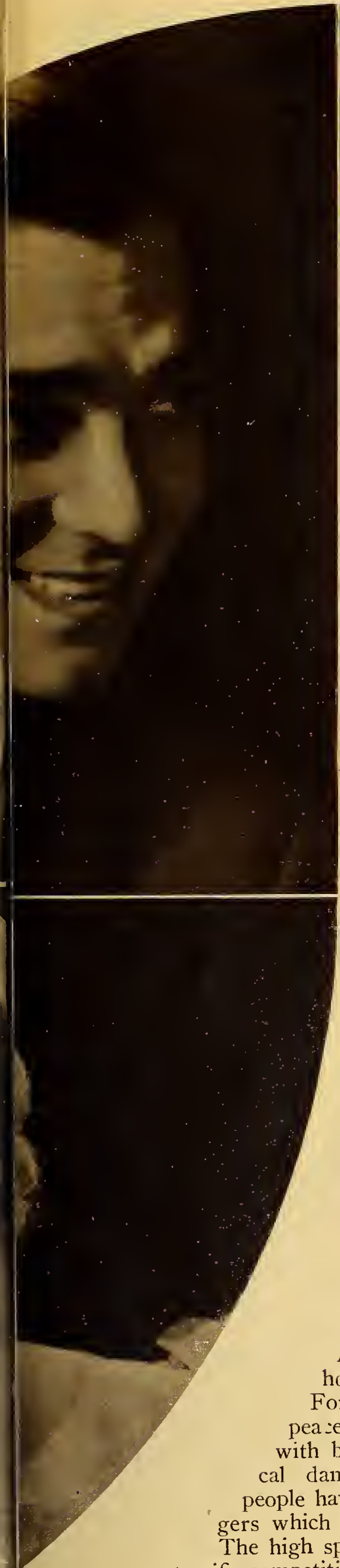
But until the advent of "Twentieth Century," Carole has never been considered any great shakes as an actress, or even as a bizarre off-screen personality.

Of all the sophisticated ladies of Hollywood, Carole has rated as the most innocuous. She has created no trouser fad, after the manner of Dietrich, nor a mystery pose, after the manner of a Garbo. She reads her fan mail, when she reads it, in a comfortable chair in her dressing-room, not in the studio (*Continued on page 102*)

THREE DEADLY DANGERS

They are sinister and inescapable—these menaces that threaten the Hollywood famous—and the stars lose fighting power against them!

(Above) During the filming of "Riptide," Norma Shearer was not well, but she drove herself on. (Right) Bette Davis has cause to be bitter toward movietown.



(Right) Poor little Dorothy Dell—so young and beautiful and promising. But Life proved too swift for her, so Death intervened! (Left) Sudden recognition took its toll on Gable.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

You would think to look at Hollywood, sleeping lazily under the California sun, its streets wide and open, its homes new and beautiful, that there could be no dangers which could possibly menace in a climate so bland, an atmosphere of such leisurely charm.

And that just goes to show how little you know about it. For beneath all this external peace is a sinister world, fraught with both psychological and physical dangers, dangers which some people have been able to combat, dangers which have destroyed others.

The high speed, the nervous tension, the terrific competitive spirit of Hollywood works a strange havoc upon the sons and daughters of the cinema. Money, fame and the fast pace at which all living is set, these things are responsible for half of Hollywood's most insidious dangers.

The town looks lazy enough. But everyone in it is geared to high speed . . . go, go, go . . . live while you can . . . burn up all your energy in a fever of activity . . . that's Hollywood—the Hollywood you don't know.

Dorothy Dell's tragic death, just when her career was about to blossom into an inspiring thing, is an example of one of the dangers of Hollywood, the intense eagerness to get from one place to another—and get there fast. At the time she met her death in an automobile accident, she was driving with a man who had once boasted that he had made a three-hour trip in an hour and thirty minutes. It is a temptation to let a car loose on those wide and alluring roads, a temptation to which half the film colony succumbs. Distances are so great in California, time presses so boldly, life seems so short that people who drive cars (and everyone in Hollywood drives) cannot seem to refrain from taking every road far beyond the speed limit.

This inclination to speed comes from a psychological thing, I firmly believe. All of the wise stars know that they have but little more than five years in which to enjoy the luxuries of stardom. The studios must speed up to beat the other fellow to the best stories, to sign the best talent. Everyone is imbued with this spirit of hurry, hurry, hurry. That is why Hollywood harbors some of the most reckless and fastest drivers in the world and even people who drive sanely in other cities are tempted to step on the gas in Hollywood.

DOROTHY DELL is dead. Her companion is dead, too. They are victims of one of the greatest dangers of Hollywood—speed!

(Continued on page 100)

It's locked away—that exclusive film that set Dick right with Pittsburgh

BY
WILLIAM F.
FRENCH

A DICK POWELL MO

Here is a "shot" from that biggest little picture in which Dick ever appeared. It was called "From Hollywood to Pittsburgh," and marks the beginning of the Powell-Brian romance.

The ever-helpful Lee Tracy is saying, "Listen, boy, you'll be in the east, but I'll be here with Mary!" It's a scene from the same talkie—which, incidentally, you'll never see.

VIE YOU'LL NEVER SEE...

CAN you imagine a movie with a cast including Lee Tracy, Dick Powell, Mary Brian, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins, and directed by Roy Del Ruth, being made to show at a single theatre, exhibited there, and then taken out of circulation? And can you imagine that picture having been made solely for the purpose of proving that Dick Powell is not America's champion prevaricator?

We hope you can, for those are the simple facts concerning Dick Powell's greatest romantic reel, the picture that has actually pinned a bull's-eye on his shirt front for Cupid to aim at, a production that produced Hollywood's favorite romance.

As you know, Dick used to be master of ceremonies in one of Pittsburgh's most popular theatres, with everybody in the steel city vowing their Dick was a fine boy, a great entertainer, and undoubtedly the world's best little crooner.

They were for Dick one hundred per cent, but they all used salt on their Hollywood yarns.

So, while Dick was still walking on air because of the part he had been notified he would play with Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event," and eating, drinking and dreaming Hollywood, the wise old theatre manager called him into his office for a cozy little chat.

"That's great about your going into pictures, Dick," he began, "and I'm proud of you, not only because you're going to show them what you can do, but because you're smart enough to realize pictures are a gamble, and so are holding on to your job with us—just in case!

"Having played in the movies is going to help you when you get back here—because you'll take on some of that Hollywood glamor. That'll set you right with our local girls. The only trouble is that it will be a long time before the picture is shown in Pittsburgh, and people are sort of skeptical sometimes."

"You mean that when I get back they won't believe I've been in Hollywood making a picture?" demanded Dick.

"Lots of them won't unless we can prove it."

"How can we do that?" Dick wanted to know.

"That's where you use your personality. You make friends easily. Make enough of them at the studio so they'll make a picture we can show back here."

"WHAT kind of a picture?"

"Something personal, showing you in Hollywood with the stars—and having them say goodby to you, something with a sort of plot to it, and something our audiences can't get away from."

For an unknown lad, doing a small part in a picture, to get a studio to make a special film for him, using their stars as stooges, so to speak, was something of an order.

But, as the Pittsburgh theatre owner said, Dick made friends easily. He might also have added that Powell was as willing a lad as ever hit Hollywood. Being nice was as natural to Dick as grinning, and before "Blessed Event" was finished he had half *(Continued on page 101)*

Take off your beard, Mr. Powell, we know you! This young man's all made up to look like a coupla other fellers, perhaps to fool Joan Blondell, who is in "Dames," too.

Another scene from the musical, "Dames." The pretty lady looking through the window pane is our friend, Ruby Keeler. She's the ingenue, of course, and very delectable.

ONE GIRL'S

You'll doubtless agree that Little Eva is pretty enough to make the movie grade? We do, too. (Below) The famous Café de Paris at Fox. Seated at these tables are Will Rogers, Jimmy Gleason, Warner Baxter, Charlie Farrell and other film famous. Is it any wonder that Miss Tree felt self-conscious?

BY EVA BERYL TREE
AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

PART 3

THIS is the story of Eva Beryl Tree, the girl MODERN SCREEN sent to Hollywood to try for a movie career. You see, we wanted to know just what a twenty-year-old, pretty girl's chances to become famous were. We asked Hugh Gillis, an instructor at a State School in San Jose, California, to help us find such a girl.

Miss Tree was the lucky lady so, supplied with $300 and a three months' opportunity, we sent her off. She was to keep the conditions of her entry into the movie city secret and to keep a diary to tell our readers everything that happened to her. Here is her story thus far:

"January 31st—Went to Columbia where Dan Kelly, the casting director, invited me to make a test, but when I returned to the studio I discovered that he had been replaced. What luck!

However, the new man, Mr. Perlberg, has assured me he will carry out Kelly's wishes.

February 6th—Today was test day. And when I was made up by an expert, I had an added thrill. John Barrymore was being made up, too. Was everybody impressed? I should say! But, if Mr. Barrymore noticed, he certainly didn't show it.

Five other girls were making tests. When it came my turn, I was told to stand within camera range and smile sweetly. I couldn't. I merely grimaced. I ran to my dressing-room and broke into sobs.

February 27th—Today a friend of mine made an appointment for me to be tested at Fox. I rode out to the studio and met Casting Director Friedman and Test Director Pembroke. They gave me a scene to learn and told me to come back Tuesday. When I returned home, my landlady advised that both Warners and Paramount had phoned and wanted to make tests of me, too."

SO there I was, sitting pretty, with three studios all scrambling for me! It seemed a miracle that suddenly here was I—Eva Beryl Tree of San Jose, California, just

What are an unknown girl's chances for screen success?

TRUE HOLLYWOOD *Experiences*

(Above) Here is the building in which Eva's movie test was finally made. (Right) Denis Phillips dressing the blonde wig Eva wore for the test.

out of school and the fruit canneries—with three big movie studios fighting over me!

I'm looking at my diary now. Things happened fast and furiously. There's Paramount one day, then Warners', then Fox—again and again Fox. I think that Fox sequence of events was, maybe, the high-point of my entire Hollywood experience. And, somehow, the most illustrative of it all. So, out of that welter of things that began happening, let's go back to what happened at Fox.

Here's the entry in my diary—"Tuesday—I took a bus out to Fox and dashed for Stage 4." It all comes back to me.

I remember Test Director Pembroke groaning with lumbago that day, poor fellow! I remember a tall, black-haired, nice-looking boy who was to play opposite me in the test. We talked while Pembroke vanished for an hour and came back with a scrap of script from "The Animal Kingdom." Then we rehearsed—over and over until lunchtime.

Then to lunch, at that huge commissary on the Fox lot. I brushed right past Will Rogers' elbow as I hunted a vacant place. He was busy eating—and I mean busy! Warner Baxter was there and my heart did a flip-flop. I suppose when one's been close to them long enough, one gets quite used to handsome movie stars. But I realized I was still fresh from San Jose as I caught myself staring. Charlie Farrell, Miriam Jordan, Jimmy Gleason. I recognized them all.

"Here's a place," a voice said. I sat at a table full of girls. Up went their noses. I

(*Continued on page 76*)

Eva Beryl Tree knows now—and tells you all about it

Having known marriage, Ginger hesitates to try it again, for ambition can kill love

Miss Rogers was once Mrs. Jack Culpepper, wife of the gentleman on the left, a well known vaudeville star.

THE Love THAT FAILED

BY ANNA MORLEY

"Will Ginger Rogers marry Lew Ayres?" is the question causing much speculation in Hollywood. Besides being constant companions, the popular pair are giving out that old "We're only good friends" line, which so often precedes a trip to the altar in the movie colony.

But it isn't likely that Ginger will marry for a long time. Knowing her and the story of her first unhappy marriage, and something of her present attitude toward her career, her oldest friends are willing to wager that she won't be a Missus again for some time to come.

In the first place, both Lew and Ginger having been burned by the fires of matrimony once, may well be afraid of the flames a second time. The colony is familiar with the story of Lew's romance and marriage to Lola Lane, since it blossomed and died in Hollywood. But the fact that Ginger was a bride and a divorcee before she was twenty will be news to many. That romantic, mad marriage, which ended so disastrously with disillusionment and regret, is a closed period in Ginger's life. But who can say how much those years of unhappiness brought to the future actress in understanding and wisdom?

Ginger never talks of that marriage now. Perhaps she has been advised that it's better for an ingenue to pose as a bachelor girl rather than a dashing divorcee. Or perhaps the hurt is still too fresh and the easiest way to forget the past is to bury it.

But to folks back in Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas—where they grew up—the marriage of pretty Ginger Rogers and handsome Jack Culpepper remains one of the most romantic matches that ever made the front pages of the local newspapers.

Jack was one of the cleverest and most popular boys in town. He grew up in Dallas. All through his school days he was so stage-struck he couldn't study. When he graduated, he took a job in some mundane office, but spent his spare time hanging around the stage doors of local theatres and engaging in amateur theatricals. He could sing and play the ukulele, so eventually he threw up his job in Dallas and went to New York City. There he landed in a couple of musical shows with George Jessel and Mary Eaton and then went into vaudeville, where he became a headliner.

(*Continued on page 83*)

THE TEST OF A *Lady*

BY
S. R.
MOOK

Once sparkling, La Stanwyck is now subdued. "Lost Lady" is her latest film.

Every time I think of Barbara Stanwyck I recall a remark a friend of hers made to me four years ago. We were sitting at luncheon and I asked the girl if she had seen much of Barbara since they were in Hollywood.

"No," she said. "I used to see her in New York and as soon as I got out here I looked her up. We had lunch together, but somehow it just didn't jell. All I could think was, 'She wants to be a lady now and I'm a link with the past. And in the past, while we were good girls, we weren't ladies!'"

I've often wondered about Barbara since then. There are so many things, such varying stories, one picks up from stray acquaintances both here and in New York.

Many a time I've thought of her and Mae Clarke and Walda Mansfield, as I used to see them almost daily in New York. If ever there were three striking girls about town it was those three. Any one of them would have caused a man to look after her.

Who am I to say that Barbara was more striking than the others? At any rate, she was the most theatrical. When she entered a room, she found where she was to sit and made a bee-line for that place. Her head was up, her shoulders squared and she looked neither to right nor left. Usually she was gowned in black and white and there is nothing more arresting if the combination is used right. Barbara knew how.

However, that's all a thing of the past. Where, in bygone days, Barbara was the first girl you noticed, now she is a mousie little thing who seems to shrink from attention.

Instead of dressing to attract, she tries for inconspicuousness. She's still gowned in taste, but that flash is gone.

I WONDER if marriage does that to people? I can recall Mae Clarke being as colorful in one way as Barbara was in another. Then Mae married Lew Brice, and up to the time she left him she, too, became mousie. It wasn't until Mae reached Hollywood, on her own again, that she recaptured that zest that used to make her so attractive.

Possibly it is the same in Barbara's case. Possibly it is something else. Once Spencer Tracy said to me, "All this is bad for an actor," waving his hand to include his home and the spacious grounds around it, the servants bustling about, the expensive roadster standing in the driveway and the luxurious sedan in the garage, "you get soft. An actor's life should be one of hardship. Otherwise, he loses his color."

And I think of another story of Barbara Stanwyck which Willard Mack told me. He said, "She made a terrific hit in my play, 'The Noose,' sheerly on the strength of her personality. I mean to say, originally Barbara, Mae Clarke and Walda Mansfield were engaged for the parts of three chorus girls. It happened Barbara was the one who fell in love with the juvenile. He was supposed to be in love with a society girl. Towards the end of the play he was electrocuted. As originally written, the society girl came to the prison afterwards and asked for the boy's body so she could give it a decent burial. While we were trying the play out, we decided it would be more effective to have the chorus girl ask for it. She loved him, even though he only regarded her as a friend and a confidante.

"We rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed her. Finally, one afternoon, she blew up. She knew she was giving a swell performance, but that didn't stop her. 'I'm through,' she yelled. 'I'm (*Continued on page 96*)

Barbara's known heartbreak and met it uncomplainingly

HOW TO HOLD

These mature charmers know the answers and they gladly pass the good news on to you

ALICE BRADY

JANET BEECHER

TO us (female gender), the greatest battle of the year is not the Baer-Carnera scrap, but the eternal battle against dat ol' debbil Time, isn't it—especially when there's a man in the case? And long may he rave!

If you've wondered how you're going to keep him that way when you reach the fearful and fervent age of forty, undo that wrinkle from between your eyes and listen to the advice of four wise gals who've been there themselves and ought to know what they're talking about.

According to the four B's, Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Janet Beecher and Mary Boland, all of whom confess to four decades of earthly existence, the age of forty is the most colorful and intriguing in the life of every woman. All of them insist that if the forty-year-old uses the weapons with which Nature has endowed her, she will not only outmatch her younger sister, but she'll hold on to her championship title for a long time to come.

Here's Alice Brady to show you how to pin your man to the mat with a broad "welcome" printed all over it.

"Be sophisticated," said Alice. "If a woman of forty wants to hold her man, there's no sense in her holding on to the cute mannerisms and coy demeanor that were 'surefire' in her girlhood. They are all right if she uses them to get a laugh once in awhile, but never, never must she use them to feature her personality. Men neither expect nor like coyness in an older woman. It accentuates rather than hides her years. A woman of forty can and should be sophisticated. There is a little distinct difference between the sophisticated young woman and the sophisticated older woman. The former is usually a poseur. She imagines worldliness adds to her charm, but the latter is a sophisticate because she knows life. And that is why men like her."

At forty, Alice Brady started a new career in the movies. But Alice wasn't always a sophisticate. She was educated in the unworldly atmosphere of a convent and once upon a time she played the coy role of Meg in the stage version of "Little Women." But as she grew older she realized that coyness no longer belonged to her personality and that sophistication did. That insight has brought her a new career, to say nothing of all the men admirers she wants.

I CAN hear some of you moan, "But I can't be sophisticate. Nothing on earth can make me sophisticated." Well, ladies, there's another round. Here's Billie Burke to tell you how to send that man of yours into an air-

YOUR MAN at forty

BY DENA REED

MARY BOLAND

BILLIE BURKE

plane spin that will make him come flying home to you every night!

"Alice Brady's philosophy is good," said Billie, "but sophistication should not be carried too far. Some women go to the other extreme and look at the world through jaded, blasé eyes. A woman, (*Continued on page 104*)

HOLLYWOOD OVER-RATES *Romance*

Leslie Howard claims that you can't expect reality in a Make-Believe Town! And so, true values are discarded in the cinematic shuffle

by

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

IT was the night of Leslie Howard's eighteenth wedding anniversary. Ronald Colman, the Clive Brooks, the Frank Lloyds, the William Gargans, and many more members of Hollywood's English colony, had come to celebrate the event.

The house was aglow with the spirit of cheer, hospitality and friendship. Everywhere baskets of gay flowers lent radiance to the scene and white-ribboned packages also betokened the joyous and festive occasion.

After the guests had departed, one man lingered. His face wore a wistful expression as he shook hands with Howard and said, "You're awfully lucky, old man, and I am happy for you. But I wish your lot were mine. A fine wife, lovely children and a beautiful home. Why is it that some of us can't have what we want most? My marriage was beautiful while it lasted, but it ended when romance died."

Howard looked at his friend, and then, in that sympathetic way of his, replied, "I'm terribly sorry, really, but aren't you, perhaps, wrong about that? I don't think marriage ends when romance dies. That is the very time it begins. All of us are inclined to exaggerate the importance of romance. It is only a preliminary to the real things that make marriage permanent and worth while."

The day before Leslie Howard left for England we had a long talk along this same line—the whys and wherefores of success in wedded life, the causes and reasons for divorce, especially in Hollywood. I asked him why people just didn't seem able to stay married in the film colony, why there is so much unrest.

(Above, left) Leslie Howard and Kay Francis during a tender moment in Warners' "British Agent." (Right) A proud parent poses with his daughter, Leslie, named for him. (Left) Mr. and Mrs. Howard "snapped" while vacationing at La Quenta on the desert; a recent portrait of the star himself and, right, Master Ronald, the actor's only son. Note the strong resemblance to his famous Dad.

Everybody knows what Leslie Howard's home life and his children mean to him. Without either, I think he would be a lesser artist than he is. Family and home haven't been hindrances to him. They have been vital and contributing factors to his career, to his progress.

Why should his marriage survive, in the face of the disturbing influences that beset an actor's life, when so many fail?

AN attractive, celebrated actor always has trouble on his hands from the opposite sex—to name just one of many "disturbing" influences. Leslie Howard is attractive. Furthermore, he is also attracted by lovely women. He is too sensitive a man not to be conscious of, and susceptible to, beauty.

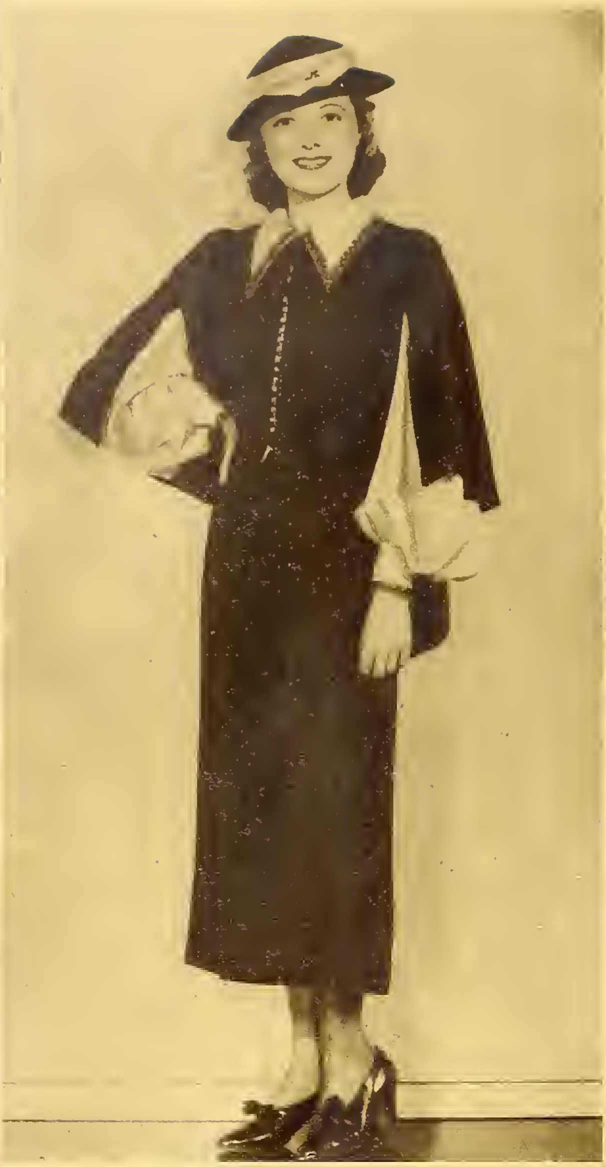
How has he avoided having these extraneous forces, and his own human impulses, from colliding with his marital existence? Is it to his credit—or his wife's? And just why hasn't Hollywood broken up his union?

We met in the private office of his business manager. He looked a trifle wan and weary and when I commented upon the fact he admitted, "Well, to be truthful, I am very tired. I had scarcely any sleep last night. You see, Mrs. Howard left for New York a day ago, where I shall meet her shortly. So a few of us men got together and went to the fights. Afterwards we came over to my house for a bite to eat. Sort of a stag affair, you know. I guess we stayed up too late."

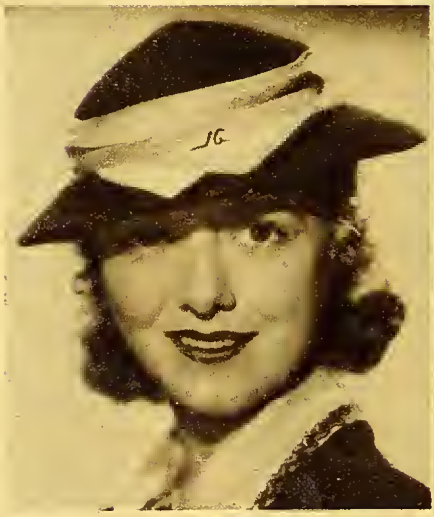
When I asked him if this would have happened if Mrs. Howard had been home, he (*Continued on page 86*)

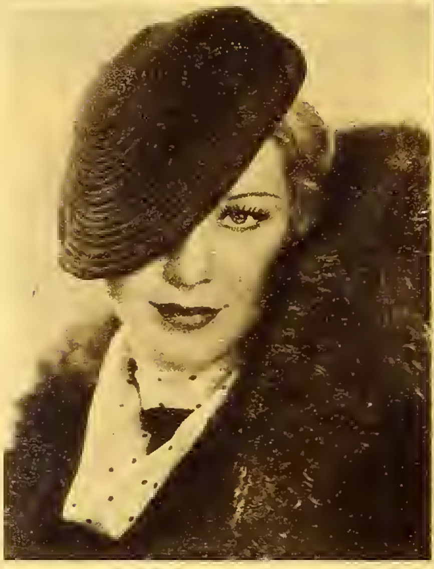
WHAT ARE *You* DOING ABOUT FALL *Clothes?*

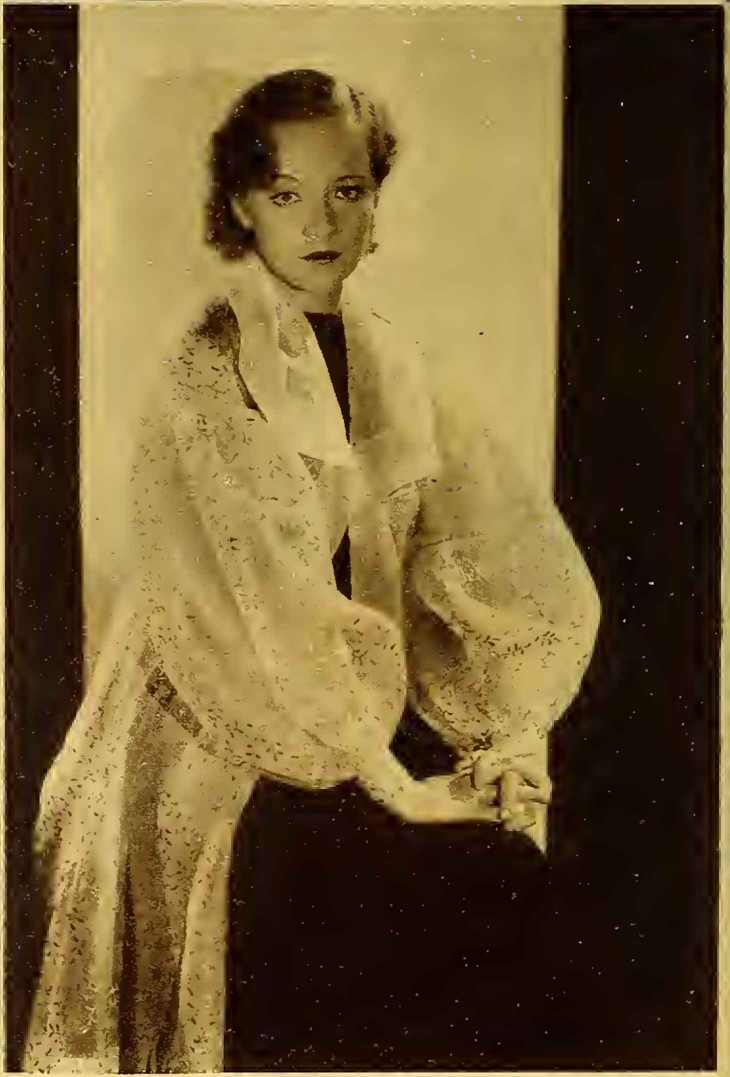
BY MARGERY WELLS



(Above) Very Hungarian is Janet Gaynor's navy blue fall frock. The raglan sleeves of the coat are slit to allow the peasant sleeves of the white satin blouse to show. (See page 58 for the blouse pattern, which you'll surely want.) (Right) Janet's blue felt hat is trimmed with a kerchief of white satin which is embroidered with her initials.

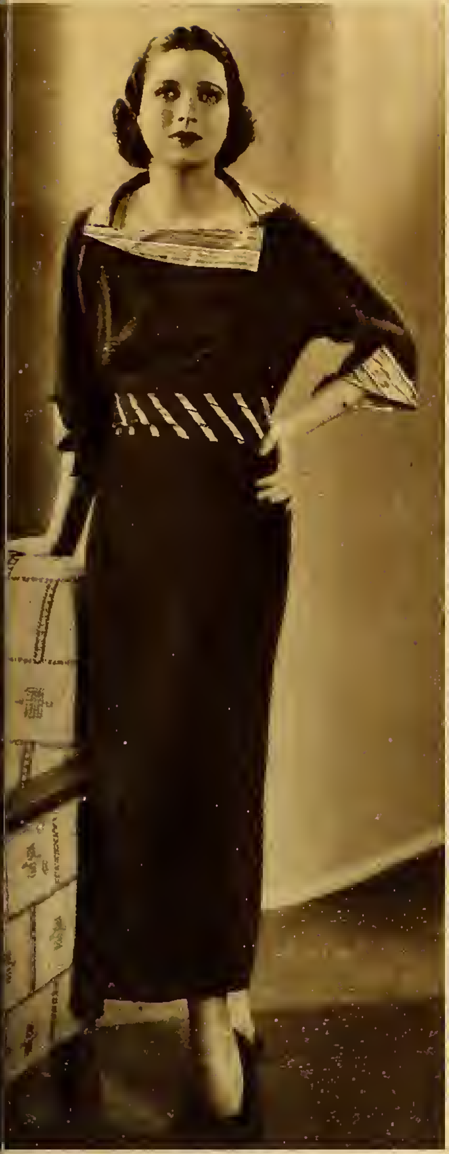




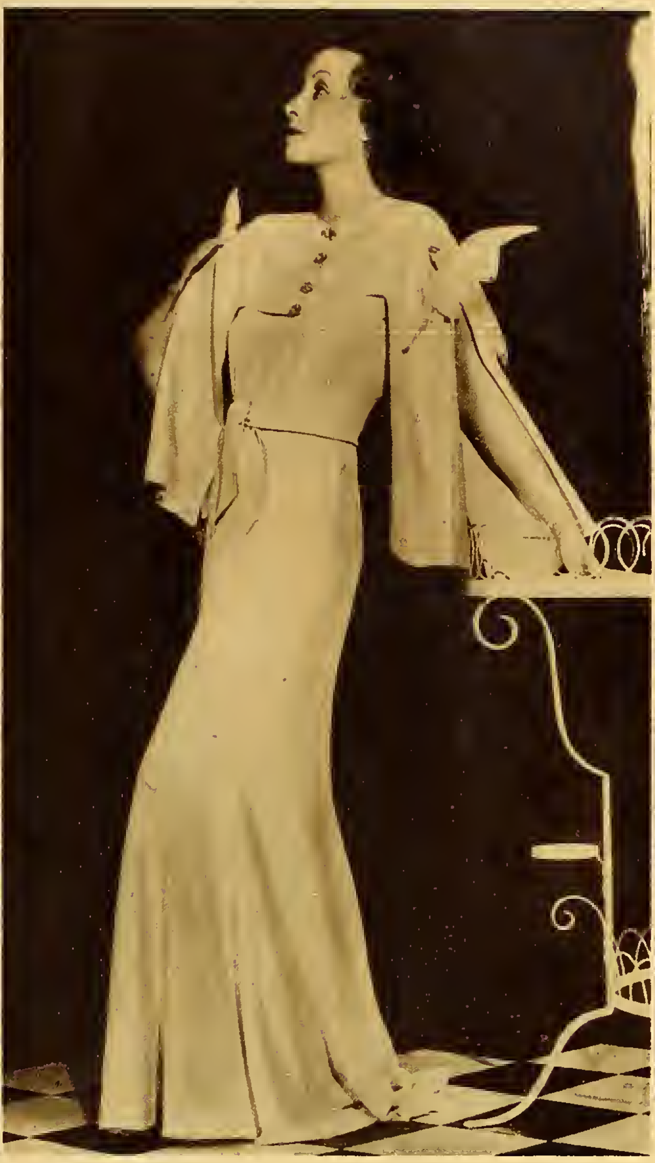


(Right) When you wear a beret you know that you are right in style. Glenda Farrell shows you one that is perfect in line. It is made of padded taffeta, drooped low over one eye and perched on her head in pancake style. (Extreme right) Rosemary Ames' gold embroidered organdie coat, cut after the Russian peasant smock lines.

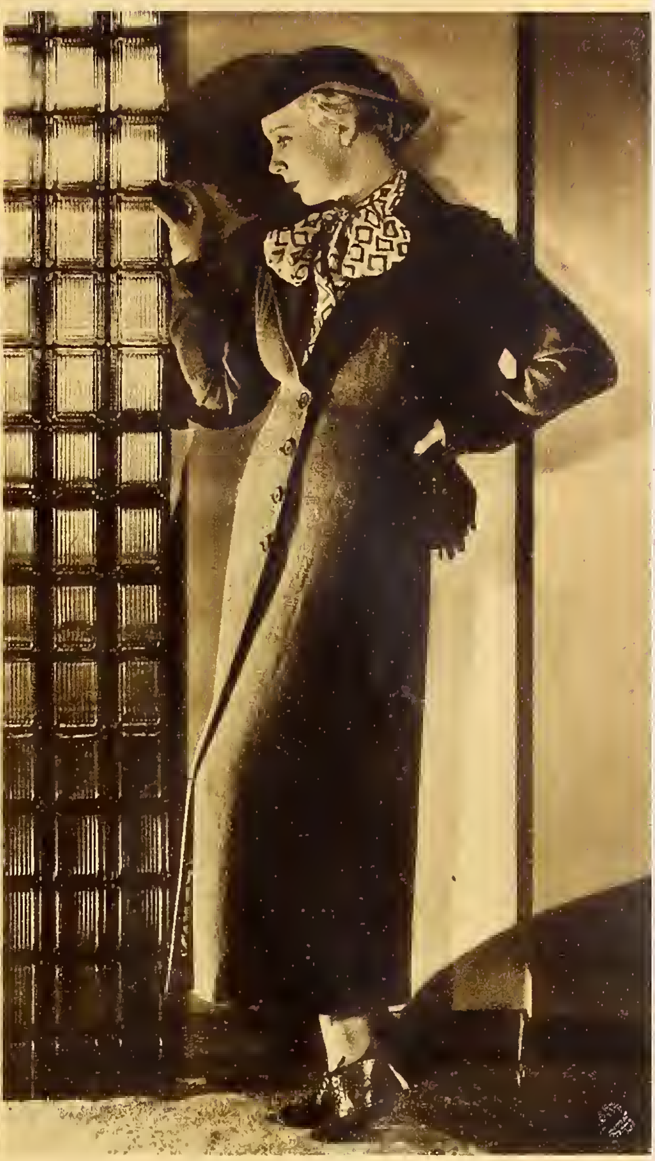
Take some hints from the screen stars in selecting your



The most simple and attractive fall dress we've come across this season is the one worn by Kay Francis. It will stand by when all others fail — good for morning or afternoon. It is done in black crepe with gay striped taffeta around the neck, sleeves and belt.



Conchita Montenegro's white evening gown is unique. There are white doves used as a decoration on either shoulder, resting on the winged sleeves of the cape. Now you may not want to carry birds about with you, but the gown has lines that are perfect even without the feathered trimming.



A cool weather coat, like the one worn by Virginia Bruce, is indispensable in your fall wardrobe. Virginia's is absolutely plain and fitted, made of rust-colored soft wool. And it may be worn open at the neckline or buttoned. She wears it over a rust and white silk print.

THIS is going to be a winter for glamorous clothes. Take it from the screen stars who must know the trend of fashions far in advance.

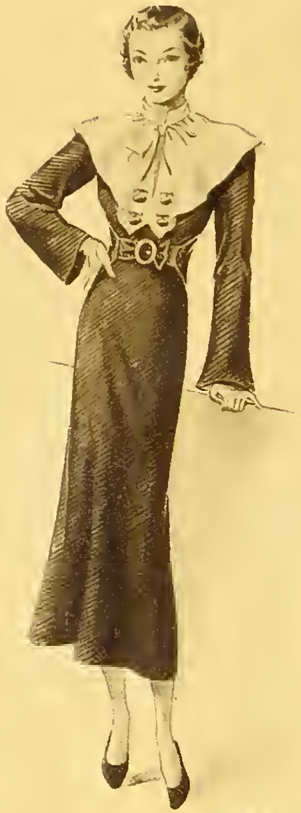
There is something very comforting about it in that there's a style for everyone. None of this one-period urge which holds you to one series of lines whether you're tall or short, fat or thin. There will be the Hungarian influence as seen in the huge sleeves of Janet Gaynor's blouse (you'll find it in detail on the pattern page—58). You can see it again on this page, tucked under the early fall suit that goes with it. Now that is a really smart suit for the girl who is the type to wear it, especially if her shoulders are a bit narrower than her hips and if she is tall enough to carry the spread of the sleeves. It's the sort of suit, too, that you don't tire of, because you won't meet it at the turn of every corner. It will be your very own—and Janet's—and, if I'm not very much mistaken, its charm will delight you.

When the cooler weather starts you will feel that you just must have some one thing that is new. And a good rule is to get only one thing and to make that fit in with what you are carrying over from the season before. That's why Virginia Bruce's coat is a honey for this purpose. A coat like that will cover up a multitude of slightly worn effects and help piece them out over many weeks, while, if they were left to carry themselves, you would be tired of them in no time and could hardly bear to put them on.

I LIKE the fitted lines of this coat and its very soft, woolly texture. There's something which will last—not a fad of the moment—but a style which we call "classic," meaning it is always good. Why, a coat like that will be as good three years from now as it is today—even for more years than that, if you treat it kindly and press it to keep it well con- (*Continued on page 78*)

own fall wardrobe. You're sure to be in style if you do

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS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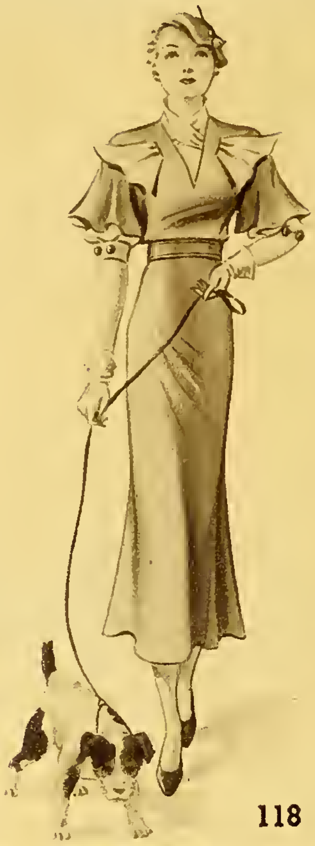
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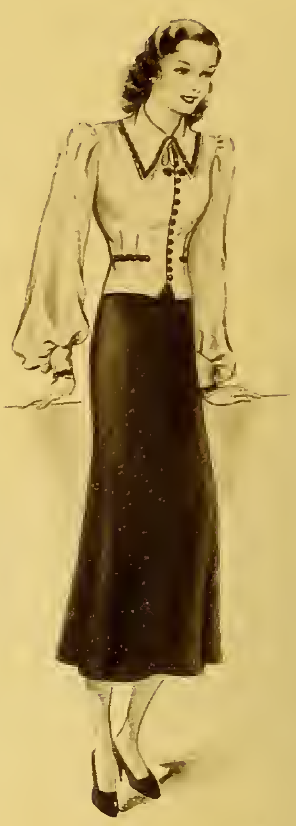

115

866—A fall frock that will give you no end of service is Glenda Farrell's, made of grey wool. A white pique scarf drawn through slashes at the V-neck, and pique undersleeves make this dress unique. In sizes 16, 18 and 36, 38, 40, 42 bust.

118—Marion Nixon's dress in velvet or crepe is suitable for all occasions. In sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36-40 bust.

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to Modern Screen Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

115—You can make a blouse patterned after Janet Gaynor's own. This Hungarian blouse, with its full sleeves, tight bodice and trim, pointed collar is worn with a plain navy blue wool skirt. This costume is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36, 38 and 40 bust.

"This is why I prefer Camels —"

Mrs. Henry Field
OF CHICAGO

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, *refreshing* Camel.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

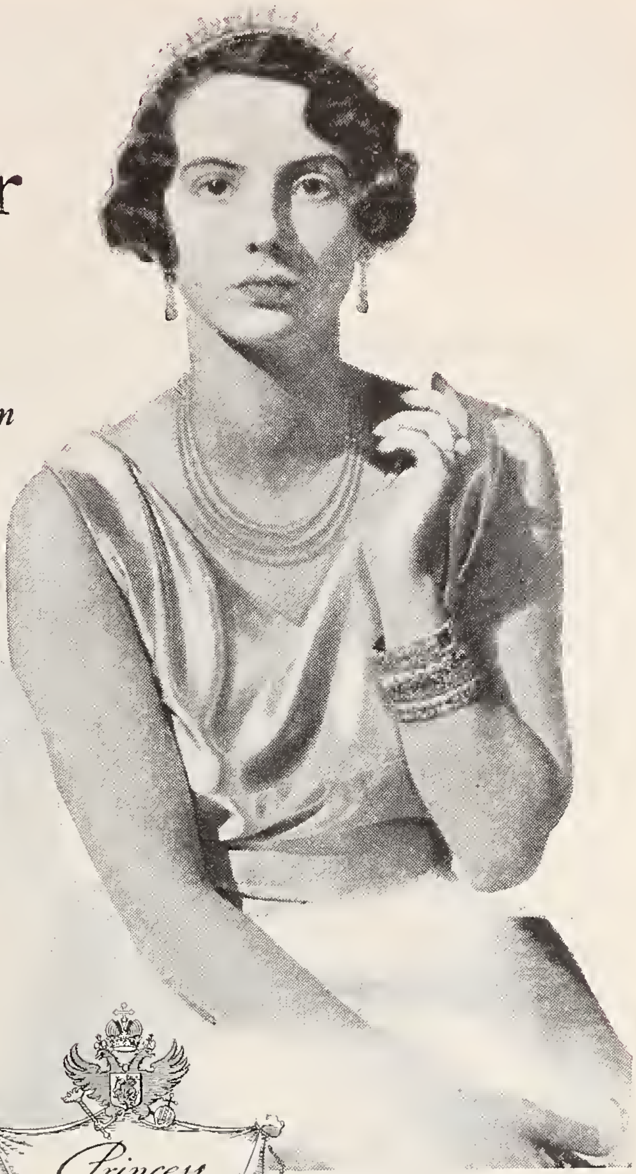
Camels are Milder

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

Together Again!
JOAN CRAWFORD and
CLARK GABLE will
thrill you as the
lovers in "Chained"

He rated their skin 10 years younger than their age

Dermatologist's Examination proves Society Beauties' Skin flawless as they were ten years ago



SKIN YOUTH, dermatologists say, depends upon the activity of the skin's circulation . . . its tone or elasticity . . . the virility of its oil glands.

From 16 to 20, they report, the skin is at the height of its loveliness. Then it is thin—smooth—transparent—line-free—radiantly fresh. Blemishes are unknown.

But its youth is quickly fleeting. Before you are aware, your skin begins to fade—starved for the precious youth-giving oils once created by the active glands deep within it. Then it appears more and more rough—sallow—wrinkled.

If you prize the youth of your skin, you must arouse its languid circulation—replenish the lazy glands—give the skin youth-sustaining oils.

One cream answers all skin needs

In Pond's fragrant Cold Cream there is a rare blend of specially processed oils. They are combined with such precise and knowing scientific skill that they quickly seep into the very depths of the skin. Their effect is instant! Their continuous use a tonic to the skin!

EVERY NIGHT . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads.

The rich oils in this cream do more than cleanse. When laughter lines, worry lines . . . crêpiness appear, when coarse pores and harsh texture threaten—these rare oils help to keep the skin young. You notice at once how smooth your skin becomes.

You'll be amazed to see how evenly powder and make-up go on. Delighted to find it still fresh after hours and hours.

This remarkable ability to cleanse deeply, to erase age signs, to flatter the skin to new smoothness, has been Pond's passport around the world. Women who can "have everything" choose Pond's Cold Cream. The wisest budgeteers use it. It is the cream of millionairesses and of the millions.

Pond's also makes a new cream that liquefies instantly on the skin—Pond's Liquefying Cream. It contains the same specially processed oils as Pond's Cold Cream.

Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland

"Mrs. Cleveland has a fine, delicate skin. No defects are patent. Her skin looks ten years younger than her age."—*Dermotologist's Report.* Mrs. Cleveland says: "I wouldn't be without Pond's Cold Cream for a day."

Princess Xenia
of Russia

"Princess Xenia has a perfect brunette complexion. Texture fine. No blemishes. A youthful freshness usual in the early twenties."—*Dermatologist's Report.* The Princess says: "I have used Pond's Cold Cream for six years."

Send coupon for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
50 Hudson Street, New York

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐

I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

Pond's Cold Cream **cleanses—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* serves the same purposes. Quicker melting.**

Look in your mirror. Test your skin on all these points . . . they denote Skin Age. *Correct them with this specially processed cream.*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS
in 20's

Roughness · **Blackheads and large pores** · **Dryness** · **Laughter lines** · **Little blemishes**

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS
after 30

Crêpy skin · **Worry lines** · **Sallowness** · **Sagging tissues** · **Discolorations**

GOOD NEWS

(Left) Verree Teasdale arrives in New York to do some trousseau shopping. Then she'll hop back to Hollywood to become Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. (Right) Mrs. W. Tracy pays one of her infrequent visits to her son, Lee, and Cinema City.

(Continued from page 17)

Charlie and Virginia are in Europe. Hollywood is taking Bette seriously for until recently "the Bennett-like blonde" had been set down rather indifferently as a girl whose greatest talent was reminding you of some other movie star. But now it is quite different.

When Gloria Stuart middle-aisled it with Arthur Sheekman, there was one broken hearted executive in Hollywood.

Ever since Gloria separated from her husband, this Front Office gentleman has believed he had the middle track to Gloria's affections. Of course, once in awhile, she did take an evening off and step out with Mr. Sheekman, who is a gag man for Eddie Cantor.

This didn't seem at all important to the Exec until the newspapers announced the marriage of Gloria and Sheekman.

IT cost Jack Holt $250 to save a mongrel dog's life recently. He was driving down Hollywood Boulevard when a little white pooch ran in front of his car. Rather than hit the dog, Holt swerved off the pavement, up over the curb and into a telegraph pole. Result: One live mongrel and a nice little car damage amounting to $250.

THEY'RE MARRIED SWEETHEARTS

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey have started something new in the way of anniversaries. They recently celebrated an anniversary of the first time they kissed.

Few people know the story of this romance, which is a mighty sweet one. It seems that Gene was in love with Joan three years before they ever met. During that time he wrote a play with her in mind, which sister Barbara fell heir to, much to Gene's disappointment. He attended several Hollywood parties because he learned Joan had been invited, but each time she failed to appear. They finally met at Jack Gilbert's house, and Gene wasted no time, you can be sure. They were married three weeks later.

Jean Muir and Dick Powell at the dinner tended Postmaster Farley by Jack Warner.

HOLLYWOOD had a laugh when Max Baer came out with the announcement that he "wanted to see his wife and still loved her" because the next day, friend wife started action to change her name so that Max couldn't locate her!

Virginia Pine Lehman has announced her intention of leaving Hollywood flat for a career on the stage, but she insists she isn't leaving George Raft.

The insiders say Virginia is disappointed in the way her film career turned out. She was never offered more than a bit part the entire time Warner Brothers had her under contract. Now she feels that if she goes to New York and gets a good part in a successful play, Hollywood will come across with real parts for her.

In the meantime, George Raft is planning to join her in New York as soon as his present picture is completed. "We shall be married as soon as George gets his divorce," said Miss Pine.

NOW that Janet Gaynor is touring through Europe, Gene Raymond has been seen dining Margaret Lindsay at the Russian Eagle. Margaret is Janet's best friend and she says she and Gene have a swell time getting together and missing "the redhead." *(Continued on page 80)*

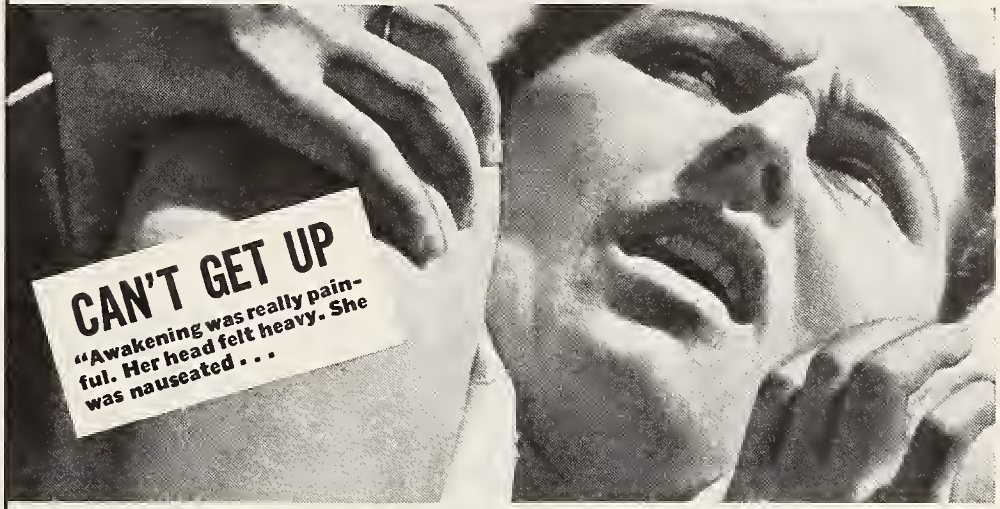
Billie Bakewell and Marion Marsh were guests at the Claudia Morgan-Robert Shippee wedding.

"She was a wreck_ but not for long_"

says DR. BELOUX, noted stomach expert of Paris hospitals

FURRY TONGUE

"Miss L—had severe indigestion for days at a time," Dr. Jules Beloux relates.



CAN'T GET UP

"Awakening was really painful. Her head felt heavy. She was nauseated . . .

TOUCHY

"The young lady was highly nervous, always sad, depressed, and apprehensive."

● **Dr. Beloux is a famous consultant on stomach disorders at the great Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris; editor of a widely read medical monthly. His patients have included several members of the French Cabinet.**

If you suffer from these troubles, this case may help you.

WHY did Miss L—— have these troubles? Why do YOU have them, too?

Coated tongue, doctors say, is usually a sign that your stomach juices aren't acting right.

If you *can't get up* mornings, it usually means your system is sluggish, your muscles tense, and so you're not sleeping properly.

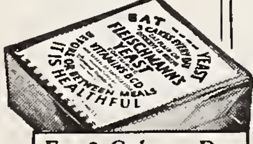
If you're *irritable,* it is probably because poisons in your blood are attacking your nerves.

What can you do about troubles like these? Well, let us see what the noted Dr. Jules Beloux did for them:

"I put Miss L—— on a yeast régime at once," states Dr. Beloux. "And in thirty days, you would never think she was the same girl of a month before!

"She was entirely well again, full of energy, with a good digestion.

"Nine people out of 10," Dr. Beloux states, "make their condition worse with brutal cathartics...while it is gentleness and not harshness that is needed. I am a confirmed believer in yeast."



Eat 3 Cakes a Day

Won't you start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day...for at least 30 days? Get some from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain. Rich in Vitamins B, D and G.

See what a difference Fleischmann's Yeast makes in the way you feel . . . and look . . . and work!

To benefit THOROUGHLY, eat it REGULARLY!

Don't expect troubles that come from years of neglect to be cured "overnight." Fleischmann's Yeast, remember, is a *food*—not a violent drug. Eat three cakes *every day*—for thirty days at least, or until you really *feel* well—and *look* well!

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MODERN SCREEN'S *Dramatic School*

Marlene Dietrich—
half-moon face

CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Invaluable information about proper make-up

Hollywood make-up experts claim that the greatest mistake the amateur actor makes is the use of too much make-up. So I want all you boys and girls who are going to appear in high school plays, in Little Theatre shows or in your own amateur theatricals to learn to dip lightly into the grease paint pots.

Not so long ago, I witnessed an amateur drama and was amazed that the director had allowed the young actors to pile make-up on so thick that you could hardly tell what facial expression the youngsters were trying to assume.

Most of you know the fundamental principle of a stage make-up, but just for the sake of the records, lets run over it quickly.

First, clean your face with a good cold cream and wipe the cream off with tissue. Then take on your fingers just enough grease paint to cover your skin. Rub and pat that into your face as if it were a night cream, but use as little as is possible. Also pat into this several drops of water. Just run your hands under the water faucet and pat the drops into your face until it has entirely disappeared. Use a little cream rouge, blended with the grease paint. Then pat on dry powder with a big puff, brush the powder off well with a soft baby brush. Remove surplus powder from your eyebrows and eyelashes. Put some eye-shadow—but very lightly—over your eyelids. Draw your eyebrows with a good eyebrow pencil. Draw a very fine line at the base of the eyelashes on your lower lid. Mascara your lashes, use a little more dry rouge on your cheeks. Rouge your lips.

Kitty Carlisle—
triangular face

That's the fundamental of a stage make-up, *but* use all of this very sparingly.

And now I want to give you some fine points about the gentle art of make-up. From Wallace Westmore, Paramount's ace make-up man, I got this rouge chart. If you are blonde or brunette decide in which classification you belong and guide your use of rouge accordingly.

Blondes	Color Rouge
light blonde	light rose
ash blonde	orange cast
dark blonde	deep rose

Brunettes	Color Rouge
light brown	medium red
dark brown	deep red
very dark brown	purplish red
blue black	bright rosy red

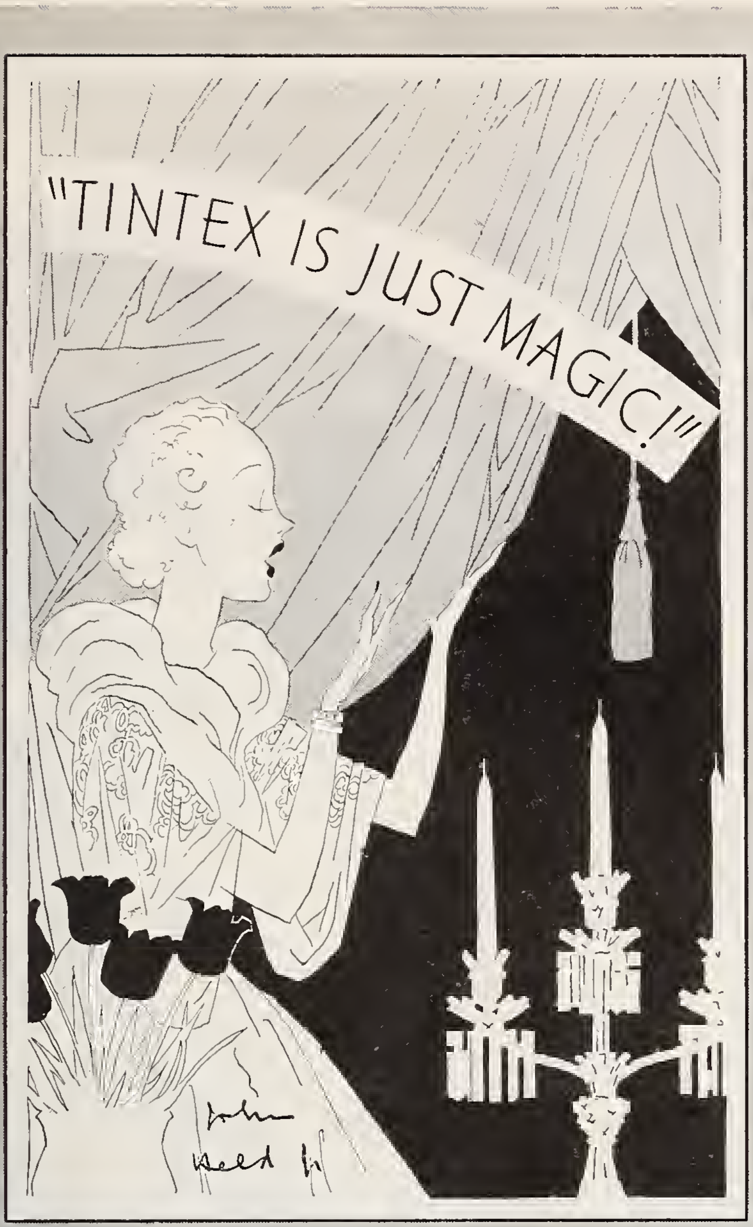
SOMETIMES brunettes have fair skin. They must study their type and blend the blonde and brunette beauty essentials.

In applying the rouge on your cheeks, study your face carefully to decide in what classification the shape falls. Wally divides the three types like this:

If your face is triangular like Kitty Carlisle's, then rouge the cheekbones a bit more than the rest of the cheeks, but blend it so that one has to look twice to realize there is a higher color.

(*Continued on page 107*)

Sylvia Sidney—
oval-shaped face


"TINTEX IS JUST MAGIC!"
John Held Jr

Tintex

Makes Faded Home Decorations NEW —for Just a Few Cents

Keeps your Wardrobe Color-Fresh, too . . .

●

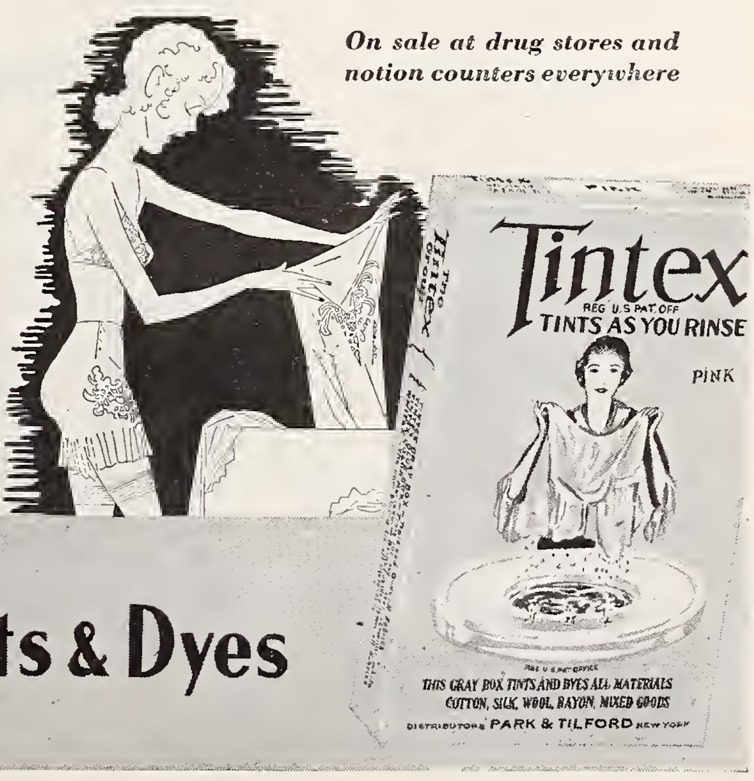
HERE'S money-saving news for Fall! There's no need to buy new slip-covers, curtains, drapes, or other home-decorations just because your present ones are faded or out-of-fashion in color. For a few pennies Tintex will make them like new...or give them a different color, if you wish. No bother, either ... simply "tint as you rinse."

Remember, too, Tintex is color-magic for your wardrobe. It gives *professional* results in the twinkling of an eye...without muss, without fuss. That is why smart women always depend on it to keep their apparel color-fresh—color-new. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Keep your favorite colors always on hand!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Use TINTEX for Underthings · Negligees Dresses · Sweaters · Scarfs · Stockings · Slips Men's Shirts · Blouses · Children's Clothes Curtains · Bed Spreads · Drapes Luncheon Sets · Doilies · Slip Covers

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere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TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK
THIS GRAY BOX TINTS AND DYES ALL MATERIALS
COTTON, SILK, WOOL, RAYON, MIXED GOODS
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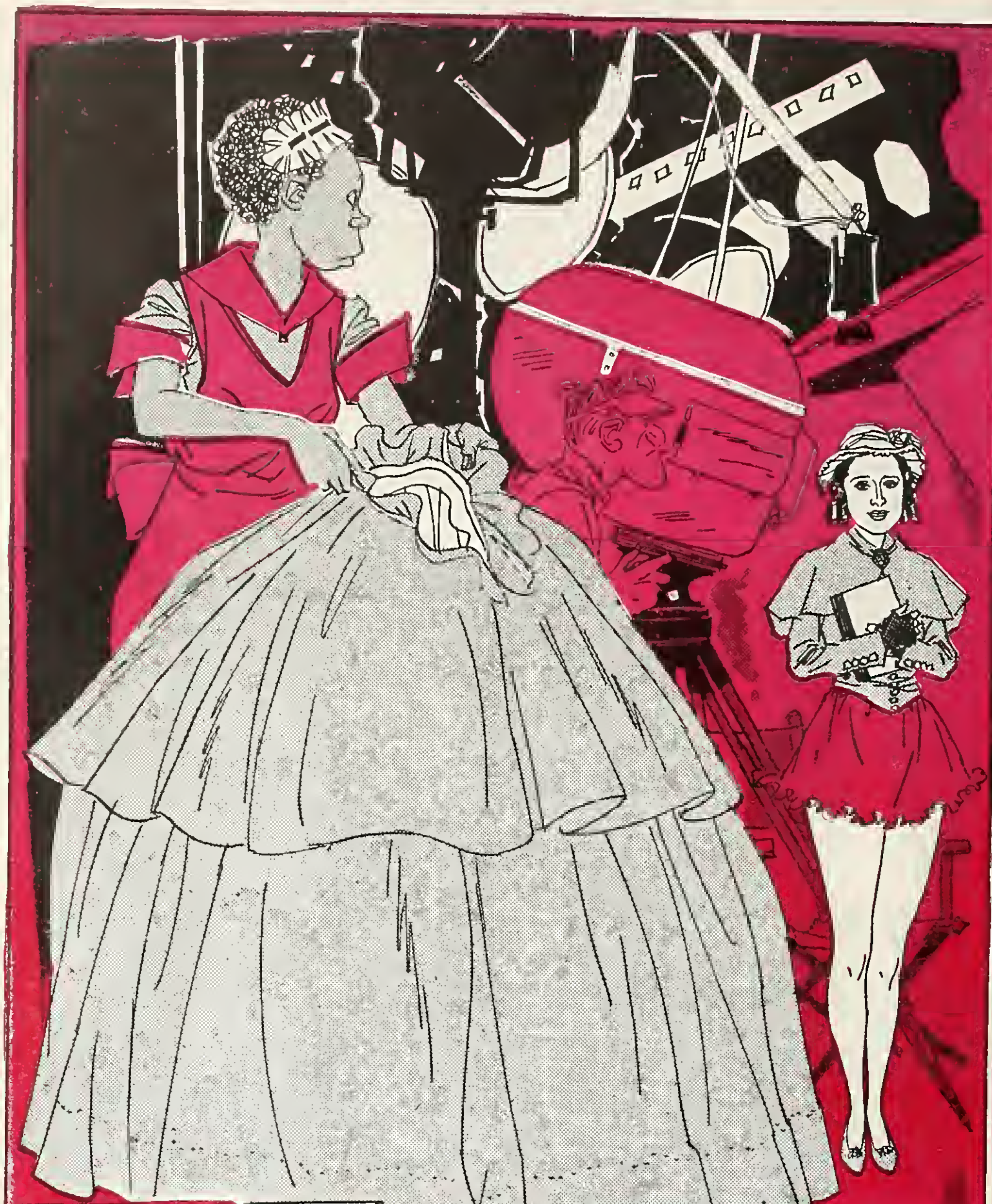
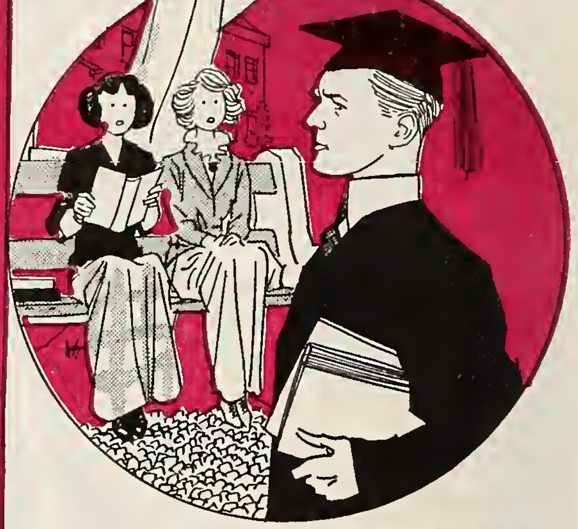
Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

ALL JOKING ASIDE

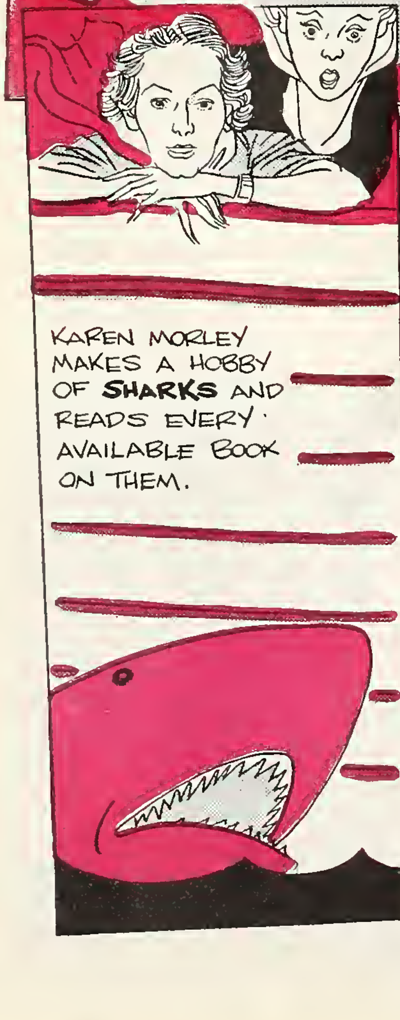
BY JACK WELCH



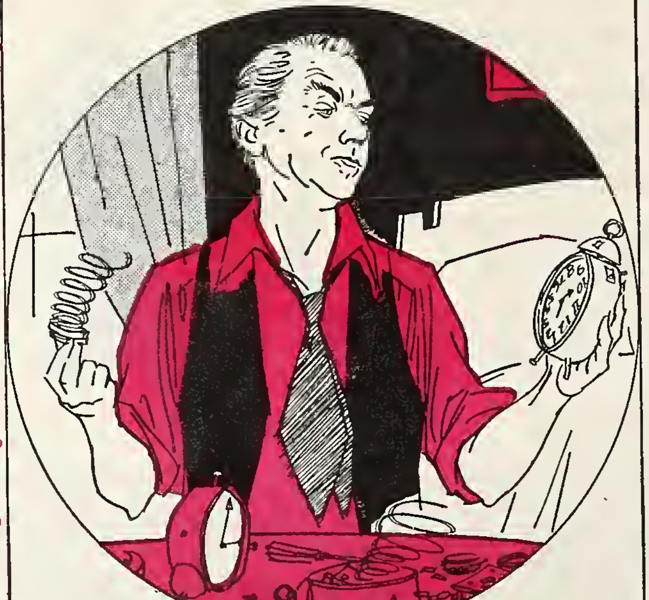
NORMA SHEARER WEARS SUCH A LARGE **HOOPSKIRT** IN "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" THAT SHE HAD TO **REMOVE** IT BEFORE THE CAMERAMAN COULD TAKE A CLOSE-UP OF HER.



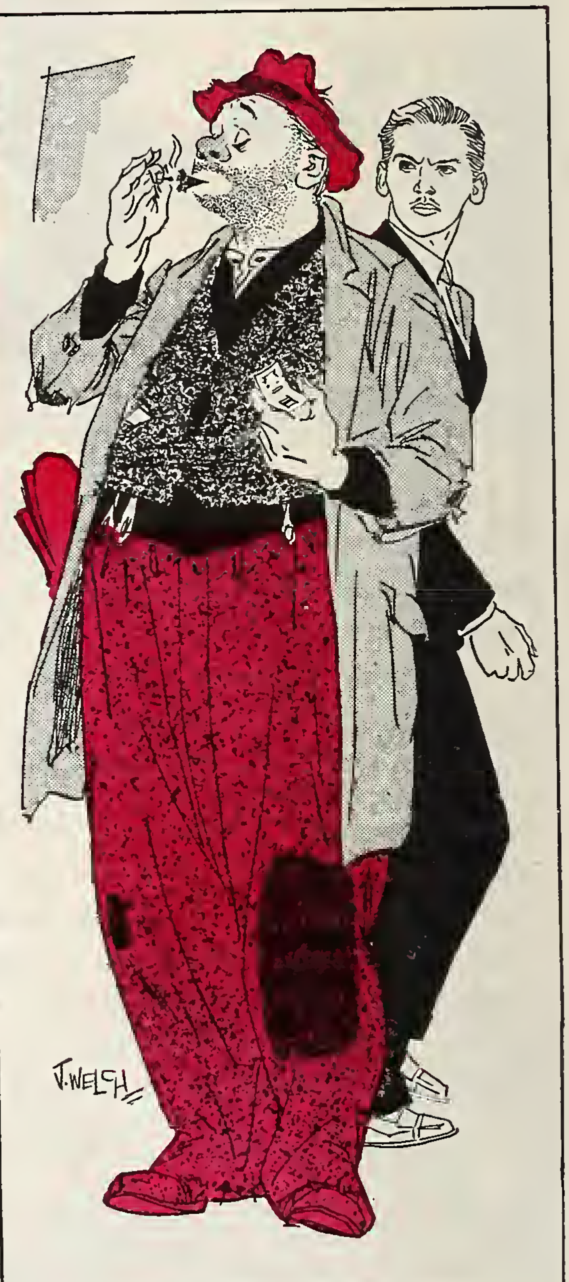
EDMUND LOWE WAS A **PROFESSOR** AT THE AGE OF **19**, MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY.



KAREN MORLEY MAKES A HOBBY OF **SHARKS** AND READS EVERY AVAILABLE BOOK ON THEM.



LEE TRACY CARRIED A **SUITCASEFUL** OF **ALARM CLOCKS** WITH HIM ON A RECENT WEEKEND VACATION HIS HOBBY IS TAKING THEM APART and putting them together again.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. IS STILL LOOKING FOR HIS **HAT**. . . .
(It was his favorite hat and he lost it after wearing it **ten years**; he had never had it cleaned.)

Why does the Smart Woman

use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
Poudre
PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
CLEANSING CREAM
PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
COLD CREAM
ROUGE
FAOEN
FAOEN
FAOEN

... BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN THEM EQUAL TO $1 TO $3 BRANDS IN QUALITY AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying $1 to $3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — *that* is the smart thing to do.

And that's exactly why more and more women every day are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids. Their exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

No longer must you pay high prices for the best. Faoen has made loveliness inexpensive. Be smart—start using Faoen Beauty Aids—today!

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
ARE 10¢ EACH

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

AT THE BETTER
5 & 10¢ STORES

• CLEANSING CREAM · COLD CREAM FACE POWDER · ROUGES · PERFUMES •

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

NOW THE LEADER IN MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

Steer your course for true throat comfort. Light a KOOL! Refreshing as the forward deck in a spanking breeze!

The mild menthol cools the smoke, eases your throat—and yet brings out the flavor of the fine tobaccos to the fullest. KOOLS are cork-tipped—they don't stick to the lips.

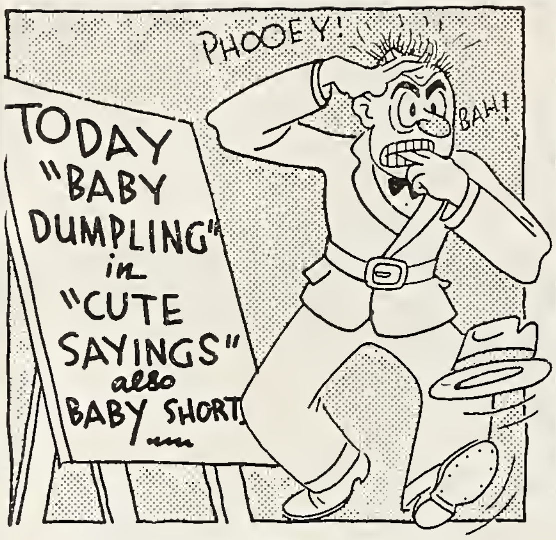
Each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon good for desirable nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good only in U. S. A.) Write for illustrated premium list.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

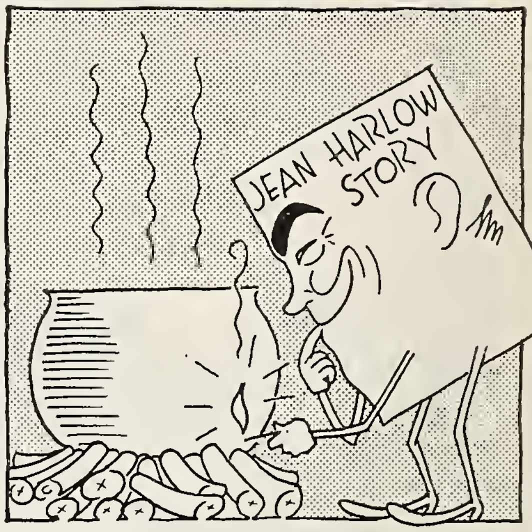
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

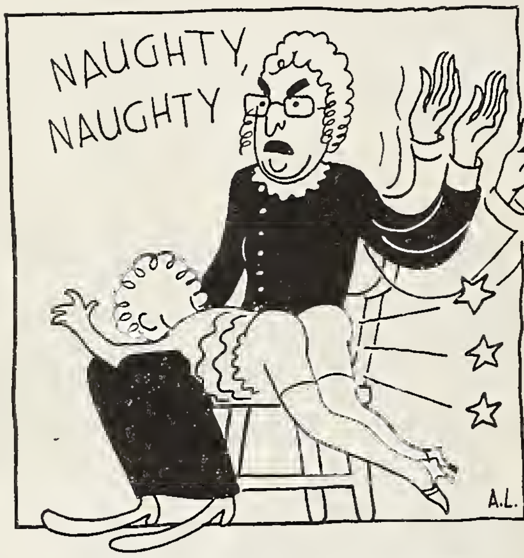
BETWEEN YOU *and* ME


PHOOEY!
BAH!
TODAY "BABY DUMPLING" in "CUTE SAYINGS" also BABY SHORT

"Movie children used to bore me to tears, until La Temple came along."



"Your recent article on Jean Harlow certainly caused the pot to sizzle."



"A sound spanking is recommended for a lot of actors and actresses."

An Exception

I have always been averse to children on the stage or screen. I have always believed that they belong in the nursery—not taking the bread and butter from their elders. To be candid with you, I have often walked out when they walked on, for they usually bore me to tears.

A little miss has come along of late known as Shirley Temple, who, I must confess, has won me over completely. She is nothing short of adorable and her work is uncanny. I look for great things from this mighty clever little actress who can put many of her older sisters to shame when it comes to the art of acting. (*You're not the only one, Mister. We've had oodles of letters just likes yours.*)—*J. Edw. Mulcahy, Naugatuck, Conn.*

Fans Not So Gullible

Your article on Jean Harlow certainly did set the pot sizzling! It's about time someone realized that the fans aren't as gullible as we are thought to be. We swallow a lot of tripe because it's fed to us. That doesn't mean that we are dumb, does it?

An actor's profession is such that he has to share much of his life and many of his secrets with the public. Perhaps that's the price he pays for wealth, glamor and fame. Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, two married stars, going about with each other is poor publicity. Harlow's escapades are beginning to make us ask: "What's the matter with Jean Harlow?" Married eight months, she declares that she and Hal are divinely happy; the next day comes the announcement of the divorce! Things like that make us lose faith in the players and in their interviews. And the more we stand for, the more they try to get away with.

There are a few players, like Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Marian Nixon and Barbara Stanwyck, who are respected. If they have any ghastly skeletons dangling in the closets of their private lives, they at least keep them hidden. I have to laugh when I remember that Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were ostracized for less than this!—*Samela Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.*

One Side of the Question

I think Hollywood's actors and actresses ought to be soundly spanked and driven off the stage for their flagrant lack of respect for marriage and what it should stand for.

If there's anything that makes all of us decent married folks perfectly disgusted, it is to read of Marlene Dietrich—a wife and a mother—trotting around with Von Sternberg, Gloria Swanson flirting with Herbert Marshall, Constance Bennett going around with Gilbert Roland.

Even the best of the actors and actresses can hardly show more than a score of permanent marriages and these are largely among Catholics, whose faith keeps them together. And among these, such people as Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are shocking to read about.

Now that all faiths are uniting to clean up the plays, perhaps they'll turn their attention to cleaning up the players. Perhaps with the aid of such frank and helpful articles as yours was, one may hope for a little silence, at least, from these worse-than-Mormons.—*Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Boston, Mass.*

Another Side of the Question

I think it wholly out of your line to criticize the (*Continued on page 79*)

Amazing Colors discovered in Human Skin suggest Flattering New Powder Shades

Natural brightens fair skin. Excellent shade with graying hair.

Rose Cream gives a "bloom" to blonde and fair brunette skin.

Light Cream makes lily-pale blonde or brunette skin look clear and velvet-smooth.

Brunette (Rachel) gives glow and radiance to brunette skin. Does away with paleness.

Rose Brunette . . . a *warmer* shade . . . makes sallow skin sparkle. And it modifies ruddiness.

Dark Brunette . . . exactly right for very dark brunettes and alluring with sun-browned skin!

Mrs. Manuel J. Bon de Sousa *ivory-skinned and light-haired, says, "Pond's is the smoothest powder. The Brunette shade brightens my skin."*

POND'S
Face Powder
POND'S FACE POWDER

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS ONLY 55¢

10¢ ¼ the actual size

HIDDEN TINTS *in these New Powder Shades make blonde skin radiant, brunette skin clear . . .*

SCIENCE has discovered that the clear, creamy skin of the perfect blonde owes its loveliness to a faint hint of *brilliant blue* that lingers in it.

That the clear, olive tone of the perfect brunette skin is due to a note of *bright green* that echoes through it.

This amazing discovery was made by an optical machine which can *read* the skin. With the aid of this machine, you can actually see tints in the skin which the eye cannot detect—tints which make the complexion "perfect," or too pale, too sallow, too florid.

These are the hidden tints in Pond's new Powder.

Many girls' skin analyzed

When this sensational discovery was made, Pond's examined the skin of hundreds of girls. Girls with radiant "movie-star" complexions—girls with skin that was dull, tarnished, flushed, dark.

That's how Pond's learned the exact colors needed to make blonde and brunette skin beautiful.

They mixed into each of their new face powders just a tinge of blue and green. You cannot detect these tints in the powder, but you recognize their glamorous effect.

New powder shades flatter all complexions

Pond's powder shades are different from any others. The moment you smooth them on, blonde skin becomes transparent, pearly . . . brunette skin becomes clear, magnolia-like.

Best of all . . . Pond's Powder clings and clings. Yet never cakes—never streaks—never clogs the pores. Its texture is superfine. And its perfume lasts to the very depths of the jar.

Yet Pond's Face Powder jar for 55¢ contains as much as many $1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

Send the coupon below for your samples at once. You'll be amazed to see how these new face powder shades will make your complexion clear—radiant—breath-taking.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
94 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City__________________ State__________

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline

The Approved Mascara

BLACK AND BROWN

Maybelline
Eyebrow Pencil

BLACK AND BROWN

Maybelline
Eye Shadow

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Maybelline
Eyelash Grower

COLORLESS

Maybelline
Eyebrow Brush

LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

Ann Sothern and Neil Hamilton in "Blind Date," for Columbia.

By ALICE VAN DORAN

Don't you want to talk over your personal problems with an understanding person who will treat them confidentially and give you the very best advice she can? Write to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

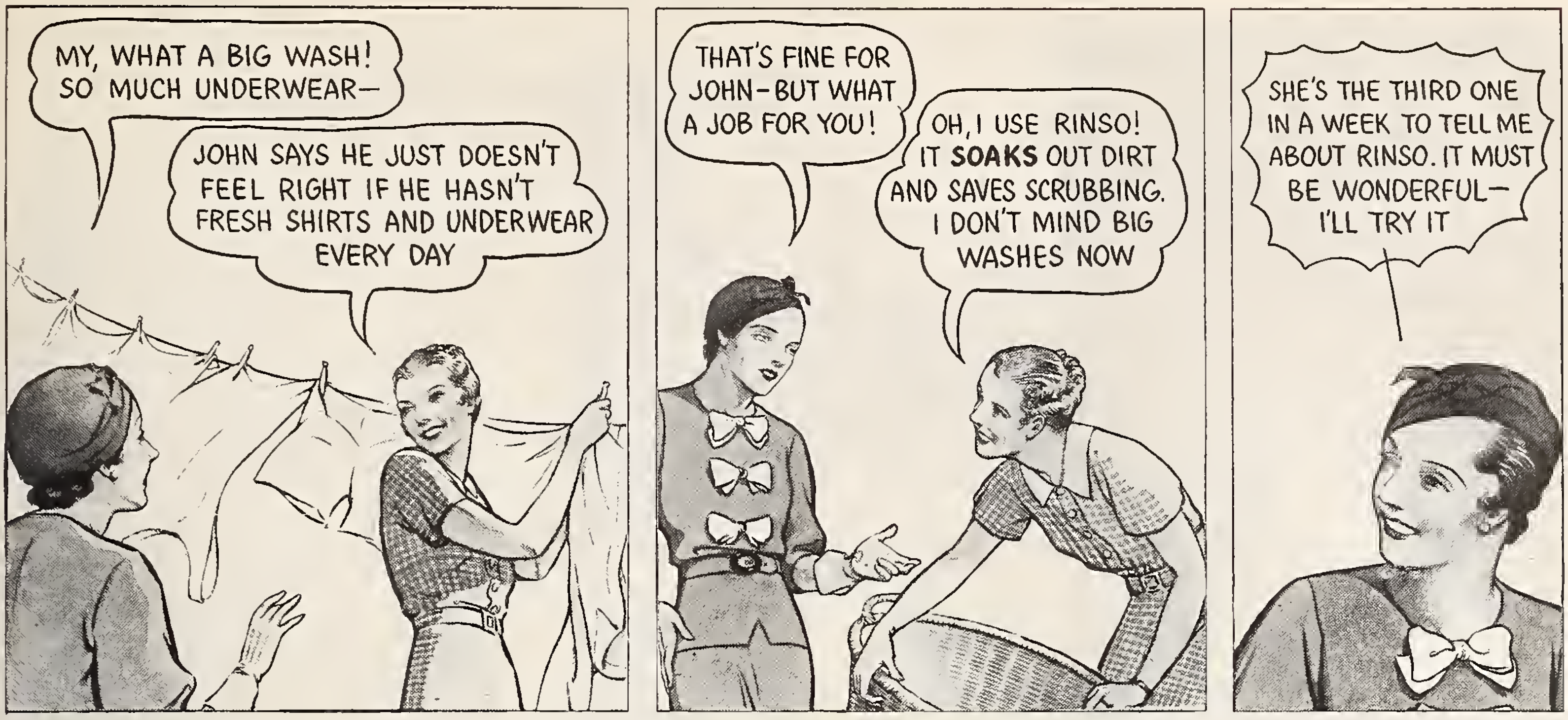
MANY a girl, if asked why a certain man fascinated her and another did not, could only reply that Jack was thrilling and Ted was not. And that would be that.

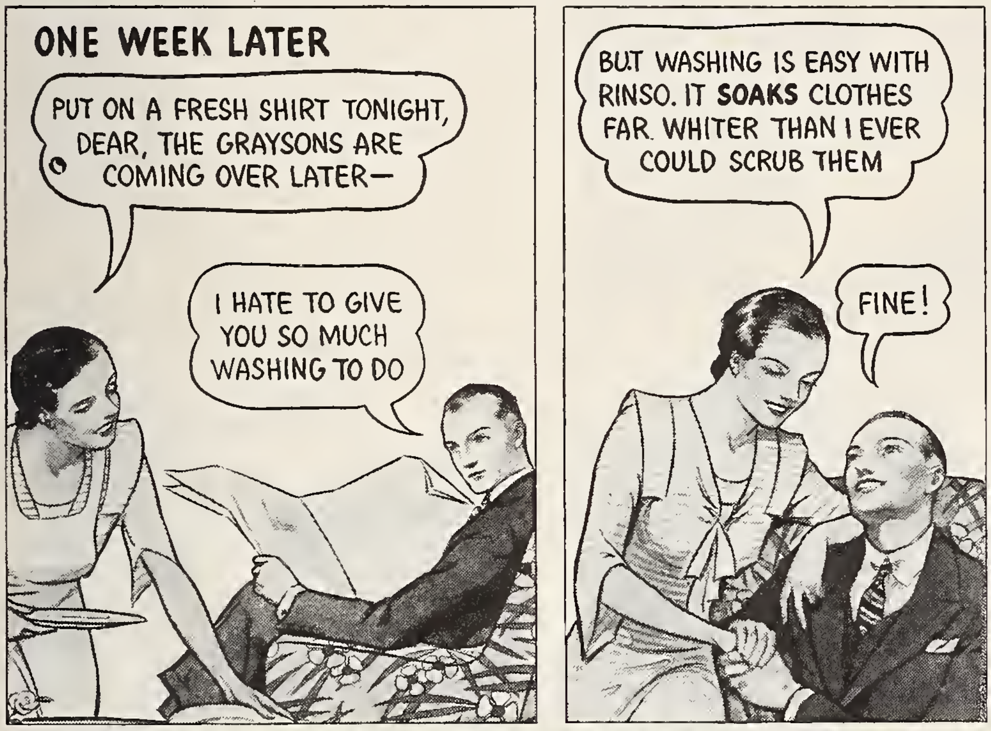
Without thrill, certainly romance just could not be. "Thrill" and "romance" may sound like much the same thing. Yet this is not so—for thrill is the small electric spark that sets romance going. In other words, Jack and Nancy find each other thrilling—and if this state of affairs lasts, the romance is on.

Now, at the risk of sounding awfully cut-and-dried, I'm going to mention that the thrills of all sane, sound individuals must face a daylight test of reason. And here trouble starts. Indeed, to most of us love seems a constant shift from illusion to disillusion—then back again to illusion—and then the same thing all over again.

Let's return to Jack and Nancy again. Things start off with them as with everyone else—just being together is thrilling. They think they'll go on like that forever. They don't. Nancy in time finds out Jack has "little ways"—well, he makes suggestions that sound as if he were criticizing her. (*Continued on page 74*)

How to keep "illusion" in romance


MY, WHAT A BIG WASH! SO MUCH UNDERWEAR—
JOHN SAYS HE JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT IF HE HASN'T FRESH SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY
THAT'S FINE FOR JOHN—BUT WHAT A JOB FOR YOU!
OH, I USE RINSO! IT **SOAKS** OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. I DON'T MIND BIG WASHES NOW
SHE'S THE THIRD ONE IN A WEEK TO TELL ME ABOUT RINSO. IT MUST BE WONDERFUL— I'LL TRY IT


ONE WEEK LATER
PUT ON A FRESH SHIRT TONIGHT, DEAR, THE GRAYSONS ARE COMING OVER LATER—
I HATE TO GIVE YOU SO MUCH WASHING TO DO
BUT WASHING IS EASY WITH RINSO. IT **SOAKS** CLOTHES FAR WHITER THAN I EVER COULD SCRUB THEM
FINE!

This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors—weaken fabrics—fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking *4 or 5 shades whiter.*

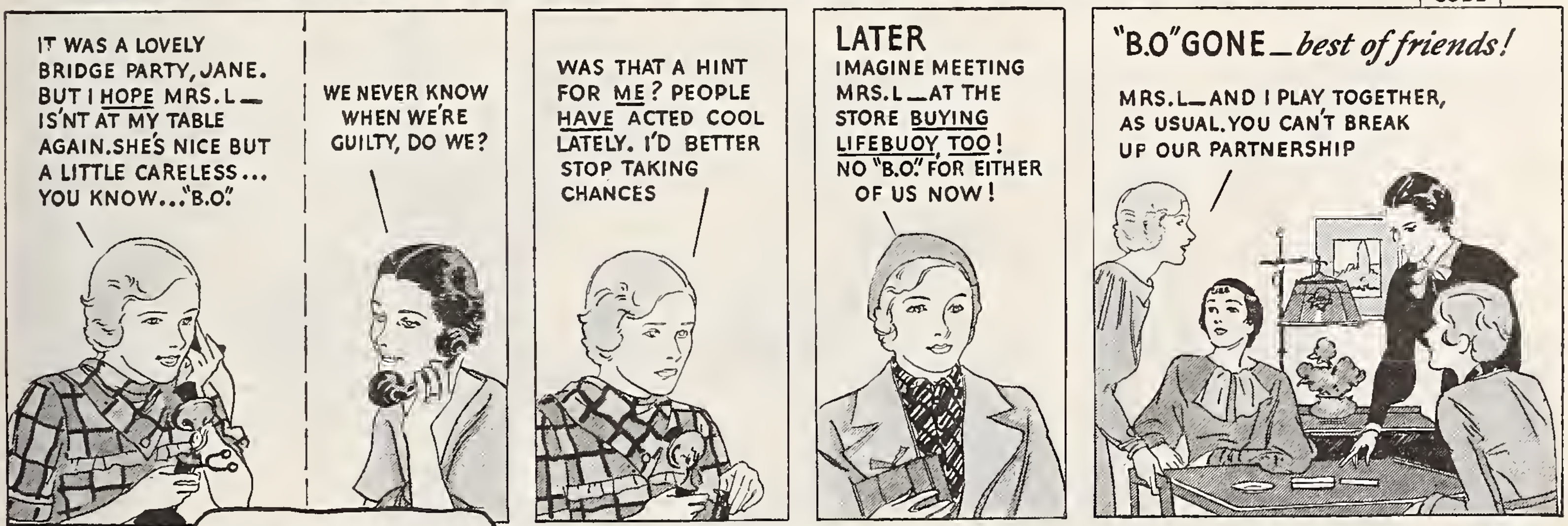
Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time—saves work. And so easy on hands!

Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Get it at your grocer's.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

THEY BOTH OFFENDED—BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

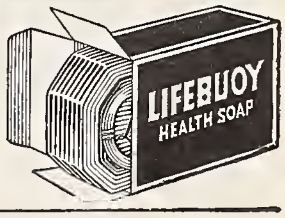
NRA CODE


IT WAS A LOVELY BRIDGE PARTY, JANE. BUT I HOPE MRS. L— ISN'T AT MY TABLE AGAIN. SHE'S NICE BUT A LITTLE CARELESS... YOU KNOW..."B.O."
WE NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'RE GUILTY, DO WE?
WAS THAT A HINT FOR ME? PEOPLE HAVE ACTED COOL LATELY. I'D BETTER STOP TAKING CHANCES
LATER
IMAGINE MEETING MRS. L—AT THE STORE BUYING LIFEBUOY, TOO! NO "B.O." FOR EITHER OF US NOW!
"B.O" GONE—*best of friends!*
MRS. L—AND I PLAY TOGETHER, AS USUAL. YOU CAN'T BREAK UP OUR PARTNERSHIP

I FIND LIFEBUOY MARVELOUS FOR THE SKIN

LIFEBUOY'S lather is bland and gentle, yet deep-cleansing. It washes away pore-embedded impurities—brings radiance to dull complexions. Lifebuoy lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

ADVANCE *Paris Colors*
WILL MAKE LAST YEAR'S FROCK
THIS SEASON'S SENSATION

Piper Green and Wine Brown are decidedly "in" for Fall. Just follow the simple recipes below and you can wear them while they're still exciting news. And write for "10 Paris Colors for Fall" with actual swatches of silk and Rit Color Recipes telling how to match these latest shades by an easy Rit method.

PIPER GREEN	WINE BROWN
1½ Wafer Dark Green Rit ½ Wafer Gold Rit	1¼ Wafer Dark Brown Rit 1 Wafer Wine Rit

Instant Rit (not a soap!) penetrates the fibres as "surface dyes" never do—provides clearer, longer lasting, more brilliant colors. Remember, re-coloring is best over white material, so take old color out with White Rit—quick, easy, harmless. 15c at drug stores and notion counters everywhere.

YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH RIT

RIT

NOT A SOAP!

. . . in the convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me your folder A-74 "Ten Paris Colors for Fall" with silk swatches and your new Rit Color Recipes.

Name ....
Address ....
City.................... *State*....................
(If more convenient, paste on penny post card)

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 6)

write down your recipes for corn pone and dumplings, Hattie?" Will asked. "And for chicken, southern style? I'll bet Mrs. Rogers would like to have 'em."

"Well, Ah sure could, Mistah Rogers," answered Hattie McDaniel, "only it would take me a little time to do it. You see, Ah cook from what you might call instinct—a pinch of this and a handful of that. But Ah knows folks nowadays want to know exactly how much flour and corn meal it takes for corn pone and such things. It would take me some time to figger it out and to set it down, but if you're in no hurry, Mistah Rogers, Ah'll find a lot of pleasure in fixing you up with a couple of real southern menus."

Almost a week later Hattie, as good as her word, arrived on the set with menus and recipes for two typical southern meals—pages and pages laboriously written out by hand. For three busy days, it seems, Hattie had fussed around the kitchen at her home in Los Angeles while her sister, Etta, with pencil and paper in hand, recorded the measurements of ingredients for dumplings, pone, cobbler and candied yams.

AND here are the results of all this effort—two grand menus and seven swell recipes which The Modern Hostess is delighted to have secured through the amiable co-operation of Will Rogers and Hattie McDaniel. First of all, let's look at Hattie's dinner menu.

Southern Chicken Dinner

Split Pea Soup — Southern Chicken
Baked Dumplings — Candied Yams
Scalloped Squash and Corn
Hot Corn Pone — Crabapple Jelly
Combination Salad
(Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, radishes, green pepper)
Hot Blackberry Cobbler, Georgia Sauce

Sounds great, doesn't it? Well I'm here to tell you it is great. Take Hattie's recipe for southern chicken and dumplings, for instance. There is one of the grandest examples of southern cooking I've ever eaten and when you speak of "southern cooking" in this broad land you mean the best. Chicken cooked in this way is so good that once you've tried it I know you'll want to serve it often; so I have had the recipe printed up for this month's MODERN SCREEN Recipe Folder. Because the dumplings add the final note of perfection to this chicken dish, they are on the card, too.

INCLUDED in the same folder are three other recipes for dishes of which Hattie is justifiably proud. One is for the scalloped squash and corn mentioned in her first menu. I've tested this recipe using both fresh green corn and canned whole kernel corn and I can truthfully say that I don't know which I prefer. Another is for corn pone, made according to the recipe Hattie learned from her own mammy. The third recipe in the folder is the crowning achievement of Hattie's culinary art — a majestic, royal purple blackberry cobbler served with a steaming hot sauce. Well, even writing about it makes my mouth water, so if you want to learn how to make this cobbler be sure to read how you can get these recipes free, further on in the article.

Hattie's second menu is somewhat less elaborate. This one she terms "supper," refusing to dignify with the title of "dinner" any menu as simple. Here it is:

Southern Supper

Fried Chicken
Biscuits — Currant Jelly
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Greens in Ham Liquor
Fruit Salad

"Ah've cooked this supper and the other dinner many times," Hattie volunteered. "Sometimes in a dull season in the theatre Ah'd 'work out,' never used mah stage name, of course, but mah married name of Langford. Why there

Hattie McDaniel wanted to be sure that the recipes she gave Will Rogers were absolutely accurate. So she and her sister Etta spent three entire days on them before giving them to Will. Incidentally, every Modern Screen Star Recipe is tested before it goes out to you, with the result that we have never had a complaint about a single recipe.

was a millionaire's family in Evanston, Illinois where Ah was 'in service' once and they wanted me to stay with them right along. They didn't have any idea Ah was a professional. As "Aunt Dilsey" in "Judge Priest," Ah sing two or three songs. Mistah Rogers is a very fine gentleman to work with. He's been mighty nice to me, that's why I was glad to fix up those recipes for him like he asked me to. They're all for good old-fashioned southern dishes like mah mother used to make."

Greens in Ham Liquor

4 or 5 bunches of mustard greens (or collard (a variety of kale used in the south)
1 small, boned, "picnic" ham
4 whole cloves
1 bay leaf

Take greens and wash real well in several waters to remove all grit. Put ham on in cold water, bring to a boil and continue boiling briskly for 10 minutes. Remove ham and put it in another pot with bay leaf, cloves and enough boiling water to cover. Boil until tender. Remove ham. After removing ham, if water is too full of fat allow water to cool and fat to rise. Skim off excess fat and cook greens until tender in water in which meat was cooked. Drain greens, cut up real fine and serve with sliced hard-boiled eggs. The ham of course can be eaten with the same meal, or the next.

Candied Yams

6 medium size yams	1 cup water
1½ cups brown sugar	¼ cup butter

Cook yams in boiling salted water until almost done. Peel while still warm and split in halves, lengthwise. Place a layer of potatoes in buttered baking dish, dot potatoes with butter, sprinkle generously with sugar. Add another layer of potatoes, add butter and sugar and continue as above until all has been used. Add water and bake in hot oven (400°) until potatoes are a golden brown, basting frequently.

You might try these two dishes while waiting for the complete set of recipes prepared by Hattie McDaniel for Will Rogers, which include, as I've already told you, the southern chicken and dumplings, the corn pone, the scalloped squash and corn, and blackberry cobbler. These recipes are ready and waiting to be sent to you if you'll just fill in and mail the coupon below. That isn't hard to do, is it? With these recipes in your files you'll be able to go about preparing a southern-style meal that will make you the envy of your friends and the admiration of your family, whether you live in Maine, Georgia or points west.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

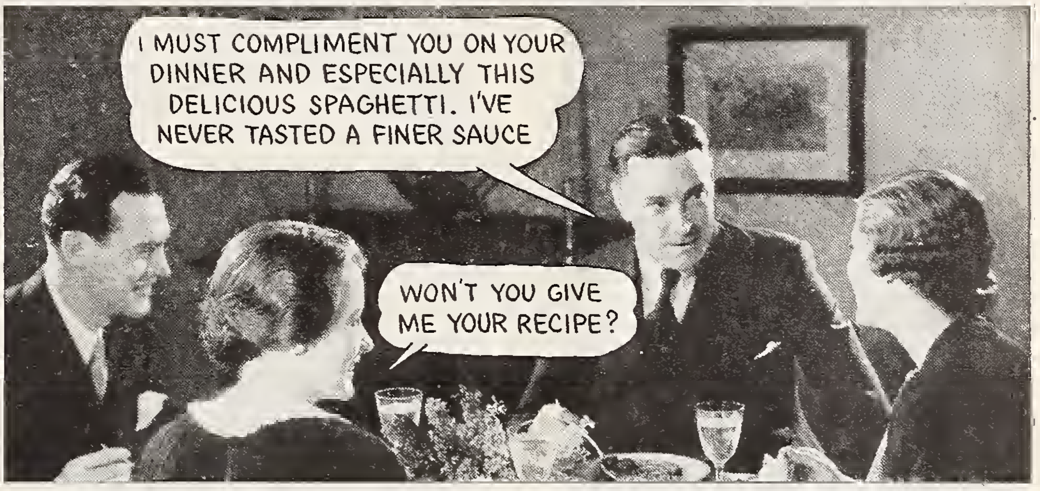
Please send me the recipes for October, 1934.

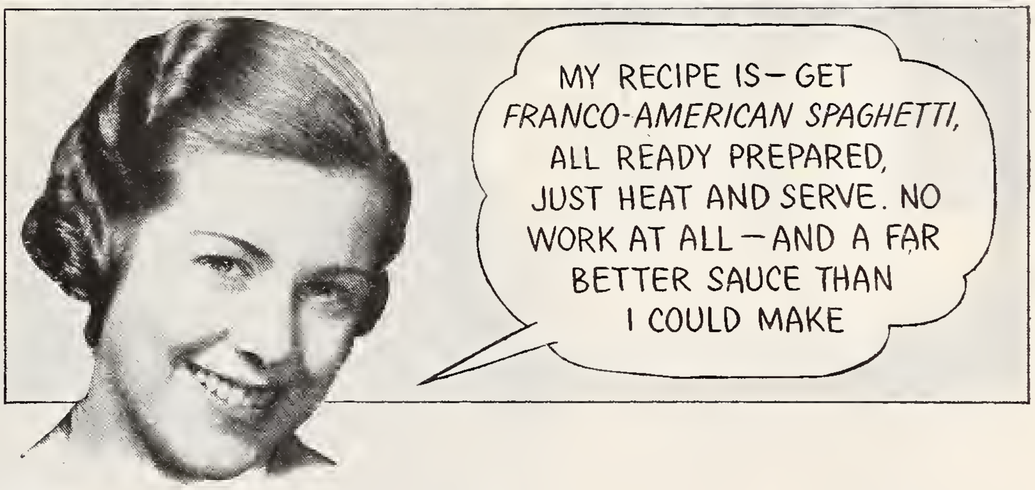
Name.............................
(Print in pencil)

Address.............................
(Street and number)

....
(City) (State)

I WISH I'D HAD A LITTLE LONGER NOTICE THAT THE HOLTS WERE COMING TO DINNER. HE'S BEEN EVERYWHERE AND IS SO FUSSY ABOUT FOOD


I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR DINNER AND ESPECIALLY THIS DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI. I'VE NEVER TASTED A FINER SAUCE
WON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR RECIPE?


MY RECIPE IS—GET FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI, ALL READY PREPARED, JUST HEAT AND SERVE. NO WORK AT ALL—AND A FAR BETTER SAUCE THAN I COULD MAKE

"I was proud of my spaghetti but this kind beats mine

—and what a lot of work I'm saved!"

"MY FRIENDS SAY I'm a good cook. I think too much of my family to serve ready-cooked food purely for my own convenience. But, frankly, all of us *prefer* Franco-American Spaghetti to the spaghetti I used to make. So I use Franco-American now."

To make spaghetti à la Milanaise as Franco-American chefs prepare it, you'd need *eleven* different ingredients for the sauce. Plump, juicy tomatoes. Zestful old Cheddar cheese. A long list of seasonings. You'd have to stir, taste and watch constantly. Why go to all this bother? Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing. You simply heat and serve.

Why not order from your grocer today? One taste will tell you how *different* Franco-American is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Truly economical, too. A generous can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or it will cost you nothing!

. . . TEST the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"
. . . writes Miss Healy

"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

● This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without exercise, diet or drugs.

● Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 5310, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 70*)

She doesn't like that. And slowly it dawns on Jack that Nancy is less than perfect; in fact, very touchy, and on occasion even temperish. They don't want to tune in on the same radio programs, so they turn the thing off and talk books. He names a few worth while things for her to read and she flares up at the implied criticism of her favorite light reading matter and calls his selections "dull, heavy stuff that nobody cares about." After a pause, she points out that his tie and sock colors clash, and why can't he match them? He comes back hotly, does she want to make him into a "sissy?" The quarrel is on. He leaves in a huff. They stay apart awhile. Disillusion. They come together again because each is young and good to look at. The meeting thrills and illusion works again. Never, they vow, will they quarrel again. But they parted on a drawn battle—left the conflict unfinished. So the same discussion will come up again—the word-war will be repeated, more serious each time. Neither tries to get the other's viewpoint—they're heading for a break-up.

THEY could have quarreled just as hotly, and over the same foolish trifles, but if each had sooner or later troubled to catch even a little of the other's meaning, then the affair would have lasted. Out of the "spats" would have developed a sort of give and take on both sides. Nancy might have asked him to outline some of the "dull, heavy books," and he could very well have followed some of her ideas on color combinations. And maybe in time the quarrels would have settled down to lively arguments, leading to a few new thoughts on both sides. If two people have differences of opinion and finish by getting something of the other's slant, there's a relation there that grows.

There's a point in that popular movie, "Little Miss Marker," in which the struggle between thrills, illusion, high romance, and their opposites pushes the screen people about like pawns. There's a little girl—played by that adorable, five-year-old Shirley Temple—left as a "marker" for an unpaid bet by a father who doesn't come back. The child is taken in by a gambler and soon picks up the slang and tough mannerisms of the race-track followers and mocks at her once-loved tales of brave knights and fair ladies. Even this hard-boiled crowd is not proof against the pathos of a child's disillusion and the upshot is a costume party, as hilarious and mad an affair as you ever saw, with gamblers and tough eggs rigged up in the armour of knights. You laugh at the riotous scene, but somehow the hush is close to weeps when to the scoffing child the racehorse becomes "a magic charger." "Sir Galahad, bravest of them all"—thus she sees the sad-eyed gambler, and the blonde blues singer in a night club to her child's eyes is Lady Guinevere.

I contend it's because grown-ups have again and again found—and lost—illusion that this scene makes throats choky. Blues singer and gambler, hearing a childish treble dub them Knight and Lady, see each other with new eyes—and the love affair starts.

If we saw the other person with the eyes of cold, hard fact and shrugged off fancy for reason, there'd be no love affairs. For without illusion this thing called love could not exist. We must have our hero- and heroine-worship. We must see our idols as we fondly believe them to be.

THAT'S why the mildest fault-finding hurts. If someone you're in love with sees flaws in you, you fear that illusion is about to be destroyed, that all is about to end between you.

That's why it's a risky business for a

Ralph Morgan proudly poses with daughter Claudia and newly acquired son-in-law, Robert Shippee, after the wedding ceremony.

girl to express herself out loud about a boy friend's little ways that she doesn't quite like. It may be his way of running his hand through his hair, when talking excitedly, and leaving a stray lock or so standing up ridiculously. Or his way of studding his conversation with gems like "Well, sa-ay, now!" and "Isn't that something!" Whatever it is, it's a damper on his belief that he's the big shot with her if she calls him sharply. Somehow the girl must occasionally give the impression—not that he's Sir Galahad—but the bravest, finest of men, to her.

And there's the girl's side of it. Suppose she's wearing a new frock she simply loves and knows she's looking her best. What a dash of cold water, then, if he looks her up and down and says, "Swell frock. But, darling, aren't you—ah—gaining again?" How can she feel but furious? If she flares up, it will ruin the evening in advance. Better to try humor—laugh or shrug. "I give up—you men are just too hard to please! And I was counting on your liking *this* dress." Chances are, he'll see he's been too blunt—and do something to make amends; perhaps ask you to stop at the corner florist's and select a corsage as a peace offering.

Don't think I mean there should never be criticism or differences between a man and a girl. That wouldn't be human. But I do warn you, use tact, not the hammer, in making your point, if the discussion takes a personal turn.

A man can always say to a girl, "I like your new dress—and it's becoming, and all that. But I always remember you in that little plaid you used to wear—not one in ten girls could have got by in *that* without looking hippy." And she may—just *may*—take the hint and watch the scales.

And a girl can spill her point deftly: "You know, I think you look cute when you get excited and muss your hair. But if I ever see Sally grin when you do it, I'll say something catty—and you wouldn't want me to do that—not at a dinner party, anyhow. Now would you?" He may heed this. And again he mayn't.

Anyhow, generally speaking, this is the safer way to go about it.

MAYBE it will surprise you when I claim disillusion has its distinct place, too. It's worth a lot to go through a siege of finding out that things—and people—are not all they seem. It's an experience, too, that most of us undergo, not once, but repeatedly. There are certain sweet souls who go through life believing those they love are perfect, remaining blind to imperfections where it would hurt to see them. Of course, if you are really in love, you can always manage an amused, tender toleration of the other person's little failings and weaknesses. If you go past that stage—where the toleration wears thin and the tenderness is strained to vanishing—then better call it a day. It's important to know when to decide "The chapter's ended."

To sum up in a few words, illusion is one of the strongest urges toward living—maybe the strongest. But illusion and thrill are not the whole answer, unless you add some reason, too.

Be reasonably human and make allowances, particularly with men friends: particularly when it's a love affair, because it's harder then. Don't demand perfection of love or anything else. Everyone gets a reasonable share of disillusion. Don't let it turn you cynical or "hard-boiled." Write disappointment down to experience and see if it hasn't made you wiser in sizing up the other sex. And never think you're through with illusion, for it has a way of reappearing, after you think you've learned to do without it.

● *"Well, well, am I feeling good this morning! All bathed and powdered and full of pep!... Got to work off steam somehow. Guess I'll try that somersault Brother Bill was trying to teach me yesterday."*

● *"Boy—what a queer feeling! Where do I go from here? This wrong-side-up business certainly gets a fellow hot and bothered... Gee, have I got enough nerve or haven't I? —Come on, you scare-cat—PUSH!"*

● *"Uump!—Ouch! Shucks, that was easy! I'd do it again—only I'm a little warm and tired. Better get Mother to give me another rub-down with my Johnson's Baby Powder. And listen, all you other baby athletes...*

● *"Tell your Mothers to test different baby powders with their finger-tips. They'll find some gritty—but Johnson's is softer than a bunny's ear. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either."*

Send 10c in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 135, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

The lines of
TOMORROW

start TODAY!

Practically all women have dry skin. Have you? Even if you think your skin is oily because of a shiny nose, look again.

In many cases women merely have oily areas . . . nose, chin . . . in fact, the very center of the face. But wrinkle areas, the result of dryness, are elsewhere.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream is a complete beauty treatment in itself and should be used freely over these dry areas to avoid "the lines of tomorrow." During the summer, more frequent use is necessary because of the drying effect of the sun and wind.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream comes in a large jar containing two full ounces. Due to large volume production, it is only 10¢, and available at your favorite 5 & 10¢ store. Absolutely pure, you will find it answers your problems of skin treatment. Try a jar today.

COLD
CREAM
A Pure
Cleansing
Cream
NET CONTS. 2 OZS.
Dixie Deb
NEW YORK
ATLANTA

One Girl's True Hollywood Experiences

(*Continued from page 49*)

learned, afterwards, they were stock girls there and higher in the caste scale than a mere nobody like me, just there for a test. A young fellow flopped into the chair next to mine. He glared at me.

"You in stock here?" he asked.

"No," I whispered.

"Well, y'oughta be," he snapped. "What's your name?"

"Eva Beryl Tree," I said.

"My Gawd," he yelled. "I'm Bob Evans!"

AND then, almost in the same breath, we pulled that inevitable line: "Well, isn't it a small world after all!" Our best friends, back in San Jose, were mutual ones; we'd each heard about the other often. We gossiped until I was late for rehearsal.

By late afternoon I was dead. "Ten o'clock tomorrow," said Pembroke, when I thought I couldn't ever repeat my lines a single time more. He patted me on the shoulder. "You're going to be all right," he said. That repaid me for the hours of hard work.

I was there early next day. Not a bit nervous, because I knew my lines backward and forward. I was all set for the test and feeling grand. Pembroke greeted me. "No test today, Eva. I didn't like the boy yesterday. He didn't help a bit. Here's a new one."

Down went my spirits. It meant another day of rehearsals. So we went at it again, hour after hour.

There was a bit that called for me to cry. I've always been able to weep at will. Now, tired as I was, I turned on the tears full blast.

The day finally came to an end. "Report at ten in the morning," said Pembroke, "to Mr. Phillips, the hairdresser. Tomorrow's the test."

I was there in the chair at ten and Phillips was working on my hair. He did it four or five ways, and gave me a finger wave. Then to the make-up man. Charles Dudley's his name. "Hello, my dear," he greeted me. I was used by now to being deared and honeyed and darlinged. I'd learned Hollywood talks that way to strangers. He babbled steadily while he worked on my face. In the mirror I saw every line, every mark on my features vanish under his wizardry. "This marriage business is a hell of a racket, isn't it?" he said. I didn't answer. He laughed. "I'm just a pessimist," he continued. I've seen him since, but I never did learn what he was talking about. When he was finished, I was beautiful.

Then to the stage. "Ready for the ordeal?" laughed Pembroke. He introduced me to the cameraman, the crew. The lad to play opposite me looked handsome. I remember a barrage of lights. I took my place in a big chair in the midst of them.

"Roll!" called Pembroke. The soft whir of the cameras. I forgot everything—studio, stage fright, camera, Pembroke—everything but the part. I was acting!

WE came to the part, finally, where I had to cry. Then, suddenly, I remembered the cameras. God, can I cry now, when I have to so much, I wondered, or would that faculty fail me at this crucial moment? I felt my eyes smart and the tears roll down my cheeks and thanked my lucky stars. I heard Pembroke yell, "cut!" The test was over.

Through a blur of tears, I saw the cameraman pop out from behind his camera and patter over to me. "Little girl," he said, "I've shot many tests, but I've never seen anybody as easy to work with as you."

I thanked him. There was a lump in my throat. It was because the test was over. I wanted it to go on and on. This was what I'd always wanted, I knew now.

"Good work, Miss Tree. You'll get something, don't worry," said another man. Pembroke was smiling happily. I stammered a few words of thanks to him. "I enjoyed it as much as you," he interrupted.

Well, it was over. It had seemed a quarter of an hour. I looked at my wrist watch and found it had taken five hours!

The phone was ringing when I got home. "It's Bob Evans. How about going to a show tonight with me and a girl?" I went and met another Hollywood girl. Geraldine Barton's her name and she's a perfectly gorgeous redhead.

"In pictures?" I asked.

"I was under contract at Warners," she said, "for six months."

I thrilled. "Must have been wonderful," I said.

"I didn't get a single part to play," she countered, "in all that time." And at the end of six months, she was let out. Will I, I wondered, be like that? That night, the last line I wrote in my diary is: 'What's the use?' "

THE next day began endless days of torture. I called Pembroke and asked how the test had come out. "Something went wrong with the sound, so we can't see it for several days," he said. I waited in agony for fear lest the test had been spoiled. I wasn't idle. I went to other studios; I'll tell about them later. But my whole heart and soul were wrapped up in that Fox test. I knew I'd done a good job of it; I knew I'd never made a better test, and so I thought:

"That Fox test will make or break me. If I don't land on that one, I don't know what I'll do." It grew to be an obsession.

Here's an entry in my diary, to show what happened to my nerves:

"Lunched in a Chinese restaurant and broke open one of those crackers and found a printed motto: All is not gold that glitters. I cried!" Now I ask you—is that screwy, or isn't it? But it shows how I was feeling those days. Finally, one day when I called Pembroke, he said:

"Come out to lunch. I want to talk to you."

He took me to see Friedman, the casting director. They told me then that they'd seen my test. At last!

"We all liked it," he said. My heart went singing to the skies, "but—"

My heart came crashing down again.

"But Mr. Sheehan has to see it." That was Winfield Sheehan, the big shot of the Fox studio. By the end of the week, they told me, they'd know whether I was to be a Fox starlet or not. Before I left the lot, I saw Miss Barclay, head of the Fox actors' school. "Your test," she told me, "was beautiful. I'm tremendously anxious to know what they're going to do for you."

"I'll call you, Eva," said Pembroke, as I said so-long that day, "as soon as I hear about you."

I went home like a queen. I felt sure I'd arrived. The test was good. They had all told me so. So what else was there? I asked myself. Sheehan? Well, if everybody else thought it good, certainly he would, too. I wondered how much money I'd be earning in a year.

It was exactly a week later that I awoke, one morning, with what they call "a woman's intuition" working at full force. It was as though a terrific weight lay on my chest. That's the only way I can describe it. The phone rang. I think, now, that I knew what it had to tell me, even before I lifted the receiver.

"It's Pembroke, Eva," came his voice. The world seemed to stop still as I waited for the next words, the words that would make or break me, I imagined.

"Everybody liked your test, Eva," he said. The weight lifted a bit on my chest, and hopes rose.

"But you—you look so much like somebody already on the lot," he said. I felt as though two giant hands had seized me and were squeezing the heart out of me. Pembroke was talking, but I caught only half of it.

"So we can't use you," he said. "You see, your type is already represented."

I CLOSED my eyes and felt dizzy. I imagined I ought to say something but couldn't think of anything. "And don't worry, Eva," Pembroke was saying.

I hung up the phone and began laughing like a fool. He'd told me not to feel badly, or something, hadn't he? Then suddenly I found myself standing in my bedroom staring at the wall. The laughter had stopped. My back ached, my eyes were hot and dry, my legs felt paralyzed. I know now that it was one of the greatest shocks of my life. And I know it's nobody's fault but my own. I'd left myself wide open for it. I'd counted too much on success and not at all on what had happened.

That night I went to dinner with the mother of one of my San Jose girl friends. Fate played a trick. At a nearby table in the little restaurant sat one of the men from Fox, one of the important ones I'd met during the time I'd been there. Somehow I gathered the courage to step over to him.

"Hello," I said. He actually blushed. Then he saw the ache in my eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's one of those things that happen in this business, Eva."

"Tell me," I begged, "just exactly why they turned me down."

"You looked too much like one of our stars," he said. It was what Pembroke had told me. But I wanted to know more.

"Like which of them?" I asked.

"Janet Gaynor," he said.

"And that is all that was wrong?" I asked. "Only that I looked like Janet Gaynor in the test?"

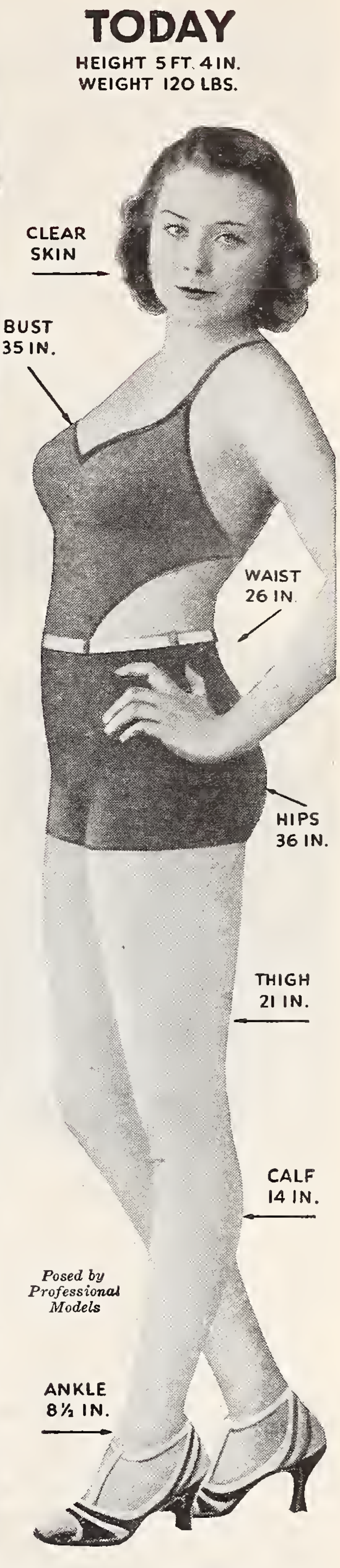
"In every other way," he said kindly, "you were perfect."

I thanked him. And wondered for the rest of a long sleepless night what all lay behind that. What if I did look like Janet Gaynor? Was that to mean I was to be barred forever from the chance at success that I'd earned in every other way? And why, why did it have to be Janet Gaynor—a star I'd always loved—that stood in my way?

I got up and switched on the light and stared at myself in the mirror. By no stretch of imagination could I detect even the faintest resemblance there to Janet Gaynor. But the camera does strange things, I guess.

I don't know when I got to sleep that night. I do know that for several days, the entries in my diary were simply: "Nothing to write about today." In short, I'd quit cold for a while. The shock of that experience was too much for me to

6 WEEKS AGO
Y-E-A SKINNY


TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
Posed by Professional Models
ANKLE 8½ IN.

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds —so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

When I think of the days I Lost

"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol.*

shake off with a grin.

I know that I seriously considered calling the whole thing off. I wanted to go back home to my mother. But somewhere from deep inside me came new courage. And one day, instead of misery, determination filled me as I woke.

I realized there were other studios, that I wasn't licked by a long way. I determined I'd try every studio in Hollywood before I'd call quits again. I'd had my wallop and Hollywood, I told myself, had nothing left to jolt me with now.

My, wasn't I simple to imagine that there was nothing that could jolt me anymore?

I'll tell you now that there was to come something that was to change my whole life, there was waiting for me even then, not a mile from where I sat on the side of my bed, that great experience which comes sooner or later to all women—to upset my every preconceived notion and plan, to turn topsy-turvy all my dreams of career and future.

Read the final chapter of Eva Beryl Tree's amazing story in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

What Are You Doing About Fall Clothes?

(*Continued from page 57*)

ditioned and in perfect shape.

Blouses with skirts are ace high in style. And what a break that is for us girls who are, and alas, must be, economically minded. One skirt—make it a good one—will carry numberless blouses of different colors and patterns.

Of course, you can wear a top-coat with the blouse and skirt combinations. It is good style and is being done in Hollywood and all over the country. But I'm all for suits. They are so practical and never have they been smarter than they are right now. I mean the really tailored, trig, fitted and plain suits. Tweeds are fine, but they do not lend themselves to so great a variety of blouses as do the plainer, less patterned materials. And a suit purchased now will be one of those stand-by garments to give you more wear possibly than anything else you own. Later in the winter your tweed coat or your fur one can be slipped right over the suit and you will be cozy and warm enough for any blizzard.

And give a thought to evening things. There are times when we all want to be dressy, and we can be just that this year. Now, after dark and on a party bent, you can go just as fancy as you please, for the fashion reports have it all fixed for period styles with a vengeance. Spanish is the big cry—you know, ruffles around the feet and all. Nice low, round lines about the shoulders with ribbons flying—very Spanish "dancerish."

BUT you needn't go "period" unless you really want to. The long, slinky lines of the modern school are longer and better than they ever were and the girl who favors sports things in the daytime, often does not wish to stay out of her chosen character just because the shades of night have fallen.

Bright colors are good, so wear them as brightly as you please or as the tone of your skin can stand, both for evening and daytime. But when you are dressing for the street or the office, remember that one spot of color is as good as—no, really, much better—than a whole splash of brightness. That's where your blouse idea comes in. There's nothing smarter than a yellow blouse with a brown suit, brown hat and brown accessories. Or a dark blue suit with a red blouse one day, a green one the next, a white one, a pink one—oh, any number of them, as long as the old budget can keep on handing out for new blouses.

Scott Photo

Four lovely ladies of the screen—Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, Virginia Bruce and Mona Maris—at Ernst Lubitsch's gay housewarming.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 68*)

private lives of screen stars as you did in your articles, "Are You Sick of Hollywood Divorces?" and "How Long Will Hollywood Protect Harlow?" in the August issue. You should be interested in their performances before the camera, not in their homes. Just because someone happens to be a screen star is no reason why his life should be inspected and torn apart like some specimen in a museum.

I maintain that they have the right to seek as many divorces and remarry as many times as they wish. It makes them more interesting—their lives are fuller. Why criticize them for doing what we would all like to do if we had the chance and dared. Gloria Swanson is as she is today because she has lived a full life. I have no patience with hare-brained moralists. They would make our movies such a sickening mess of tommyrot that no one could endure seeing them. As for Jean Harlow, she is one of the best actresses in pictures.

The sort of people I cannot stand are Jean Muir, Jean Parker, Elizabeth Allen, Margaret Sullavan, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor. They have no more personality than a goldfish. Why? Because they don't know what life is all about and never will.—*Myrtle Weaver, Sunfield, Mich.*

Willy Pogany Started Something

I certainly do not want Mr. Willy Pogany to select handsome men for me. John Boles is almost too handsome for any mere man to be and why shouldn't he know it? And he forgot Bob Montgomery, Warren William, Ric Cortez, Ronald Colman and Ralph Bellamy. And what's more, Clark Gable does not have a square head, his chin is not weak. He is altogether charming and charm is what we want.—*Claudia Lambe, High Point, N. C.*

You have pleased me very much by placing Edward G. Robinson among the ten handsomest men on the screen. While I have often been hooted at for calling Mr. Robinson handsome, there have been some who have agreed with me. I am happy to have so distinguished an artist as Pogany confirm my opinion.—*Grace Shaver, Hollywood, Calif.*

To call Warner Baxter the handsomest man in pictures is simply ridiculous. However, he does rate the term "good looking."

Ramon Novarro is beautiful, but who wants to see a beautiful man? It is more a term of reproach than of praise, I think.

I do not think John Barrymore is handsome.

John Boles is the personification of smugness and conceit.

Leslie Howard has a sensitive, refined face, but he is far, far from handsome.

It is beyond reason why anyone should even think for an instant of including Joel McCrea, Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson in any list of handsome men. Cagney is just unthinkable and Robinson is plain ugly. Why didn't Mr. Pogany include Jimmy Durante? (*You see, fans, selecting Hollywood's handsomest man is a pretty ticklish job and, after all, we're all entitled to our own opinions.*)—*A Fan, Washington, D. C.*

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!

STOP
MAKING UP
IN PUBLIC
• • •
MEN DETEST
THE INTRUSIVE
POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By Lady Esther

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

I wondered why my face always had a dull, pasty look until I discovered that I was using the wrong face powder that clogged my pores and irritated my skin. Fortunately, I found another powder—so delicate—so fine in texture that I never have that powdery look. It is called MELLO-GLO.

If you want a face powder that spreads with velvet-like smoothness, try MELLO-GLO. Don't worry about tiny lines and wrinkles. MELLO-GLO will hide them. I have simply amazed my friends with the magic of this wonderful face powder. They all say I look years younger.

WONDERFUL FACE POWDER
Stays On Longer

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful MELLO-GLO, the face powder that stays on longer. Apply it in the morning, and without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no pasty look. Perspiration does not show through. Prevents large pores. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of MELLO-GLO. One of the largest selling $1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

Good News

(*Continued from page 62*)

ONE of the most unexpected of the recent Hollywood marriages is Anita Page's and Macio Herb Brown's. They planned a honeymoon trip but M-G-M nipped that idea in the bud. Mr. Brown, it seems, must finish the musical score for "Student Tour."

JEAN'S FOUR-WHEEL BONUS

It happens just occasionally, but once in a while an actor or actress will get a bonus for some particularly good work. Rarely in cash, sometimes in studio stock, for instance. But Jean Parker is the first star to get a bonus on four wheels. M-G-M has presented her with a sport coupe as a reward for her first two years work. Which is nice, and certainly better than the Paramount stock that Buddy Rogers once got in lieu of $50,000.

THERE seems to be some question as to who is directing "The Red Head." Mel Brown hung his coat on the chair marked "director" and it was gone when he returned. The coat contained $200 cash, and Mel is wondering who it is who thinks he is the "director."

An M-G-M casting man was trying to sell William Powell on the idea of playing "the other man" in Garbo's picture "The Painted Veil." Bill just couldn't, or wouldn't see the part.

"Of course," soothed the official, "the role doesn't *read* so well. You don't like this fellow so well in the script, but with you playing it . . ."

". . . you'll hate him on the screen!" finished Bill.

P. S. He isn't going to do it.

THERE may be another West gal in the movies. Mae's sister, Beverly, has had three screen tests, and may accept the best offer to come from them. By the way, we saw Mae the other night wearing a pale pink dress with a pale blue hat. Came the stage whisper, "Censorship colors!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER has a yen for collecting overcoats. Whenever he sees one he thinks is distinctive, he buys it. He has overcoats from Paris, Vienna, Brussels, New York and just about every place else. "And making pictures in Hollywood," Maurice moans, "I hardly ever have a chance to wear one of them."

Everyone is worried about Ann Harding. Late at night and alone, 'tis said, she's been sighted driving like mad along lonesome roads. One of her friends explains that she sometimes gets that lonesome urge to hit the road and often races her long car as far as San Diego, one hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood. Won't somebody do something? After all, Ann!

KAY FRANCIS planned to be in a certain quaint little town in southern England during the month of August, and the news has reached us that Maurice Chevalier is quite outspoken about his plans "to spend a lot of his time in southern . . ." You can guess the rest of it!

Toby Wing just wired us from Jackie Coogan's ranch, where she is whiling away a couple of days, that in spite of all the stories saying she is (or will be) married to Mr. Coogan, she is not. And furthermore, she is really quite in love with an entirely different person, namely, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Tra-la.

The movies and the radio are just beginning a fight that may go on for years. Recently, a studio offered $20,000 for the script of "Polly Moran's Boarding House." That was as high as they would go. Yesterday, a radio studio bought the story for $130,000, half of which goes to the writers. Quite some difference between $20,000 and $65,000. Radio is waking up to the need for real writing and it might cost the movies plenty as a result.

MOST of the "tea talk" in Hollywood is reported to be about the "costumes" Alice Faye is wearing these evenings. Just last night, at the 50-50 Club, Alice appeared in a bright red dress with gobs of white fox and a white hat. And, as one gal put it, "What she couldn't wear, she carried!" Rudy should include wardrobe in his management contracts.

THISA AND THATA

Dick Powell's fan mail has jumped to 5000 letters a week . . . Russ Columbo's latest demand is for a "stand-in" . . . and Russ just turned down $7,500 for a week at the Chicago Fair . . . Pat O'Brien's new baby has been named Kathleen Mavoureen . . . Irene Dunne celebrated her wedding anniversary via long distance telephone . . . 'Tis said that Bing Crosby was confined to his bed after the twins were safely here—too much strain . . . The Biltmore Bowl has become the place to dance and dine . . . Since Wesley Ruggles directed his wife, Arline Judge, in "Shoot the Works," they get fan mail addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ruggles . . . Maxine Doyle lost ten pounds and is going places on the screen as a result.

AFTER turning down eighteen pictures since she left Warners, rumor has it that Ruth Chatterton is at last lending an ear to Columbia's offer. Seems they have a story that suits Ruthie veddy much and the lady is extra hard to please.

Many reports have it that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Lady Ashley are planning to return to Hollywood where Doug will make his next picture and Lady Ashley will "consider" several film offers that have been made to her.

This is very hard for the natives to believe, for Hollywood is staunch in its affection for Mary Pickford. Investigating around at the various studios, we are unable to find a single one that would admit having made offers to the titled lady from London. If it is true that she is to make a picture in our fair hamlet, there seems to be little doubt but that Doug will do the producing and financing himself.

POLA NEGRI is so anxious to stage a comeback in Hollywood that she is planning a tour of the country this fall in personal appearances, just by way of proving to the producers that her box-office appeal hasn't fallen off.

Connie Bennett is sailing for Europe soon. Perhaps that doesn't surprise you as much as it did the movie colony. Connie was planning to meet the Marquis in Honolulu where he would be stopping on his way back from picture shooting in China. Does the Paris move, instead, mean a divorce from Hank? There is also the rumor that Hank is going to come home the other way and will meet Connie in Paris, which might mean anything. Fun to watch, though.

HARPO MARX saw a little girl on the Paramount lot one day and immediately wanted to adopt her. Months later, he found out she was Shirley Temple, which is the first bet we've ever heard of Harpo losing. And what a bet Shirley is!

It just seems that a jinx follows Arline Judge to every party she attends. Her most recent mishaps were: skinned shins at the Carl Laemmle party; ditto at Herr Lubitsch's; and at another party last night Carmen Considine accidentally pushed a chair upon which someone had carelessly left a drink and the whole glassfull went in Arline's lap. A new evening gown, too! Undaunted, Arline announced she was versatile and dispatched the chauffeur for "her *other* gown." Presto, a quick change and the party was on again.

CHARLIE LAUGHTON pulled one on a cameraman the other evening that won't help him with the press. After promising to allow the man to shoot his picture "if you will come over to my car—away from the crowd," Charlie jumped into his hack and demanded that the chauffeur drive away immediately. The cameraman yelled, "Howz about it?" Laughton smiled. "Veddy, veddy sorry ol' chap, couldn't be bothered, don't you know." And if I know the camera boys he won't *be—not for a long, long spell.*

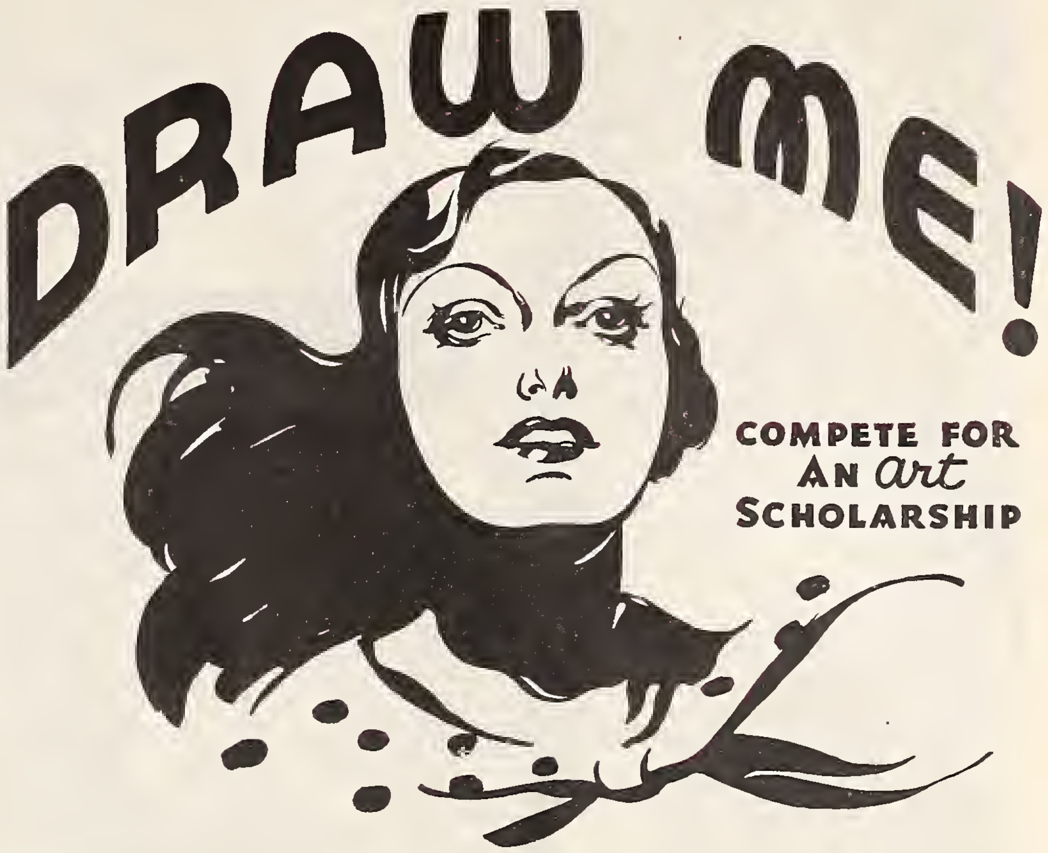
Mae West is having to advertise her own picture (I mean literally) in London. Paramount was so afraid of the censors there that the picture is being shown without benefit of a title. The only advertising feature to identify the film is a huge silhouette of Mae over the theatre. That should tell 'em plenty!

Lupe's decision to return to Johnny (what, again?) was a swell idea as far as her servants were concerned. The day she announced her separation, her three servants wanted to bet her $25 apiece that she would back out of it. She paid them off today. The lawyer, so we hear, was a bit used to the Velez mind-changing and demanded his fee regardless of the final outcome. $1,500! All in all, $1,575. Some fun!

AFTER trying "That St. Louis Woman" and finding that the outcry was just as heavy as the one that greeted "It Ain't No Sin," Paramount tried "The Belle Of New Orleans" on the new and muchly-battered Mae West flicker. The woman's clubs of that city rose up in wrath at the idea and so still another title is being tried, "Belle of the Nineties," which the boys say can only be objected to by the Smithsonian Institute! What next?

John Gilbert is keeping the location troupe of "The Captain Hates The Sea" very much on the hep; in fact, 'tis rumored he's been keeping them in hot water most of the time, and that the boat, hired at a large cost for a stated time, will have to be re-hired because of the delay. Come, come Jack!

GO TO THE MOVIES!


DRAW ME!
COMPETE FOR AN Art SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 4½ inches high, on paper 8 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 25th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

• FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC. •

1029 D Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

How a **"scrap of paper"** *led me to loveliness*

I wish every girl could read my story and find out how easy it is to become lovely. I used to be considered plain and seldom was asked to parties. I brooded over my unpopularity until I became so sullen and sad that everybody let me alone.

That was a lucky day when I wandered into the 10¢ store and took the free perfume card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer. Girls, that little "scrap of paper" changed my whole life. I gasped with pleasure at the exquisite perfume and bought a bottle immediately. I bought the other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, too, because the salesgirl told me they were "certified to be pure" and as fine as a $2 or $3 quality.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. My mirror told me that I had never looked so lovely before and I started for the office smiling. Both men and girls were friendlier and soon I began to be asked for dates.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer . . . you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy the Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Beauty Aids . . . only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

BLUE WALTZ
FACE POWDER

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

THE INFORMATION DESK

N. F. G., Short Hills, N. J.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, and it is quite true that Frank Borzage discovered her when she was dancing in a Dublin café in 1929. If you didn't see her in "The Thin Man," you will still have another chance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

JANET WINGETT, Bronx, N. Y.; JEAN BELLAMY, Scarsdale, N. Y. and THEDA—That fascinating Bellamy person (Ralph, of course) was born June 17, 1904 in Chicago, Ill. You may write him at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. He was very much on the stage before giving the movies a break, having played in stock companies in at least twelve cities in the United States, besides playing on Broadway. Catherine Willard is his wife, and they have no children. He is scheduled to appear in "Girl in Danger" and "Woman in the Dark." "Secret Six" was released May 3, 1931 and the cast is as follows: Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau, Paul Hurst, Clark Gable, Ralph Bellamy and John Miljan.

MILDRED E. ERIKSON, South Bellingham, Wash.—Anna Sten warbled, crooned or what-have-you "That's Love" in her first American picture, "Nana." And don't forget you will have the thrill of seeing her soon in "We Live Again" with Fredric March.

ROSWELL GRANT, Woonsocket, R. I.—But yes, Evelyn Laye has up and signed a contract with M-G-M under which she and Ramon Novarro are set to make "In Old Vienna."

TANIA HOWATH, Pittsburgh, Pa.; CONNIE LAMAR, Los Angeles, Calif.; B. B., New York City; ALICE MONROE, Kansas City, Mo.; ALEXANDER, Lancaster, Pa.; B. M. I., Forreston, Tex.; E. C. BLOSS, Allentown, Pa.; DEIRDRE FALLON, Newark, N. J.; F. S. Washington, D. C.; BRUCE CARTER, Port Byron, N. Y.; and JEAN WURSTER—Dearie me! Is this popularity or merely an enigmatic personality? Hope I can satisfy you all. Gene Raymond, whose real name is Raymond Guion, was born in New York City, August 13, 1908 (which will make him 26 by the time you read this.) He is descended from a French Huguenot family. He left grade school at four, and enrolled in the Professional Children's School in New York where he stayed until 1924 when he made his stage debut in "The Potters." He has been in the movies since 1931. He likes solitude, long drives, horseback riding, tennis, golf, blue and green, thick steak, politics, fan mail and to be asked for his autograph. (Here's your chance!) He hates shopping, entertaining, jewelry on men and having "still" pictures taken. His favorite book is Dumas' "Three Musketeers." He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair (almost platinum). His last picture was "Sadie McKee" in which he himself sang "All I Do Is Dream of You," and he will be in "Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round" and "Sure Fire."

MISS M. L. WILENT, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. M., Meriden, Conn.—"The Mad Game" is the name of the gangster picture Spencer Tracy recently played in with Claire Trevor and Ralph Morgan. He is scheduled to appear in "Marie Galante" for Fox. His address is Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.

MURIEL CHAPELLE, Toronto, Ont., Canada, and JOANNE AMES, Camden, N. J.—Douglass Montgomery (formerly known as Kent Douglass) was born October 29, 1909. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Yes, he played in "Waterloo Bridge" with Mae Clarke, and after his great success in "Little Man, What Now?" he is going to make "Zest" and "Music in the Air." You are quite right, Joanne. "Spitfire" was at one time called "Trigger."

ELIZABETH V., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Ronald Colman, born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, attended Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex. He got his first job with a steamship company as office boy at $2.50 a week when he was 16. He played in school theatricals and for four years belonged to the London Scottish Regiment. In the World War he saw action in the first battle of Ypres and at Messines, but broke his ankle and was discharged. In 1920 Mr. Colman came to America, and in 1922 made his screen debut with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." I hope you saw him in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

MOLLIE M., Vancouver, B. C., Canada; GLADYS MEJIN, New York City—Here is the answer to your question, and more, too. Elissa Landi, born December 6, 1904 in Venice, Italy, nearly encircled the globe in her travels by the time she was two, when she was being taken from Italy to Vancouver. She returned to Italy when she was seven. Began her education in Bavaria and continued it in London and on the Continent, first in private schools and then with tutors. She will appear shortly in "The Count of Monte Cristo" with Robert Donat.

DOROTHY FREY, Bronx, N. Y.—Charley Grapewin was William Bakewell's brother in "The Quitter." He was also in "Hell and High Water." You will be able to see him again in "Caravan" and in "Judge Priest." He was born December 20, 1875.

KATHLEEN MASTROIANM, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada; ROSE MARIE FRANKLYN, Christine, Tex.—Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He prepared for college at the Hill School, and while at Cornell was an Alpha Delta Phi and also earned his Phi Beta Kappa key. He likes golf, swimming, tennis, theatres, movies and night clubs (just a playboy at heart,) and let's not forget Joan Crawford! In 1932 he played with Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex." In 1933 he was in: "Today We Live," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Stranger's Return," "Midnight Mary," "Stage Mother," "Bombshell" and "Dancing Lady." "Moulin Rouge," "Sadie McKee," "Born To Be Kissed" and "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll, the English actress, of "I Was a Spy" fame, are his latest. His next is "Straight Is the Way."

C. A. HOWARD, Rutland, Vt.—Charles Laughton's wife, Elsa Lanchester, played the part of Ann of Cleves (and marvelously, too) in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Furthermore, she will have a featured assignment in Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette." And don't forget! Friend hubby will be holding forth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

E. M. B., Jersey City, N. J.; LILLIE SCIARABBA, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. M., New York City; FLORENCE LONGUIDICE, Chicago, Ill.—Dorothy Wilson was born in Minneapolis. She is 5 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 103 pounds. She has beautiful white teeth, brown hair and blue eyes. She likes to travel, ride horseback and bicycles. She also likes Thousand Island dressing, new places, buttermilk, Myrt and Marge. She hates carrots, painted fingernails, overshoes, surf-riding and crowds. The only character I remember whose name even resembles "Giggles" in "Eight Girls in a Boat," was "Pickles," which part was taken by Barbara Barondess herself. No wonder you thought she looked like Barbara Barondess! Miss Barondess has the following pictures to her credit: "Soldiers of the Storm," "Hold Your Man," "When Strangers Marry," "Devil's Mate," "Queen Christina" and "Change of Heart," and she will be in "The Fountain" with Ann Harding. Dorothy Wilson, whom you can reach at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., has been in these pictures: "Age of Consent," "Lucky Devils," "Men of America," "Scarlet River," "Before Dawn," "Above the Clouds," "Eight Girls in a Boat" and "His Greatest Gamble."

MARGUERITE PETERMANN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born August 13, 1904 (not so unlucky, at that.) His first picture was "Fascinating Youth" but his first big chance was in "Wings."

BETTY DUNGAN, West Newton, Mass.—Helen Twelvetrees, née Jurgens, was born December 25, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was educated in the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, the Art Students League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She likes swimming, golfing, riding, painting and home-making. In fact, she seems to be doing a good job of it for her husband, Frank Woody, and for her baby, Frank Woody, Jr.

EDWARD J. BROWN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dolores Del Rio, who was born Dolores Asunsalo (Del Rio was the name of her first husband), in Durango, Mexico, is descended from one of Mexico's most distinguished old families, which came originally from Spain.

WANDA ETHEL WESTOVER, Alliance, Ohio—Yes, indeedy, you saw Winifred Westover in "Lummox" with Ben Lyon and Wm. Collier, Jr. Furthermore, that was her first and last picture.

A. S. N., Pa., PEGGY DURAND, Corona, N. Y.—Joel McCrea, born November 5, 1905, in South Pasadena, Calif., attended Hollywood High School and Pomona College. Is 6 feet 2, has brown hair and blue eyes, likes swimming, tennis, riding and Frances Dee, his wife. That young lady, who was born November 26, 1907, in Los Angeles, is 5 feet 3 and has the same brand of hair and eyes as her husband. Miss Dee recently appeared in "Of Human Bondage."

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Love That Failed

(*Continued from page 50*)

He married an actress, but it didn't "take" and Jack was pretty much disillusioned over it. Each had been too ambitious, it seemed, and their careers had clashed.

"THIS business of wives being tied up in careers is the bunk," Jack once declared. "If I ever marry again, I'm going to pick some dumb gal, pretty enough to work in the act but without a grain of ambition and no desire to do anything but be my wife and travel around with me. That's the only life for a vaudevillian!"

Ever hear that line about "tempting fate?" Well, the next wife Jack picked was pretty, all right, but she was about as dumb as Peggy Hopkins Joyce and she had as much ambition as a "Follies" beauty.

It was Ginger!

The little Rogers girl lived in Dallas a few years and then finished growing up in Forth Worth, Texas. But Jack had been away from the neighboring city about five years by the time Ginger was old enough to attract attention as an entertainer in the two towns. Of course she knew who Jack was, as did everyone else, for he was the living example of the local boy who made good.

Jack had never heard of Ginger until she had jumped into a vaudeville contract after winning Charleston dancing trophies all over the state. After a whirlwind tour of the southwest, she went to Chicago and landed a job as torch singer in a Publix unit show. Mama Rogers went along, as they were as inseparable then as they are today.

One week, while Ginger's show was playing one theatre, across the street in a rival house, the name of Jack Pepper—his professional billing—appeared in lights. They met at an after-the-show party. And things began to happen fast. Before the party was over, Ginger and Jack knew that Cupid had marked them.

By coincidence, the Publix unit and Jack's vaudeville bill played rival houses in the same cities for the succeeding three weeks. Thus Ginger and Jack were together constantly.

Folks back in Texas learned of the romance and everybody prophesied marriage. After all, Ginger was cute and she had a little talent, they agreed, but she'd never be really big time. Jack had lots of talent, but he was satisfied now with vaudeville. She would probably join Jack's act and they'd be happy as larks. Tricky billing they'd have, too—"Ginger and Pepper." Pretty cute.

But those prophets didn't reckon with the tremendous ambition and real talent of Ginger's. So things turned out differently.

NEW ORLEANS was the last town in which their shows played together; after that their routes diverged. But if they were to be separated by unfeeling show bookers, at least they could know they belonged to each other "till death us do part."

They had a gala wedding on the stage one night after the show. Everybody from the two theatres, still in make-up, was there, as a preacher, hurriedly called from a nearby church, read the marriage ceremony.

Jack was twenty-five, Ginger seventeen. And so began their married life—a pa-

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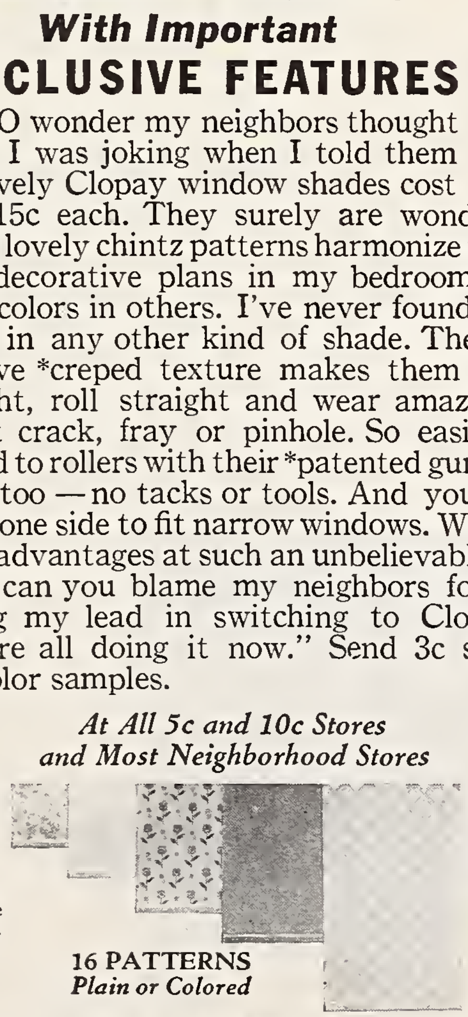

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thetic one, because it was doomed from the first, despite the fact that they adored one another.

Their courtship had not been altogether serene. Mrs. Rogers had not approved of it. She argued and reasoned with Ginger; she begged and pleaded with Jack. Ginger was nothing but a child, she insisted. She hadn't had time to see if she had real ability, or to decide whether she preferred marriage or a career. And Mrs. Rogers was convinced that the two wouldn't mix. Couldn't they wait?

No, they couldn't! They were in love. Mrs. Rogers resisted until the preacher stepped before them. And then she hushed. Gallantly, she accepted defeat and refused, she promised, ever to be a meddlesome mother-in-law. She'd be a good loser, give them her blessing and wish them happiness.

Thus began a hectic married life. Separated immediately, they continued thus most of the three years they were man and wife. For Ginger didn't join the act, and she didn't like being called Ginger Pepper, even if it was cute. Much as she loved her Jack, she was Ginger Rogers and she was going to be a success in her own right and she'd never be content with vaudeville. She tried to instill new ambition in Jack. He shouldn't be content either with vaudeville for the rest of his life. Why not get the big plums in this business?

Ginger and her mother set out to get them, while Jack continued in the three-a-day, hoping that Ginger would eventually see that she didn't have a chance on Broadway and would then join his act.

Some people say she married Jack for what he could do for her and left him when she overtook him on the ladder to success. That is not true.

She married Jack solely because she loved him, and the only person who helped her get where she is today was her mother. Lela Rogers gave up a good newspaper job in Fort Worth to be with her daughter. Together they planned Ginger's career, playing in units until she had sufficient experience to try Broadway.

NO chorus work for Ginger, once they reached the Main Stem. She was going to start in something good or they'd go back to torch songs for Publix, insisted Mrs. Rogers, as they made the rounds of managers. As a result of their persistence, Ginger got the second lead in "Top Speed" on Broadway, the lead in Gershwin's "Girl Crazy," and then stepped into pictures in Paramount's Long Island studios. Yes, she was now going places!

Meantime Jack still plugged along in vaudeville. And no doubt he saw the writing on the wall. He had stood still while Ginger forged ahead.

No marriage can survive three years of separation, broken infrequently with hurried week-ends or brief visits "between engagements." After all, the postman isn't Cupid and a marriage can't endure on a diet of long distance phone calls, letters and telegrams. Ginger at last acknowledged that it wouldn't work. There was simply no use in going on.

So they parted and were divorced two years ago.

It was almost more than Jack could take, for he still adored this girl he had married. And it was a long time before he could face a future without her. Today he is still in vaudeville, directing an orchestra and headlining bills wherever he plays.

As for Ginger, her eyes filled with tears when a Texas judge handed her her divorce decree.

Ginger and her mother left immediately for Hollywood. And you all know what progress she's made. Ginger's getting right along, as they say in Texas. And I expect she'll climb a lot higher, for she knows definitely what she wants. And that is to gain great success as an actress and to make a million dollars. With those ambitions realized, she's told her old friends, she'll consider trying matrimony again and making a career of that. But until that day comes, marriage is definitely "out."

For Mother Rogers insists that two careers won't mix. And Ginger is now convinced that "Mother knows best."

Will Maureen Marry Johnny?

(Continued from page 41)

sions are motivated by selfishness. We feel better inside when we acknowledge or confess we have done wrong in the past, but the person who loves us does not feel better when he hears it. Digging up old, forgotten skeletons is very hard on love.

"I have never regretted anything I have ever done, because I have always done what, at the moment, seemed to me to be the real, right thing. Some very wise person once said that 'the man who never makes mistakes is the man who never does anything.' I believe this is true. We climb by our mistakes, if we don't let them get us down. I am a very foolish, quixotic, idealistic sort of person and I make many mistakes, but I like to believe that, because of my mistakes, I am a better girl today than I was yesterday, that I will be a better and stronger girl tomorrow than I am today.

"I won't say I regret anything. Only sometimes I wish I had married when I was seventeen or eighteen. I think the greatest chance of happiness lies in early marriages. Young girls and boys have such definite ideas about what they want of life, what they want to give life. Then, if they wait until they have seen too much of life, they begin to soften their opinions and beliefs, round off the corners and whittle them down to fit the ordinary standards of living.

I WORSHIPPED my father, when I was a little girl. We were terribly fond of each other. I think that is why I make friends with men so easily. I know I think like a man and I have a man's outlook on life. I got that from being with father so much. He is very ill. That is why I want to hurry back home. He was seriously injured in the war and he has never been really well since.

"When we are married, I don't want to live the year round in Hollywood. I would like to live at least part of each year near London. I would like a small country home. The country, fresh air and freedom is necessary to my happiness.

"I can almost see those bright, green rolling hills of Ireland, with their little glens and running streams, with everything so quiet, unhurried and peaceful.

"I want Johnny to love my home, my folks, my Ireland. He will, I know. Everyone does who sees it and them. I have no intention of bringing my little sister to Hollywood when I return. I don't know how this rumor started. Sheila

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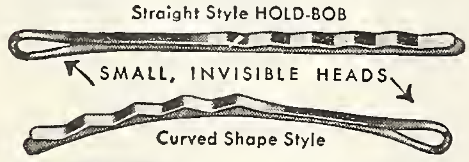

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is only thirteen. I came over too early for safety really, and I was eighteen. No, I would not want her to come to Hollywood now for several years anyway."

Maureen and Johnny have had their love for each other tested in many strange and trying fires. Separation, misunderstanding, distance and sorrow. And it has come through, fine and clean. Whatever the world may say will matter not one whit to these two when they finally become man and wife. They are approaching marriage in a spirit of humility that bids well for endurance.

Johnny is a strange and quiet man, a mysterious person, really. But little Maureen is a mystery herself. There are lots of thoughts going on behind those clear, blue-gray eyes of hers that are never brought to the surface and dragged out for the world to see. She has lived through many strange and hard experiences. As a child, she lived through the horrors of London war raids. During one of them, a man ran up and pounded on her door, after he was dead. His head was practically severed, but he was already in the act of running and he kept on going after life had left his body. Maureen and her nurse both saw him. The nurse became hysterical and Maureen held her in her baby arms all night and comforted her. She told me about it once in a matter-of-fact manner. The thing is not impossible. I know it is true. I have shot antelope through the heart and had them run on for fifty, even sixty yards after they were dead.

MAUREEN is self-reliant and positive. She has the courage of her convictions, has always had. To illustrate, once when she was about ten years old, she entered a butcher's shop in Ireland and saw a sheep's carcass, newly killed, quivering on a nail. She indignantly demanded that the proprietor of the shop put the animal out of its misery. Since it was still moving and pulsing, the man could not convince her that the sheep was dead. She marched out of the shop and hunted up a humane officer and had him come and investigate.

The incident is so typical of Maureen. She is the bravest girl I know. If she thought anything were right, she would not hesitate to stand by her convictions, if the whole world were arrayed against her.

I like her tremendously, because in all of Hollywood's maze and labyrinth of lost illusions, broken dreams and glittering untruths, she has kept her own dreams and ideals intact. A miracle, when you stop to consider that she came to America at the age of eighteen. She is now twenty-three.

The five formative years of her life have been spent in the hardest testing ground of character in the world. Yet here she is, the one and practically only girl I can think of off-hand, who is as sweet and unspoiled as she was when she came to us.

I do not know Johnny very well. He is shy and reserved. Yet it does not take second sight to see that he and Maureen understand and find happiness in each other's company.

I want this marriage to be successful and to bring Maureen all of the things she has missed in screen success. She is too big to be satisfied with laurel leaves and recognition. She is utterly feminine at heart. She wants to love and be loved.

Hollywood can worry about her all it wants to. I am not going to lose a minute's sleep over her, or what marriage will do to her. I know that she is putting her whole heart and life into the venture and, since we usually get back what we give, marriage will not prove "half-a-loaf" for her.

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Hollywood Over-rates Romances

(*Continued from page 55*)

replied quickly and emphatically, "Oh, no! I assure you. She looks after me much too well. She is very sensible about those things. The time taken for a snack to eat, and post mortems on the fights, wouldn't have been as prolonged had she been home."

After a moment or two of deliberation, he said, in quiescent, meditative manner, "I suppose really the reason so many marriages end quickly in Hollywood is because of the sophomoric approach to romance. Hollywood is make-believe and tremendously sentimental and naïve. Romance is as great a part of it as cameras and lights.

"Everything in Hollywood is supposed to last. Whereas, nothing is truly permanent here. Neither careers, fame, riches, nor romance. Nothing could be more false, as I see it, than the premise that romance must continue unceasingly through marriage. It can't last. It shouldn't. If ever it did there would be something wrong with it.

"I think in Hollywood, where everything assumes a false value, an actor or an actress who marries expects too much from the very start. And when there isn't perfection immediately, they run away from marriage in order to escape reality and to be able to return to their world of make-believe."

I ASKED Mr. Howard whether he thought two players should marry, and whether an Englishman's point of view on marriage differed from a Hollywoodite's.

"It seems to me it would be frightfully difficult for an actor and an actress to be wed. I realize that they would have strong mutual interests, but their very similarity would be against one of the fundamental reasons for success in matrimony, which is the avoidance of monotony and dullness. I think it best for an actor or actress to marry out of the profession.

"Yes, I suppose everything that I say and think reflects an Englishman's training and psychology. Our whole system of education is to develop national spirit in the individual. We are very proud of this. We aim to extend this spirit to the institution of marriage also. I think you will nearly always find an English couple extremely earnest in their efforts to preserve the 'holy state of matrimony.' We do everything possible to avoid divorce, and our stern British divorce laws also are designed toward that end.

"We regard marriage as a great institution. Children are the pillars of it. We build and strengthen the structure from those pillars. They are the all-important equation in the marital union. It seems to me that when couples are able to have a family, and don't, they must have a strange sort of courage and easy philosophy to be able to continue on. The whole purpose of marriage is to have children, to build for future generations. If not, why marry?"

Mr. Howard is educating his children in England rather than America. I asked him why?

"Well, for one thing we have bought a lovely old Tudor house in the country, in Surrey. My family for several generations has come from that part of England. The house, consequently, has tradition for us. It is a wonderful place for the children. They can have a grand time of it there. We have thirty acres of ground and they may have horses and animals, which they love.

"The other reasons are that the children both prefer England for school, especially the boy, Ronald, who had a most unhappy experience in American schools, when he was in this country two years ago. And then Mrs. Howard and I both believe that the children should be brought up with the same mental training as our own.

ABOUT Ronald's experience. We had him in a New York public school, but soon found that we were putting him at a disadvantage, because he was being teased by the other boys and girls about his accent. He immediately changed it, and then he was using two accents, one at home and another at school. We felt if he continued in school here and became Americanized, we should become so ourselves—which is not the simplest thing to do. But we felt definitely then that the boy and girl both should either remain English or become Americanized. There must be a decision in such a matter. The children decided themselves in favor of continuing their education over in England.

"It is a great sacrifice for us to be away from them during their school terms. But we feel we are doing what is best, and it is better to be separated for a period each year than to be completely alienated from your own. I have seen some of the children of English parents in Hollywood and they are entirely different from their fathers and mothers. I just can't seem to connect the children with their parents at all. The sympathy is lost between them when the lives and training are different from their parents.

"Then again, I do know that the culture in England has many centuries behind it, and that the training on the whole is very satisfactory, because it is not easy, not soft. My children can always explore new things when they are older, after the first bricks are laid."

Getting back to the ever-present divorce disease in Hollywood, I asked Leslie Howard whether he thought the wife of an actor should sever the bonds of matrimony if ever he were guilty of transgression.

"Most men," he replied, "in any walk of life, have temptation pass their ways sooner or later. Actors are no exceptions to this rule. In fact, they are rather generously included. A mild flirtation, a minor transgression, or a major one—these are offenses which every wife handles in her own way, naturally. But I believe the wise wife regards marriage as an institution erected to withstand just such happenings.

"It has always seemed to me that the wife in Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows' revealed infinite wisdom when she observed: 'Woman was not created from man's rib, but from his funny bone.' I know a wife like that!"

From Mr. Howard's closing remark, following his illuminating commentaries on marriage and divorce in Hollywood, I should say that successful marriages might be traced directly to wives with a sense of humor—and divorces to wives totally lacking in one.

Clean pictures, yes. But fanatical reform, never!

What They Think of Censorship

(Continued from page 29)

to my mind, clearly intended to point out the very real danger in that sort of conduct both to the doctor and the nurse. He wasn't dealing with two individuals, but was preaching to all doctors and all nurses in all hospitals the world over, and to all potential medical students and student nurses as well.

"It was as though some professor, in whose knowledge, experience and kindliness the audience reposed complete confidence, had addressed them relative to that important pitfall and stressed the importance of avoiding it. Can it be justifiably said that the playwright had something immoral in mind when he wrote that scene?

"I don't think the industry needs a class of supervisors who are specialists in the psychology of mental defectives. It should be sufficient if they have a general understanding of moral concepts, and a knowledge of the viewpoints of normal children and adult men and women, who may still be susceptible to suggestions. Thus they could retain the ideas which the author had in mind, while removing material which might cause an ill effect.

"Of course, there is room for improvement in pictures, but an onslaught which comes from not altogether disinterested sources need not be accepted as sane or sound. On the contrary!"

That's what one tolerant, keen-minded and clean-minded leader in the field of law had to say. Let's visit another member of the bar.

INTERVIEWED in his office, Samuel Untermyer, nationally known lawyer, took time out from a mass of corporation reports to give you, the movie-goer, his opinion on a subject of vital interest to you. Calling his secretary, Mr. Untermyer dictated this exclusive statement for MODERN SCREEN.

"I am, on the whole, in sympathy with the movement of the Catholic clergy to censor moving pictures, which may be fairly said to be, today, the chief source of public entertainment and, in many respects, of public education. It would be a misfortune to impair their usefulness or popularity, but it is equally important to limit them to wholesome and legitimate lines.

"It is beyond question that motion pictures unduly stress and exaggerate sex and crime, but it may be that such emphasis on the more exciting phases of life is essential to sustain dramatic interest. Pictures do not overdo these topics any more than does the contemporary stage.

"The constant glorification of gangsters in the movies is definitely demoralizing, especially where they are made to appear as heroes and heroines. Even though they are frequently punished as the picture ends, that does not offset the evil. Far too great a proportion of the pictures are of that class. Detectives stories are, however, frequently tainted with the same vice. The great dramatists and novelists are too little drawn upon for material, of which there is an abundance.

"*I am satisfied that, on the whole, adequate editing by the producers could remove most of the evils of which complaint is now partly justly and partly unjustly made.* I hope, however, that nothing will be done to impair the popularity of moving pictures. They, together with the radio and the phonograph, have done so much

There's good news going 'round ...has anyone told you?

COME ON, SUE! THE BIJOU'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FARTHER.
I'M STOPPING HERE. I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE PUTTING ON EAST LYNNE! SORRY, JANE, BUT THOSE TWO BLOCKS MIGHT AS WELL BE TWO MILES.
TICKETS
LOOK! "SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF." I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THAT ACT.
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW HOW IT FEELS! I'M SO CHAFED I COULD SCREAM!
THEN HERE'S WHERE I DO MY ONE GOOD DEED TODAY. YOU'VE NEVER USED MODESS, HAVE YOU?
NO...I'VE ALWAYS USED ANOTHER BRAND.
TRY MODESS. IT'S AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT TYPE OF SANITARY NAPKIN. THE ONLY ONE THAT HAS ZOBEC!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A SPECIAL LAYER OF DOWN JUST UNDERNEATH THE SOFT GAUZE. MODESS IS MADE OF FINER MATERIALS PUT TOGETHER IN A BETTER WAY.
THE NEXT DAY...
SUE...THANKS A LOT! I'VE TRIED MODESS, AND I'LL NEVER USE ANY OTHER NAPKIN. WHY IT'S SO SOFT AND COMFORTABLE I CAN FORGET I'M WEARING IT!
Modess
Vacation Special
2 BOXES MODESS and TRAVEL PACKAGE 4 NAPKINS 39¢
TRAVEL PACKAGE
The Modess Corporation

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For a limited time only—two regular boxes of Modess (12 napkins in each box) with special gift "Travel Package" of 4 Modess napkins . . . All for 39c

At your druggist's, or your favorite department store

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Use Travel Package first. If Modess is not the finest sanitary napkin you have ever tried, you may return unopened the full size packages to the Modess Corporation for refund.

MODESS
STAYS SOFT IN USE!

THE NEW MODESS BOX IS IN BLUE AND GRAY WITH A CONVENIENT SIDE OPENING

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "will you?"

Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. *Soft, natural lips.* Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color . . . color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips . . . so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE — ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose — the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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to brighten life in the farming districts and small communities, besides which they have been an educational force. Through them our rural population has been able to see the world and to broaden its outlook on life. They have stilled the impatience of youth in rural communities and have made life on the farm not only more endurable but pleasurable."

And now let's turn to a spokesman in the industry—Carl Laemmle, highly respected head of Universal Pictures. "I am wholeheartedly for clean pictures; have always been," Mr. Laemmle has told representatives of his world organization. "I think the situation is being painted blacker than it really is. The average picture is clean and wholesome. There have been some exceptions, I am sorry to say, but they are a very, very small percentage compared to those that are good and elevating. We have had a 'white list' at Universal studios since 1925, and I am proud of Universal's record of clean, entertaining pictures. *We welcome constructive criticism, but we are against fanatical reform.* We can be 'clean' without being prudish. Double meanings should not be read into every line of screen dialogue. I have pledged my company to make entertainment for the whole family, and we are set to meet such an obligation."

TWO famous stars take up the argument—John Boles and Irene Dunne, appearing together in "The Age of Innocence." John Boles says:

"Talking pictures have been the largest single factor in education that has entered human lives since the dawn of time.

"Talking pictures brought good music into the lives of the great masses who prior to that time had no opportunity to hear it. The pictures showed the people of the world how other men lived in remote places where the great majority had no chance to visit. Pictures presented a fashion parade in a Paris salon to the man and woman in the small town who had only the country store. They took every one who wanted to go, on a big game hunt or a fishing trip. They put every citizen in intimate contact with the outstanding figures in politics, finance, business, the church and social life.

"In other words the pictures have given the man in the street a trip around the world and a liberal education."

And Irene Dunne states:

"There have been unwholesome pictures, but there have been many more fine ones which have implanted ideals of good living in the minds of millions of people. In the majority of instances, virtue has been rewarded and vice punished. The finer qualities of courage, honesty and loyalty have been glorified, even when the text of the picture was not what it should have been. If people want salacious books, they are easily found, but the good ones are in the majority. The same is true of pictures. It is the duty of mothers and fathers to censor the pictures their children shall see and if parents do this and also stay away themselves, the bad pictures soon will die of starvation."

Now let's ask somebody in a different field—a great radio star—Rudy Vallee. "Gangster pictures have their place," he said, "but not the type they are screening now. You've got to show that it's the public who gets the kick in the pants from gangdom. Sure, they show the gangster abusing the hero on the screen and finally coming to no good end. But that doesn't drive it home. *Somebody should make a gangster picture showing that it's you and I who pay for the crook's cars, apartments and yachts*—and not indirectly, through taxes used to support the peace officers who fight crime.

"We should be shown pictures driving home the fact that when a racketeer levies a protection tribute from the laundries, the dry cleaners, the garages or any other legitimate business, the concerns must raise their prices ten or fifteen per cent in order to pay. It's we who foot the bill.

"I don't mean that purely educational pictures should replace all others. Human interest could be and should be employed to drive home the information.

"Then, too, the responses to pictures are well-nigh unpredictable. I was amazed one day while in a newsreel theater to hear some people actually applaud a picture of Dillinger. Many of the audience hissed, of course, but some really did applaud. I can understand people admiring and applauding great artists, athletes and statesmen. But to applaud a deadly criminal—it's beyond me!

"I find the censors one of the most amazing phenomena of the entire astonishing picture business. They sometimes cut out lines or scenes which I consider absolutely innocuous, only to pass an episode that makes me pinch myself to find out whether I'm dreaming when I see it on the screen.

"There are many thoroughly clean pictures, too, and often they are the biggest money-makers. But, taken on the whole, pictures are pretty fantastic. I doubt if ten per cent of them mirror life accurately from start to finish. If they did, they probably wouldn't be as entertaining as they are."

AND now we'll talk to a man who has travelled all over the world, who has been in pictures, who writes a daily newspaper column, who has written a half dozen or so books, and is the greatest war correspondent that has ever lived; a man who is a stark realist, unafraid of facts no matter how grim and unpleasant they may be—Floyd Gibbons. He won't be afraid to speak his mind.

"Smut in pictures," he says, *"would kill itself if left alone.* Decent people won't go to see it and certainly won't take their children. If a boy takes a girl to a movie and they see something that embarrasses them, they'll stay away from such movies in the future.

"I don't want to make any sweeping indictment, but I think better taste might be shown in some pictures. On the whole, I consider them highly educational; in two hours a picture can teach you more than you'd learn in months of reading or years of travel.

"It isn't necessary or sensible to show orgies on the screen. Such pictures are produced to jazz up the jaded night club appetites of blasé New Yorkers. But Broadway isn't the whole United States by a long shot, and vastly more people attend neighborhood theatres from Maine to Mexico than frequent the mammoth ones around Times Square. Every time a shocker hits the home folks, there's a kick-back.

"The country is decent as a whole, as was proven by the success of 'Little Women' and Frank Buck's 'Bring 'Em Back Alive,' both of which were better box office than films based on girls' legs.

"But some producer pulls a shocker which, because of its novelty, is a hit, and then the other producers try to outdo him, until finally one is reached who's strong to do a 'Little Women.'

"There'll always be some sex in pictures, as long as there is sex in audiences—but it doesn't have to be made objectionable.

"I don't believe in glorifying loose women or criminals. But the average picture doesn't do so. If a picture's true to life, it shows Right triumphant in the end, for I think Right usually does prevail. (But maybe I'm just a little bluebird.)

Gangster pictures in which the crook is punished for his crimes don't do any more harm than dime novels. I always used to read Nick Carter, King Brady and such books when I was a kid and I believe I've turned out as honest as the average man."

As I was leaving, Gibbons said, "You ought to ask Monte Schoedsack his opinion. He knows much more about it than I do. He is the man who, with Merian Cooper, made 'Grass,' 'Chang,' 'King Kong,' and a few other pictures you may remember. He's in the business."

So I went to see Ernest B. Schoedsack, who's called Monte because his middle name is Beaumont.

"Personally, I don't expect to have my plans upset very much by this latest censorship wave," said Schoedsack. "The type of picture I've done best with has always been along the lines of straight action, adventure and spectacle. The sort of thing that doesn't deal with either of the sore spots in the present agitation—smut and crime. However, everyone connected with pictures is going to feel the reaction of this fight, for I imagine that it's going to cost the whole industry a lot of money.

"It's too bad that a few oversmart producers were shortsighted enough to grab the easy profits on pictures which they must have known should be censored, and so upset the rest of the producers who are simply trying to make good entertainment. And now that the fight is on in earnest, it's likely to be carried to ridiculous extremes and a lot of perfectly decent pictures will have to suffer with the few that should be suppressed.

"Censorship is pretty funny business anyway. There seem to be as many sets of rules as there are State Boards. In some places you cannot allow characters to speak such words as 'dame,' 'madame' or 'virtue,' simply because they were misused at some time or other.

"Clean pictures are usually the best money-makers, anyway. Just look back over the list of big successes in the past years. But ideas of what's fit to screen vary the world over. Here the censors are down on sex, gang stories and scenes of violence—but don't care how much you kid the government. In England, on the other hand, you can't poke fun at the Bobbies or the Royal Family, and if you touch on politics in France or Germany—well, it's just too bad!

"I remember when I was in Singapore the local censor used to cut a whole reel if it contained a scene showing a white woman's skirts above her knees. This was supposed to keep the natives from getting any funny ideas about the high standards of all white women's virtue and superiority. However, just outside the theatre there was a nightly parade of *filles de joie*—all white—their rickshaws drawn by leering Chinese coolies. And the girls weren't worried at all about keeping their knees covered.

"Well, I'm afraid it's going to be a long time before we'll know just what we'll be allowed to do on the screen. Tough characters probably won't even be able to say 'Holy Mackerel'—some censors will want to cut out the 'Holy'."

WHEN I asked John S. Sumner, Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, what he thought of pictures, he said:

"I've always opposed crime pictures, believing that they lead to imitation on the part of the young, and tend to make them admire such real criminal characters as Dillinger and Al Capone. Gangster pictures teach youngsters the technique of gangdom, and they begin playing gangster. In the days of the Westerns, they played cowboys and Indians, but this wasn't harm-

Her PIMPLY SKIN
scared men away

Easy to end pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin

Thousands report quick improvement with famous medicated cream.

DRESS SMARTLY! Make yourself as attractive as you can! But what's the use if a blemished skin ruins your charm for men?

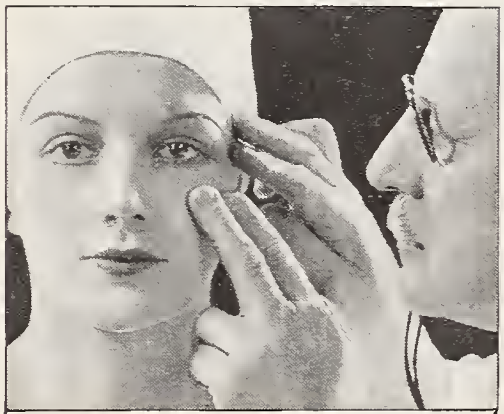
Don't despair—your skin *can* be made clear, lovely, alluring. Not with ordinary creams, though! They remove only the surface dirt. Follow the advice of doctors, nurses and over 6,000,000 women who have already discovered this priceless beauty secret! Use Noxzema, the *medicated* cream that actually helps *correct* complexion troubles—be they pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness or rough skin.

HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema's penetrating medications work deep into the pores—purge away clogged, blemish-causing poisons—leave pores *medically* pure and clean. Its balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—*overnight*—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.



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Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a *corrective* facial cream. Today Noxzema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

Get a trial jar of Noxzema—use it for 10 days to correct skin flaws—see how clearer, lovelier your skin becomes.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin *tonight!* If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 510, Baltimore, Md.

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CAN'T SHE DO ANYTHING BUT POWDER THAT NOSE? ... 5 TIMES IN THE LAST HOUR!

Pretty ... Entertaining ...

But One Fault Made Her Seem Ill-Bred

HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder *wouldn't* stick.

She woke up then — and decided to try the powder one of her friends had been praising. It was Golden Peacock Face Powder.

Perfect Freshness All Evening

And how wonderfully it worked. For Golden Peacock Face Powder is different from ordinary kinds. This triple-fine powder *repels* moisture, for one thing. It covers with perfect velvet smoothness—because it refuses to unite with skin oils, and clog pores or get "caked." For another thing, Golden Peacock Powder contains a wonderful skin-toning and refining ingredient that works actively to undo the harm done by ordinary make-up preparations, which get into pores and make them coarse and oily.

Next time she went out she never had to "re-make" her face all evening—yet it glowed with a dainty, natural peach-bloom smoothness that hid every tiny imperfection and made her radiantly lovely.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder now! Ask for it at any good toilet-goods counter — only 50c — or 10c at any 10-cent store for the generous purse size. If your dealer cannot supply you just write today to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. P-202, Paris, Tenn. Specify your shade, whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette, and we will send a generous sample free.

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Golden Peacock Face Powder

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Face Powder

ful because the boy couldn't really become an Indian, while he can easily become a gangster.

"Then, too, the films are too strong on the lives of prostitutes, as the stage was a few years ago. I try not to be strict in my views, but I don't approve of showing plays that deal with loose women who have hearts of gold. It's not even true to life.

"Another film shocker is the musical which specializes in nudity. If it's done artistically—as Ziegfeld used to do it in the old 'Follies'—it isn't offensive at all, and some pictures with scantily clad chorus girls are not objectionable. But I can't see any reason for showing intimate close-ups of girls' stomachs!

"Some of the producers have created an appetite for nudity, sex and gangster pictures. There was considerable opposition to the latter. so they dropped the simon-pure gang stuff. If the present attitude of the church spreads, the producers will be forced to clean up."

And those are the opinions of a number of representative Americans relative to the movies. They are to be commended upon their courage for speaking their minds so freely, for truly the subject is painful to handle.

But the consensus of opinion seems to be that there have been some pictures which should never have been shown—that some pictures have contained scenes which might better have been deleted. But, on the whole, pictures afford entertainment to many millions of people each year, and the producers try to give you what you want.

Well, fellow movie-fans, what do you think? Are the pictures good or bad? Do we want them changed, and if so, how radically? And, after they have been purged will we go to see them as often as we do now—or oftener?

Garbo's Secret Vacation

(Continued from page 27)

hearty breakfast early next morning.

These visits usually last a week, but no one ever ventures up the mountain to call and she receives no mail or telegrams. Her lonely stay is broken only by her brief conversations with those who serve her. Never arrogant or "high-hat," she seems merely shy and terribly afraid of people. The natives are fond of her and delight in doing little things that bring a smile of grateful pleasure to her tired face. Her generosity, in return, is traditional.

One of the most amusing occurrences during a Garbo visit at the lake happened when the management was forced to put her in a tiny room on the top floor of the Inn, without benefit of private bath. Garbo customarily takes the only room in the quaint hostelry that boasts its own bath, but unfortunately, a women's convention was in full blast on the first floor. In order to preserve the quiet insisted upon by Greta, the management shifted her to a tiny back room, where she seemed pleased and happy, though forced to run down the hall clad in a bathrobe for her daily dunking.

The way the employees "gang up" to preserve the peace of mind of their favorite guest is illustrated by the fact that the publicity manager of the resort never knows that she has visited there until after the black car has taken its dignified, though noisy, departure down the hill. One time a news photographer, whose candid camera pictures of motion picture celebrities are well known and who has spent the better part of two years trying in vain to get an informal picture of the enigmatic Swede, actually vacationed in the room next to hers for two days without learning that she was there, even failing to guess her presence when a smitten bell-hop delivered great armloads of fragrant almond blossoms daily to the lady with the deep voice.

GARBO doesn't keep her car at the lake with her, but sends it down the mountain as soon as she is deposited, with instructions to return when she calls. Making this call to her faithful James is the only time Garbo ever uses the telephone during her stay. She never ventures down to the village proper, or walks on the beautiful trails maintained on the village shore of the lake. Chances of taking a walk on these paths without meeting someone are too slim.

Only once was Garbo accompanied by anyone on her vacation from Hollywood. That was when Rouben Mamoulian, her director, came up the mountain with his star.

"Now we'll see her dressed up," ran along the grapevine telegraph, as the director accompanied Garbo at the time when rumors of their impending marriage were on the front pages of all the newspapers. The stories stated that the romantic couple were touring the country in Garbo's car, while they were actually hidden away at Arrowhead all the while.

Much to the disappointment of those who expected her at least to break down and comb her hair properly, Garbo donned the least flattering combination of clothing she has worn at the lake at any time when she took Mamoulian along on her heretofore solitary walks among the pine trees. The visor still drew her hair up into a bushman's top-knot on top of her classic head. A mackintosh several sizes too large for her replaced the sweat shirt, and boy's plus-four golf trousers supplanted the wrinkled slacks. Her long, slim legs were encased in heavy golf socks of the sort favored by your iceman, and the shoes seemed even bigger and heavier than ever. Yet Mamoulian, to all who saw them together, was doubtless fascinated by her and Garbo seemed gay and young for the first time, laughing happily and talking enthusiastically in a foreign tongue.

Up there they guess her age as thirty-five, but are often startled by some childish action that provides conversational topics around the fireplace in the lounge during the long winter evenings. Occasionally Garbo will leave a funny little note on her breakfast tray, making fun of the cook, the waiter, or telling a little joke. Once in a while she will run down the hill from the Inn to her canoe like a startled rabbit, with her hair bouncing along behind her.

Sometimes she throws peanuts out of her window to the squirrels or asks that Daniel, the fat gray cat who presides over the Inn like an aged and dignified patron, have dinner in her room with her. She giggled like a school girl over the dozens of newspaper stories stating that she was touring the country with Mamoulian, and laughed heartily when informed that the news photographers had failed to penetrate her effective disguise.

Garbo is human! On her last visit she asked to be notified immediately when Daniel's latest consort blessed him with her first litter of fuzzy kittens.

Bob Answers the Gossips

(*Continued from page 31*)

the only possible answer it had—a laugh. I asked one reporter who demanded to know if I were planning to divorce my wife. 'Are you planning to divorce yours?' I understand this was interpreted as suspiciously 'evasive.' But even so, Betty and I stuck to our guns of not dignifying the absurd rumors with serious denial. Betty kidded, 'Don't deny anything. All denials immediately end in divorce.'

"I thought that in time, as Betty and I went about our business of being as quietly married in Hollywood as it is possible to be, these silly stories would die a natural death. I didn't want to have to argue a happy marriage. I wanted to live one. But I have learned Hollywood has no sense of humor where her malicious gossip is concerned."

As he talked, I thought this was a strange mood for the debonair Mr. Montgomery. Of all the young men of Hollywood, he most closely approximates his screen personality. Off screen, he is as gay and amusing as any shadow has ever reflected him to be. His private dialogue can, and has, topped some of the best "lines" ever created for him by our cleverest writers. In a town over-run with childish emotionalism, he is a thoroughly grown-up, adult person. Sophistication is an overworked word that should be applied to few actors. But Bob has it in every delightful meaning of the word. But at this moment, and for this subject, he was down to cases—serious and without laughs.

WHEN these eyebrow-lifting hints began to grow bolder and came out from behind the thin guise of 'the certain star and his wife' into actually calling our names, it ceased to be any part of a joke to us, and Betty and I stopped and tried to reason just why and how they could have started.

"What had we done that could serve as a basis for such a persistent campaign against our happiness? Certainly we have never been separated for any length of time. I have never gone to New York or on any vacation trip without Betty. The few times we have been separated was when I was sent on difficult location trips where I knew the climate and living conditions would not be healthy for her or the baby. Nor have we fallen into that modern social habit of attending parties without one another.

"The next thought was, were we living in any way that hinted of impermanency? Just recently we bought a home in upper New York, near Pawling, that is meant for family life. It is our future home where we expect to spend the rest of our days when Hollywood is finished with me. Certainly this could not be interpreted as the move of one who is expecting to lead a life of gay bachelordom in the near future. Pawling is hardly the ideal locale for a giddy fling into single life.

"Had we in any way conducted ourselves in a manner to hint of hidden trouble between us?" Suddenly, Bob relaxed and grinned. "Of course, there was that time we went to the mat over whether the Mother Goose drapes in the baby's nursery should have a blue or yellow background. And then there was the nail polish battle and the necktie feud. Far be it from to me to hint these were not serious affairs, but we had been in hopes they hadn't leaked out.

"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."

"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

● "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

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"Finally, when we both became convinced that nothing we had said, done or lived, could possibly account for this mess, I came to the conclusion that these attacks were not really aimed at my marriage, but at me, as an individual.

"I want to explain that. When I made up my mind I was going to maintain my private life at any cost, I did not realize how greatly this attitude would antagonize certain people in Hollywood.

FOR five years, I have been hounded on every side by reporters who would give the 'inside' of my home life, who wanted to interview my wife and write 'human interest' yarns. When I refused these requests, and insisted on my rights to a private life, the majority of writers were swell about it. But there were a certain few who deliberately misconstrued this into: 'Montgomery is hiding his wife, keeping her in the background so she won't interfere with his feminine film audience.' Others took offense at what was hinted to be my 'arrogant independence' on this subject. Other stars permitted home life interviews, where did Montgomery get that stuff of refusing his for publicity?

"I am bad copy for interviews anyway. I know that. With this current trend toward 'inside stuff,' I am probably the worst copy in Hollywood. Writers insisted they had to say something about me, and when I had so little to say, these rumors, it appears, were the inevitable result. I wouldn't let my wife talk? All right, I was suppressing her, probably hiding a very unhappy home life. I wouldn't seriously launch into a denial of triangle trouble between us? All right, I was fencing, glibly covering up what was really going on. And believe me, what was going on, was supposed to be pretty darn zippy stuff. My conscience was supposed to be so guilty I couldn't make a serious denial of anything, and so was resorting to a feeble attempt to 'laugh it off.' This entire angle of 'trouble' between us is so preposterously absurd I refuse to dignify it with any kind of an explanation.

"As for the guilty conscience charge, I am going to break down and admit that both Betty and I have one. We have a very guilty conscience that our silence about our private life has lent it such glamor and mystery. I am beginning to think we should have a very guilty conscience for the normalcy of the life we lead. I almost said the quiet and unexciting life, but that is not true. A marriage in which a child is involved can be the most exciting adventure life has to offer.

"It is completely exciting for three people to plan a present and a future together. In our case, the present, is Hollywood, my work, Betty's career as a wife and mother, our circle of friends.

"Like the head of every family, whether he is in the doctor, lawyer or acting business, I want to secure our financial future. We have worked out a routine system of saving our money. One half of my salary, I never see. It goes immediately to New York banks where it is invested in a trust fund. Half of the remaining amount is used for current expenses, and the rest is set aside for insurance, income tax and investments I might want to make out here. As for the other details on the 'inside' of my private life—what more is there to say, other than we have lamb chops, fried chicken, roast beef and seasonable vegetables for dinner, occasionally select a new piece of furniture for our home, attend picture shows and what theatres are available, and probably bore people with the cute things that the baby does.

"This is the simple, uninvolved secret of the married life I have tried to keep to myself because it is so unimportant to the rest of the world, but is so wholly important to me. And I have found that I cannot, without subjecting it to the most involved and cruel rumors."

Mother's Girl

(*Continued from page 33*)

to avoid people saying, 'She's tied to her mother's apron strings.' She used to come to the sets when we were making pictures over at Astoria in New York, because she enjoyed it so. She sat in those terrible drafts and I believe they were the cause of her getting tuberculosis. For six months she did not leave her bed. I was petrified. She is well now, and I would not have her run the risk again.

"But to go back. You see, we are a French family. My mother was raised in France by a mother who said, 'At three o'clock you must do this; at four, that.' She married my father at eighteen to get away from it. She fell in love with him *after* they were married.

"You know how children love beauty? How everyone, but especially children, adore it? My father, my brother, I—even our relatives—bowed instinctively to my mother. Her beauty was so great that she was, without trying to be, the queen at whose feet we worshipped. She was always the petted one of the entire family.

MOTHER was not strict with us, in the usual sense of the word. But by her beauty, her striking personality, she became first to me. I have had exactly two friends in my life. One in school and one out here.

"I want you to thoroughly understand that my mother was never a tyrant. For example, this one friend I had in high school. Her mother would not let her smoke. She used to slip into our home, close the bedroom door and light a cigarette. One day my mother opened the door and said, 'If you girls want to smoke, you don't have to close the door.' Because she did not forbid me to smoke, I have cared very little about it.

"She was careful not to let me think too much of myself. The other day, I was visiting an acquaintance, one of the few I have. Another woman was there, who noticed the little girl of the house. 'Isn't she cute?' she asked. I watched the child. She was taking it big. I thought that very bad for the child and remembered how my mother handled this situation. She said, 'People stop to look at children who are very pretty or very ugly. You are neither good-looking nor bad-looking, so you are the kind that people won't stop to look at at all.' It made me completely unconscious of other people. Except my mother.

"It is true, she did not raise me to be married, as so many mothers do. Perhaps there was some reason back of that. We were not rich. It was always understood I was to work when I had finished high school. I wanted to be an artist. Mother discouraged that. It took so much money to become a good one and then there were such small returns. But I was never asked to wash dishes or to learn about domestic things.

"It has been printed so often how I happened to go on the stage. I will not repeat it. But you will remember it was sheer accident. I do not believe I would have gone through the work and trials necessary to get a break on the stage. In fact, I would never have thought of it. And since there was simply no one in our family who had been on the stage, mother wouldn't have either.

"But when the chance came, mother encouraged it. Father opposed it. He had an idea of the French stage in his mind, of course, which is very different from the American one. But mother got her own way. She always did with father, with all of us.

I HOPE you can understand. I cannot remember ever talking back to my mother. I have never said, 'I'm sorry.'

"There was only one time when I was really frightened. That was when I married Norman. No, we didn't exactly elope. We were playing in a show together and slipped out and got married without telling her. It was pretty bad. I knew how she felt. I understood. She had not raised me to marry, but I felt I had the right and I knew that eventually she would understand. It took about a year, but today Norman likes her better than he does me. Oh, yes, he does!

"I have never thought one house big enough for two families. There may be exceptions. I do not know them. I certainly could not keep house for Norman. I knew nothing about it. And Norman had lived alone ever since he went to Carnegie Tech at eighteen. There was absolutely no opposition from him to my continuing to live with my mother. I think Norman really preferred it. But, when I married, is the only time I have ever been really frightened of my mother."

She paused, then smiled slowly. "Why, even the pet stories in our family are about my mother. My brother's is this one. We always talked French at home. I appreciate that now. When foreigners come to this country, the parents usually speak their broken English before the children. That is bad because the youngsters are learning correct English in the schools. No word of English was allowed in our home. My brother had reached that age when boys learn to swear. He used the word 'damn.' So my father told my mother this was bad and mother told my brother he must never use it again. The next day, he stubbed his toe and said, 'Hell.' My French speaking mother, who did not know what it meant said, 'Now, that is all right, Charles. That is nice. You say that when you feel like saying the other, which is bad.'

"Yes, we are always telling stories about mother. We don't always see through her, of course. She is clever as well as beautiful.

"The other night we went to see a motion picture. I am very careful not to make comments about any picture when anyone is around us. As we came out, there must have been at least ten people staring at me. Someone asked me how I liked the picture and before I could answer, mother said, 'It's terrible.' I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. She said she didn't think, but I have a sneaking feeling she said it quickly so she could say it first. She was afraid *I* was going to say it. You see, you can't ever be sure about mother. She's never sarcastic herself. I'm afraid I am. And she'll say things, I *know,* to keep me from saying them.

AND if that's a mother complex! You see, mother doesn't trust many people. She instilled that in me early. I know I

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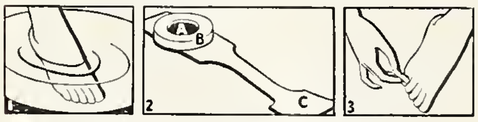

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could never trust any man as I do her. I could never leave her.

"She's in Europe now. I simply made her go, for her own good. Yes, I had a letter from her saying she was lonely for me and I wrote her that old cockney story of the mother who took her kids to the beach and when one cried, she slapped him and said, 'I brought you here to enjoy yourself. Now, for goodness sakes, enjoy yourself!'"

Claudette paused for a very long moment. "I do think we are moulded by our early lives. Our early homes stamp the kind of people we are going to become. But if a mother complex is living only for your mother, I haven't one. I live for myself and she lives for me. Of course," Claudette looked a bit wistful, "she will always be the pretty one in our family and that—well, that has a lot to do with it."

Of course, to an American mind, Claudette Colbert *has* a mother complex. To us, a girl who would not leave her mother for a home of her own is unusual. And that is the great difficulty in Americans judging the people who come to us from other countries.

Right now, Marlene Dietrich is causing a furore in Hollywood because we are trying to judge her and her husband and their home according to our standards. He is escorting another woman; she is being escorted by Douglass Montgomery, Brian Ahern and Joseph Von Sternberg. An American husband and wife would divorce in such a circumstance, but not a continental European. They have a child. Their home is as sacred as an institution. It is not just for love between a man and a woman. That love is secondary to the love of children; "family" is a unit of civilization rather than a unit for one man and one woman.

Claudette Colbert is French. She is a normal, wholesome, lovable girl, so attractive that she makes that old, trite expression "She takes your breath away" fresh, again. To the French side of her, this devotion to a beautiful mother, whose beauty and personality she learned to worship in the cradle, is wholly usual.

She said, once, with that far-away look at other fields which always seem a bit greener in any language, "I have always wanted to do something spectacular, to make a sensation over night, like Katharine Hepburn, for example. But I've never done it. I just work hard and keep thinking of my work. But I can't do spectacular things like those women."

Never gossiped about. Even the reason for that lies in this story of Claudette and her mother. She has had only two friends, beside her mother; few acquaintances. Her only confidante throughout life has been her mother and mothers don't whisper innuendoes against their daughters. Most friends, most acquaintances, most husbands—do.

Whether we can quite understand or not, this story of that great bond between these women, explains all there is to explain about Claudette Colbert, the woman and the actress.

Bravo, Bravo, Grace Moore!

(*Continued from page 34*)

It was then that Grace Moore's fighting blood rose. She decided that although she was leaving without glory, she would return one day to claim it.

For four years Grace Moore carried a thorn in her heart, the thorn of injustice. She felt that Hollywood had taken something out of her, for which it had not paid. And despite that during this period she had been filling operatic and concert engagements and radio contracts, the thorn in her heart nettled. She couldn't forget Hollywood.

It made her as restless as the sea, and she laid all plans toward one end . . . her return to Hollywood to demand payment of a debt. Not a financial debt, but a moral and spiritual one. Well, it has been paid.

That debt was wiped out one night a few weeks ago, at the preview of Grace Moore's latest musical picture, "One Night of Love."

"One Night of Love" is the most important musical since "Be Mine Tonight," from an operatic standpoint. It is a success for Miss Moore. And it is also a feather in the cap of Columbia Pictures, coming at the very hour when censors and leading church dignitaries, and the public in general, are arbitrarily demanding finer films.

The enthusiasm which attended the preview of "One Night of Love" has seldom been equalled in Hollywood. It is unusual for film audiences to burst into applause over arias from the operas, "Madame Butterfly," "Traviata," and "Carmen." But they did on this occasion.

I TALKED to Miss Moore the day after the showing. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures had just taken up her option for two more years, calling for two musicals a season. Other producing companies also had put in bids for her services. And to add to the excitement, Harry Edington, famed manager of stars, had also just signed her under his management. She was as excited as a school girl.

We retired to the spacious living-room of her imposing home. I asked Grace Moore why she had concerned herself so deeply with a comeback on the screen. The Metropolitan Opera is open to her every season. So are the fields of concert, radio and operetta. Furthermore, she has money. So why should she have let Hollywood get under her skin?

"I'll tell you why," Grace Moore explained with emphasis. "Because I am a fighter to the last ditch on matters of principle. And Hollywood had assumed a great deal by bringing me out to its world with all of the fanfare, and then letting me down because two of my pictures didn't make the money anticipated. I was new in the game. I didn't know all of the ins and outs. Yet I was expected to do the miraculous by accomplishing everything at once, achieve in one or two efforts what most film stars accomplish only after many years of work.

"It was unjust of the producers not to give me a chance to show what I could do. And I made up my mind because they wouldn't, that one day Hollywood should pay the toll of a moral obligation. I never dreamed, however, that things would take the wonderful turn they have. I am overjoyed. And yet I feel that what happened on the screen last night is the result of my belief in myself.

"The exultation that I felt last night was an experience that comes once in a lifetime. And it was because I had succeeded, after four years of waiting, in sustaining my integrity as an artist. I proved to myself that Hollywood had not destroyed my morale.

I SHOULD like you to know that through this period I have not ever once felt embittered. I merely wanted a chance to redeem myself on the screen. I am a worker and I always try to make good. We can't always be successful, but at least we can try hard to be.

"Nobody was really to blame for the predicament in which I was four years ago. If the system of making pictures had permitted the studio heads to take time to work things out with me, I am sure matters would not have ended so badly. However, if everything had been straightened out before, perhaps I wouldn't be here today. Fate does play a big hand in working out our pattern of destiny. It is possible that I wasn't ready for the screen until now. Maybe I needed the silent suffering."

It is a delight to the ear to listen to Grace Moore talk. Her speaking voice is as rich and vibrant as her singing voice. She is a highly intelligent young woman, -and also intensely human. She talks with animation and is simple, direct and sincere. Nothing of the old-fashioned prima donna about her. She is a link between past and present operatic tradition. The prima donna with a modern inflection, who eats spinach instead of spaghetti and has luscious high C's just the same.

When I asked Miss Moore as to what she would have done had her second attempt at pictures been a dismal failure, she replied, "I then would have resigned myself to fate. I am a philosopher. I would have felt that I gave everything within my being to the fulfillment of a purpose, and that there was nothing more to do about it. At least, I would have retreated fighting.

THERE is a little secret I should like to tell you. It is another reason why I have wanted to work in Hollywood, at least part of the time. It is because of my husband. We will soon celebrate our third anniversary. Marriage has a deep significance for me. I don't want anything ever to disturb our happiness, if I can avoid it.

"My husband, Valentin Parera, has a contract to make Spanish versions of pictures for Fox, and he is happy over his work. He has stood by me so patiently in the interests of my career, and he has never once complained over sacrificing his own.

"He is a popular star in Spain. Now he has his opportunity in Hollywood, and I think it is my turn to rejoice over his success, as he has so long rejoiced over mine. And I am willing to stand by, too, if necessary."

I don't think Miss Moore will have to stand by in any other sense except devotion, because predictions point toward a screen success for her. Always a radiant figure on the stage, she is now also a lovely presence on the screen. She has reduced her figure to meet the demands of pictures, and has worked in her usual thorough manner toward a deeper understanding of the medium.

In her picture triumph, "One Night of Love," the high-brow sting of grand opera was entirely removed. Grace Moore succeeded in doing what she always has wanted to do. She humanized operatic excerpts, and transformed them into gems of melodic and dramatic beauty, understandable and appealing to everyone.

Grace Moore's conquest of Hollywood has been complete. The battle that she has fought and won is as dramatic as any story that has ever been filmed. And we are the gainers because of her victory. We need only to listen to her warm, lovely voice to be convinced of that.

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Would you like to read Mae West's fan mail? Well, you can read all her mash notes, amusing marriage proposals, notes from kids and plantation owners in South America. You'll find them in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

●

LITTLE AMERICAN PRINCESS

Want to know more about one of the sweetest little gals on the screen today—Anita Louise? See our next issue.

●

DO CO-STARS FALL FOR EACH OTHER?

That's a question everyone asks at some time or other. Do the players in the co-starring teams actually get a "case" on each other? Why are those love scenes so convincing and those pictured tender moments so sincere? There are reasons—lots of 'em — and you'll learn them in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

The Test of a Lady

(*Continued from page 51*)

through, I tell you. I can't do it! I quit!' And she started sobbing.

"I've seen temperament around the theatre and I've seen fire, but I have never seen a performance to equal that girl's that afternoon. I went up to her and said, 'Quit worrying. You're swell. You're *in!*' The rest is stage history."

Mae rarely speaks of her any more, but once when I said Stanwyck had never really moved me until I saw her in "Baby Face," Mae regarded me incredulously.

NEVER moved you!" she echoed. "Did you see her in 'Burlesque'? I was out front nearly every night and I never got through marveling at her performance. There was one scene after she divorced the hoofer—the man she loved—because he was a drunken bum. She was about to marry a butter-and-egg man. The hoofer drifted into her apartment when she hadn't seen him in months. They had had a scene in their act when they were together where they jazzed up the wedding march. He started doing that scene. Everybody in the place thought it was a gag and joined in. Suddenly Barbara began beating her hands on the piano and screaming, 'Stop it! Stop it, I tell you!' I have never heard one person get as many vibrations into her voice as Barbara got into hers then. It was like a symphony chorus in the Hollywood Bowl instead of just one person speaking.

"I tell you," Mae went on, "pictures have only scratched Barbara's surface. If she ever lets go and gives herself to pictures as I know her, she'll be the biggest star on the screen. Her personality is as dominant, as vital, as Mae West's or Garbo's. Oh, go on and laugh," she said, "but you don't know her."

"Well, anyhow," I returned, "you don't have to get excited. She never will let go to that extent, because she's a lady now."

"She's always been a lady," Mae snapped. "Oh, yes, I know I once told you that in New York we were good girls, but we weren't ladies. I didn't mean it the way you took it. I meant that we were harum-scarum kids, madcaps who did crazy things, but I've never known Barbara to do an unrefined thing."

Still another picture of Stanwyck flashed across my mind. A few years ago a friend of mine took me over to their home one evening.

We were there about four hours. Beyond saying "How do you do?" when we were introduced, Barbara never opened her mouth the entire evening except once. That was when Frank Fay paused to say, "Tell them what you said to those women in the theatre the other evening, Red."

"Why," said Barbara, "these two dames behind us kept gabbing so I couldn't hear the dialogue on the screen. I turned around and glared at them a couple of times, but it didn't do any good. When they had driven me almost nuts, I finally said, 'For pete's sake! Will you two dames keep your traps closed?'"

THAT remark was one of the most characteristic things Barbara has ever said. It is more indicative of her character than anything else I could think of. Everyone I've ever spoken to who "knew her when" says she was the most forthright, outspoken person in their acquaintance.

But that was the Barbara of four years ago. Today she is a lady. More aloof than Garbo, she goes nowhere, sees no one. At least, that's what Hollywood thinks. But recently the following appeared in Walter Winchell's column:

"Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, were never much for uppity doings. They have never forgotten the miseries of being poor. At their new mansion in Brentwood these nights they are surrounded by friends who 'knew them when' —all of whom are invited to enjoy the Japanese Gardens, the swimming pool and the other trimmings. These friends are not the swanky sort (the swanky set is snubbed). The friends invited are those who haven't had such sugary luck and who are going through the heartaches.

Chester Morris and Binnie Barnes, Universal's English importation, between scenes on the "Gift of Gab" set. Binnie still clings to the English "tea" custom.

Barbara is like that."

When I commented on it to Barbara she merely said, "Wasn't that nice of Winchell? You could have knocked me over with a feather, I was so surprised. I said to Frank, 'Honey, have we some Japanese Gardens hidden about the place?'"

"People," I remarked, "who know you comment on the changes that have taken place in you since you came out here. I don't mean 'changes' in the sense of becoming high-hat or ritzy, but fundamental changes. What has caused them?"

"What kind of changes?" she asked directly.

"Well, you're so much more subdued than formerly."

Barbara thought it over a moment. "I don't know. Oh, I suppose when you're successful out here you have so many more responsibilities and worries than when you're successful on the stage. I worry day and night over stories. Right now I'm in the doghouse at the studio because I turned down several stories they wanted me to do which I didn't feel were right for me.

"Then they wanted me to do 'British Agent' with Leslie Howard. I'd read the book twice, because I found it so absorbing, but it's a man's story. Howard was made to order for the part, but I turned it down because I saw no reason why I should play second fiddle to anyone. I've worked too hard to get to the top to give up top billing for no good reason. I don't mean the actual billing, because that is unimportant. I mean the top spot in the picture. In a few years, I suppose, I'll have to resign myself to leads and supporting parts—we all come to that eventually—but I don't feel I've reached that point yet.

IN New York you simply wait until a manager sends for you. He hands you a script and you read it. If you like the part, you play it. If you don't like it, you turn it down. There isn't this constant battle for suitable vehicles."

"Yes," I agreed, "that might explain something of the change in you, but it isn't all. In New York I used to see you almost every day at The Tavern for lunch. I never see you anywhere here."

Barbara smiled. "The life is different out here. In New York I lived in a hotel room. I had to get out. You can't spend your life there. Out here, I have a home with grounds around it. I'm contented and happy here. There's no reason for going out."

"In New York," I persisted, "you were a happy-go-lucky, scatter-brained kid, always ready for anything. But you're not like that today."

"I'm older now. Do people at thirty conduct themselves in the same way they do at twenty? Mark down any change in that direction to the sobering influence of age."

Barbara in a short-sleeved, yellow flannel sports dress, her reddish hair held back by a band of white baby ribbon, looked a youthful eighteen.

"Another thing," she went on, "the older you grow the more you know of life's miseries and heartaches. The only thing that seems really important is to do what you can to make things a little easier for those who are having tough sledding. You don't feel like kicking up your heels and going skylarking around when maybe that same day you've run across an old pal with paper in the bottom of her shoes instead of leather. Or when you've seen a friend who used to be a top-notcher looking so emaciated you hardly recognize him and know it's because he isn't eating regularly."

Service wrote a poem once. It was all

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For ten years the Indian fakir held his arm motionless, pointing toward Mecca. Now, through lack of exercise, his arm is withered . . . useless.

The mouth, too, needs exercise—regular vigorous chewing to make it work normally . . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy . . . to keep the teeth clean and sound. Dentyne, a special gum with an extra firmness, supplies the vigorous chewing we all need . . . in a pleasant way. Everyone in the family should chew Dentyne often . . . It helps improve the mouth structure and strengthens the mouth muscles. Many people chew Dentyne for mouth health, but even more chew it because of its spicy, delightful flavor. From the very first savory taste you will rejoice at having found so good a chewing gum. You'll enjoy its satisfying firmness—its smooth texture. Try Dentyne today and keep on chewing it for health and for pleasure.

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KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

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PREVENTS SORE TOES AND BLISTERS

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Soft Corns

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about a junior god who became bored with being god-like. So he came down to earth and wallowed in a pig pen with some hogs. When he had had enough of that, he washed himself off and went back to heaven. It ends:

"The junior god now heads the roll
In the list of heaven's peers.
He sits in the house of high control
And regulates the spheres.
Yet, does he wonder, do you suppose,
If, even in gods divine,
The best and wisest may not be those
Who have wallowed awhile with the
swine?"

I don't mean to imply that Barbara ever wallowed with swine. What I'm trying to intimate in my blundering way is this: Ladies are born—not made. And it is because she has been through the mill, because of her madcap, harum-scarum pranks in the days when she was on the way up, because of her forthrightness and honesty, because she knows and appreciates, how the other half of the world lives—that she is today, unconsciously, perhaps, a lady.

Nobody Loves a Clown

(*Continued from page 35*)

ahead, it's the truth. I'm an actor because I am this way. I'm an actor because I can't help myself. I couldn't be anything else. Some folks say I should be analyzed and then I'd be happier. But I don't want to know what's the matter with me. It might be worse than I think it is. And I don't mind being unhappy. It's my natural state and I'm kind of used to it.

"I wanted to do drama on the stage, of course. I did, at first. I never thought of being a comic. When I went to Dramatic School in New York, though, the director kept putting me in comedies. I told him I wanted to be dramatic. He said, 'Have you ever looked at that face of yours in the mirror?' I had but I'd thought it was a kind of sad face.

"You wanted to know about my love life. Seems kind of funny that no one has ever asked me about that before, because I am awfully susceptible.

MY love life began when I was about fourteen. There was a little girl in my class in high school. I fell in love with her. That was when I first knew that love isn't a happy thing; it's sad; it hurts. I didn't think of anything but her. Her face papered the walls of my room at home there in Cedartown, Georgia. She once sent me a comic valentine. It looked exactly like me and I didn't know that it was comic. I thought she had sent me a picture of myself because she was sort of thinking about me. But she didn't pay much attention to me and I figured that if I could be some sort of a hero, she would. So I went in for track and tried for the hundred-yard dash. It's the first and last time in my life I've ever been athletic. But I had long legs and I won the race. They presented me with a medal and I looked over at Patty because for her to see me was the only medal I wanted. She was holding hands with another boy. She didn't even know I'd won the race. I threw the medal away. And I decided that it would never do me any good to be heroic because no matter what I did the girls would be looking the other way—the Clark Gable way.

"I was playing in 'Fata Morgana' in New York, starring the late Emily Stevens, and I fell in love with her. There wasn't anything funny about that. I was actually in love with her. She was older than I, but that didn't matter. I was glad the years were there because that gave me hope. I had, at least, youth to offer. I simply worshipped her. She was the very first woman to arouse sex in me. I was on fire. I was burning. Not only imaginatively but *actually*. I felt so ill that I went to some doctors and they told me that I was running a continuous temperature by actual thermometer count. The doctors thought I had malaria, but I knew I had a deeper malady.

"I was only in the first act of 'Fata Morgana,' but every night for the months of the run of that play I stood in the wings and watched the second and third acts, watched her. I used to write her poems and notes and I spent all my money on her, sending her flowers and books. I would have died for her if she had asked me to, gladly. It was love. I can't look back at it, even now, and laugh as some men can when they think of their early love affairs.

"So, for awhile I was in a sort of hellish heaven. I deluded myself into believing that anything was possible. She was playing the part of an older woman, seducing a young boy. I took heart from that. She was an older woman and I was a young boy. She was always nice to me, never laughed at me, and paid me compliments and things. And then one day I overheard someone say, 'Emily is always so kind to the goofy boys who fall in love with her.' And I realized, suddenly, that that was what it was; that was all it was—she was being *kind* to me! You know it's funny, isn't it, but kindness can break a heart like mine easier than cruelty can. I figure that women are cruel only to their equals. After awhile the wound healed. She's dead now. But my love for her isn't dead. It lives, a little separate life of its own, in my memory. I shall never forget her.

MY next love affair was when I was with the 'Garrick Gaieties.' I fell in love with one of the girls in the chorus. That was the one time in my life when I went around with boys and girls of my own age. I'd had a big success in the first edition of the 'Gaieties' and I felt sort of confident. Anyway, I fell in love with Angela and I thought she was in love with me. She didn't say very much about it, but neither did I. But she let me kiss her and she went everywhere with me.

"One night we were out with another boy and girl from the 'Gaieties' and they said they were going up to Greenwich on the next Sunday to get married. They kind of laughed and asked us why he didn't come along, too. I remember how my heart seemed to jump up and down in my breast. That night taking her home, I swallowed about ten times and I asked her if she would. She said 'Would what?' I said 'Well, sort of marry me, you know.' She began to cry. At first I didn't know, then I felt like an icy hand had me around the heart and was strangling it. I knew that she was being sorry for me. I knew that as a lover I was ridiculous to her. I just sat there in the taxi, sort of slunk down and I felt like a dead man who knows he is dead. I'm older now and I know more and I get to thinking that maybe it was maternal, the way she felt, and they say that women are supposed to feel maternal toward the men they love. If I'd had more experience I would have known what to do, or what to say. But I can't bear pity. I'm afraid of being hurt and pity hurts me worse than anything because, maybe, I deserve it.

"After that I had a pretty bad time of it. I guess I got too confident in that first 'Gaieties.' I got self-conscious. Anyway, when the next edition was put on, I couldn't do a thing. The critics all wrote 'What's the matter with Holloway?' I left the show after a little and I just took jobs anywhere, singing in beer parlors, in Passaic, New Jersey, for school entertainments, anything I could get. After awhile I played in another play, and I fell in love with one of the girls in the cast. I always fall in love with actresses. Isn't that funny?

THIS time it was more serious than anything had ever been because this time it *was* mutual and I knew it and she knew it and she said so. We went together for a long time; we were still going together when I made my first picture 'Casey at the Bat.' I told my mother about Peggy and our plans.

"One night, after I'd been in pictures for awhile and was back in New York visiting, we were riding together in Central Park. I decided that the thing for me to do was to set a date and get married. I said to her, 'Peggy, will you marry me?' I guess my voice broke a little. I don't know how it happened, that horrible thing, or why, but—she laughed! She broke out into uncontrollable laughter. It was torture. It was a kind of death. Oh, it was horrible.

"To be cried over by a girl had broken my heart, but this, this broke my heart *and* my pride.

"I didn't wait for her to come out of it. I just stopped the cab and ran. I guess I kind of knew that I wasn't only running away from Peggy, I was also running away from love.

"She called me late that night and she kept on calling me for days after that. She tried to see me. I wouldn't see her. That laughter of hers had frozen something in me that hasn't thawed out yet—it never will.

"I think that taught me that I belong to comedy. I'll never get away from it. I'll never get away from it on the screen and I'll never get away from it in life. No one will ever be able to take me seriously, romantically, because I am as I am on the screen. And even when I try, even when I play another rôle, when I played in 'Hell Below' and did that death scene in the submarine, I died ten deaths at the preview waiting for people to laugh, fearing they would laugh before I could get into the scene. They didn't but—oh, they might have.

"Well, so, I haven't had any crushes since. I haven't any now. I go about a little with Patricia Ellis. I've known her ever since she was a little kid, back east. I'm crazy about her, but not 'that way.' I hate anything that is obvious. Love is obvious. It exposes your heart. It gives people a chance to get near you, to hurt you. I'm safer when I'm alone, loveless and alone."

Don't fail your favorite stars now —when they need your support!

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By Lady Esther

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt *that is three and four months old!*

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

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First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

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Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.

Pass your fingertips all over your face. Does your skin feel satin smooth? Or do you feel little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is suffering from "dirty underclothes."

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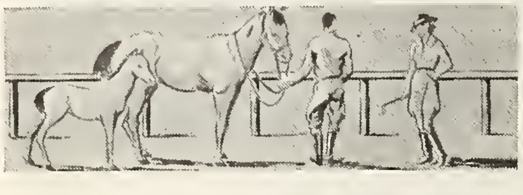

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Three Deadly Dangers

(Continued from page 45)

An automobile accident cast a curious blight upon Greta Garbo when she first came to Hollywood. One of her dearest friends, Einar Hansen, a young man whose life was wrapped in her earliest successes (he was her leading man in several foreign-made pictures) arrived in Hollywood shortly after she did. In Sweden he had been a sane and sober driver. It took him but a few weeks to catch the spirit of Hollywood speed. One night at a party he asked to be allowed to drive Garbo home. She wanted to stay a little longer and did not go with him. Three hours later she had a telephone call asking her to come to the hospital where Einar Hansen lay dying.

He had taken a curve too fast, his car had capsized. When he was found his faithful dog was guarding his body, but guarding it with such intensity that no one dared go near Hansen. When the dog was at last lured away, it was too late.

Just the merest chance saved Garbo from being in that car, saved her from the same fate that Einar Hansen met.

Mae Clarke, who has been through enough vicissitudes to discourage a hundred girls with less courage and ambition, was ready to start work on a new picture. The night before the first scene was to be shot she celebrated by going to a party. On the way home there was an accident. Mae was rushed to the hospital, had innumerable stitches taken in her face and her chin actually wired into place. As she lay in bed she read of the other girl—Sally Eilers—who was given the role she was to play.

Yes, speeding, stepping on the gas, eating up the roads, get there last, live life fast—is one of Hollywood's greatest dangers. Both physically and psychologically it has nipped many a promising career in the bud.

But there is more to the speed menace than actual fast driving. Before her automobile accident, Mae Clarke had wrecked her nerves and been forced to remain in a sanitarium for months because she was so eager to make as many pictures as she could, as fast as she could, while there was yet time.

I BELIEVE that the people of Hollywood are the most nervous in the world. That is because everything is geared high, the feeling on every set is one of hurry. It is impossible to figure accurately, since some sets are large and some are small, some use a number of extras and others just one or two, but it is not an exaggeration to say that every minute wasted costs the studio around $300. The executives, whose duty it is to keep down production costs, imbue all their workers with the idea of the necessity for speed.

And look at the list of those who have collapsed under the strain.

Clark Gable, when his fame began to soar, was rushed from one picture to another. "This boy is great," they said. "He's a sensation, but sensations often don't last long. So we'll put him into as many pictures as possible before the public grows tired of him."

For over a year—after waiting for so long for success to come—Clark Gable was given no more than a week or ten days between pictures. Almost every day he was at the studio, the high-tension, high-speed studio. He is a strong, hardy man, but he collapsed. He could not stand up under that terrific speed. Although few people knew it, there was a time during that illness when doctors shook their heads and wondered if Clark could make the physical comeback.

If a man as strong as Clark Gable cannot stand the strain, imagine how little it can be stood by frail girls whose desire for slim figures (desire born of necessity since plump leading women remain jobless) prompt them to go on foolish diets. God knows, plenty of nourishment is needed to keep up to Hollywood's speed. Yet half the girls of Hollywood diet so strenuously that their bodies are under nourished.

Tuberculosis and anemia are two of the menacing dangers of Hollywood. Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr and Renee Adoree died of tuberculosis. Lila Lee went to a sanitarium in time to save herself.

Lilyan Tashman died of a stomach disorder brought on, primarily, by nerves. Greta Garbo has had anemia. A couple of years ago when Joan Crawford was being shoved from one picture to another with no time between to rest her nerves, she almost succumbed to a stomach disorder—a prolonged case of intestinal flu from which only the most careful of diets rescued her.

ALTHOUGH few people knew it, Norma Shearer was not well during the making of "Riptide," but she knew that since she had been off the screen for over a year, she could not allow herself the luxury of a real illness and must step immediately into another picture. She kept going on her nerve until "Riptide" was finished.

Of the mental dangers, bitterness is, I believe, the greatest of them all. Bitterness sweeps from the lowest to the highest in Hollywood. It is an insidious cancer that eats into their hearts.

The extra girls are bitter because they envy the stars. The stars are bitter because, in fighting upwards, they have seen how cruel Hollywood can be.

Only recently has Joan Crawford overcome bitterness. She was made bitter by the incessant gossip which surrounded her, by the constant criticism of her every gesture, by the questioning of her enemies. She has overcome that bitterness by weeding out her false from her real friends, by giving herself in her warm fashion to those real friends and by laughing off what false friends say.

Bette Davis still has this task to accomplish. Hollywood has made her tremendously bitter. And why shouldn't she be? When she first arrived from a successful stage career, she was thought to be dowdy and homely and given only secondary character roles. However, just when she was packing her trunk to return to New York, her break came in a George Arliss picture. She changed her type. She clicked and Hollywood began to fawn upon her, because she was a success. But very shortly Hollywood's fawning changed to envy. She was criticized harshly. She drew into her hard shell and stayed there. She must, if she is to save herself, acquire Joan Crawford's philosophic attitude.

YOU have only to look at the faces of the greatest screen stars to see bitterness written upon them. Constance Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Jean Harlow—need I go on?

And there is a definite reason why each one of these women has grown cynical, a reason caused by the highly competitive business and social system of Hollywood, which constitutes one of the great and menacing dangers of the town.

Offshoots of these dangers grow into other things. In an attempt to release tired nerves, to slow down the pace, to forget the causes of cynicism, Hollywood all too often turns to the best known means of forgetfulness. It would be cruel for me to tell you how many careers have been ruined by excess drinking. Drinking is an escape, a release—and there is so much in Hollywood from which to escape.

The danger of racketeers you *know*. This is a menace in any town where there is wealth. The picture people suffer greatly from racketeers. Kidnapping threats keep them in a constant turmoil. I'll wager that Marlene Dietrich will never recover from the shock and the constant fear which began that dreadful night when she received the first extortionist note threatening her beloved daughter, Maria.

Half the stars of Hollywood employ bodyguards to protect them and their families. Every Hollywood home has its night watchman to guard the house from thieves. Wealth has its compensations, I'll grant. It also has its trials.

Perhaps you have wondered why I have not mentioned the danger of a girl losing her virtue when she seeks a film career. I want to discuss that frankly. I have not included it because it is not one of the Hollywood menaces. The men able to hand out jobs in the picture business are so beset by girls offering them their virtue that they have become bored and do not think the trade of virtue for a job is a fair one. As a matter of fact, it is the other way 'round. The men of Hollywood are in much greater danger from foolish girls who think their tawdry gift has a marketable value and, if you will look at your newspapers, you will see how many important film directors and executives have been the victims of stupid breach-of-promise suits from ambitious young women.

No, Hollywood does not force your virtue away from you. Hollywood is not interested in your virtue. The town is too wise and sophisticated. If you came to Hollywood, there would be no menace on that score. You would, instead, have to fight the threat of shattered nerves, disease, speed, racketeering and bitterness. For these are the *real* dangers of Hollywood!

A Dick Powell Movie You'll Never See

(*Continued from page 47*)

the studio staff plugging for his picture.

"Mary Brian will help you," advised a cameraman.

"Gee, I wouldn't dare ask her. She hardly knows me."

"No—well, she's as strong for you as you are for her, and you've been making calf-eyes at her ever since you came on the set."

And so, Mary was cast for the first part.

"Frank McHugh's from Pittsburgh and he'll play ball with you," informed one of the publicity men a day or two later.

"Roy Del Ruth is a good sport," announced another, "and maybe he will direct it for you."

"Good grief, don't ask him," pleaded

Judge that is Judge!

Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Even beginners will get a marvelous result with *this* recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! ● But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.

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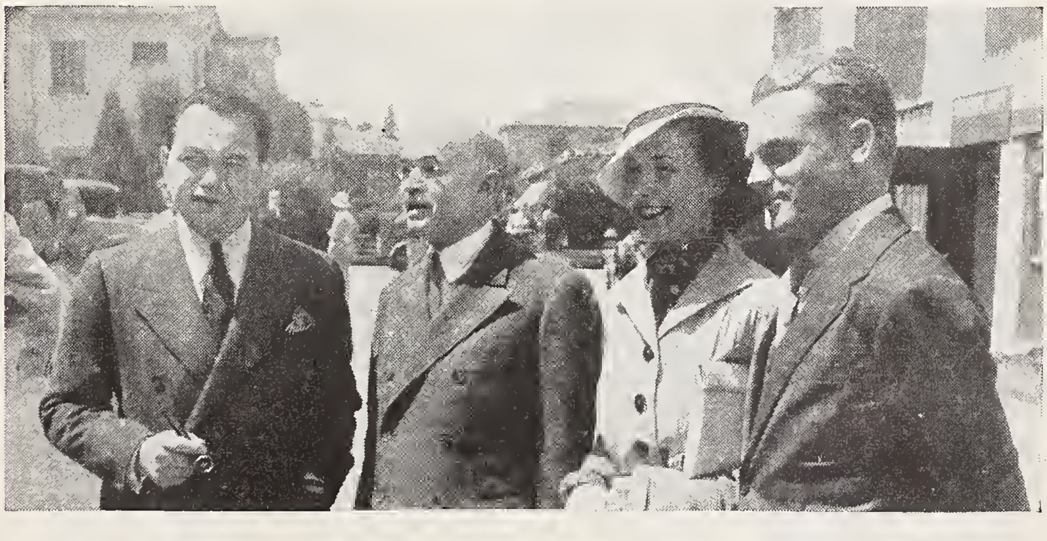

Edward G. Robinson, Judge Ben Lindsey, Margaret Lindsay and Jimmy Cagney look over the sets on the Warner lot. The Judge is much impressed with movieland activities.

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WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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Dick, growing a little afraid of his big idea.

"And Lee Tracy's a swell guy, always ready to give somebody a boost. Get him in there, boy, and you'll have the old folks back home groggy."

"But, golly, I haven't any plot for a picture," worried Dick.

"Go over and put it up to George Billson in the short subject department. He'll help you write a story, and you can gag it up."

And so, before Dick Powell knew what had happened, his colossal, all-star, individual production was "in preparation."

As co-author he went into a huddle with Billson.

"Here's the gag," abruptly announced that individual. "You're leaving Hollywood to go back to Pittsburgh, and you want to say goodby to your sweetheart. But just as you kiss her—"

"Kiss who?" asked Dick, a little nervously.

"Your sweetheart—Mary Brian."

"But, gosh, I couldn't kiss her. If it was somebody else, I guess I could, but gee, not Mary Brian."

"Don't kid me, that's your percentage. I'm blind and deaf and never ask any questions—but don't kid me."

AND so Dick was to kiss Mary Brian. That is, he was to start to kiss her—and then the plot would thicken—with Lee Tracy, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins frustrating Richard's romantic endeavors.

Between Lee talking himself in and poor Dick out, and Frank McHugh bemoaning his misspent youth in Schenley Park (the "old Ox Row" of Pittsburgh,) Powell's movie promised plenty of action.

By the time the last shots of "Blessed Event" were taken, Dick's masterpiece, "From Hollywood to Pittsburgh," was ready to go into production.

So the whole company came back again after supper and Roy Del Ruth started directing his most exclusive picture. When the last shot, with Dick and Mary parting at the door with a long, lingering kiss, was taken, he ordered four re-takes "just to give the kid a break."

Apparently it was the break Dick needed. When the company left the studio late that night, Dick took Mary out for a late snack for the first time.

They have had many dates since. And while on location at West Point, during the making of "Flirtation Walk," Dick was a regular visitor to New York to see Mary. Rumor persists that these two are headed for the altar.

"When I got back to Pittsburgh after making my picture," says Dick, "they built a door on the stage, just like the one where Mary gave me the biggest thrill I've ever had in pictures.

"We would run 'From Hollywood to Pittsburgh,' and then, when the curtain went up, I'd step out through that door and start my chatter."

And where is the single print of that picture now? Locked up in Hollywood, where Dick occasionally shows it to his friends—with the proud claim that it's the biggest little picture in captivity.

She Won't Put On An Act

(*Continued from page 43*)

roadway after Hepburn. Unlike Jean Harlow, her name has been on the front pages of the newspapers only during two periods in her life, her marriage and subsequent divorce from William Powell. Never once has she sobbed through the prints of her aching heart, or soul, in the glorified self-dramatization of Joan Crawford. Carole stands apart from the silken sisterhood of Hollywood for an unique reason—she can't fool herself!

Self-dramatization is not only important in the creation of glamor in Hollywood, it is the very heart and essence of it. Go down the list of the great glamor ladies of screen history from Theda Bara on through Swanson and down to Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Crawford and Harlow and you will find the greatest on-and-off "acts" of them all. Bara with her incense, Swanson with her gilded luxuries and many marriages, Dietrich, the *Trilby,* Garbo the mystery, Hepburn the incredible are as well known to the public as their greatest screen roles.

BUT what about Carole, who looks as glittery as any of them, who has often acted in surroundings more silken. What of Carole?

Every time you read anything about Carole it is to the effect of what a "swell scout" she is. There is never anything temperamental or eccentric to report about the Lombard. No "set" hysterics, no wild extravagances in living beyond her income. Even her divorce from William Powell was as quietly conducted and obtained as it is ever possible to divorce in Hollywood.

In the past six months I have read three interviews on Carole. One was titled: "She Knows What She Wants, for Carole Lombard Has a Great Head for Business." The second was: "The Girl Who Has Worked for Every Break She's Had," and the third, and by far the most sensational was: "What's This About Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo?" Substitute the name of Dick Powell for Columbo's, and those same stories might have been written about Mary Brian.

For a little while after "Twentieth Century," the rumor hounds tried to pin something sensational on Carole. After all she had flared forth in a tremendous hit and Hollywood, true to form, was trying to remodel her in the usual grooves. One writer, straining at the slim angle of Carole's frank, outspoken manner of speech, attempted a difficult-to-prove story calling her "The Most Shocking Woman in Hollywood."

When the papers announced that her new picture with Gary Cooper was being held up because Carole was suffering from an attack of influenza, the behind-the-hand-whisper brigade was anxious to tell you she had made a perfect invalid of herself through rigid dieting and that she had to go to the hospital regularly to have her health built up. Another group tried hard to start the rumor that Carole, after years of being plugged by Paramount, was planning to walk out on her contract because of a rush of "Twentieth Century" importance to the head. And, of course, everyone became terribly interested in the "seriousness" of her romance with Russ Columbo. You can't ever say Hollywood didn't give Carole a chance to be sensational!

But it's no use. I've just come from an hour's talk with her in her dressing-room, and she isn't now, or ever, going to play ball with the Hollywood "gagsters."

"I've never gone in for fooling myself or the people who like me on the screen," she said definitely, "and I don't intend to start now, 'Twentieth Century' or no 'Twentieth Century.' My fans are going to have to like me without an act, because I haven't any."

CAROLE, wearing an enormous, floppy blue hat, with blue pajamas, and sports sandals in still another shade of blue, had hailed me with a "Hi." She looked like a *Vogue* version of the Farmer's Daughter, the huge "farmerette" hat only partially concealing a face completely devoid of powder or rouge, a very scarlet mouth, and a brand new finger wave in her blonde hair. Gary's typical western background was definitely out of line for the chic effect she presented as she seated herself on the divan surrounded by Indian arrows, pipes, tins of tobacco and Indian blankets. Settling far down on her spine and crossing a slim ankle over her knee, she delivered herself of the above observation after I had prodded her about Hollywood's new "Lombard rumors."

"I was terribly amused by that attempt to pin an act on me by making me 'The Most Shocking Woman in Hollywood' in print," she laughed. "I was amused to read about this person, who it appears, has a vocabulary like a longshoreman and makes Mae West's screen *bon mots* sound like nursery fables in comparison. For a minute it burned me up, particularly when I read the part that 'explained' that I said most of my hectic remarks for the purpose of shocking people, and that it wasn't natural, but just a misplaced effect.

"Maybe it is true that I have a habit of being abruptly outspoken and not mincing my words. I've never believed in kidding myself by calling a spade a garden implement. But never in my life have I ever said anything for the purpose of embarrassing anyone, or for any 'effect' of being the most shocking woman in Hollywood. It's only with people whom I know intimately that I'm liable to express myself anyway. I'd like to meet this reporter sometime and ask him what *he* has actually overheard me say that is so 'unprintable.'

"But I really can't get peeved about Hollywood gossip. I've been treated to so little of it. The press has always been more than square with me. As for the printed hint that I have wrecked my health with diet, what does it really matter? People just have to have something to talk about, and if my diet was the worst they could think up for me, I'm really grateful.

"I know perfectly well I haven't hurt myself through diet, because my diet is sensible. I don't believe in recommending diets, or trying to get others to follow your particular food routine, because everyone's system is different and what would be wonderful for me might be harmful for you. The only sensible thing to do is to diet under a doctor's supervision, and this I have always done. No, when you read that a picture of mine has been held up because of a cold, it is really a cold and not a polite form of starvation."

THE smoke curled idly upward from her cigarette as she calmly dismissed the pose of Hollywood's "most shocking woman" and Hollywood's "most starved woman" from her list of sensation possibilities.

"I have never understood why it is necessary to be *the* most anything in Hollywood, to catch publicity attention," she went on. "Do you suppose people would have liked any 'mystery star' less if she had given out interviews in place of refusing them, or if a new sensation had read her mail in a chair instead of a studio alley? I think 'putting on an

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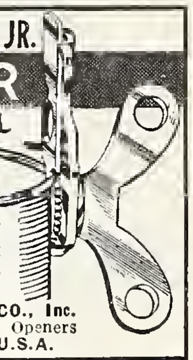

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off-screen act?' is just a Hollywood superstition and oftentimes I think it acts as a boomerang.

"Why should screen people be made out as eccentrics and near-freaks in order to catch public attention? Why should it be more intriguing to read that So-and-so flies into tantrums on the set in place of reading the truth about almost all of us, that we are a hard-working bunch who go about our business as conscientiously as any stenographer or nurse?

"Personally, I live a very quiet life in Hollywood. Occasionally I entertain, but my parties are no different from any parties where a group of friends get together for an evening of laughs or card games. The problems I face and the life I live is only slightly less different than that indulged in by a professional woman in any walk of life. Only in our case, I mean movie actresses, we deal in emotions, not shorthand. Now, what can be so 'mysterious' and 'inside' in the news that Carole Lombard has been seen in public many times with Russ Columbo that is any different from the fact that Mary Jane Jones is going to dances and parties with Harry Whosis? Is Mary Jane necessarily headed for wedding bells with every man over twenty-one with whom she is seen in public? Is Carole Lombard?"

It was a good opening, so I said, "Well, how about answering that?"

Carole laughed. "Well, frankly I haven't anything to say about it, because I *won't* ever say anything about it. I have repeatedly said in interviews I do not believe marriage can go hand in hand with a movie career for a woman. I still believe that. But, in the future, I absolutely refuse to say I will not do this, or I will do that, in regard to anything in my private life. Don't mistake that remark as a hint that I am backing down on any of my anti-marriage arguments. I'm not. But it annoys me to read where certain players heatedly deny they are going to be married, or divorced, as the case may be, and before the story can get out in print they are either married or divorced.

IT is amazing how casual and logical our problems are to us in Hollywood, and how exaggerated they are made to seem when we find them rumored about in print. For instance, all this talk that I am planning to walk out on my Paramount contract because I made a hit at another studio in 'Twentieth Century.'

"If people outside the business would only realize how silly these stories are, I'm sure they'd stop. In the first place, practically every star in Hollywood has a business manager who is in complete control of all contracts. Of course, our agents consult us about future pictures and contracts, but usually any deal is settled on a purely business basis between the agent and the heads of the studios.

IT happens that just at this moment, as I give you this story, my future contract is in the 'conference stage,' which means that my future plans are now under discussion. If it should turn out that I do not remain at Paramount, 'gratitude' or the lack of it, will have nothing to do with it. Sometimes it can happen that a star and a studio can be together so long they become mutually stale. Look at the new flurry of interest in Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable since, 'It Happened One Night' when they were both borrowed from their home plants by Columbia. Clark has admitted in print that he was beginning to be a little bored with his career before this knock-out picture came along and proved to the public and his producers that he was as good in comedy as he was in the heavy lover roles. Long contracts with one studio, very often, you know, can sometimes turn out like certain marriages. They can reach the point where interest lags and too much is taken for granted, and a change is recommended for both parties. By the time your story gets in print it will probably be known whether or not I will resign with Paramount, or make a friendly parting. But whichever way it is decided, it will be a purely business move, and not a sob story on either side." (Incidentally Carole did sign a new contract with Paramount.)

She said, in parting, as an assistant director stuck his head in the door and told her she was wanted for a fitting in the wardrobe department, "I'm sorry if I've spoiled the Hollywood attempts to make an eccentric, or a sensationalist out of me by explaining all my problems in such a simple fashion. But fooling myself, or other people, has never been a talent of mine."

How can you help but like her for it?

How to Hold Your Man at Forty

(*Continued from page 53*)

to be thoroughly intriguing and glamorous, must retain a softness, a sweetness of spirit that will carry her on through life. Men love an amiable woman.

"Personally, I should rather be termed 'sweet' than 'scintillating.' Most of the thoroughly sweet women I know are over forty. But don't misunderstand me. By 'sweet' I don't mean a saccharine sweetness. I mean a softness and kindliness of the soul that only the years can give a woman. Do not let yourself become sour and embittered.

"Never take your man completely for granted. Regard him as the lover who first wooed you and do your best to remain physically as well as spiritually attractive to him. So many women look upon the age of forty with resignation. That is all wrong. An attitude like that deadens a woman and embitters her. At forty, she must be doubly careful to retain her figure and bring to the surface all of her spiritual and physical charms. Acknowledge the years, but don't bow down before them. The woman of forty, if she watches her calories, her spirit and yet remembers that she is no longer an ingenue, should have no qualms about holding that man of hers."

Once upon a time Billie was America's reigning musical comedy favorite. Pajamas and curling irons were named after her. She played in roles that portrayed her a sweet, coy young heroine who sang songs and always married the hero. Surely with a glorious career like that behind her, Billie Burke might well have looked forward with dread to the age of forty. But today, Billie Burke finds herself face to face with a new career in the talkies.

It is a far cry from the Billie of twenty years ago, since she no longer plays the musical comedy ingenue. But she has retained the beauty of her youth and has added to it the sweetness and softness of maturity. She excels in the young and lovely "mother" type of role which is well suited to her, since it proves conclusively that a woman can be forty and attractive.

JANET BEECHER, of "Gallant Lady" and "Last Gentleman" fame, is all for the scissor hold that will keep your man down and never out! Her philosophy and advice are as simple and forthright as she is herself.

"The forty-year-old woman is a godsend in these times of economic distress. If her mind has matured along with her body, she need have no fear of losing her man's interest. Men need the older woman now. We are living in a frank and courageous age. Men like frank and courageous women. They like to sit down and talk about themselves to a woman who will understand what they are talking about. And who, do you think, will be more understanding, a flapper of twenty or a woman of forty?

"The older woman hasn't the silly ideas or extreme notions of the young girl. A man loves to talk to a woman who is interested in what he has to say. The forty-year-old can absorb his opinions and when he asks for her advice, she is able to give it. Men want advice now. This is the older woman's day, and it is up to her to take advantage of it. The woman of forty is fortunate since she can combine a youthful exterior and a mature, rich mind. My advice to her then, if she would hold her man, is to develop an understanding and an interest in first, her man, himself, and secondly in everything in which he is interested.

"Read up on current events, learn what is going on in the world, listen sympathetically to his problems, make him feel that they are as important to you as they are to him, make him regard you as one whose counsel and advice are essential to his well-being, and you will see that your efforts will be rewarded. No man will wander away from a woman whose opinion he values."

Janet Beecher couldn't possibly speak with so much assurance unless she, too, possessed the wisdom and vision which she believes should be part of the make-up of the interesting forties. Janet's life has been a colorful one. For many years she was an actress on the legitimate stage. Her greatest stage hit, by the way, was in a play entitled appropriately enough "Courage." The years have given her love, fame, a splendid young son and now, at forty, a new career in the talkies.

Her motion picture début was as a featured player in "Gallant Lady," and again the title can well apply to her. It would have been easy for her to say that youth is woman's richest harvest time since youth gave her so much, but she is utterly sincere in her conviction that the richest period of her life is now. Forty, you see, has held no terrors for her.

I BELIEVE it is easier to hold a man at forty than it is when you're twenty," said Mary Boland. "For at forty every woman should have developed a sense of humor. Believe you me, it's grand fun to sit back and laugh. When we are twenty or thirty we are apt to go into a frenzy over every little thing, as when a bald spot appears on our man's pate. At forty, who cares—so long as we still can laugh.

"No man wants to come home to a face that reminds him of the present state of the market. He wants someone around who will make him think that life is just a bowl of cherries. There are two kinds of wrinkles, you know. The kind that come from worry and the kind that come from laughter. If wrinkles must come, then I prefer the latter kind.

"You see," she continued, "the older woman can afford to laugh at everything. Her mind has become broadened in its scope. She is, or should be, tolerant and understanding. A woman who has a husband who is inclined to grow absent-minded and forget his home address, can easily hold onto him if she overlooks his faults and laughs them away. He won't wander far—never fear. An understanding wife with a sense of humor is the answer to every husband's prayer and what can teach understanding better than forty years of living?"

Mary Boland has known them. She has become famous for her wit. But she was not born with a sense of humor—she developed it. She has lived and acted tragedy as well as comedy. At one time Mary acted tragic roles opposite John Drew and only turned to comedy when a producer cast her in that type of role in Booth Tarkington's "Clarence." She has been playing comedy roles ever since and we have grown to know and love Mary Boland as one of our hilariously funny comediennes.

There you are! Four actresses, each a star in her own right, have given you the benefit of their counsel. Each of them is proof that the age of forty can be attractive and interesting. The sophisticated forty—the sweet forty—the wise forty—and the humorous forty—all of them have spoken and you pays yer money and takes yer choice.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

this important for erasing those unwelcome wrinkles that wend their way into the skin if it has been neglected. A good massage cream applied with your own finger tips is the best way to remove this evil and here's the correct way to massage:

For those annoying wrinkles around your eyes begin your massage at the inside corner of each eye (near the nose) and smooth lightly over the lid and around, being sure to do so very lightly without shoving or pushing the skin. This reaches the band of muscle surrounding the eye.

To keep the mouth young, begin your finger-tip movement at the center of the chin and mold out to the corner of the mouth, around and over the upper lip, letting fingers meet at the nose. This reaches the circular muscle which surrounds the mouth.

For the forehead, use the fingers of both hands. Begin at the bridge of the nose and stroke rapidly upward to the hairline.

A point to remember when applying and removing the cream is to stroke upward—never downward! Apply the cream by making little circles of it with the cushions of the fingers, starting at the chin and working upwards toward the temples. Then gently spread the cream until your entire face and neck are covered.

IT is surprising how few people are acquainted with the complexion brush and yet, if used properly, it is one of the greatest aids to beauty. It's grand for working in that nourishing cream and if you're a soap-and-water addict it does the trick there, too. When used in connection with the cream, first cleanse your face thoroughly with a cleansing cream and after this has been removed, spread on the nourishing cream. Then take the brush

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and brush your face lightly, following the same motions that you would with your hands if you were massaging. Be careful not to brush too hard as that will do your skin more harm than good. If you're using soap and water you merely apply a good lather of soap to the face and then proceed to scrub the face lightly; be sure to use the upward and outward motions.

Giving the skin a good spanking with a patter is another excellent idea that many of us pass up. Cover your face and neck with cream (don't be stingy) and then commence spanking. The best starting point is the base of your throat and spank upward toward the hairline. You might give the chin a few extra whacks for good measure. A few minutes of this and your skin will glow beautifully. And if you want your skin to feel especially nice, give yourself an ice treatment. You can do this by wrapping some ice cubes in your wash cloth and patting your face with it.

And now, I'd like you to try something. Run your index finger over your face. Is it soft and smooth or is it bumpy? Ten to one it's bumpy and if that's the case, you'll have to do a little more than mere creaming and massaging. This is a sign that your intestines need attention. If your intestines are free from poisons, you can be sure that the job of keeping your skin bump-less and pimple-less can be accomplished with a minimum of trouble. Yeast, is, of course, a surefire intestine-cleanser. Your creams and the other doodads that you might use will do the rest of the work—if they're given this helping hand.

Here are a few hints on beauty I've picked up on my wanderings around the various studios in Hollywood:

Diana Wynyard bathes her face, neck and hands in tomato juice twice a week and declares it is soothing and refreshing as well as a grand bleach. Diana, incidentally, is one of the few stars who has clung to the milky-white skin.

For enlarged pores and blackheads there is an excellent wash and balm that will work wonders for everyone suffering with these skin ailments. It tones up oily and sallow skin remarkably, too. I'll be glad to tell you more about this if you'll write to me.

TO secure a good posture, try this: when standing, let your arms rest at your sides with palms facing outward. This will automatically pull your shoulders up straight. Joan Bennett, who had a tendency to stoop as a child tried this, when dancing and special exercises failed, and claims it has helped her more than anything. In fact, she still practices walking this way about the house. Why don't you try it?

Jean Harlow's new hairdress in her latest picture, "The Girl from Missouri," is a knockout. It consists of a small braid that starts just beneath a deep wave on the right side of her head and is pulled through a circle of diamonds which is set flat against the wave. The braid is then pulled down and the end concealed in the fluffy ends of her long bob. Dress your hair thataway and you'll have the latest in fall coiffures.

And speaking of hair, there is nothing better for it than a hearty shampoo at least once a week. I know of a very delightful oil shampoo that will give your hair new life and make it glisten with new lustre. I'll be glad to let you know the name of this shampoo, if you'll write to me asking for it.

If eyebrow plucking is painful to you—and it is to so many of us—try using a hot application before you begin to pluck. Helen Vinson cold-creams her eyebrows and presses wads of cotton soaked in hot water over each brow for a few minutes. This opens the pores and makes the very tedious job of eyebrow pulling a cinch.

This month Mary Biddle has a very valuable booklet called "Lovely Eyes," to offer you absolutely free. It tells you how to make the most of your most important feature—your eyes. If you would like to have this booklet, write to her.

And, of course, Mary Biddle will be glad to advise you about any beauty problems that you may want to discuss with her, if you will drop her a note. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

La Dietrich looks very striking in her white Hussar uniform in this scene from Paramount's "Scarlet Empress," with Gavin Gordon.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 64*)

If your face is oval shaped like Sylvia Sidney's, then rouge lightly all over.

With a half-moon face like Marlene Dietrich's, use high coloring, but blend color toward the temples.

REMEMBER, in applying make-up, that the eye-brows are the principal feature of expression. And here is a valuable tip:

You can actually show anger, happiness, relaxation or strain through your eyebrows, so if you're playing a scene in which you must express a violent emotion you can rely on make-up to do your work for you. It will save some wear and tear on your emotions. Here's how:

Sit before your mirror. Express anger. Watch your eyebrows closely to see in what lines they fall. Now take your eyebrow pencil and simply exaggerate and accentuate that line. You can do that with every emotion and it will produce a much better effect upon the stage, for the line of the eyebrow is quickly changed. This trick will help your performance immeasurably.

A young girl's brows should start just over the corner of the eye. If her eyes are too near together she can cheat a little on this and make the eyebrows farther apart to give her eyes the effect of being wider apart. All brows should be nicely arched, but never pluck them in that very fine line that some foolish girls think is smart. It is very trying and un-beautiful.

The first rule concerning eyebrow beauty is to pluck them from underneath and never from the top. If you follow this rule your eyes will look larger than they really are.

Here is the general rule governing the arrangement of hair to help along your performance in a role.

(1) To emphasize youth, sweep the hair boldly off the face, go in for longish effects, coiled knots, curls, low coiffures. Young people do not have to worry about the neckline.

(2) To emphasize your role, if you're playing the part of an older woman, wear a high coiffure and frame your face with hair in a flattering line.

AND while we're on the subject of playing the part of an older woman, I want you to have some expert pointers.

Again, the mistake that amateurs make is over-doing. They make lines too heavy. If they attempt grey hair, they look as if they had just dipped their head in a barrel of flour. You can learn much about making up for the playing of older roles by watching movies in which the hero and heroine start out as young people and advance to old age. Will you ever forget how gracefully Irene Dunne accomplished this in "Cimarron?" That was a wonderful job of make-up—and you'll notice that her make-up man did not exaggerate it.

Study your mother's or father's face. Notice where the natural lines come and then carefully and lightly draw those lines on your own face with a make-up pencil. Make your lips thinner than they are and use very little lipstick.

The hair of older people is usually thin. Now your young hair is probably thick. Either after or before you've whitened it use plenty of brilliantine so that it will lie flat to your head and give the effect of thinness.

In every character make-up, the idea is to be as natural as possible and the way to learn naturalness is to go directly to nature. Suppose you're playing the role of a janitor. Then observe your own school janitor and try to copy his salient features with make-up. This is such a simple, easy rule—a rule which all the character actors of the screen follow—but one which so many amateurs forget.

AND now, I would like you to have the benefit of a most valuable chart which has been compiled for you girls. This will be of great help to you whether you want to be an actress or not. It shows you exactly what street make-up the most important stars use for night and day. Study it well. Find your own type by comparing yourself with the stars and profit by the example of these women who know more about correct make-up than any group of people in the world.

CONSTANCE BENNETT

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Rachel
Rouge	Dry, blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-grey
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

RUTH CHATTERTON

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Brunette	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Carmine	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium carmine	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

JOAN CRAWFORD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	None	Powder	None
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Dark raspberry	Lipstick	Light raspberry
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MARION DAVIES

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Pale pink	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-black
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

BETTE DAVIS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachelle	Powder	Flesh
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Light
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

FRANCES DEE

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Light suntan	Powder	Very light suntan
Rouge	Pale pink	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Pale pink	Lipstick	Deep carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Lash darkener

IRENE DUNNE

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Dry, carmine	Rouge	Dry, medium
Lipstick	Medium pink	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Medium brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Medium brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

KAY FRANCIS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Carmine	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Carmine	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

JANET GAYNOR

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rose-blush	Powder	Rose-blush
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Light	Lipstick	Light
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	None
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

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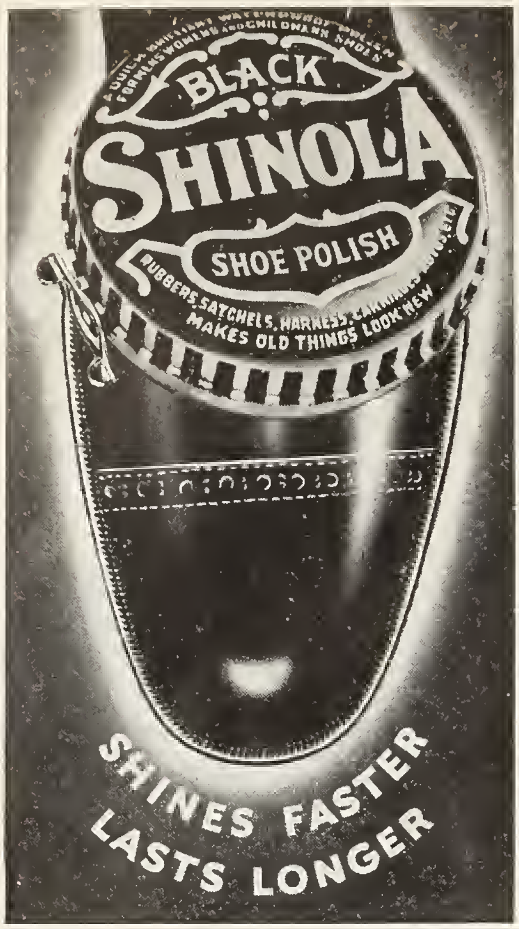
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GRETA GARBO

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle (if any)	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Cool pink	Lipstick	Cool pink
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Grey-blue
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

ANN HARDING

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

JEAN HARLOW

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Creamish tan	Powder	Creamish tan
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Medium dark, vivid	Lipstick	Medium dark
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Dark blue
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MIRIAM HOPKINS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	None	Powder	Light tan
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Orange	Lipstick	Deep coral
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

ELISSA LANDI

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Cream	Powder	Cream
Rouge	None	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

CAROLE LOMBARD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Pink suntan	Powder	Lavender
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Coral	Lipstick	Deep carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Violet
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

MYRNA LOY

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachel	Powder	Rachel
Rouge	Dark raspberry	Rouge	Dark raspberry
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Dark
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Medium	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	Blackish	Eyeshadow	Blackish
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

NORMA SHEARER

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Medium	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Light pink	Lipstick	Medium dark
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

SYLVIA SIDNEY

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Dark brunette	Powder	Greenish
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Coral	Lipstick	Carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

BARBARA STANWYCK

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachelle	Powder	Flesh
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MAE WEST

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Light pink	Powder	Lavender
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Lacquer red	Lipstick	Dark red
Eyeshadow	Blue	Eyeshadow	Violet
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

DIANA WYNYARD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	Medium raspberry
Lipstick	Pale	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	Dark brown	Eyeshadow	Dark brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Brown-black	Eyelashes	Brown-black

LORETTA YOUNG

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Brunette	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Brown	Eyelashes	Brown
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyepencil	Brown mascara

In this—the first article on make-up in Modern Screen's Dramatic School—I've tried to tell you things that I believe you have not learned before. I have picked out only the most salient facts. There will be more on these pages about make-up, but in the meantime I'd like you to write to this department Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, and ask lots of questions. Discuss your individual stage make-up problems. I'll pass on to you the advice available from the Hollywood experts.

Scott Photo

When Ernest Lubitsch throws a party; well, you can guess! At the housewarming of his Mexican hacienda, Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall make merry.

Playfellows of Death

(*Continued from page 39*)

couldn't catch up, so they ran it into the river, right alongside the Attorney General of Maryland's car. It stayed there, upside down in fourteen feet of water for four days, before things quieted down enough for us to get it towed out.

BUT that wasn't all. The mob saw me watching them and went out after me. I ran into a hotel, but couldn't shake 'em off, and finally fled to the jail. I wanted the sheriff to lock me in a cell for safety, but he wasn't around, so I hid wherever I could until I was able to get a car to take me out of town.

"The Pathé truck got there about a half hour after we did. Every window in it was broken by the mob who threw rocks at it. It was chased out of town, too. The Fox truck never did get there. An R. F. D. man warned them when they were ten miles out, and they went home.

ANOTHER occasion I'll not forget was the battle at the Hotel Nacional in Havana, at the time when they were getting out the officers who had been loyal to Machado, and who had barricaded themselves in the hotel, defending their position with machine guns after his fall.

"A lieutenant and four soldiers were assigned to guard me, and we were watching the hotel early one morning when a red flag was run up on it. We took that to be a sign of surrender, and started toward it ahead of the Army, me with my camera and my body guard. When we were about half way across the lawn the men in the hotel cut loose with everything they had. The four soldiers with me and the lieutenant fell dead. I flopped to the ground, and as I went down I saw a cavalry horse shot a few feet away. I crawled up behind him and lay grinding away on the camera, with the bullets from the hotel and from San Martin's men, who were attacking it, whistling over me.

"See that scar on the top of my head? I got that in Havana when I was making pictures of the secret police killing students. I got away with it for three days and then they caught me. A squad of them beat me up and threw me into jail. A few hours later a Chicago newspaper man found out where I was and got in touch with Washington. President Roosevelt personally called the Cuban Secretary of War, Ferrara, and had his secretary stay on the wire until I was released.

"But the narrowest escape I ever had was right here in New York. I was standing on the subway platform at Times Square and didn't get on the first train that came along because it was too crowded and I had my camera with me. A moment after it pulled out of the station, there was an awful crash. That was the subway wreck of 1928, when sixteen people were killed and one hundred injured. Am I glad I wasn't on that train! Anyhow, I set up my camera and was cranking away before the fire engines got there.

"Had another hot time right here in town, too, when they captured Two-Gun Crowley. I was set up on top of the truck right outside the entrance of the building, and Joe, here, was my sound man. Plenty of bullets flying that time, eh? And remember when they carried the fat guy out and laid him in the wagon?"

I left the two of them reminiscing about old times and wandered over to the Pathé newsreel outfit.

C. R. COLLINS, the assignment editor, looked up from his desk. "Exciting things that happen to the newsreel men? Sure they happen, but they're all in the day's work. What kind of stuff do you want, anyway?"

"How about the time Tom Blatzell, the cameraman, and Al Kalbfleisch, the sound man, went down to Ambridge, Pennsylvania last year to film the rioting steel strikers, who had set up an armed picket line at the entrance to the mill. Tom parked his truck on the corner directly across the street from the trouble and set up his camera on top of it, while Al kept busy with the sound equipment inside.

"About that time the sheriff got a posse together and came along to break up the riot. The strikers began tossing rocks. The sheriff got out of his car and walked up to one of the strikers to take his club away. The gang let out an awful yell, so the sheriff went back and got the posse. Then the fun began—the strikers fighting with rocks and clubs while the posse fired sawed-off shotguns over their heads.

"All this time Tom and Al were working away. Then the sheriff's forces began throwing tear gas bombs, and our boys got it pretty bad. Their eyes were still inflamed when they got to New York.

"I guess our prize hero is Bob Donohue, though. He's the fellow who was up to the pole with Byrd. He's the man who made the picture from the first 'sub-cloud car' out at Langley Field. There's an ironical twist in Bob's story. Wait 'till I tell you about it.

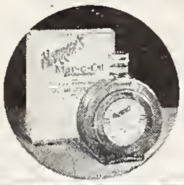
"This cloud car is a little stream-lined steel car that dangles at the end of a thousand-foot cable, and is let down from a blimp. The blimp's above the clouds, where it can't be seen, and the car's below the clouds, so that an observer in it can watch the enemy, while the car's so small it would escape the attention of enemy gunners.

"An Army aviation lieutenant made the first trial in the car. Then they let Bob take his camera and try it. Everything went fine as long as they were letting him down, but when they were trying to haul him up, the winch stuck and they couldn't move it. So there he hung, three hundred or so feet above the earth and a thousand below the blimp, which had begun to pitch like a ship at sea, threatening to dash him to death at any moment. He couldn't bail out with his parachute, because he wasn't high enough to give it a chance to open. All he could do was sit there for an hour and forty-five minutes and take it—with death never more than a few moments away if the blimp dipped far enough. Then they got the kinks out of the winch and hauled him up to safety.

AND now for the odd part of the story. "Some time later we sent him out to Floyd Bennett Field to make pictures of the arrival of the Flying Mollisons. In order to get a good air shot of them, Bob started to climb to the roof of the Administration Building. He got safely up and then, with his camera on its tripod over his shoulder, began climbing the ladder on the outside of the tower. Somehow his hand missed the top rung and he fell to the ground. An ambulance took him to the hospital with concussion of the brain."

"Did he recover all right?"

"Sure. He wouldn't even stay in the



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hospital. He went to a hotel, got a good night's sleep and tried to report for work the next day, even if he did have a broken arm too. And the worst of it was that his injury was all for nothing. The Mollisons cracked up in Bridgeport and never did get to Langley Field.

"Oh, yes! Remember the stockyards fire in Chicago? Well, our boys there had a pretty hot time, too. They managed to get the sound truck inside the area and parked it next to a fire engine—a pumper, it was. Suddenly one of them got a hunch that it was time to get out of there. They had to get a bunch of firemen to pick up the truck bodily and help them carry it over the hose. Just a few minutes after they left with their pictures, a wall caved in and fell on the fire engine, which was burned to a cinder."

Then I left and went over to Paramount. There John Beecroft took me in tow.

"Have you got any men who've had experiences like Joe Gibson?" I asked him.

"Did you ever hear about Al Mingalone?" he asked. "The man who drove across Cuba with two of the revolutionary students?"

"No. What about him?"

"Well, Al was on the other side of the island when we assigned him to Havana, and he didn't have any way of getting there fast, so he found a couple of fellows with a car who said they were going there. After he got into the back seat, he found he was sharing it with enough ammunition to run a full-sized war. And the two students up in the front seat were a couple of playful cusses. Their idea of fun was to take their machine guns and mow down every horse or cow they passed on the road. When they got hungry or thirsty, they'd stop at a farm house and one of them would go in and ask for whatever they wanted. If they didn't get it, they'd cut loose at the house with their machine guns as they drove away. The farmers didn't take it lying down, either, but shot back, and Al was pretty busy ducking bullets.

"After about forty hours of this, they reached Havana, and Al got some good pictures of the riots.

SPEAKING of Havana, recently there was an attempt to assassinate Mendiega. Somebody took a bomb and put it in a camera case. Then they sent it to his office. I guess they knew that the government was friendly to the news men and didn't search them much. There was plenty of excitement when the bomb went off, though nobody was killed. But the next time the cameramen came to make some shots of an ABC demonstration, the police mobbed them and smashed all their equipment. They even arrested them and held them in jail for about five hours while they investigated their credentials.

"Hold on a minute! Here comes Al Mingalone now. He'll tell you all about that trip with the students."

But Al was too modest to talk. Being a hero embarrassed him. "Aw," he said, "it wasn't anything. Just a wild ride."

We insisted that he tell us something, some narrow escape from death. Finally he agreed.

"It was at the auto races out in Indianapolis," said Al. "I had a camera set up outside on a bad turn. One of the cars got a blowout there and stopped, so a bunch of the crew started pushing it off the track. Then another car got a blowout about the same place and hit the first car. I didn't see any of this, because I was looking in the finder of my camera, and the first thing I knew something white blocked it out. It was one of the guys who was pushing the first car, and the other car knocked him way up in the air. I didn't realize what happened until chunks of car began falling around me. I got dirt and oil all over me, but I wasn't hurt any. It wasn't anything to talk about. So you've got your story. So long."

Beecroft took up the story again. "There was Henry de Sienna," he said, "who had a pretty wild time of it during the last strike in Pennsylvania. Henry set up his camera on the roof of a building, and both the cops and the strikers took after him. They must have seen the tripod and thought he had a machine gun. The cops figured he was a striker and started shooting at him, and the strikers thought he was a Company Guard and began tossing rocks at him. Finally both the strikers and the cops got together and chased him out of town."

AND then I went on to Fox, where I had the good luck to run into Jack Kuhne, who heads their staff of flying cameramen.

"Oh, nothing much ever happened to me. I nearly fell out of a bomber once, though. It was like this.

"I went down to the government proving grounds, where they make the tests of ordnance, in Aberdeen, Maryland, and looked up a friend of mine, Major Daniels. I told him I wanted to get a good bombing shot, and he agreed to let one of his planes bomb an abandoned two-story house that was on the grounds.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, too. We put a three hundred and fifty pound demolition bomb in the basement of the house, with wires running to a control box a few hundred feet away, just to make sure of getting a good explosion, in case the bombs missed.

"Well, I had to take my picture from the bomb bay, right under the bomb rack, with two good hundred pound bombs and two duds for range finding. The legs of the tripod were pulled out as far as they would go and strapped tightly to the rack, and I was leaning out as far as I could, with a good broad safety belt holding my weight, and just my legs from the knees down inside the plane. I leaned out once and set the camera, came back in while we circled for altitude, and then leaned out again. Somehow or other, the patent catch on my safety belt had come undone, and I just fell out of the plane.

"I was stopped by the crank of the camera catching in my 'chute harness. But there I was, held fast. I couldn't get out and join the Caterpillar Club, and I couldn't get back in, and the pilot up front couldn't see me, so he didn't know anything was wrong. It seemed like an hour that I hung there, before I was able to grab hold of the bomb rack and gradually work my way back into the plane, and the people below were mighty lucky I didn't catch hold of one of the bomb releases.

"No sooner was I back in than the pilot waggled the plane to signal that we were approaching the house, and I had to snap that same untrustworthy buckle again and trust myself to the belt.

"Funny, we dropped a dud first for range and made a direct hit on the house. Then we dumped one of the live bombs, missed the house by a hundred feet and blew a thirty-foot crater in the road. The next two bombs whizzed by my head right to the house, the boys below touched off the demolition bomb and we got a great picture."

YOU fellows always get your picture, don't you?"

"Not quite always. I'll tell you about one time a cameraman missed out. Another fellow and I were in an autogiro at the Horseshoe Falls in Niagara. We were skimming along about four feet over the water above the Falls. When we reached them we planned to fly straight out across the chasm. But as soon as we hit the edge, the suction pulled us straight down into that big pocket of mist and spray. As our plane vanished, the man I had taking the picture from another plane stopped his camera. He thought we were killed. And so, for that matter, did we—especially when we were so low the spray from the bottom of the Falls began to drench us. But in a few seconds we were out of it, back in the gorge, and finally managed to climb out. It was a tough job, because the air currents there all seem to be downward.

"Then, when we found out he hadn't made the picture, we had to go back and do it all over. Believe you me, the second time was worse than the first!

"That's as bad as Bob Donahue's experience, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. His lasted a lot longer. I was up in the blimp, CT 13, all the time he was in the car below it. That little cable's so thin it looks like a piece of picture wire, and I was scared it was going to snap any minute. They wouldn't let me get into the car. I weigh one hundred and eighty-seven pounds and they picked him because he was the lightest man there—only about a hundred and twenty. Nervy little cuss; you'd never think he was nearly fifty years old.

"When I called down to him over the phone and told him we couldn't pull him back, he thought we were kidding, so he just took his pictures and then sat on the bottom of the car smoking cigarettes and paying no attention to the fact that the car was blowing through tremendous hundred-foot circles that would have made anybody else seasick.

"When they finally got the winch going, it ran in jerks and yanked him up ten feet at a time. I still can't understand why that cable didn't break. And all the time he thought we were doing it for fun! He had a parachute on, but didn't bail because we were over the water most of the time and he takes cold if he gets his feet wet.

"That reminds me, I came pretty nearly taking a bath when I flew down to film the arrival of one of the new transatlantic liners. Roy Edwards, of Universal, and I were in a monoplane, and Roy was making his shots from a window while I took mine from the cabin door. I was sitting on the battery that drove my electric camera, which I was holding in my lap. Suddenly a current of air hit us and I fell out. Only my left arm and foot were inside the plane, and I had to hang onto my camera with my right hand so it wouldn't fall among the passengers on the boat. I didn't have a 'chute on because Roy didn't have any, and it isn't flying etiquette for anybody in a plane to wear one unless everybody does.

"It seemed as though I was waving like a flag out there in the slip-stream for the longest time before I felt him grab me. He was a husky chap, six-feet-two tall and weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds, so he finally managed to drag me back into the ship, where I set myself up again, just as I was before, and made the picture."

"But the pay-off on this one was when I got back on the ground. Roy looked at me and said, 'Hey, Jack, do you know you damn near fell out of that plane?'

And then when I asked Jack Kuhne if he'd ever been shot at, he said "No"—then thought for a minute and admitted that he'd towed targets at the end of a thousand foot rope while a half-dozen anti-aircraft guns popped away at them with shrapnel. "But," he said, "they never hit my plane. Bullets have gone through planes in which some of the other boys were riding, but none of us was ever killed. It's all in the day's work and we'd never think about it, if it wasn't for guys like you asking us a lot of questions."

And, mind you, adventures like these are nothing especially unusual in the very hectic lives of newsreel cameramen. So, next time you see a newsreel, go home and drink a toast to the modest, unpublicized heroes who have thrown a laugh into the teeth of death that you may have your twelve minutes of entertainment.

Scott Photo

Joan Marsh, Walter Thompson, Sally Blane, Jack Durant, Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant and Binnie Barnes all skate around the Culver City Rollerdrome. And what a gay time this little group had!

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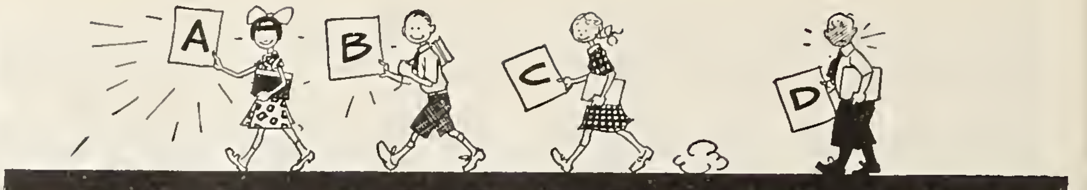

THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BABY, TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Once more, Shirley Temple is the whole show. Jimmy Dunn, Claire Trevor and Alan Dinehart come in for their share of honors, too.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Don't miss this stirring drama. A triumph for Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Peppy musical. With Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson and John Boles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Splendid mystery yarn. With Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. Una Merkel and Charlie Butterworth supply the laughs.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Very lavish and spectacular is this latest effort of De Mille. Colbert and Warren William are fine.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Fredric March and Evelyn Venable in an intriguing story.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
Marvelous entertainment. You'll wonder at the "new" Elissa Landi.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
The latest Will Rogers opus is a wow. Funny? We'll say.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
George Arliss' characterization of Baron Rothschild is something you don't want to miss.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Refreshingly good. With Gable, Colbert and Walter Connolly.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding gives a sincere and beautiful performance.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan and Doug Montgomery do beautiful jobs as Lammchen and Pinneberg, respectively.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
Shirley Temple walks away with the honors here.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings and Arline Judge.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
Dolores Del Rio plays the title role beautifully. Warner Bros. didn't spare themselves in making this picture as elaborate as possible.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical murder mystery. With Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
If you're fond of good singing, don't miss Grace Moore in this.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
War theme. With Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez in a rollicking comedy.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Modern marriage yarn. With Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

SADIE McKEE (M-G-M).
Joan Crawford scores again. Supporting her are Franchot Tone, Esther Ralston and Edward Arnold.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Otto Kruger does another excellent job. Nancy Carroll plays opposite him. See it.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
Excellent musical.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the second of the Tarzan series.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Even if you are averse to mysteries, or are tired of them, you'll enjoy this one with its light comedy touches. William Powell and Myrna Loy are in it.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney in a dual role—princess and actress.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
A story you all know, and sterling performances by Wally Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Jackie Cooper make this picture one that you shouldn't miss.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore, the producer, and Carole Lombard, the actress. Simply grand film entertainment.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Fast-moving radio yarn. Dick Powell's renditions of "The Flying Trapeze" and "I'll String Along With You" are delightful.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Plenty of action in this tale about the Mexican bandit, Pancho Villa. With Wally Beery, Stu Erwin and Katherine DeMille.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
This one will give you something to think about. It's a mystery, with Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams, Sarah Haden and Dorothy Burgess in the cast.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Good comedy. With Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan, Fredric March and Fay Wray.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
The story is no wow, but good performances by the cast—Hopkins, March, Raft, and Helen Mack—make it worth your while.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin runs a matrimonial agency and what fun that is.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill as a steel executive who loses and remakes his fortune.

BELOVED (Universal).
A musical, featuring John Boles and Gloria Stuart.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful comedy-drama. With Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
Gaynor and Farrel together again.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
A swell Joe E. Brown comedy. With Pat Ellis, Dorothy Burgess and Donald Dillaway.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
One of the better Wheeler-Woolsey comedies.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
Gene Raymond and Francess Dee.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
Otto Kruger gives an outstanding performance.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
An excellent cast, including Mary Morris, Sir Guy Standing and Evelyn Venable, makes this picture worth while.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
You know what to expect whenever those Marx Brothers are around.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Nice comedy with Chester Morris and Marian Nixon.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
Another Buck Jones thriller.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
Bette Davis and Donald Woods in an exciting mystery.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Nice sets and some amusing scenes in this musical. With Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
It's typically Jean Harlow, so it must be good. With Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone and Patsy Kelly.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
Berton Churchill is excellent. Joel McCrea and Sally Blane are in it, too.

HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram).
Action aplenty. With Ray Walker, Bill Farnum and Noah Beery.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
You'll like Ric Cortez in his lawyer role.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Lots of fun. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon as a desert auto camp owner. With Lyle Talbot and Glenda Farrell.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
Some old comedy situations here but Jack Haley puts them over well. Mary Boland does her stuff, too.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Though the story isn't very credible, Lee Tracy does a nice job.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Very snappy. Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the picturization of Charlotte Bronte's novel.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser.

KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount).
There are lots of laughs in this burlesque on the beauty racket, with Cary Grant as the beauty doctor. Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin, and E. E. Horton do their share to make it amusing.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
Hilarious comedy. With Cary Grant, Frances Drake and Edward Everett Horton. Watch for Charlie Ray.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A Hollywood background. With Gregory Ratoff, Edmund Lowe and Ann Sothern.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
In which Dixie Lee proves what a good little actress she is.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
There's a lot of suspense and excitement in this film. Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy are in it.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).
Very good mystery. Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ric Cortez.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
Starring Burns and Allen.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
The Lanny Ross fans will be thu-rilled.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Both Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan score in the film version of the Broadway stage play.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
One of the better comedies. With Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Barthelmess is fine in this gangster drama.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Entertainment plus. With Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).
Edna May Oliver as the aged teacher and Jimmy Gleason as the not-so-bright detective make a fine team. It's a mystery, with laughs.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).
You'll get your money's worth in laughs. Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as jewel thieves.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Traey gives a sincere performance as the gambler.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont—British).
Poking fun at Hollywood. With Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields in another laugh-getter. Joe Morrison and Baby LeRoy are with him.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Concerning a group of unemployed men and women who decide to go back to the farm. Karen Morley and Tom Keene head the cast.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).
Prizefighting tale. With Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
Teaming Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
A comedy-murder mystery. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts are in it.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres are charming in this light comedy.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).
Funny as it can be. And that Alice Faye gal is gonna surprise you. Lew Ayres has a nice role here, too.

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
Picturization of one of the funniest comedies on Broadway this season. Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle do it justice.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).
Ben Bernie's first flicker is swell. You'll be singing some of the hits from this one.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
About a woman in her thirties, starring Aline MacMahon.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
One of the funniest pictures in months. With ZaSu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton and Pert Kelton.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Landi's, Schildkraut's and Frank Morgan's performances make this worth seeing.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Another good comedy. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns-Allen.

SMARTY (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Warren William.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Hepburn.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
Myrna Loy in a spy role. George Brent is here, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Nice story, well enacted by Warner Baxter and Rochelle Hudson.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Drawing-room drama. With Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Joe E. Brown—not at his best.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO).
Want to laugh? Then see Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke and Marian Nixon in this.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Diana Wynward, Clive Brook and Billie Burke will keep you interested.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WILD CARGO (RKO).
Another Frank Buck animal film.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
About the powers of hypnotism. With John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing and Tom Brown.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Authentic Hollywood tale. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
If you read the novel, you'll be disappointed in the screen version. Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams are in it.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi in a gruesome tale.

BLUE STEEL (Monogram).
John Wayne.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox).
Not up to the usual "Charlie Chan" standard. With Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Donald Woods.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Warner Oland in the title role.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Fay Wray and Paul Lukas in a weak yarn.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a gambler.

DAVID HARUM (Fox).
The Will Rogers fans will enjoy it.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor in a fair comedy.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Kay Johnson stands out in this film.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).
George Bancroft and Frances Fuller.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).
Supposed to be a comedy but it misses. Charlie Ruggles and Ann Dvorak are in it.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck deserves a better story than this one.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
Though it's a "hit" novel, we can't say the same for the movie. With Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
The comic strip brought to the screen. With Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to the usual Cagney standard.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL (Bryan Foy).
This one teaches a moral.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Another Wheeler and Woolsey comedy.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).
Heavy and slow-moving yarn. With Richard Dix, Dot Wilson, Bruce Cabot and Erin O'Brien Moore.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
There's nothing to this one. With Ann Dvorak, Bette Davis and George Brent.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Wallace Ford does his newspaperman role well.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Something different in movie fare. With Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro's latest.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
An all-male cast headed by Boris Karloff and Reginald Denny. The men folks will certainly enjoy this one.

THE LOVE CAPTIVE (Universal).
About hypnotism. With Nils Asther and Paul Kelly.

MASSACRE (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Not as entertaining as it might be. With Guy Kibbee and Glenda Farrell.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Disappointing despite the presence of Dick Barthelmess.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram).
John Darrow and Mary Brian.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
A mystery, with Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Rather dreary mystery tale with Noah Beery and Astrid Allwyn.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro, leaders of rival gangs. Lots of action.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey in a mystery yarn.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge do their best with a trite yarn.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot in another hospital tale.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
A fairly good murder mystery. With Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and John Halliday.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
You'll be disappointed in Dietrich's latest.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen.

SOCIAL REGISTER (Columbia).
This Colleen Moore picture doesn't click either.

STINGAREE (RKO).
The story's weak, but Dix and Dunne give good performances.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
In which Franchot Tone tries in vain to go straight after serving a prison term. Karen Morley, May Robson and Jack LaRue are fine.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
In spite of Durante and Velez this doesn't jell.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville will disappoint you in this.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
George Raft as a bull-fighter and Frances Drake as a Mexican dancer.

UNKNOWN BLONDE (Majestic).
About the divorce racket.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson can al-

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ways be depended upon for fine performances.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
Okay, if you like W. C. Fields' brand of humor.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Fay Wray.

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
Edmund Lowe in a very dreary mystery.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Very boring. With Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
Jean Arthur, Dick Cromwell and Donald Cook can't do anything with this monotonous tale.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Incredible tale. Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).
About some Americans in Paris. With Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel, and Otto Kruger.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
About a couple of song writers. Dull.

SMOKING GUNS (Universal).
Ken Maynard.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Unbelievably dull. With Charles Starrett, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
This doesn't go over at all. Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin in a poorly directed yarn.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
You'll be bored. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 13)

down the years. Our friend George Brent has the best rôle he's had for years as the medical student who is also in love with Miss Loy and even follows her while she is working, at the risk of his life. Lionel Atwill and C. Henry Gordon round out a cast that for sheer entertainment can hardly be beat. The whole family can go for this one, and the reformers will find that all the usual situations are handled with such good taste that they can send the kids as well. You'll not regret waiting for this picture—it's good.

B: HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram)

Plenty of fast action. When you have a bunch of the "boys" trying to bomb a ship with a gold cargo from the air—a lot of furious action and little love stuff—you have a film that a great number will like. Bill Farnum is a bit old-fashioned in his technique and the director was much better on action than he was for love scenes, which made it difficult for Jacqueline Wells to register. Ray Walker and Noah Beery are fine. And if you go for the straight stuff you'll like this one plenty.

B: LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount)

Bang-up comedy. Who would have thought that Cary Grant was such an expert at broad comedy? Even when he is pitted against such rivals as Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman, Cary is still up there among 'em when this hilarious farce comes to an end. He plays a rich bachelor living in an apartment-hotel where Frances Drake is the telephone operator. She is afraid that certain women are calling him for the purpose of framing him and, since she loves him, she tries to save him. She finally succeeds in foiling herself by getting Cary engaged to Nydia Westman, who is really engaged to Eddie Horton. It all works out all right in the end, but before it does, the audience almost brings down the house cheering for Charles Ray, as the doorman, in his comeback. If you need a real laugh and want good acting, go by all means.

B: THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount)

A real riot of laughs. Situation after situation will throw you in the aisles with one gag sustaining laughs for a full ten minutes—a new record. W. C. Fields uses each situation to put over his particular brand of comedy and he is ably assisted by a swell cast. Of course, the one you will want to know most about is the newcomer, Joe Morrison, who shares honors (almost) with Fields. He is famous for his rendition of "The Last Round-up" and appears here for the first time in pictures. He has a grand voice, a real personality and a handsome face as well. The entire picture seems to be a series of ways-and-means of allowing Fields and Morrison to shine their brightest—so why worry about the lack of story. Baby LeRoy and Judith Allen are here, too. Be sure to go.

C: CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox)

A disappointment. After combining excellent story material with humor and good direction on all the previous "Chan" pictures, this one comes along to spoil the whole thing. True, Warner Oland is just as capable as ever and his cast, including Droue Leyton and Donald Woods, is as good as usual, but the Chan humor was left out of it and the story is far below par. Trite situation of the Honolulu detective attempting to deliver a valuable string of pearls, only to run into murder and cunning so often that it takes the whole picture to reach the point of actual delivery. I suppose all of you who have enjoyed the "Charlie Chan" series will want to see this one, but we are forced to warn you that you will be disappointed.

C: ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount)

In a story which attempts to prove that "all men are made by their wives," we find George Bancroft becoming just too, too mousey and backward. George is a truck driver for a concern run by a man, George Barbier, who refuses to have his wife or the wife of any employee interfere in the business. Bancroft marries a gal, Frances Fuller, who works with him. It is then revealed that the boss is also "wife-made." Rather dreary stuff, all in all. The picture has some lighter moments in which it almost hits a stride, but it leaves you with the feeling that a bit of salt, some pepper and a dash of tabasco might have helped.

C: HOUSEWIFE (Warners)

Honestly, there ought to be a law against the tripe (sometimes called a "plot") that is beginning to be ground out in these fearful-lest-we-displease days of censorship. As an example, "Housewife" has one of the weakest stories seen in many days and it seems utterly unfair to cast such players as Bette Davis, George Brent and Ann Dvorak in it. George is the downtrodden office manager of an advertising agency until his bright and loyal wife, Ann Dvorak, persuades him to start his own. Bette Davis almost succeeds in dashing this happy marriage on the rocks—but not quite. A child brings Ann and George together again. Isn't that just ducky? Don't!

C: STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M)

Don't let the ballyhoo get you! And without this warning, we're afraid that such a cast of names as Tone, Morley, LaRue, Robson and Pendleton will make you think this is going to be swell. It isn't! Franchot Tone returns after a five-year stretch and they won't let him "go straight." The law dogs his steps and the gangster, LaRue, says it's "curtains" unless he returns to the fold. Karen Morley plays a fine, wifely type from the East Side but is so stumped with archaic dialogue that she gets nowhere. We would advise you to save those nickels and dimsies, folks!

C: THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO)

Just a bit moth-eaten! Just because the story and dialogue is bad, is that any reason for both ZaSu and Slim to fall down, too? A couple of vaudeville mind-readers are offered heap wampum to catch a few messages from the departed husband of a rich widow. They had always been foolin' before, but when they get to the house they sense intrigue and decide to really do some mind-reading and uncover the murderer and find out who gets all the money he left and why! Or does that confuse you? It certainly left us spinning and the film is that way from beginning to end. Miss Pitts called upon her faithful hands time and again all to no avail. Maybe you'd better think twice before seeing this little epic!

D: BLACK MOON (Columbia)

Good cast gone wrong! We get just as tired of rotten stories as you do hearing our warning but here it is again! Not a single reason for wasting such fine talent on such drivel. Holt struggles with his role and Fay Wray, who's got the voodoo drums in her brain, can't stay away from the islands. Dorothy Burgess plays the black charmer who wants to sacrifice both mother and child. Jack finally has to shoot his wife Fay Wray to save her and rescues the che-ild, Cora Sue Collins. Pass it up!

D: PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M)

This is one of the poorest pictures in months with hardly a redeeming feature. Madge Evans and Robert Young struggle with their parts and Una Merkel affords a laugh or two but Mr. Kruger must be blushing with shame by now. In case you're still interested, this is about various Americans in Paris—and what happened to them. Of course, even a nit-wit can guess what's going to happen, so what? The funniest part about this picture is that it was done after a stage play that was really good. What happened to the play is a mystery. You'd better skip this one entirely.

How Rich and Virginia Were Married

(*Continued from page 42*)

She wouldn't be rushed. And so, with proper chaperonage, I invited her to the ranch for a week-end, and it was there I proposed. And it was there she said, 'Let's wait.' Oh, gosh!"

The proposal, it seems took place after a tennis game, when Virginia, wet and perspiring, was ordered by her present lord and master to change.

After a shower, she called downstairs, "May I sit in the sun now, Paw?" And the answer was, "Yes, Maw."

Thus "Paw and Maw" and "all my love" are inscribed in the diamond studded platinum band Mrs. Dix now wears.

Then Richard decided to come east to visit a little town near Troy, New York, called Petersburg. The townsfolk were to celebrate Brimmer Day, and Rich, being a direct descendant of that John Brimmer who in 1754 acted as emissary between the Indians and Captain Miles Standish, was invited to be guest of honor.

But what to do about Virginia! Would she marry and go with him? There were conferences between the Webster family and Richard. And finally Virginia, a sentimental little lady, decided that she would come east and marry in Jersey City, N. J., the city in which, twenty-five years ago, her parents wed.

Now, Mr. Webster and Mr. Dix are Masons. So to entrust Virginia to a brother Mason's care was a mark of honor. And Richard didn't fail to guard this trust. Further, Virginia brought along her mad money, just in case. If she wanted to take the train back from New York, she could up and do it without beholdin' to anyone—movie star or no movie star.

But be assured there was no need to use the money.

"If there was ever a doubt in my mind," said Virginia, "and there really wasn't, I knew on that trip east that Richard was Mr. Right. Such sweetness and such considerateness.

When we arrived in New York—it was my first trip—I wanted to look up, just for sentimental reasons, the man who had married my parents. His name was Edward A. Markley. But trying to find him seemed silly. It was so long ago.

"But Richard arranged for the Jersey City end of it anyway. And so on June 29—in a charming little house over there we were married by a dear old gentleman.

"After the ceremony, someone handed me the certificate and I looked at it; you know, looked at it without seeing it. I was in a daze. Suddenly the name 'Edward A. Markley' appeared before my eyes. Yes, the man who married my parents had performed our ceremony!

"I couldn't thank Richard enough for this final surprise. Suddenly I saw he didn't know what it was all about—didn't realize what I meant. He hadn't arranged for Mr. Markley to marry *us*. It was all a coincidence—the truth that is stranger than fiction!"

And, it was just that. One of those things that never could possibly happen—and did.

The Dixes spent their honeymoon in a little farm house in Jersey that Richard bought ten years ago, and then returned to the Waldorf Towers in New York. Never have we seen a girl so much in love, nor a man so enraptured. If the Dix romance isn't the real thing, it will certainly do nicely until the real thing comes along.

Richard tried to shower his wife with gifts. But she is sensible. He wanted her to buy an extravagant wardrobe in the Fifth

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Avenue shops, but she said she had been used to watching her money and could not go out and throw his away. The four karat engagement ring he gave her is the thrill of her life. And when he wanted to take her abroad, she settled for the boat trip back to California.

And so, we saw the Dixes off on the St. Lucia, the lovely liner that makes the Panama Canal trip. The cabin was banked in flowers, wired by Uncle Jack. The bride looked luscious in a brown ensemble and the groom very handsome in whatever he wore.

Before departing, Virginia invited us to visit her soon in Hollywood.

"You can have the guest room," she promised, and then hesitated. "That is, if it isn't converted into a nursery by then."

And so, it looks as if the Dixes are taking their marriage as seriously as a marriage should be taken, so we defy even Hollywood to bother this devoted pair.

A Splendid Trouper Passes On

(*Continued from page 12*)

ing compliments upon her. These compliments were more than deserved. This woman had just proved that age could conquer an industry that had formerly been dedicated to youth only.

"Don't say that. Oh, I don't deserve that. Oh, please—" And then, suddenly: "I really don't mean that. That is, I do and I don't. I mean I really *do* like to hear those things, but feel as though I shouldn't."

"Honest," she said, "anyone could have done it with those parts. It doesn't seem right to take credit. But I'm glad no one else got the parts. And I like to hear you say it."

WE slipped from being honest about praise to the question of money. "Aren't you going to ask for more money now, Marie?"

A shrewd look came into those eyes; a contemplative expression. "I should have it. I know what those pictures are making. I—" Then she shook her head. "But I couldn't. I couldn't go in and *ask them!* But they'll give it to me. Oh, yes, they will. They took a chance on me. I'll just have to take a chance on them."

She was so kind to the unfortunate; so thoughtful of the poor, of friends, of even stray dogs and stray kittens. And yet she adored the personal comforts which only money could purchase. Human, like us all.

Marie was criticized by those who didn't understand when she bought that lavish estate in Beverly Hills, not long ago. Twenty-one rooms. Marie knew that the dread disease, cancer, was beginning to take its toll when she made the transaction. She knew she had only a short time to enjoy it. But it was the completion of a dream. When she lived in trunks and carried a sick husband in and out of those little, one-night-stand theatres on a stretcher, Marie dreamed of the day when she would live in a palace.

"I know an old woman like me doesn't need a place like that," she told me. "But I just want it!"

Human. Just human. Absolutely the most human woman I have ever known.

The way she clung to life. The way she refused to leave the world she loved. Her last defiant gesture.

Very few of us want to die. We do not like uncertainty. We all long for financial, social and personal surety.

And death is our greatest uncertainty! What comes next? We may *believe* but we cannot *know*—at least, not from personal knowledge. We all fight to keep what we have. We have life. We fight for that with a greater strength than we fight for all else while we have it.

Marie Dressler fought with a will power and determination that amazed even her physicians. She prolonged life, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, even month by month through her sheer love for living.

You have read how Marie Dressler employed an astrologist to foretell each day for her. And she heeded what was forecast. She did not travel when the stars warned against it. She did not go into business propositions when the constellations advised against financial dealings. It was her way of seeking certainty. I asked her about this once. "They have always told me the truth," she answered directly. "They foretold seven years of hard luck and then great success. They do not make mistakes."

An obituary is supposed to summarize a famous person's biography. I am going to skip all that. We know it. We know she was the friend of kings and queens. We know her best friend was her colored maid, Maimie Cox. They were friends because each woman knew her place and kept it. Yet each woman knew the other's place and respected it. Marie Dressler was as carefully considerate in her attitude toward Maimie Cox as she was toward her fine friends who live in palaces.

When Marie returned from visiting President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House, she was as excited as the little Boston boy the President took with him to review the fleet in New York City. She would have loved to have talked about it. Yet, she refused interviews. She knew it was not the place of a guest to discuss her host and hostess. She respected this convention. Real human beings always respect conventions because they realize them as essential.

AND now, before I close, I want to tell you a little story about Marie Dressler which very few have ever heard told.

It happened years ago, when she was doing a season of stock in a southern town. Marie was the star and the work was terrific. One of the young women in the company had a little boy about six years old who was taken ill. She was very poor, this girl—a widow and hardly able, physically, to stand the strain of a stock season, let alone the care of a sick child.

Unable to afford a nurse (and in those days in that small town, nurses were not to be had, anyway), she sat up night after night with the baby herself and during the day, when she had to be at the theatre, the chambermaid at her lodging house looked in from time to time.

One morning the young mother seemed so ill that the attention of the star was attracted and Marie got the whole story.

Now, although she was a star, she wasn't so flush herself. Stock companies didn't pay what motion picture companies pay. In fact, Marie probably collected each Saturday night no more than a bit player collects in one of her pictures today. And then, money wasn't the only thing needed in this case.

"Look here," she said to the girl. "Tonight I'll sit up with Roy and you go to my hotel and get a decent night's rest."

The girl, weakened by the ordeal she was going through, burst into tears and said she couldn't accept such a sacrifice.

"Nonsense," Marie said briskly, "I'm as strong as an ox and losing a night's sleep now and then won't mean a thing to me."

"But you——"

"Now, listen to me," Miss Dressler put her firm, capable hands on the girl's shoulders and shook her a little. "You do as I say. You'll be sick yourself if you don't, and then where will the child be?"

That turned the trick. "All right, Marie," said the girl. "There's no use my trying to thank you. There's only one thing you will have to promise and that is don't tell anybody. I'd get in very wrong with the management."

That night Marie Dressler sat up with the sick baby, sent for medicine the mother had been unable to buy, and every other night repeated this deed of mercy. But the little boy, unable to rally from the former lack of sufficient food and care, finally died.

The story leaked out then, through the druggist's clerk who brought the medicine and recognized Miss Dressler.

At the funeral a large wreath came from the manager of the theatre and Marie Dressler said she thought it was pretty swell of him to send flowers, as the poor child had received few enough.

"Well, Marie," the manager said, "you sent flowers, didn't you? And you did more than that. Sending flowers requires nothing but a moment's thought, but what you did, young woman, is the deed of an angel."

"What do you mean?" asked Marie sharply.

"That druggist's clerk delivered something at my house the other night and told my wife the whole story. To give up four nights a week to the care of a friend's child when your own strength is being severely taxed, and at the same time to drive yourself to let it make no difference in your performance at the theatre is about the gamest thing I've heard of this season. That's what I call charity."

"Oh, go 'long," Marie said flippantly. "What else could I do now, I ask you?"

He didn't remind her that there were twenty others in the company who might now and then have offered the same service. He knew she didn't want to have that kindness rubbed in.

Marie Dressler had little education—book education, that is. When most girls are thinking of "prom" dates and party frocks, she was a slave-driven vaudevillian. She became an esteemed tragedienne and a great comedienne. Then, for seven years, she was spoken of as a woman "who had had her day." She nearly starved to death rather than ask friends for a penny. And, when most of us are ready to "enjoy our old age," she set to work and carved a new career for herself. She was a woman who became the friend of the biggest and the lowliest. A woman who knew all of us and who used what she knew to give us many hours of enjoyment. A woman who was just plain human—in the greatest sense of the word. And that is, I think, all God intended for each one of us. And now that she has gone to Him, may He reward her.

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Cleopatra

QUEEN OF ALL EGYPT BUT RULED BY LOVE

15 Complete Stories in this issue

MARK ANTHONY could not see beyond her eyes. He could not think beyond her mouth. When she stepped towards him . . . closer, ever closer . . . her heart beat against his and the beat of both quickened.

His arms went about her with a strong tenderness. He would lower his lean head and breathe the perfume of her hair and when his lips found hers his intoxication was not from the wine he had drunk.

Mark Anthony's love for Cleopatra was just a small part of this woman's scheme to rule the Empire of the Romans. But though her will was strong her heart was only that of a woman's. Cleopatra, the Queen of all Egypt, fell in love . . . with a man.

Paramount's thrilling love story, "Cleopatra," appears complete in the October issue of SCREEN ROMANCES along with fourteen other fictionizations adapted from the leading productions of the month.

CLEOPATRA with Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon; CHAINED with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger; AGE OF INNOCENCE with Irene Dunne, John Boles; SHE LOVES ME NOT with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins; ONE MORE RIVER with Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton; JANE EYRE with Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive; HIDEOUT with Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan; HOUSEWIFE with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak; ONE NIGHT OF LOVE with Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati; SHOCK with Ralph Forbes, Monroe Owsley, Gwenillian Lee; A HAT, A COAT A GLOVE with Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, Dorothy Burgess; NO RANSOM with Leila Hyams, Jack LaRue; DRAGON MURDER CASE with Warren William, Margaret Lindsay; SCARLET LETTER with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright; LADIES SHOULD LISTEN with Cary Grant, Helen Mack.

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THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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The clean center leaves are the mildest leav
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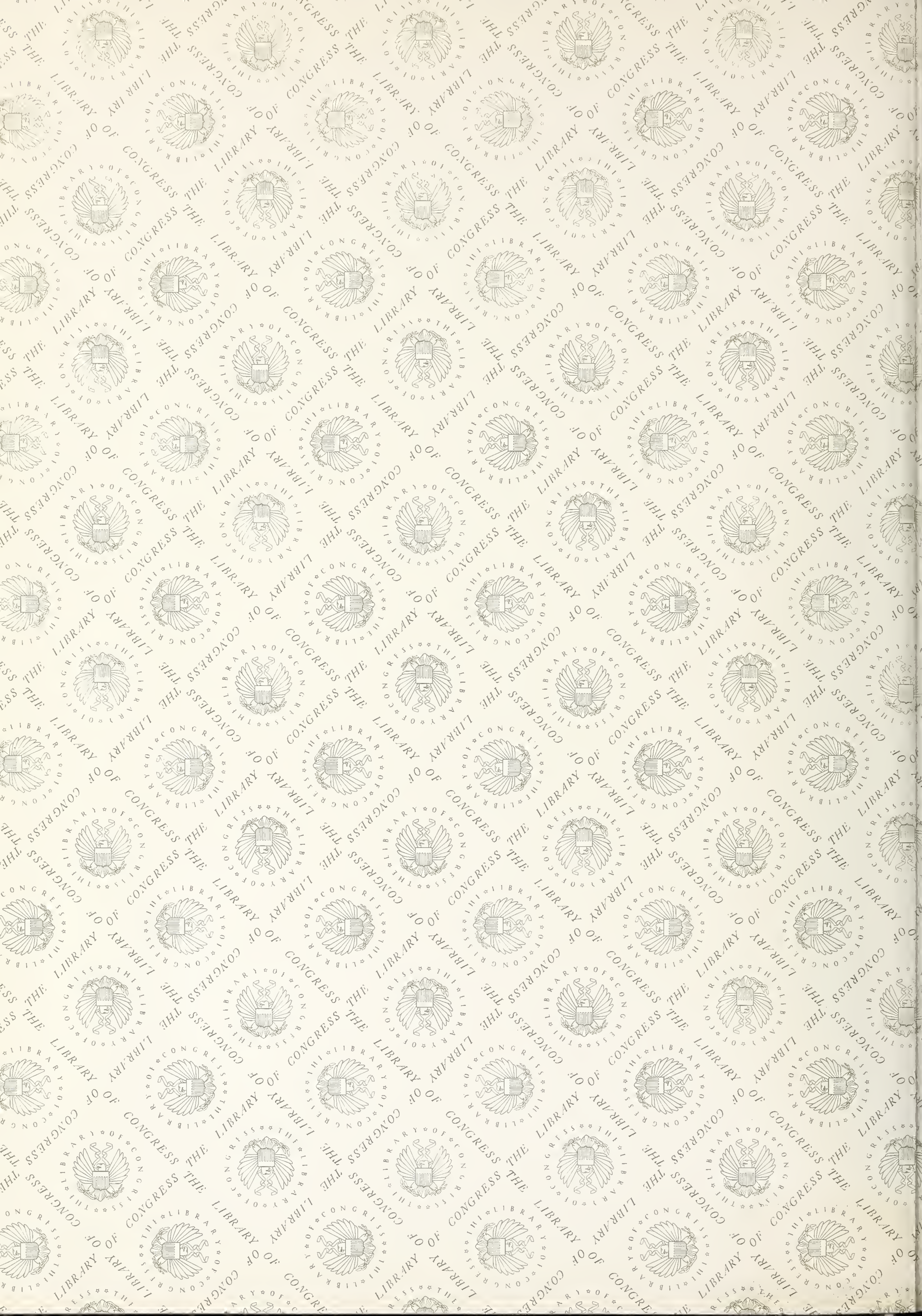

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